Sharon s Bud

A Dedication to the Heart of Humanity Through the Tough Times We Face

Touching the Personal Core
Of Global Issues & Disaster Relief

As our world staggers into multiple difficulties

We are being pushed into experiencing

Deeper levels of our own Hearts...



Come. Walk with me,
Into my Heart and yours Into the places we usually avoid
As we rush through our lives
In a world that is crying,
LOUDER than ever,
For us to slow down, be still,
Embrace our own Hearts with
One hand and hold the other out
To our fellow human beings.



www.poeticpublications.com

Poetic Publications PO Box 1334 Portsmouth, NH 03802

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Acknowledgments

As I took a giant leap of faith into countless steps of fear and stumbled up and down the streets of Portsmouth, North Hampton, Kittery, the Yorks... looking for support from local businesses, I met hundreds of people. And each of the ones who treated me with genuine kindness, respect and consideration for my feelings, is a feather in the wings of this first FULL issue of Sharon s Bud . I am deeply grateful to all of you.

An extra thank you. . . to those who payed for ads, with helpful intentions; to the Hearts who gave encouragement and prayers during my stumbles and setbacks; to Web Angel for her Heart s help and patient persistence through masses of technical difficulties; to the awesome people at Advance Auto Parts who repeatedly recharged the battery I used to power my printers and the computer in my truck; to Kevin and Roger at the Concord Monitor for their kind, helpfull service; to the awesome waiters and waitresses at Taco Bell and Buckhorns for putting up with me for so long; to the YMCA for letting me shower there; to Daniel and Kathy for allowing me to use their parking lot for three weeks; to Ila Heart for the hugs and good wishes; to my daughters awesome Hearts; to Wilma for letting me park in her yard and use her electricity for two days; to the Resurrecting Phoenix, my old clunker of a truck, for carrying my hopes and fears - my dreams and tears, through unbelievable

Introduction

Sharon s Bud spreads it s wings from the ashes of devastation to shine a Light into the darkness of the difficult times we face on earth.

Ifeel that the opening of a Heart is like the blossoming of a rose. And since my Heart is merely a struggling bud, I call this publication, Sharon s Bud. And I hope my little Bud is open enough to help us through these difficult times we face in our troubled world. Sharon s Bud rides on the W isdom that, the state of our world is a reflection of the state of our own individual Hearts. It was inspired by my life s experiences and the Highest Power.

> From within my deepest place Iwrite the world a Heart To help our pain erase.

Yes. Poet is my legal name, which I chose because my mother used to call me her little poet and I can t use the name of my family of origin due to a promise I made. Sharon was my given name, at birth. And my middle name, Rose, also comes from experiences with my mother. (Through part of my past I had used the pen name, Namatan) I grew up on a farm in south-em NH and have naturally written in rhymes since I was a young child. I ve written many songs and other publications, which await publication. Sometimes I feel like I am merely the mes

> I am just a tiny human being Letting courage show Some of what I m Seeing; Juggling one big world In each small hand; Stumbling through pools Of dark quicksand. I can t walk on water Like we did once before. I m just skimming the mud To reach the other shore.

With Hope Sharon Rose Poet



Messages

I'm sorry for the misprint in my original announcements, which stated that this issue would be "at least 34 pages". It was meant to say "at least 24 pages." A 34 page paper does not even exist! (The joke is on me! ;-) But I'm sure my advertisers can forgive me since this makes no difference in the amount of exposure they will get.

Please excuse the bloops and blunders I may make in this issue. I'm doing the best I can under extremely difficult circumstances. My work keeps getting wiped out of my computer. . . and I've had to rush to re-create it, OVER FOUR TIMES, at the last MINUTE!!! It appears that someone has access to my lap top and is trying to interfere with my work!!! A painful lesson learned.

The press release for "Poetic Publications", which was printed by the Seacoast Media Group around August 7, 2008 was NOT an accurate description of my work. It was a severely altered version of what I'd originally sent them. I feel sad that this happened. And I pray that enough of the public will soon understand what I'm really doing.

You don't have to believe, understand or agree with anything I write, say or do. But please have the Heart to not degrade it or misrepresent it. I count too.

May we all reach out to help each other through the tough times we face in our troubled world. I pray for this on personal levels as well as global levels. We NEED more Peace and kindness, EVERY-WHERE. Lets unite in peace instead of making war, so that we can heal our wounded world and rise above the clouds. Please.

I write my intro in the 'first person' rather than referring to myself as "she" or "we", because I prefer not to pretend that I am someone else or more than I am. I am all there is to Poetic Publications. And I'm the one who is writing my own intro. For those of you who may look for credentials, I have no writing degrees, but I was born to write. As for what I write about, I hold a degree in Experience. So, Wisdom is my accomplishment . ;-) And God is my teacher.

Making Dreams Come True

Sometimes we get knocked down. Sometimes we get shoved over and over and over again. Sometimes our paths don't go where we want them to or the way we want them to. But they always seem to go in the "right" direction when we follow our Hearts.

In my life, it sometimes seems like something or someone tries to kick me back down every time I start getting back up onto my feet! This has been happening through the past two decades of my life, including through this summer of 2008 here in Portsmouth. I'd like to say that producing this publication has been joyful. But this would not be honest. It has been an incredibly grueling process! So much so that I'll not do it in the same way again.

I could easily just give up, return the money for the ads I've already collected and go do something, which I can earn money for myself with and get less flack about. But I can't. My heart knows that I NEED to be doing this. So, I keep scraping the bottom of the pit for the faith I need, in order to continue. And I'm glad to be pulling it together.

When I came to Portsmouth, in order to produce this issue of "Sharon's Bud" I had about \$20 in my pocket and was living in parking lots, in my truck. I had absolutely no idea HOW I was going to accomplish it! I just knew that I had to.

There have been times when I've slept in fear; times when I had to make meals out of \$1 and eat cold beans from a can; times when I've gone down to the ocean and deeply cried and prayed for divine intervention; and times when I began to think that I must be crazy for doing

As I prepare for printing, I still don't know how I'll survive after I'm finished with the distribution. I'm still living in parking lots! But I'm pushing forward, because this little paper is an important part of a Dream, which I must make True

I feel that following our Hearts through life, no matter how much money it does or doesn't bring us, is an EXTREMELY important thing to do. My writing is not earning me any money right now, but doing it is fulfilling part of my life's purpose - what I was born to do.

Sometimes it feels like I've been reaching back through many lifetimes, and being dragged through a training course for the tough times that more of us may soon be facing. Sharing my writing with humanity is a Dream that was born in my Soul and is working its way out through my Heart. So, I feel that I must do the best I can, no matter how difficult it is and even though I could do a lot better under more comfortable and less challenging circumstances.

If you are reading this. I did it! I finished and distributed this paper! And I hope you do the same with your own Dreams. I hope you make your Dreams come true no matter how difficult it gets.

Istumble, fall, bleed and cry, But am learning to live each time I die. Ifollow my Dreams through thick and thin. Each time I fall I rise again.

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Just the Way it Is!

When I talk about wanting to help solve the problems in humanity - the greed, the cruelties, the woundedness - the guests for power and money over Heart...etc., more times than not, people reply with, "This is just the way the world is!" But deep in my Heart I feel that this is NOT the way it was meant to be. And I feel that the only way we are going to heal our wounded world is if we stop accepting the way it is and start doing more to make it better.



Lets turn it around!

Heart to Heal

Each time I read the words Body-Mind-Spirit I feel something missing. I deeply believe in a wide variety of approaches to healing. (I hold roots in the Native American, Christian and Hindu traditions) Taking care of ourselves on the physical, mental and spiritual levels is something that most of us need to do a lot more of. But the most important part of healing - the one thing that brings the whole healing process together in a healthy way, is not often mentioned! Why is Heart not in the

I like to put Heart first because without Heart, the mind becomes too cynical; without Heart, the Spirit sways toward evil; without Heart, the body can not even survive.

Heart-Body-Mind-Spirit



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The Reforming

by Sharon Rose Poet

Many of us wonder why natural disasters are suddenly happening more frequently, all over the world. There are scientific theories about normal Earth changes and global warming and the Earth tilting on it saxis. There are even religions that believe the world is coming to an end. And I feel that there are threads of Truth in most theories - that there are multiple reasons for these sudden shifts in our world.

In September, 2005, I made a joke of this by telling someone that, Mother Nature is going through menopause. But, I honestly feel that this is very close to what really is happening, on a global level. Mother Nature is suddenly having severe mood swings, chills and heat flashes...etc.

But no matter how it s perceived or what it s called, these disasters are Reforming our ways of being, thinking, feeling and living. Is dovious that humanity has NOT been heading in a very positive direction. Disputes and wars resulting from hidden greed and vengeance are increasing to alarming levels, all over the globe, between individuals, cultures, religions and countries.

Some of our countries are even being lead by people who claim that God tells them to pass judgment upon, steal from, murder or take over other countries and cultures!!! Religions are becoming more corrupt. Hope and Faith are being replaced with fear and judgment. In general, humanity has been steadily sliding into a heartless pit.

These times we live in are scary! Yet, they also offer incredibly deep opportunities for growth - opportunities for us to deepen our strength, our courage, our Love, our values, our morals, our Wisdom and our Faith in something beyond this world. Ifeel that these natural disasters are forcing us into a process of opening our Hearts to deeper levels of care for ourselves and others.

Our world is being shaken in an effort to W ake us up and alter the course we ve chosen.

Perhaps we can all agree that we need to learn deeper levels of treating our selves, our fellow human beings, our fellow religions, our fellow countries, our fellow cultures with far more Heart than what now exists It s time for us to more fully understand that what really matters most is how much Heart we have to share with others, rather than how much money or THINGS we own. We we all heard this before, but most of us are not living it to much of a degree. Ikeep praying to know what I can do, through this time of the Earth s

Ikeep praying to know what I can do, through this time of the Earth s Reforming. And that wise little voice, which echoes through the deepest depths of my Heart, keeps saying, "Just feel your own Heart and keep sharing it with the rest of humanity. So, this is what I'm doing. And I feel that this is what we all need to do in our own unique ways. We need to focus on feeling and healing the depths of our own Hearts...and then share our Hearts with the people around us, in whatever way comes natural to us.

As our outer world shifts, we NEED to Make shifts in our inner worlds.

In the early nineteen nineties, as I sat with an acquaintance, talking about this time period, he asked, "What do you think we should do? How will we know where to go, in order to be safe, if the more serious disasters really start happening?" And, since he was not literally asking ME the question, we were BOIH surprised, when I quickly answered, "W e each have to be our own guru, because the answers are different for every individual. But this is difficult for most of us, because our Hearts are too blocked and this blockage prevents us from hearing the depths of our own Wisdom and intuition. It also prevents us from being here for each other in the ways that will be needed most. So, what we NEED to do is focus on removing the blockages from our own Hearts, through the process of facing, feeling and releasing our suppressed sadness. We must cry every time we feel like it. Crying will help us more than anything else will. It will bring more Heart into our world during a time when we ll need it most. We need to cry more freely. The time is here. The disasters ARE happening and they are triggering some of our deepest pains and fears. We are being forced into an ecceler ated growth, through the process of opening our Hearts to deeper levels of care and compassion for ourselves and our fellow human beings. And it feels extremely important that we start letting this healing process - the process of embracing our feelings, happen on far larger scales than we ever have before. If we let our Hearts fully cry as these tragedies hit, it will also release same of the pains we d previously suppressed. This creates a cleansing. . .an opening in our Hearts. It makes more room for Love. When we allow our sadness to surface and be released, we bring more Love into our world.

Crying is like giving our Hearts a shower,

To wash away accumulated dirt.

The Reforming is a crucial time for all of humanity as well as for each of us as individuals. These increasing natural disasters are forcing us to grow, through the process of opening our Hearts to deeper levels of compassion for ourselves and our fellow human beings.

Healing the world begins and finishes W ith the healing of our own Individual Hearts



Inspirational Uplift

Many of us think it is more "uplifting" to avoid feelings and keep them locked up inside our Hearts, while pasting on forced smiles and fading hints of joy. Those of us who do this, usually push others to do the same. And this seems to be getting out of hand, especially as we face so many difficulties in our shifting world.

Many have viewed my work as "negative" or "all gloom and doom". But in my Heart I KNOW that these people just do not understand how deeply it is filled with the complete opposite. I feel certain that there is NOTHING more uplifting than facing and releasing our sad feelings, because when do this we stop allowing them to weigh us down - when we let ourselves cry out our pain, it lifts us up into deeper levels of REAL Joy.

Feeling our Hearts is a healing thing, even though it can be incredibly difficult. We only THINK sadness is "bad" when we are not aware of the positive results. Is anything more UPLIFTING than facing and letting go of the crap that builds up inside of us and weighs us down? I don't think so. Feeling the depths of our Hearts may be more difficult than pretending to be happier than we really are, but it's Real. *And Real is ALWAYS better than temporary imitations, because it remains with us when all else fades away.*

Nothing is more "uplifting" or "inspirational"

Than facing and releasing our sadness
Opening our Hearts to deeper levels of Love and Joy.

CYAN MAGENTA

BLACK

As I turned forty in a world that drools over youth, I was forced to step back and take a deeper look at myself, at my relationship and at the rest of humanity, on the subject of aging. I looked at the way I d started streaking my hair, in order to hide rapidly increasing numbers of circy hairs. I looked at the way I frowned every time I clanced in a mirror and saw wrinkles peeking through the makeup I d just started wearing again. I looked at how painfully degrading it was to feel like I was not 'young enough', 'not attractive enough' and not desirable enough for the man I loved. I looked at how this dread of getting older cast a dark shadow over my whole life. And I looked at how this feeling was being fueled by the opinions and behaviors of most of the world around me. The LOUDEST messages were saying, Growing older means becoming unattractive, unlovable and undesirable and We must hide our age! and It's NOT ok to age!

As these messages hit my breaking Heart, I felt the core of how horribly dysfunctional we are, in this area. Most of humanity seems so ashamed of aging, and so hung up on youth and LOOKs, that it no longer seems to matter what we ARE like.

W is dom seems to be taking a back seat to vanity. And as I felt the depths of this, I felt ashamed of being part of such a shallow existence. It suddenly seemed damaging and completely ridiculous for us to waste so much time, energy, money, joy and contentment on fighting the natural process of aging, EVEN THOUGH IT S GOING TO CONTINUE HAPPENING ANYWAY!!! This was a real turning point for me. I literally chapped of fALL my highlighted hair and started honoring my age by letting my grays freely grow.

Now, several years later, as I look at the long grey stripes in my hair, I smile far more times than not. I ve not cut my hair since then. And I strive to be proud of my lengthening streaks of Wisdom. I m starting to actually feel good about this dovious proof of the time I ve served on Earth. Sometimes my grey hairs even seem to glow. Sometimes it seems like, the more I genuinely enjoy them, the more enlightened I feel. This may sound like a joke. But I m not kidding! Yes. I have days when my confidence staggers, but most of the time, I m enjoying growing older and letting it show. I m finding it enpowering. I like being

I'm sure the fact that I'm no longer in a hurtful relationship, helps me to accept my age more completely, because I'm no longer concerned about how anyone else will feel about the way I look. But even if I were to decide to open my door to a new relationship, at some point in the future, I don't want to, EVER AGAIN, get stuck in that ridiculous ditch of feeling like I should LOOK younger - of being with a man who prefers youth or anything but me. . . $\underline{\text{the way I am.}}\,\,\,\text{I}$ want to feel OK with the way I look. I want to reach the point where I can feel good about growing older and wiser 100% of the time. I want to be showing off my grey hairs everywhere I go.

W ouldn't it be worderful if it were Truly OK to age? No more hair coloring! No more bald spot hiding! No more wrinkle removals or droop lifting! No more shame of what s going to happen to all of us anyway.

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Can you imagine the extra Joy and Contentment, Which will settle into our Hearts, When we let go of our concerns about aging?

I think that any man or woman, who can PROUDLY wear wrinkles, sags, bald spots and gray hair, in today's world, deserves a huge pat on the back. And I'm looking for mine. ;-)

Aging

by Sharon Rose Poet

I stood in the lines where every body goes To fix the aging form of skin, hair or nose. But strong as stone, I stood as I studied my reflection, And found these words, which I felt, in my body's 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 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 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.

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Trust

by Sharon Rose Poet

Most of us have been hurt or stolen from in some way, at some point in our lives, and have lost some of our ability to Trust people whom we don't know. The more we get burnt, the less Trust we tend to have. It seems to be reaching a point where most of us tend to distrust everything that has not already been proven trustworthy, especially in the world of business. And this creates a sad situation because we need MORE trust in our world, instead of less!

I understand that we can't automatically Trust EVERYONE! But we shouldn't automatically distrust everyone either. We seem to be losing the middle ground - the balance between Trust and distrust.

Though I have lost a lot of Trust in humanity, people have often told me that I am "too naive and way too Trusting." I have a track record of trusting people who chose to behave in ways that are manipulative and deceptive! But I don't think that Trust is my issue. I feel that I need to keep on Trusting people and work harder at sharpening my intuition so that I can more easily sense those who do not deserve my Trust. This way, I can still have Trust left for the ones who DO deserve it. Perhaps this is what many of us need to do, in order to let Trust regain its valuable place in our world - sharpen our intuition and hold onto our Trust.

Lately, I've been realizing, more deeply, how our lack of Trust can hurt us or deprive us of good things. It often prevents us from giving honest people a chance to prove themselves. My most recent experiences with Trust has been through the process of collecting ads for this Portsmouth issue of "Sharon's Bud".

As my humble vehicle carried me to hundreds of businesses, I ran into some people who assumed that I'd just gather up their money and run off with it instead of really producing this publication. The manager of a large company even blatantly accused me of this! A Lee woman sarcastically asked, "So how do we know what you will do with our money and if you will REALLY print our ads?" Many people seemed to distrust me just because I am poor, as if the acquisition of money was linked with Trust! But their jabs of distrust were soothed by the kindness in people who gave me the benefit of their doubt.

I'm glad that most people just naturally wondered about me without assuming anything negative. I am immeasurably thankful to have had deeply Heart warming experiences within some of the businesses I approached. I have literally shed tears of gratitude for the wonderful people who found the Heart to Trust me enough to give me a chance. I think of them as the "angels" of this issue of Sharon's Bud. It is awesome that they found the Heart to Trust me, in a world that is trying to tear Trust from all of us.

The business owners who put their Trust in me have helped me to start regain more of my own Trust in humanity. Thank you to all of you, from the bottom of my Heart.

The rewards of Trust are far greater than it's downfalls. Lets find the Heart to Trust, even though we may, at times, get hurt. 'It's far better to have trusted and gotten jilted than to have not Trusted at all'



by Sharon Rose Poe

True Giving is a wonderful thing. When a person offers to help me, and I feel that the offer is genuinely from their Heart and has no strings attached to it, it touches my Heart in a wonderful way - in a way that makes me want to fully let it in and pass it on. And when I find room in my Heart to Truly Give, without any strings attached to it, I feel as if I've received a special gift. What they say is True. "giving IS receiving."

But unfortunately, most "giving" is not REAL Giving. And I have a hard time receiving when I know that a person is only helping out of obligation or pity, or to feed their ego and look good to others or just so that they can say they helped or so that they can feel less guilty about being better off. As I hit one crisis after another in my life, I rarely experienced True giving from the people around me. I don't want to hurt or insult anyone. But I feel a need to shed Light on this issue for all of us.

There are many of us who need to learn more about TRUE Giving, because it's starting to be needed more than ever.

After too many experiences of conditional or unhealthy "giving" from others, during times of crisis and deep need, I began to take a good long look in the mirror, and asked myself if I HONESTLY know how to Give. And I didn't like the answer.

I saw that there have been times when I've helped people so that they'd see that I was a good person or so that I could feel less guilty about not wanting to help. Though there have been times when I Truly Give, there have also been times when I've done it reluctantly or wanted recognition for it. And I See this same situation in many people who THINK they are

Recently, I find it amazing - the excuses we use to feel better about not helping people who need it. We convince ourselves that, "its their choice" or "their fault"...that they are struggling. But the REAL Truth is that those of us who struggle just haven't gotten the type of help we need, no matter what the situation is. Some need money. Some need rehab. Some need FAIR paying jobs. Some need time to meditate and heal an illness. Many need SAFE places to live. Most just need to know that someone REALLY cares and wants to hear about their problems. And we each know our own needs. The fault is in those who do not give genuine help. There are no valid excuses for not helping our fellow human beings, in the ways that they need help.

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 keep our Hearts into it. I feel that most of us can learn something from this sort of tradition. I can.



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Spiritually Challenged

I feel that every single one of us is gifted. Some of us are gifted in earthly ways, and some are gifted in spiritual ways. Some of us are gifted in intellectual ways and some are gifted with our hands.

The most difficult gifts to fully honor seem to be the spiritual ones, because of a wide spread disbelief in what exists beyond our physical world. Even though humanity's history is full of prophetic and visionary people, disbelief seems to be growing.

In our every day lives, the benefits of spiritual people can be as great as the benefits of those who make our cloths, provide our food or fix our cars...etc. It's ALL extremely important. But those of us who have prophetic abilities, or deeper than "normal" insightfulness, are often misunderstood and wrongly labeled.

It's difficult for me to share my writings, because sharing my Wisdom with humanity can sometimes feel like a challenge to enter a painful obstacle course, which can be full of dark mimics, unfair judgments, jealous jabs and blind disbelief. I have been through this many times! Yet I continue because I know that not honoring and sharing our spiritual Gifts can leave us in the crippled state, which too much of humanity is already in.

My insights say that it's time for humanity to start opening it's Heart to deeper levels than ever before. And it's time for us "spiritually challenged" people to start bringing the Light of our Gifts out into the world on grander scales than ever before. Let's spread our wings. It is time. The world needs us, even though some of humanity may not always want us. I'm sure of this.

> Just Because Some Don t See It Doesn t Mean It Is Not Real!

I feel that humanity has been making a terrible mistake by becoming too closed to the full range of spirituality. This not only blocks us from the depths of available Light, but also prevents us from being aware of, and protecting ourselves from, those who harm others with dark forms of spirituality.

This may sound a bit too far fetched, but please Trust me. Its not. I even feel certain that mysterious illnesses, like Lupus, may be caused by dark spiritual attacks which drain a person of their own life force energy, on spiritual levels. This is no joke. There are extremely dark occults where people learn to feed off of other people. The result can be illness or even bodily death.

The ones who work in the dark often pretend to be working in the Light. We MUST become more aware of this and be sure to tune into our own intuition, in order to recognize the ones who work with God's Pure White Light - Love, and protect ourselves from the rest.

> Lets shine the Light into the dark Until it can't hurt us anymore.



Forewarning of New England Disaster

by Sharon Rose Poet

The first thing I do, on most mornings, is write my dreams/visions in a notebook. Analyzing them has helped me more than I can describe. When there's something I need to See, face, or understand, it often comes to me in my dreams. I've had dreams, which have helped me to face and heal unresolved issues from my childhood. I've had dreams about things that have not yet happened, which helps me prepare for them. My dreams often deliver the answers to my prayers. During some of the most difficult times in my life, I've found deep comfort and protection in the messages, which come from the Higher Powers, through my dreams. And I feel that we all have dreams. Most of us just don t remember them or realize their meanings.

> May our dreams lead us From the deepest dark of night To Peace, Love, Wisdom And wings prepared for flight.

For several years now, I ve been having precognitive dreams about severe floods in the North Eastern USA. I began publically sharing these forewarnings in the first few months of 2005. Some have already happened. But the worst seems yet to come.

It wasn t until after the Alstead, NH flood that I began realizing that my flood dreams were about many different floods rather than just one. Some have shown a catastrophic amount of deaths and extremely severe flash flooding, which will be worst in the mountainous regions. As I d published in 2005 in The Personal Journal, Geese and the numbers 9-0-9 seem to be connected to upcoming disasters! One dream showed waters rising at an alarming rate in the middle of the night without forewarning! And it is shown that it will be extremely cold in the aftermath of a disaster during wide spread power outages. (It feels a bit strange to be finishing this paper on 9-09)

Not every dream plays itself out as I think it will. But I feel absolutely certain that the Northeast will soon experience at least one Massive flood, which will be far worse than anything this area would normally expect. The aftermath may be comparable to the type of devastation Katrina left in the South! I ve had countless dreams which forewarm of this. And I feel 100% certain that it will happen unless a miracle

As we stand on this verge of what may be New England's most devastating crisis, we need to look deeper into our own Hearts, deeper into our own W isdom and intuition, in order to help ourselves and our loved ones remain as safe as possible. Lets get prepared, because it s better to be safe than sorry. But. . . Lets also pray for that miracle.

P.S. Same of my dreams are also showing signs of war, like anoil tanker blowing up in a foreign country...etc.!!! And I pray with all my Heart for the world to stop its wars, we already have enough to worry about as we deal with what mother nature is dealing us! We NEED less chaos and more healing in ALL of our world.

Lucinda Johnston

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Personalized disaster

relief

by Sharon Rose Poet

Since the volunteer work I did with Katrina victims, as well as my own direct experiences with disasters, such as the fire in my Andover home, I have felt saddened by the lack of REAL, UNCOMPLICATED help that victims often receive from agencies who seem to spend so many millions of dollars paying employees and expenses for volunteers, that not much seems to be left for the actual victim's needs.

I know it's easier to just write out a check for someone else to help victims with, in order to feel like we helped. But the Truth is that, in some cases, this is often not really helping very much, if at all. Please do a bit of investigating before dispersing your money.

If you have a large amount of money to offer, you could probably spend less and help a lot more people if you hire someone to find the individuals and families who are in deepest need, and then give directly to them. This way, you could probably fully help dozens of families with the same amount of money that could trickle down to temporarily help just one person, through other avenues. Please think about this.

Sometimes just genuinely caring to hear about their experiences and giving them a safe, compassionate shoulder to cry on, is the kind of help that is needed more than anything else.

And please remember that those who were already struggling BEFORE the disaster, need just as much help, rather than the less that is often given. The goal is to relieve suffering no matter what has caused most of it. Please think about this. It is incredibly important. It hurts too much, to be left out in the cold just because you were already hurting BEFORE going through a particular disaster. Lets just do what we can in ways that will directly help people who are in need, with as little complications as possible.

Lets let our help do the best it can do.

Looking Back

by Sharon Rose Poet

After disaster strikes and people think the most Difficult part is over, it s often just beginning, For those who were hit hardest.

Shock of ten settles in, sametimes even for months or years at a time! When most people think it s time for us to square our shoulders and move on, the time is of ten just beginning for deeper feelings of grief to start surfacing. And instead of allowing a healthy grieving process, we tend to suppress it and struggle to move on before we are really ready to.

Many of us seem to think that if we don't look back at what happened, and if we force ourselves not to feel our sadness, the pain will go away. But avoiding the pain doesn't make it go away. It just stuffs it into our future, weighs us down and blocks our Hearts until we finally allow ourselves to look back, face it and cry it out - let it go.

The most excruciating part of the disasters I ve experienced has been the way that people do not want to hear about it or deal with the emotions connected to it. A wounded little voice has often wanted to rise up out of the depths of my own broken Heart and cry, IF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO WANT TO DEAL WITH, HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL?!!!

It hurts too much to have to deal with this stuff alone! So, let s not push ourselves or others to avoid talking about it or looking back and feeling the sadness, no matter how much time has gone by. Let's not rush to glue back together what s still cozing with unshed tears! Let s let ourselves and others fully feel whatever needs to be felt. . .for as long as it takes to genuinely heal it. Let's support a more healthy process of grieving, so we don't have to continue carrying our pain into our future. Let's embrace each others tears until the pain is gone, so that we can bring more Love into a world that desperately needs it.

We can t free the future until we heal the past.

Our past experiences, both happy and sad, shape who we are, how we think, how we feel, how we behave and what choices we make, today.

The more we feel/heal them the better life gets

It is up to each of us as individuals to let our Hearts
Do all that we can, in order to help those who are in need
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Recovery Center

Since the fall of 2004, my writings about using the profits from my works, in order to climb back onto my feet and build at least one "Recovery Center", seems to raise deep levels of doubt, in too many people. (The Seacoast Media Group even recently refused to print anything about this, and had insited on it being removed from a press release!) It feels like my hands have been tied!

I do not know how to help people to realize how much this means to me, and how deeply genuine it is. My desire to follow my Heart with my work and use the money I earn in order to climb back onto my feet and create a "Recovery Center" for other victims of disasters comes from the depths of my Heart - from a place of direct experience - from a deep NEED to help others to not have to go through the hell I've been passing through since the taking of my Loudon home, the fire in my Andover home, the flood in my Alstead neighborhood and the multitude of painful deaths and losses in or around these events.

The most difficult part of the unbelievable chains of tragedies in my life has been in how painfully alone I have felt with my grief, in a world that paints on smiles. I have longed for a place where it would be OK to talk about what has been happening to me; a place where it would be OK to feel, express and release the grief I have felt in my Heart - where I could feel safe and cared about; a place where I could work at getting back onto my feet and have the type of support I need, in order to do it. Deep in my Heart I feel that no haman being on this crowded Earth should EVER have to feel so painfully alone with their grief as I have.

I d been drowning in the depths Of humanity s crowded emptiness!

My dream to build a Recovery Center is not for money or recognition or to soothe my ego or any other reason that others may assume or try to do themselves. I'm wanting to fill a NEED that increasing numbers of people should have filled, in a world that's casting many into deep struggles. And I wish I had more public support, because I need help with funding and properties for it. Please listen to your Heart and feel the Truths here.

The purpose of my "Recover Center" is to provide a safe supportive environment for us to express and release the feelings that arise from tragic experiences so that we can heal from them. I've been publically aiming for this since BEFORE the Northeastern disasters started happening and it deeply hurts to be going through them without it! But, until/unless I mable to set up a physical place, the Recovery Center exists here, within the pages of Sharon s Bud, and in my other writings. I hope they touch your Heart.

If you or anyone you know can help me with funding/sponsoring and/or offering unused property, (This can be just small houses or pieces of land). And a large functional RV, which is structurally and mechanically sound is deeply needed for my work. If your Heart wants to help me with this please contact me through www.poeticpublications.com or leave a message at 603-801-9763. Your help will be



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Support Group Guidelines

This is the sort of help that is deeply needed and not often offered or utilized by disaster victims. Yet, most of us could use it and anyone can start a group. Here are some basic guidelines.

1. Each member must join with deep levels of integrity

- 2. Make a firm commitment to at least 11 weeks of weekly meetings (This will allow time to iron out the wrinkles, without giving up...
 - 3. Keep the door open to new members (This keeps it evolving and growing)
 - 4. Treat each other with utmost respect

5. Remain consistent with times and dates

- **6. Pass leadership around, so that no one has complete 'control' of the group** (This helps prevent the group from creeping into dysfunctional patterns.)
 - 7. Begin each meeting with some sort of prayer
 - 8. Take turns sharing with only one person talking at a time
 - 9. Practice strict levels of confidentiality
 - 10. Encourage talking about losses and painful experiences is what support groups are for. Anyone who does not want to face feelings should leave the group.)

11. Practice attentative listening

- 12. Absolutely NO advising, unless it is specifically asked for (This is important)
 - 13. Practice the deepest possible levels of compassion (Try to empathize with each person who shares)

14. Embrace and encourage ALL feelings (anger, fear, sadness, joy..., as long as anger does not hurt or scare anyone)

15. Add any other guidelines or rituals your group agrees upon (be open to the needs of every member)

16. End each meeting with a group hug :-)

Please keep in mind that disasters trigger feelings which have been long suppressed, so its natural to be suddenly facing childhood trauma or past losses along with the present situation. Embrace it ALL feelings so that healing can happen.



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Living With Less

As we face rising economical difficulties and intensifying natural disasters many of us are learning how to live with less than what we were accustomed to. Some are cutting back on spending. Some are losing their jobs and homes. And most are struggling between these two extremes.

As I've been forced to live with a lot less than what I was originally accustomed to, I am realizing how little I really need, in order to survive. In the five bedroom house I'd owned in Andover, NH, I used primarily three rooms - my kitchen, bathroom and bedroom.

Although I now struggle in unhealthy levels of poverty, I don't miss most of the THINGS I had back then. Sometimes I miss having my own private shower, a frig and a stove to cook on. But I'm learning to get by without these things.

My greatest needs have become, 'a feeling of safety and genuine kindness from my fellow human beings.' When I have these two things, I feel like I can face almost anything. When they are lacking I sometimes feel too lost and scared.

I recently drove by a huge house, which must have had close to 12 rooms, where just ONE elderly woman lives. And I thought to myself, 'if she filled her spare bedrooms with neighbors who are also struggling to pay the heat bills, they'd ALL be far better off'.

But I understand that this could be a difficult shift for all concerned. As times get tough many of us are being pushed into sharing our THINGS more than we are accustomed to, and we are being called into opening our Hearts to deeper levels of kindness and compassion for our fellow human beings. We are being called to reach out to those in need and move closer together, on EVERY level, in order to survive the tough times we are heading into.

Two families heating one home through the winter months, is far better than two families losing two homes...etc.

Lets join hands And be willing to let go of Some of what we WANT So we can ALL have What we NEED. This is what we are Being called to do.

P.S. Facing tough times and living in closer proximity to each other can raise tempers and emotions. So, we will also need to learn greater levels of self control on top of greater levels of consideration for our fellow human beings. We may struggle with this. But we will be OK if we just Truly do the best we can.

I wrote the following three poems shortly after the Alstead, NH flood, as I struggled to thaw the shock, which blocked an unbearable well of pain.

The Loon

As winter invades this freezing shore, Is surface challenges the warmth in my core. But I can still hear it, through the frosty mist, Calling for me to release my pain. So subtle, so soft, yet insistent and clear -The loan. . . crying. . . in the rain.

> $\underset{\text{by Sharon Rose Poet}}{\text{Im}} \, \underset{\text{Rose Poet}}{\text{Sorry}}$ Confusion settles into This cold, numb place Where your broken homes. And loved ones gone, Paint tears upon my face. But hope whispers From deep inside my Soul, And struggles to get past My own shame and fear. Ill be OK When it s finally free. Ill be OK When I can cry for me, And give to all of you This humblest apology. I m Sorry. I m so incredibly sorry.

Til Spring

Sharon Rose Poet

This mist on the glass of a frozen lake Tries to help me forget Nature s mistake. But the birdhes 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 11 hold out a shaky hand, And hope for all to understand That these depths of pain Produce tears that sting. And it s wise to let them fall

Til Spring.

In December 1986, my body died during a surgery on my spine. When I came out of it, I remembered going to a place, where I d experienced the deepest, most awesome feeling of Love I've ever known. There are absolutely no words to describe this experience, and do it justice.

But I can say that I remember KNOWING that I was Home and that I didn't want to come back. I remember knowing that I had to return here, in order to finish my work. I literally cried for days after they rolled me out of the operating room. The poor doctors and nurses didn't know what was $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right)$ couldn't explain it to them.

After this experience, I returned to my childhood habit of writing as I entered into deep levels of personal and spiritual growth. My Heart felt like it had suddenly blown wide open! I could feel more than I d ever felt before. I felt more Love, more sadness, more joy, more pain. I started Seeing depths of things that I'd never noticed before. I suddenly started remembering parts of my childhood, which I'd previously suppressed. This was extremely difficult for me to deal with. But I m glad it happened.

Prior to this I d believed, due to my Christian upbringing, that there is samething beyond this physical life we live, but I hadh t fully KNOWN it, until I experienced it.

I think most of us want to believe that there sa Loving place where our Spirits/Souls go after our bodies die - that what we think of as death is really a returning to our original Home - a new beginning. And Ihope my experience helps more people to believe this.

Ifeel sad for those who do not know that death leads us to another way of living. I don t think I could bear the thought of losing my loved ones if I didn t know that they would be returning to a more Loving place. Death isn t REALLY Death. It honestly isn t. Im sure of this.

When our bodies die our Souls live on. I feel that the death of our Soul only happens when we close our Hearts for too long. . .

Death of a Heart

by Sharon Rose Poet

Our bodies can die - join our precious Earth. And minds can die, even before birth. But, God, help our world, torn so far apart. God help the people who suffer the death Of a Heart.

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Homeless

by Sharon Rose Poet

During recent times when life has literally brought me to my knees I have deeply prayed and cried, "WHY AM I HAV-ING TO GO THROUGH THIS!!!" And part of the answer has been that I've been in a training program for our future, to help people through the tough times ahead, through sharing my experiences. It is incredibly difficult for me to share so much of myself with the world, but I feel that I must, because this is what I'm supposed to do.

Prior to the early 1990s, I'd been accustomed to living a middle class life-style. But in 1995, as the state of NH took my first home, through their "rights of eminent domain", the rug was completely yanked out from under my feet! A few years later, a fire in my second home, which was surrounded by several deaths of loved ones brought on more difficulties on every level. Too many things were happening, too fast! My Heart began filling with a well of unshed tears!

I cried out some of them while I lived for one and a half years in a hunter's cabin, in the Adirondack wilderness. I yelled out more of it when I was living on BLM land in the South Western deserts. And I let loose many deep layers of pain in the year 2005, as I wrote "The Personal Journal" and started climbing back onto my feet, before a flash flood raged through my Alstead, NH neighborhood and I was drugged and raped by the couple who zoomed in to "help" me!!! (This has all been far more difficult than I can express here, especially since too many people think we are not supposed to talk about or feel hurt by this sort of stuff!) I have hit levels of overwhelming pain, which can't be described!

Each of my situations has been surrounded by unusual circumstances, which left me outside the guidelines for common levels of help from the government, although there have been times when I've deeply needed it. It is pure Faith that has carried me thus far. And I'm still doing the best I can, while retaining some level of dignity as I struggle to continue my work for all of us.

As I face each layer of suppressed pain, I'm finding deeper levels of care for myself and the rest of humanity. Through my losses and the severe lack of unconditional help, I've experienced during these most difficult times in my life, I've come face to face with the depths of what matters most - I've come face to face with how important it is for us to embrace each other's pain and lend a FREE hand and a SAFE, supportive shoulder when it's needed.

Even BEFORE the Alstead flood and rape, I was struggling to fully recover from previous losses and severe problems within my family of origin, which has kept me almost completely separate from them for most of my adult life. (I have no family whom I can safely turn to for any type of support or help.)

With so many things happening to me, I grew scared of what might happen next. I grew scared of becoming, and remaining even more homeless than I had been when I lived in my car through most of 1976, and when my truck broke down in the fall of 2007.

Through a few uncomfortable homeless situations, as I struggled with a serious physical illness, I began to understand how people reach that devastating state of having to live on the streets - remaining in the shock of the fall, while surrounded by their fellow human beings! And I began to understand that this is NOT the lowest form of existence - that the lowest form of existence is what I'd been living when I was taking for granted, a beautiful five-bedroom house with two cars, a motorcycle, a half-empty barn, a two car garage and food wasting away in my new fridge, while thousands of people were in deep need of a safe place to visit and a kind Heart to lean on so they could recover from the pain of

Through each disaster and loss in my own life, I have desperately needed a safe place to recover in, and I have realized how painfully empty and cold our world can be. There have been some kind people who have really wanted to do more to help me, but have not been able to. Some have helped in little ways that meant a lot. But most of the ones who are able to didn't want to, in the ways I needed it, even when I asked. The help I've gotten was never enough for me to fully get back onto my feet. Some offers were even laced with unhealthy or uncomfortable situations! And I feel sad for this. Safety and integrity are extremely important to me. I'd rather be on the streets than to be hurt more.

I hate to say this, but its the Truth...many people have even looked down upon me for struggling, instead of helping! I have found this shocking!

The Waif

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

My Heart still deeply cries, "No being on our crowded Earth should EVER have to feel as painfully alone during times of deep losses and desperate need, as I have!" Though I'm still in a semi homeless state - living in an old truck/RV which has no frig, stove or water, I wish I could offer the world places where we can find support for the healing of our Hearts through painful losses; places where it's OK to cry and talk about it for as long as it takes to heal; places where we don't have to paste on fake smiles or pretend to be feeling anything but what we genuinely feel; places where healing is the priority, and Heart is what matters most. I long to create the safe, healing places that I've desperately needed, and not had - places where sadness blossoms into Love.

I'm beginning to lose hope for ever being able to accomplish the grandest form of this, although its been in my Heart since the late 1980s. Back then I called it a "Retreat Center". In 2004, as I aimed to climb back onto my feet and complete my life's work with "The Person Journal", I called it a "Healing Center". Now I call it a "Recovery Center", because this better describes its intention. Its evolving with me even though it has not yet existed beyond my dreams and writings!

I'm beginning to wonder if this is the only part of it I'll be able to accomplish. I keep losing property instead of gaining it! And I don't have enough of anything left to do any more than what I'm doing with my writing. I feel incredibly sad that money is all that prevents me from doing a better job at this, even though money is the most insignificant part of it.

As I continue to go through this time of healing my own Heart and reaching out to my fellow human beings with my writing, I still struggle to hold steady my Faith that I'll be OK.

As our world continues to experience disaster after disaster, I pray that those who are losing homes, families and friends, find places where there are people who can give them genuinely safe, accepting, helpful place to turn to so they can have the chance to grieve and climb back onto their

It may be too late for me, but I'm not the only one who has or will need this. These times in our troubled world are becoming too incredibly difficult for increasing numbers of us. And I hope this article inspires ALL of us to share our Hearts and more freely.

Help Needed

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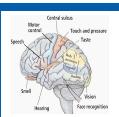
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by Sharon Rose Poet

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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. I am 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 good-bye. I've came to hold you. . .while you cry.



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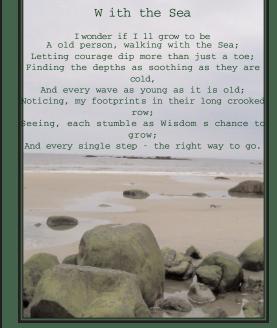
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The Race When too many clouds roll in, Darkening the Light of day, W e sometimes wonder why Life deals us such dismay. If it reaches a point Where the best we can do Is hold the broken pieces And strive to make it through, Lets let each bump in our 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 here the strongest finish last.

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 in my friend's 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 answers 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.

The Hidden Epidemic



Though most of us have heard about how it s OK to cry, we don't seem to fully becomes anger that yearns to strike out. realize how incredibly important it is for us to actually let it happen, when we feel a need to. We 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 the pain out of pour hearts

What I call, the Hidden Epidemic, grows and spreads each time we suppress our sadness and push others to do the same. The Hidden 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 then listen to the Wisdom in your own Heart, I m sure youll feel some Truth in what I m saying.

Same 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 and choose joy instead! Yet, my experiences show me that this suppression of our sadness is THE very thing that actually CREATES the "negative" stuff in our world, and that allowing ourselves to fully feel our sadness, so that our pain is released, is what opens our Hearts to deeper levels of Love, Joy and Peace.

W e suppress our sadness, because feeling it can be uncomfortable and sametimes overwhelming, especially when it s not supported by the people around us. But even in the most supportive environments, it sdifficult to completely embrace grief. Suppression is often the <u>easiest</u> 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 very good at suppressing tears instead of letting them flow. We tend to even feel ashamed to go out in public during, or shortly after, the times when we ve let ourselves deeply cry. We tend to act as if crying is doing something wrong or shameful!

W e waste a lot of time, money and energy trying to avoid feeling anything but shallow levels of joy. We stuff down our sadness with overdoses of caffeire, 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 own feelings, because their sadness triggers ours. And on and on the cycle goes. . .

Ifeel 100% certain that <u>deeper levels of crying is an absolute necessity for</u> the health of our Hearts, our families, our communities, our countries, our world.

As I face many hardships and let deep levels of grief surface, I ve NEEDED my tears to be OK. I ve needed my sadness to be accepted as a part of healing and growing. I ve needed it to be OK for me to cry for as long it takes to release my pain.

But over and over again I ve been faced with situations where people label sadness and the expression of it as "negative" or depressing or NON-uplifting or un-spiritual ...etc. Over and over again I ve been faced with situations where people have tried to pull me out of my grieving process before I've finished moving through it. And this has been extremely difficult for me! It has hurt me! It s added to my grief and left me feeling too painfully alone with it. And I m sure that many other people have felt this kind of aloneness with our grief.

But I don't blame any individual for not being there for me in the ways that I ve needed them to be. I know that most people just don't realize how much we NEED to get ALL THE WAY THROUGH our grief, in order to even begin to Truly "move beyond it" or $\ensuremath{\text{get}}$ over it . And this is why I m writing this.

The disasters and losses I ve experienced, in the past decade, along with a few spiritual experiences, have lead me to a deep knowing that what I call the Hidden Epidemic , is the widest spread, most dangerous epidemic in humanity. No joke! You may think I m catastrophizing here. But I m sure that I m not. Please bear with me.

Icall this epidemic Hidden because of the way we hide our sadness. And I call it an Epidemic , because, the more we hide our sadness and push others to do the same, the more we spread the closing of our Hearts, which creates serious problems in all levels of our world. And every individual, that I know of, is spreading this Hidden Epidemic to some degree, myself included. I feel that humanity is at a serious crisis point with this issue. Please think about this, long and hard.

Suppressing sadness (closing 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 physically ill or

On the larger scales. . .the severe suppression of sadness, causes $\mbox{\it Hearts}$ to became so blocked that they begin filling up with deep levels of greed, warped senses of spirituality, uncontrolled anger, and thirst for power over others, which is THE root cause of the destructive wars we experience, on EVERY level, 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 what we value most starts shifting toward money and obtaining possessions. We start losing our ability to feel compassion toward our fellow beings. Depression often creeps in. Our ability to feel genuine Peace, Joy and Love diminishes. And our connection to the deeper, wiser parts of our Selves, and to the Highest Powers, becomes more and more blocked. Is any of this sounding familiar to you? It does to me! This sounds painfully familiar! When I look at my life and out into the rest of the world, I See this so much that it scares me. There have been times when I ve literally cried for all of us.

> Sadness is not depressing! It s this suppression Of it that depresses us.

Now, I m not suggesting that we walk around trying to cry all the time. But I A M $\,$ saying that we should let our tears freely flow each time we feel the need to rather than trying to stuff them back down. And I m praying for ALL of us to take a deeper look at the damaging effects of the NO CRYING ALLOWED messages, which we pass on to our loved ones.

I cringe every time I hear the popular Christmas song, which we STILL play for our children, You better be good. . .you better not cry. . .I m telling you why... .Santa Clause is coming to town... $\verb|!!!$ I KNOW that we would NOT even think of playing songs like this for our children, if we KNEW how damaging it is to them and the rest of our world. Sometimes, when I hear this song, I sing along and loudly change the words to, You d better cry.

I feel that humanity NEEDS to become more aware of this problem so that we can start allowing our Heart s natural cleansing process to happen far more than it does. This Hidden Epidemic needs to be healed, in order for us to start healing our world, ESPECIALLY through the tough times we now

It's OK to cry. It is! It really is.

In my vision of a world that son it s way to being healed, it would be as OK to walk down a street crying as it is to do it smiling. When we freely allow our tears to wash the pain out of our Hearts, our Hearts will open to increasingly deeper levels of Love. When our Hearts are more open to Love, Compassion, sharing and giving. . .greed and vengeance will diminish. When there is more Love in our world there 11 be more acceptance of the differences in other people, cultures, religions and countries. This will prevent harmful behaviors and wars, on ALL levels.

> When our Hearts fully open There 11 be no reason to harm, Or yearn for love, that s not there.

> > continued

Lonely Place

Deep inside most Hearts, exists a lonely place,

Where sadness hides, where 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

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So Love can find it's place again? Perhaps we must.

Crying is like giving The Heart a shower To wash away Accumulated dirt.

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Tears

by Sharon Rose Poet

Tears reflect Joy, Sadness, Love and Inspiration. Each of these Feelings Can bring Tears to our eyes. Each of these feelings Are connected Deep inside our Hearts, In some magical way. When freedom denies, Just a part of one, The others weaken.

Help Needed

Do you or anyone you know have unused property, which can be offered for Recovery Centers for disaster victims (This can be just small houses or pieces of land)? A large functional RV, which is structurally and mechanically sound, is also needed, ASAP. lease contact Sharon Poet through www.poeticpublications.com or leave a message at. . .603-801-9763. Thank you.

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It's Never Too Late to Say, I Love you...

by Sharon Rose Poet

Around the time when my mother's body died, my 18 years with her felt far too unloving. I deeply missed what we never had. I missed her Love. I missed it when she was here and I missed it even more after she'd gone. It's not that she didn't love me. She did show me her love when she wasn't angrily reacting to, or running from, the harmful relationship she had with my father. But I felt abandoned more than loved. I'd felt that my mother and I were supposed to do things in this lifetime, which we never had the chance to do. It often seemed like there was something extremely important that she'd forgotten and left without finishing. I felt cheated and abandoned by her.

My mother was the only member of my family who had insights or dreams about the future, in the same way I do. She was the only one who understood me without being jealous, resentful, degrading or judgmental of my poetry and my depths. I think we could have done a lot to help each other and the rest of humanity if she'd not given up on her own life and died of cancer when she was only 44 years old.

And, on the flip side of this, I felt deep levels of guilt for not being very loving toward her while she was here. For many years it had bothered me that she'd gone Home without my ever really expressing my Love for her. Just the fact that I did not ever actually say the words, "I love you, Mom", 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 grow and Love.

When I was in my late twenties, I started meditating and learning how to vision quest, Native American style. I found that visions came very easy to me. They brought me to a new level of awareness, to a world that exists beyond this physical world. In this other world, I frequented a huge castle of Light, which sat on the clouds and reached far up into the Heavens. Within this castle were many Angels who worked at sending beams of white Light down to the Earth, in an effort to help heal the world. (These Angels looked like glowing figures of White Light.)

During one of my visits, 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 in my Heart. As I did this, a wonderfully warm feeling slowly spread through my whole body. It felt like my Heart had blossomed. And when I looked up to thank the being who'd handed it to me, I was shocked to see my mother standing there.

Tears quickly streamed down my cheeks as my legs went weak. "I LOVE you," she whispered, as she pulled me into her arms. And between my deep sobs I said, "I love you too." And I cried in her arms until I woke from the vision.

As I opened my eyes my tears were still steadily falling. This experience was so incredibly real. Deep in my Heart I KNOW and FEEL that I Truly met my mother; that her Soul is one of the Angel Light Workers; that I really heard her say, "I LOVE YOU" for the first time in this lifetime; that I really finally told her that I love her too; and that I felt her Love blossoming into my Heart and Soul. There is nothing anyone can possibly say to convince me otherwise. This **WAS** real. It was as real as this print on this page.

Through this experience, I resolved the past issues I'd had with my mother. It's felt as if, in those few minutes of fully opening my Heart to the depths of her Love and deeply crying out my sadness, I'd received what had been lacking throughout my 18 years with her. I no longer yearn for her to be here for me, because I know she is. I find deep levels of comfort in knowing that my mother's Love is just a wish away, and that **it's never too late to say, I love you.**

Still Here

by Sharon Rose Poet

Sitting up sometimes, late at night Many thoughts run through my mind Of a mother - gone from sight, Of a Heart so hard, yet kind. But I can t say, I don t see her. When I sleep she s in my dreams. Hello little Bum, she whispers. Oh, how real...so real it seems. I see her when I see a rose Or a willow tree. And sometimes, I KNOW, She talks to me. When I listen quietly, Her voice, I can hear. And when I think of her, I feel her. . . oh so near. I see her when I sleep And feel her when I weep. We can t be torn apart. She lives for all eternity, W ith the Love inside my Heart. She 11 never leave. No, Never. My mother s Love will bloom forever.

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Making Waves

Sometimes We Must Lift Hidden Turbulence Out Onto the Surface, in Order to Calm the Seas

Poor vs. Others

Through most of my adult life I've lived a typical middle class life style. And I didn't understand why the poor often had such resentment of those who had more money. I used to think it was only because of their own jealousy. But I was wrong.

As I began to experience deep levels of poverty even short periods of homelessness, many people, who were better off, began looking down on me for being poor and struggling, without even offering to help in ways that would REALLY help me. And worst than this, they'd often try to take advantage of my situation, in order to save more money for themselves, through paying me less than fair wages or less than fair prices for things I was selling. This kept things difficult for me!

This sort of behavior seems to have become such a common business practice that many of us do not seem to realize how wrong and hurtful it is to take advantage of another persons struggles!!!

Naturally, resentment builds in those of us who are being hurt even more, at times when we desperately need the complete opposite. The more money people have, the less Heart they tend to have. Although I am sure that there are exceptions to this rule, I've not seen any. This situation is way too sad.

As I experience it, I don't resent the THINGS other people have, because I've already had enough of them to realize what is more important. But I do resent the ways I'm being treated, because its hurting me at a time when I've already been hurt too much. A part of me wants to cry, "Dear God, help them find their Hearts!"

Homeless

by Sharon Rose Poet

Throughout history, the rich have stolen From the struggling hands of the poor, Yet dare degrade their plea for help From those who now have more. Its a crazy backwards world W e strive to grow and live in, Where the greedy, heartless thieves Are the ones who proudly win. I look into our wounded Souls And See that the Wisest ones of all Are the ones whose humbled Hearts Dare to stand up tall.

by Sharon Rose Poet

As the economy falls, disasters hit, and life gets more difficult for most of us, some of us are being forced to live in ways that we are not accustomed to. Those of us who have no family to turn to for help can suddenly be left completely homeless. Because we do not fit into the rough environment of the streets and most 'homeless shelters', we are getting creative with living arrangements.

But there are multitudes of rules against sleeping in a vehicle in parking lots, rest areas, park and rides...etc. In the North East there are no public lands where it is OK to sleep in a vehicle over night. And this may soon become more of a problem than it already is. I have felt deeply hurt as my fellow human beings repeatedly kicked me out of public places where I tried to park my truck, when I had no place else to go. Amazingly, none of them seemed to care about where I would go or what I would do if I'd be safe! None of them offered to help me in any way! I just kept getting abrupt, angry, demeaning demands to leave, because of their "RULES"! And more times than I care to admit, I drove away with tears pouring down my cheeks, for the lack of Heart in this world.

In a world that keeps us down. Sometimes the best we can do Is hold the broken pieces And cry to make it through!

I understand rules. But these sorts of rules bother me, because if natural disasters continue intensifying, increasing numbers of people may soon be needing more and more help in little ways like just being able to have a safe place to park for the night, perhaps even for months at a time. Actually, many of us already need a lot more than that, but I won't go there right now!

Just PLEASE know that many of the people who are going through tough times are regular people like you and I. And it hurts when we are looked down on and degraded even further, instead of helped. The next person to be left out in the cold with no place to go may be you. Please have a Heart.



Child Sexual Abuse

The most common form of "child sexual abuse" seems to be in the mild "inappropriate" behaviors, which can be extremely harmful when followed by shame filled silence or mental abuse. Severe levels of abuse can be easy to spot. But these more subtle levels are what's hurting us most. And its the silence around it that leaves the deepest wound.

Silence Hurts! I feel that there are countless men and women who were victims of "inappropriate" sexual behavior, in their childhoods. And I pray for this to stop.

I wrote the following poem in May of 2004, as I regressed into the part of my childhood which helped me to understand why my family of origin had been manipulated against me since I'd started focusing on healing my childhood in the 1980s.

What happened in my childhod was wrong and inappropriate, but whats happened since then, to keep it hidden, has been excrutiatingly painful!

When we stop hiding it, we

Secret

by Sharon Rose Poet

Oh reasons, there were many For the pain inside my Heart. You see, I carried a secret That tore us all apart. No care for me or how I felt As long as I didn t say Anything about what he Fought to hide away. They even declared me a liar When my voice spoke small. They pounded me Right into the ground So he could still stand tall. Much easier to degrade me And save the name of him! It was not the act -This lack of love is what Made the Lights go dim!



May we shine Light into the darkness



Those Who Follow Others Sacrifice Themselves In Shadows That Don t Belong to Them

by Sharon Rose Poet

It seems that the less we think of ourselves, the more we look up to others. And the more we look up to others, the less we think of ourselves. It's a downhill slide, that most of us take, to some degree, at some point in our lives. But we need teachers/mentors of all kinds, especially in our younger years. This is how we find our way.

We grow as we learn from other people. Following others only becomes unhealthy when we start wanting to **BE** like them and start losing our own unique way of being WHO WE TRULY ARE.

When we follow other people for longer than what's needed for our growth, we throw away our own power. We do this on many different levels and in ways that most of us probably don't even realize. And those of us who THINK that we don't do this, are often the ones who do it most. There seems to be very little awareness of this problem.

On the milder social levels, we tend to follow the "norms", the latest styles and standard social etiquette rules. The way we dress, sit, walk, talk, eat, set our tables...etc, is often dictated by the people we spend most of our time with, or by some unknown person who made up the rules. Yes, we do need some sort of commonality in our lives. We don't want to behave unacceptably. But when we conform, too strictly to 'the norms', it leaves little room for the blossoming of our own uniqueness and creativity. (I know this may seem like small stuff, but a lot of 'small stuff' ads up to 'big stuff'.) This is becoming HUGE in our societies!

On personal levels, we often follow mentors, teachers or family members for longer than what's healthy. We lose ourselves by stepping directly into their footsteps rather than creating our own, when the time is right. Some of us are meant to follow a family member for all of our lives. But many of us aren't. Many of us are meant to create our own path. This doesn't mean that we don't love them. It just means that, in order to be all that we are meant to be, we must take a road that's different from theirs. But many of us don't listen to our calling, because it's hard to turn away from what's familiar and comfortable. It's hard to strike out onto "the road less traveled " as Robert Frost had called it.

On spiritual levels we can throw away our power when we blindly follow unhealthy people who place themselves in the rolls of being spiritual leaders, rather than just learning from them and finding The Highest Powers through the depths of our own Hearts.

The Highest Power
Speaks to ALL of us.
All we need do is open our own
Hearts enough to listen.

I'm not suggesting that we avoid or turn our back on religion. I'm suggesting that we watch ourselves, so that we don't throw away our own Power, our own Wisdom and our own Insights...while following other people's written or spoken perceptions of spirituality.

The various bibles and religions Are here for us to use as tools To learn from, not as laws to Blindly follow and judge others by.

There are times when some of us truly do NEED to "get stuck in" specific religions, for various periods of time, in order to learn whatever lesson we need to learned from it. Some of us actually need to remain in a strict religious 'box', for all of our lives, in order to stay on a better track from the one we'd be on without it. There is no one set of rules that apply to every individual. This is

why it's so important for us to listen more closely to our own Hearts and Wisdom.

It's amazing how those of us who see ourselves as the "most spiritual" or "most religious" are often also the most prejudice and judgmental of others. It's an interesting contradiction. Don't you think?

I work at opening my Heart and listening directly to God, instead of just to other people's perceptions of Him/Her. And when I do this strongly, my creative side blossoms and I feel more empowered and Wiser. I never even knew how lost I'd been until I started opening my Heart and finding more of my Self. This is the way it seems to be with most of us. We don't know what's missing until we start finding it.

The following phrase is part of a message that came through me, from the Highest Power, for a friend who was getting lost in following the darkened path of others. His Heart longed to be a minister. But, instead of following his Heart, he took the easier, more familiar road and lost himself in the shadow of his family's desires for him, literally.

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

A milder example of this 'sacrifice of Self', is what I now see in a few people who seem to think that my personal path is something better than theirs something they'd like to follow or copy! I've seen some trying to step into my footsteps and walk where I'm now walking - trying to have the same purpose I have, even though they can't even begin to know the depths of what I've experienced to bring me to this point. And I feel saddened by this. So, I'm taking this opportunity to say, "Instead of trying to follow what I do, please just listen to what I have to say, learn by the life I've led, feel what my Heart is sharing and what yours needs to open up to, but live life your own way. Just use my life as a tool to help you open up to the depths of your own Heart and Wisdom, so that you can grow to SEE the awesome VALUE in the unique path that you are meant to be on. Your life's purpose is just as important as mine, even though it's different. PLEASE let your Heart FEEL the Truth in these words....

If I learn from You
And you learn from Me,
Can whole we grow to be,
While you be You, I be Me,
And Heart the only one to See?

The most famous artists, writers, scientists, inventors, philosophers... obviously reached into the depths of their own Souls to find their own unique techniques and ideas, instead of looking for them in other people. This is the only part of what they did, that we should copy or follow.

We are all Masters.
We are all Great.
But we throw away
Our greatness
When we copy
Someone else's!

A unique/original work is filled with passion, purpose,

Spirit and Soul. And the copies lack all of these qualities. They are dull, lifeless, meaningless replicas!

We were all born for a purpose. We all have things we need to do with our lives. And it does not matter if our purpose is to be a mechanic, a writer, a waitress, a doctor, a politician, a hairdresser, a poet, a farmer, a parent, a secretary, a carpenter, an actor/actress, a minister...etc. No purpose is higher than or lower than any other. We all have equal importance.

The very best we can do with our lives is to find what our TRUE purpose is and pour our Hearts into it. We are all here to help each other, in some wonderful way, no matter what our physical job is.

We can put Love into people's cars, people's food, people's days, people's clothes, people's radios or people's books...etc. Every line of work touches people. And when we put our Hearts into it, it touches them in a positive way.

If we each focus on
Opening our own Hearts
And following our own unique path,
W e will be helping ourselves,
And everyone around us,
To grow in a more healthy direction.

Lets reach for the buds of our own Wisdom. Lets aim to be all that we were meant to be.

If you want to take a deeper look at some of the ways in which you throw away your own power and sacrifice your Self, then ask yourself the following questions...

- 1. How often do I suppress what I genuinely think or feel out of fear of what others will think of me?
- 2. How often do see other paths as being better than mine, rather than just different?
- 3. How often do I ignore that little voice inside my own Heart?
- 4. How often do I just believe what I hear, instead of checking in with my own Wisdom or Intuition?
- 5. How often do I listen to other people's advise, rather than following my own Heart?
- 6. How often do I do what other people prefer, instead of doing what I NEED to do?
- 7. How often do I copy someone else's idea or technique, rather than creating my own.

Don't be hard on yourself. None of us are perfect. I think that the best we can do is just become more aware of this problem and strive to step more fully into our own Hearts and Souls - into the wonderfully creative, unique people we already are.

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Hurtful Relationships by Sharon Rose Poet

If we want to clean up our world, we are going to have to clean up our relationships.

I've heard it said that, "within relationships is where we can experience the deepest levels of personal growth." This appears to be True for some people, but not others.

For me, most of my deepest wounds were inflicted within my two long term relationships. And my grandest growth has been in the process of leaving those relationships - in finding the courage to heal and realize that I don't need a relationship, in order to blossom into who I am meant to be.

Most people thought that my husband and I were "the perfect couple", because we never really fought and he often acted loving toward me, when other people were around. But no one knew the Truth. And the next relationship brought it all to the surface!

I'd never been physically beaten or violently abused in my relationships. But in some ways, it seemed worse than that. On mental and emotional levels I was literally torn to shreds and almost completely drained of energy and personal power! It's been difficult for me to glue the broken pieces of my inner Self back together.

As I remain alone, and work at healing my own Heart, I realize my pattern of being the victim of men who behave like my father did; men who feel threatened by my wisdom, my depth, my focus on spiritual/personal growth; men who try to over power me and take credit for what I say or do or am; men who are into mind games, betrayals, manipulations and secretly hating women; men who are way too wounded to be healthy for anyone, when they refuse to look at or alter their own hurtful behaviors.

And the lesson in it for me has been to find the courage to not let them continue hurting me, to walk away and do what I need to do, in order to take better care of myself. So, I've been doing this for several years now. (I'm also cleaning up my friendships, many of which had been similar situations)

The last time such a man tried pushing his way into my life was here in Portsmouth, as I collected ads for this publication. And I'm proud of myself for recognizing the warning signs almost right away and closing the door. I deserve to be treated better than that. I really do.

One of the greatest lessons I have been learning in this lifetime, in ALL sorts of relationships, is to stand up for myself and not let the "bullys" knock me down. But enough about me. This isn't just about me.

Our communities contain far more hurtful relationships than most of us are aware of. Some people are so accustomed to acting out their own pain, instead of facing it, that they do not stop to think about the damage they are doing. Some people are so accustomed to the subtle levels of emotional and mental abuse that it seems normal. When we are in this sort of situation we often experience being drained of power so slowly that we don't realize it's happening.

Though most of us know when our relationships do not feel right, we are often so ashamed of the hurtful stuff that we hide it and pretend its not there. We even hide it from ourselves! Denial is a powerful thing. Many men and women, from ALL walks of life are in this sort of predicament. Wounded people build wounding relationships, unless there is a heavy focus on self awareness and personal growth. When we remain in hurtful relationships out of fear of what people will think of us, out of fear of not being able to survive without that person, out of fear of loneliness or out of fear of being hurt even more. . .we start dieing on the inside. But we don't always have to leave the relationship. When BOTH people want to work at it, and when hurtful behaviors are fully faced and altered, unhealthy situations CAN become healthy ones.

P.S. Some people think that "we are drawn to the types of people we are" but this is not True. We are drawn to the types of people who will help us to learn whatever lessons we need to learn. Sometimes the lesson is to find the strength to not allow ourselves to be hurt, or to find the Wisdom to not allow ourselves to manipulated, or to find the courage to leave, or all of the above as was my case. Sometimes we just need to reach a point of KNOWING that we deserve better, because NO ONE deserves to be hurt in any way. Not EVER.

Wish I Were a Ladybug by Sharon Rose Poe

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, W ith 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!"



Message From An Angel

During a time when I was struggling through several devastating losses, I entered into the most painful emotional release I've ever had. But, although this was one of my most painful times, it also led me into one of the most comforting spiritual experiences I've ever had.

As I curled my body up on a floor during my third day of almost constant crying, my stomach convulsed and my voice hoarsely moaned in pain. I tried to stop the excruciating flow of tears, but 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 stamach deeply ached. And I'd not been able to eat for days. This scared me! I understood the healing powers of letting myself deeply cry, in order to release my pain. I'd done a lot of this sort of work. But this time, it went further than ever before. It completely overwhelmed me.

I prayed for help. I begged The Higher Powers to stop the pain - 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. I feared that I was never going to make it out of the well of pain I d leapt into. But, right at the point, when I knew that I absolutely could not take anymore, I felt a presence embracing me. (It s impossible to fully describe this.) It felt 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 deep gratitude; gratitude that I was not as alone as I'd thought - that there was someone here for me. I'd needed to know this. I'd needed to know this more than these words can imagine.

With Love surrounding me, I was able to release even more of my pain. I continued crying until I peacefully slept in the arms of this Angel. And when I woke, I wrote the song, Message from an Angel.

Message From An Angel

by Sharon Rose Poet

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. I am 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.

YA N



Heart

Stuff

Rhododendron Grow

by Sharon Rose Poet

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, A safe place to stay, Beneath the rain and sun. Then it will be done. In the warm days of spring I 11 check them once again. If I melt away the snow And let the blossoms grow, Next year there 11 be more -A pathway to my door. But now they just need time For limbs to grow and climb. Rhododendron grow Underneath the snow. But nobody knows. It scantly shows.

Sewing
by Sharon Rose Poe

Iwork until I m through
Needle weaving thread
Mending the broken life
My deepest wounds have bled

Dropping silent tears
Into crooked seams
Until the path is clear
And all the pain is cleaned.

In the end I 11 place
A pocket here and there
Where I can safely carry
A Heart that cries to care.

Perkins Cove

Through many miles I drove,
To meet this hidden place
Inside of Perkins Cove;
Where I let my heart rescue
A little white winged boat,
To sail my fondest memories
Between these lines I wrote.

By the Fire by Sharon Rose Poet

Isat next to him For nothing else to do. He turned to me and asked, You gonna watch it too? Silently we stared As his shaky hand Poked it, here and there. For those soothing moments, I forgot about the rain And let myself begin To let up on the pain. To think. . . That I could be so wise As to let a simple fire Consume my weary time; That I could be content To sit and rock and stare And let the storms go by W ithout a simple care: That I could take a break From all that grows too dark And coax a glowing flame Out of a fading spark. Am I Watching? Yes. oh yes I am. And I sure will return To sit and watch again.

The News

They may try
To tear this down
In the news Hit the Light with
Black and blues.
But it will rein
In the end The world will turn
To Love again.
It will.

Light a Candle by Sharon Rose Poet

Light a candle for my brother
Who died one summer day
Light a candle for my mother
Who shows his Soul the way.
Light a candle for my sisters
Brothers and my dad.
Light a candle for the memories
That make us all so sad.
Lets let it out. Lets shed a

tear.
Lets bring Love into Christmas
This year.

W ay to go

by Sharon Rose Poet

I heard a preacher say women should follow men.

I was sure I d misunderstood
Until he said it again!

Oh God help our lost world-Help us all to know That You are the only one Who can lead our way to go.

And please help the ego-This darker side of men, To open up to Your Love And find their Hearts again.

So we can ALL take our place,
Standing side by side,
And fill this lonely gap
That s growing far too wide.

No matter which gender,
The ones who must lead,
Are the ones who open Heart
For God to plant a seed

Awomen ;-)

Sample

by Sharon Rose Poet

The more I feel, I See
That none of this is about me.
Iam just a small sample
Which humanity can use

As a big example. Success

by Sharon Rose Poet

Deep inside my Heart I ask, "Do I dare again succeed In a world That tears me down To feed a jealous greed?" The answer slowly rises Like a tide within the Sea. "Yes! I will. I truly must." To save what's left of me. I'll make a solid stand W ith Love here by my side, Letting their jealous swords Swing strong, far and wide, While knowing that, Their greed can't penetrate The power of the Light. And then I'll find courage Deep within my Heart, To take the final step..., To turn and send my Love, For those I'd rather forget.

Dear God

Yes, I hear
The dreams you speak.
But I need to feel you.
I m still weak.

Let me rest,
A moment please,
Inside the Love
You have for me.

Let me gain
The strength I need
To patch these holes
Where I still bleed.

Please.

Undertow Poor Poor

by Sharon Rose Poet

Istand in this life
As I do in the Sea Currents pulling sand
From beneath my feet.
But all I need do
Is step aside
To keep my balance

Silenced

It is in my cave, I sang. For the winged ones And the four legged. I sang for the moon And the Sun, The Earth and Stars. But the humans, Ah....the humans. These are the ones Who silenced my voice. These are the ones Who do not know Love. And I became one of them-One of the silent songs, One of the strangled voices. So, it is for them I shall now sing-That I not judge those Who judged me.

by Sharon Rose Poet

She was there when I found her At the back of the dump Just fading away Like an old rotten stump. But as I embraced her And turned her rusty key, She pulled herself back up To sit and talk with me. So, I did some repairs, Fed her some gas And gave her self esteem A swift kick in the ass. Now she bounces back and forth Up and down these roads Even though she s carrying A mighty heavy load. She crawls up the hills And then flies back down. She cries when she s sad But never keeps the frown. She steams through The poor lands, Where I let her engine cool, And races past the mansions, Cause she ain't no fool. If you are lucky enough To turn her old key She ll purr like a kitten And yearn to be set free. She s a little rusty And she s still falling apart. But she is the only one Who loves me when I fart. Ya she s the Resurrecting phoenix And that s what she ll always be She s the Resurrecting phoenix And she s just like me.

Child I Used To Be By Sharon Rose

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, worm-out clothes and hair of honey gold. Istared at her in wonder, taking in all I could see, Then realized 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 and tears on her cheek, "You spend your life searching, but don't remember or see, That I have been here waiting for you to return to me. You left me 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 to people we were to meet! You forgot the castles we were to build in the sand, And NOT ONCE did you 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, for I knew she was right. Ileft 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 held inside. I reached for her shaking hand and asked if she'd forgive, The Resurrecting Phoenixwhile making a sincere promise that together we would live. She climbed into my lap and we held each other and cried Until joy was what was left of the pain we felt inside.

Lonely Nights By Sharon Rose Poet

Throughout my childhood I'd of ten lay awake at night, Listening to the silence creep in. When only crickets could be heard And every light had dimmed.... Then came 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 home. I wonder if Mother knew That she never cried alone.

> IAm OK By Sharon Rose Poet Because my past Reached behind grace, I dared my pain To feel and erase And put a smile back On my face. Iam OK.

Listen to my Songs

My words float away -Drifting upon the air Longing to reach you. Are you there? In my tears and pain Are lessons to learn. This could ease your load When it's your turn. If you sturble, fall And find yourself alone -When the world seems empty And all your friends are gone, Please listen to my songs. I m singing them for you. My love for you is here, Between every single word. My Heart is singing. Have you heard?

Embraced

You were just a little Tear drop Upon my cheek. You gave me strength When I felt weak. You shed the dark -Made room for Light, On the coldest Lonely night. You brought me joy While feeling bad, Revealed the good W ithin the sad. I look in the mirror, To see and embrace, Your little tracks Upon my face.

So That I May

Help me to cry, God W ithout asking why, God So that I may Feel. Help me to See, God To be the real Me, God So that I may Heal Help me to Love, God W ithout a shove, God So that I may give. Help me feel peace, God, Let sadness release, God, So that I may live...

Perhaps this process Of releasing our sadness And opening our Hearts W ill literally be Humanity s salvation. I feel its so.

Buds of Wisdom

oy Sharon Rose Poet

<u>Just because</u> <u>You don t understand it</u> Doesn t mean its wrong

Earthquakes!

Earthquakes!

Are increasing intensities of natural disasters the worst of our problems, the result of our problems, the cure for our problems or all of the above?

Yes.
It s through
Adversity that
We gain strength
But it s through
Love
That we heal.

When a home or life is torn
By fire, earth or storm,
There is a higher purpose Something being born.
What we value most
Must become Heart
When everything we own
Is being torn apart.

<u>True Wisdom comes from</u> <u>Direct experience</u>

W e ll all be happier When its OK to cry.

I find strength
And Love
In my tears.
I find weakness
And depression
In my avoidance
Of them.

Each Layer of pain

That s faced and released Lightens our load And paves a piece Of future s road.

We
Feel
Love
Only as
Deeply as
We allow
Ourselves
To feel our
Sadness

Sometimes the most Healing things Are the ones we Do not want To read or hear.

The Heart of sadness Is Love.

Crying Opens Hearts

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 tears
And set Love free.

Eventually
We will be given
The opportunity
To experience
All that we judge.
Sometimes we must expose the bad
So it can turn to good

Light and Love reaches

us
Through our Hearts.
The dark wants to
Keep us in our minds!

A ministers job is to Serve the people. God is the one Who Leads them.

Money is becoming
The world s most
Meaningless necessity.

Gossip Hurts People

Sometimes people Pretend to be kind Because they don t Realize they are

When we feel like we don t

Get Enough for what we give,

We haven't given anything.

Exposing the dark Turns it to Light

Intentions matter far more
Than actions or words

Trust, as if you ve Never been betrayed But let your intuition Lead the way

Is OK to Feel Sad

The darkness
Wants to keep us
In our minds
The Light reaches us
Through our Hearts

We must let our tears wash our face,
So we can save the human race,
Then turn around and open a door

To those who can t be hurt anymore.

We
Feel
Joy
Only as
Deeply as
We allow
Ourselves
To feel our
Sadness

No one religion has ALL the answers, although some may think they do. The highest spiritual Truths are scattered throughout the world with key pieces in each religion - religions which need to unit, in order for the puzzle to finally come together and show us the Highest forms of Love and Light.

No matter what they
think of me No matter what they say,
The Truth remains the
same.

fust because YOU don t See it - Doesn t mean its not there!

Healing the World Begins and Finishes With the Healing of Our Own Hearts

Political Statement

by Sharon Rose Poet

Our world needs the next president of the USA to be a person who has the Heart

And Wisdom to lead us into Peace and the comfort of economic stability

While soothing the wounds of nature s fury.

Lets wish and pray for this.

W orld I See

what kind of world can my weary eyes See? What kind of world must come to be?

A world where Love is valued most And compassion is the constant host

A world where Souls pick up their paces Tolift broken people from wounded places

A world where we all weather the storms And Heart is birthed from all that gets torn

A world where the void of greed and hate Is filled with Love by the hands of fate

A world where all is in a state of repair.

And none are left in deep despair.

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The world needs our Hearts
To spread their wings! Lets do it



Just because YOU don't See it doesn't mean its not real!

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