

healing through words



Poetry ... Prose ... Prayers ... Stories

General Information

Healing Through Words

Anthology

1st Edition : 2012

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Dedication

to our humanity...

Compliments of Inner Child

Preface

In reading The Poems, Prayers and Stories, and being a contributor myself to this, *Healing Through Words Anthology*, I soon realized the Power of Words. Their ability to heal is very real.

The Power attached to every syllable expels pain, offers a common ground and comfort. The words shared have the ability to change our world, when we *embrace* and *allow*. In some passages, the contributing Authors employed a cathartic perspective for release of our common challenges. In other passages Blessings and / or Prayers for Peace are offered.

Throughout the pages of this Beautiful Book, there is a healing word or words for everyone. In our humanity I pray that we share them.

I have personally spoken to some of these Authors and I know where their heart is. Their common language is that of Love, delivered to mankind on a Cosmic and Human level, by offering healing and the knowing that we are not alone. Wherever you reside in this world and throughout All Society, we have come together to offer these words of power to you.

In today's world, there is an abundant clearing of pain / darkness from our consciousness, as we ready ourselves for *enlightened* days. We have been shaking off the old and allowing the new. Within these pages, I see that more and more. The pieces in this book have been selected, so that you too may know, that you are not alone. You are a significant part of this Global Community, and we have come together, with shared experiences through poetry, prayers and stories, to acknowledge that we are One.

Namaste'

Janet P. Caldwell

Foreword

Over the years, Inner Child has taken on a personage of adding to the evolution of our Humanity. When we examine our “Civilization”, there is much we all can complain about, there are many things that perhaps can use a little fixing. It is an easy trap for us to fall into where we become preoccupied with all that is wrong. With that being understood, the next step is what are we going to do about it. What actions will we take today to help in the change we desire ?

I believe that Human Being are an untapped dynamic that are constantly evolving to realize just how powerful we can become. In this offering we have many writers who have contributed their words toward the end of either “Self Purging” or to that of the comfort of their fellow man. I celebrate every soul who has contributed as well as every soul who will read these words and pass them on that others may be infused with the “Healing” energy found contained herein.

We at Inner Child embrace the Divinity of our Humanity.

Bless Up

bill

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Healing Through Words



Poetry ... Prose ... Prayers ... Stories

inner child press, ltd.

*"Although the world is full of suffering,
it is also full of the overcoming of it."*

Helen Keller

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Poetry

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Poetry

The Greatest Gift

You have within you the greatest gift to give
no matter where you are
no matter how you feel
the gift remains ready to brighten the world

you tell me you are alone
but the gift is aching to be set free

you say you are too sad to be with anyone
but the gift is pulsing with life

you feel too tired, but the gift doesn't sleep

no matter where you are
no matter how you feel
the gift is calling you to release its power

and what is this gift that has the power to brighten the world?

it is the connection that is made when you reach out to greet a stranger
when you call a long lost friend
when you help an oldster carry their physical load or listen to their emotional one

Healing Through Words

it is the gift of you
no matter how alone you are,
someone else is lonely too and could use a kind soul to listen
no matter how sad you feel, someone else is sadder
and by lending a listening ear you have brightened their world and yours
even if you are tired, giving this gift will energize you.
the amazing thing about this gift is that the more you use it,
the more energy it possess and the more energized you get.

it has the power to take away sadness, and isolation, and grief
it has the power to light up your life and the world

don't hoard this precious gift - open your heart and begin sharing
it is free, it is fun, it is loving and kind.
there is no greater gift.
You Are the Precious Gift.

Ann White

www.CreatingCalmWithinChaos.com

Poetry

Fearlessly They Awaken

Fearlessly they awaken
from the long time slumber
the depth of belief in separation
causing listlessness and lethargy
in some
The shared struggle
resting deep in their bones

Despite resistance and fatigue
They, gathered,
We gather
Those who can move
Shake the "others" gifts free
As tears fall
and hands pound upon the breast

Forgiving each other, yes
Ultimately
Forgiving ourselves
and God, Allah, Yahweh, Ram
For being All That IS
oppressor, oppressed,
abuser, abused,
friend, foe.

And We, You and I,
look around the circle
and see ourselves
Beyond color, religion, race, gender
Concepts lose their meaning
Thus, we can love ourselves
fully and freely
and Your realization of Essence
Your wholeness,
Your Authenticity
Frees me.

Healing Through Words

As Oneness emerges in our awareness
disease dissipates
and competition loses it's grasp
and the humans tell Darwin
and friends where to put
'survival of the fittest'
and realize themselves a species of cooperation
of oneness
and dance fully

Supporting the magnificent
Divine sovereign expression
of Each Being
So bright

Walls fall
Wars are paralyzed by the love
Children teach
And you and I listen
Uniting every cell home
to it's Essence of love

The deep, gentle fierce and powerful truth
of who you are
We are...
Goddess and her beloved embodied as you.

Thank you

You are
The essence of love
in delicious and delightful form
Realizing itself
Free

Supported fully by All That Is
It is the Goddance
for which you have come
I am honored to be dancing with you.

Judy Guadalupe
www.judyguadalupe.com

Poetry

Heart Talk

Have a word with me
You always do
But do I listen?
Do I learn?
I hear you
Occupying my dreams
Where I don't question you

You've been true to me
Always
Who do I listen to?
Rebel mind overrides
The Wisdom of the owl
Chatter from the monkeys
Tugging at my thoughts
There I go again
Does it make you shutter?
Oh, trusting heart, strengthen me

You are my guide
You lead me with your light
So, my journey I can see
Deliverance from stones
Changing mind to wise
The challenge for me to see
The opportunity to grow
Struggles, my own created
Will you give up on me?
Caught in the torrent
I did not want to go
I hoped you would rescue me
T'was a test for me to choose

Healing Through Words

Monkeys whispered
And I shouted with them
“Don’t tell me what to do!”
Looking outward for my fight
Boxing shadows
Scurrying to nowhere
The unyielding structure crumbles
That was holding up the lie

Together driving all along
I thought it was you
But you are me and I am you
My opportunity was internal
Now I’m with you, Heart
As I pray and move my feet

Mary Dirksen – <http://www.marydirksen.com/>

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

GRATEFUL

Its early and it's early
the earth still turns
the clouds still move
by the breezes of heaven

the rain still falls

...

from the darkness
covering the land
cleansing air and drought

I waken
and am struck aware
of all that surrounds me
and am grateful

I search
and find nothing unusual
in the day
and am grateful

I rise
feet upon solidity
the ground below stable
and am grateful

I walk
joints moving smoothly
capable and sure
and am grateful

I enter
the world and its ways
hearing laughter and tears
and am grateful

Healing Through Words

I enter once more
His world and His ways
seeking His guidance and love, and as

I kneel
before His Holy altar
sincere in my way
seek an ending to my tears
He brings me joy
the laughter comes and

I feel
love and loved
and for all time
am grateful.

stuart marshall

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Poetry

Console Me

Hold me close
Let my tears run like the river bed
Drying it like soft cotton clouds
It hurts deeply
So deeply

It burns like an outed cigarette bud
In ashes
Black like charcoal
Console me
My frail voice chants

My fragile heart is diagnose
Broken
Torn
Ripped like old quilt sheets

I am no more Goddess of love
Like Greek or Roman mythology
I am in a dilapidated state
That my body perfumed
By rosary scent is now
Stench of hate
Withering like black roses

Console me
I whispered
As my throat becomes dry
Of the long tears
That rips the socket from my eyes
Burning red like the abuse of marijuana

Healing Through Words

For years of torment
A play back
Like 9/11 explosion
Hold me close
Let my tears run like the river bed
Drying it like soft cotton clouds
It hurts deeply
So deeply
It burns like an outed cigarette bud
In ashes
Black like charcoal
Console me

Christena Antonia Valaire Williams

<http://www.voicesnet.org/allpoemsonauthor.aspx?memberid=1231250010>

Compliments Of Inner Child

Poetry

LIVE YOUR LIFE

An ABC poem

AFTER the hurt and the pain, the storm and the rain, the healing will
BEGIN, your heart will start to mend. You will start to feel warmth and
COMFORT, knowing that your grief and sorrow will soon be a thing of the past. The
DARK days won't last, and life will be worth living again, you'll
ENJOY the company of family and close friends. You must always have
FAITH knowing that good times will be yours once more, and be forever
GRATEFUL that you've made it thus far.
HAPPINESS will not elude you for long, keep your head up,
 be steadfast and strong. Stay
IN the light, try to live right, sure you may fall, but remember,
 the One Most High forgives us all.
JUST live your life to the fullest, and do so without delay,
KEEP peace and
LOVE in your heart, for that is the only way. Despite what you're going through, try to
MAKE the most of each and every day, because time is such a precious gift, fleeting and
NOT here to stay.
OPEN yourself up to the magnificence that the Universe holds. Embrace the
PEACE and
QUIET around you, lie in a meadow filled with marigolds. Allow yourself to
RELAX, release, and rejoice, and listen to the sound of your own inner voice.
SERENITY and
TRANQUILITY are both within your reach.
UNDERSTAND I'm not here to preach, just giving you some words to inspire,
 and let you know you will be
VICTORIOUS, if in your heart that's what you truly desire.
WONDERFUL things are in store for you, this I can almost guarantee.
 Like finely tuned notes on a
XYLOPHONE life will once again be beautiful, you'll see.
YESTERDAY is in the past, tomorrow is not yet written,
 so let go of the hurt and the strife, and develop a healthy
ZEST for life.

Gabrielle Denize Newsam

<https://www.facebook.com/gabrielle.newsam>

Always Around

I will speak of it my way
the moments shared will be a reflection of healing
to have a simple word bring joy
could be an occasion to fill the heart
just think a greeting when spoken
is like a smile with a thousand possibilities
when shared it could be just what an imagination needs
love comes in all facets
healing does to
one day you may need someone to share
this moment with you

Samuel Benjamin
<https://www.facebook.com/Complicated.Passions>

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

A Slave's Tale

Im sure you heard many stories here and abroad
Depictions of how we got here
Jokes about how they controlled us year after year
Im here to feed your famished mind
Showing even my true self
a man of a different kind
To speak untold truths exposing the fraud
While educating even the youngest of minds
Grab a chair and hear my soul preach this tale
Allowing a revelation to unwind
the light unveiled
They came with their guns their whores and their fancy coats
Ships buit from woods my ancestors chopped day and night
Enstilling fear among the masses if anyone ever spoke
They shackled my grandmother and all her babies in chains
Pushed pulled and cracked those leather snakes on our backs
Sometimes we died right there in them deserts
While the vultures snacked on my cousins and my uncles remains
Entire generations told tales you see
Legends of the blue coats and their noose
Something more powerful than any cannon on those ships
We all feared that tall stake in the field
Because at the top was the almighty rope that never let loose
Little did we know
They said damn you nigger
Go to hell black devil you
Never show your face again
You were born with 12 layers of scortching sin
But I am here to tell you
Those days came to an end
The bruises the cuts the scrapes
The heatstrokes and starvation ceased
We became soliders for the lord
Our faith increased
Our culture was the brick building a stronger nation
Our faith in god broke their determination

Healing Through Words

We overcame whips with salvation
Jesus was our source of unity
Regardless of their brutal methods in any situation
We fought back with prayer
We resisted within our belief
That Jesus himself was coming back for us
One day soon
He would send his army of angels to orchestrate their defeat
Tattered garmets turned to suits and ties
Sunglasses replaced the black and purple sovenirs over our eyes
Famine turned into feasts for generations
Death in the desert erased and life is created
Jesus had won
Something the blue coats wouldv'e hated
Dispair's shield of defense penetrated
Happiness plagued those demons plans
Our children's children were now free and elated
We had become entrepreneurs
Doctors lawyers movie stars
Our dominance was evident
It only took 43 failures for the white man to realize
No matter how many whips you weild
Or crosses you burn
They would still rise above it all and swear in a black president
From victories smaller than the tiniest mouse
We moved from the lower decks of their ships
To the desk of their white house
So don't listen to every tall tale you hear
For it could be just another attempt to enslave your intellect
To be black or any other minority is beautiful
To stand up for it is both a priviledge and honor
So look to god march for your lord and command respect

Thornne Elexadus Xaiviantt

Poetry

My Mark

How can I leave my mark upon the world?
Is it easy to amass great fortunes,
wealth beyond imagination?
To ruthlessly pursue the single goal of having more?
To achieve the greatest total in a world,
be obsessed by numbers.
Any number greater than one is only conceptual.
And concepts right no injustices,
Nor do balance sheets make a lasting mark.

How hard can it be to raise an army,
march across the world,
conquering nations as we go;
found an empire on senseless war,
scar the future for a thousand years
with the pain of mothers and widows?
But pain does not enhance beauty,
scars fade with time and the future waits
to despise conquerors who only mark
the minds of one generation

Healing Through Words

Should I make icons or build great temples
with stone torn from the one true temple?
Corrupt my faith to glorify a deity
created in man's image to inspire fear
in weak minds; a god whose name
will craft traps of faith and philosophy
and ensnare love in guilt and fear?
Statues and icons speak no truths;
stones crumble, faith is swallowed by greed.
They make no mark upon the world

I can teach two children to love each other
and their world, respect the things that share
their time in this dimension; to plant
and tend, give and cherish, watch things grow,
learn from good and bad alike.
And if I teach well perhaps they will
pass on my lessons to the ones who follow.
That is my task if the mark I make
is to help heal this infinitely forgiving Earth.

Ian Thorpe
<http://greenteeth.blog.co.uk/>

Poetry

ALoveHateRelationship

Forget RELIGION--Forget RELIGION
one plus one is not complex division!
What is the point----fighting over which none are right---
when we have not got the game right!
Does it say anything in the Torah-Koran--
of child sex slavery—and corruption!
As did Jesus say anything about---
Love of your fellow man!
Forget RELIGION---Forget RELIGION---
two plus two is not multiplication!
It should not been as a club---
yet instead----the way you are!
Nor which GOD you choose----
GOD IS GOD--and has no name!
Away from TRUTH and you will get problems---
TRUTH is TRUTH---and has no name!
Forget RELIGION---Forget RELIGION---
three plus three is not subtraction!
If you are the light of the world---
why is it so dark!
If you are of integrity---
you would love all humanity!
If you walked with GOD--
you would not choose sides!
Excuse me for my profanity---
and yours---when will see!
Yet I...
Love religion---Love religion
one minus one---is not complex division...
what is the point of fighting--when that is not in the scripture--
nor in your heart will you find a blessing--
does it say anything in the Torah---Koran---
of treating this earth like you would heaven---
as did Jesus say anything about----
lifting a stone and what you find there---

Love religion----Love religion----
two minus two---is not multiplication...
it is not enough to say you are---
yet instead showing everyday with your action----
it is not about opinion---for who is man to pick a GOD--
GOD is life---and we should feel blessed that got some attention---
away from truth and you will get problems---
stick with truth and you will be overflowing---
Love religion---Love religion---
three minus three---is not addition...
if you are the light of the world---
then it should not be darkened---
if you are of integrity---
then love is felt throughout all humanity---
if you walk with GOD---
the entirety of life you will glide!
O! Bless me because I am your brother---as I yours--
this life--the stars--my heart--all my religion!

Brian H. Stark

<https://www.facebook.com/poetrynow>

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Poetry

Beyond Seeing and Hearing

glimpses of light particles
your face mirrored
grief strikes
without words
I see you

bits of light
touching you land
my heart waves flow
deep into my eyes
viewing words unspoken
Yes! You and I are different
the same pain I see into you

taller, stronger your words
when they come
sound unusual
the air behind the voice
a match, I hear you

utter words indecipherable
their intent travels far
as your skin the color of sunshine
feels cool
familiar with energy
speaking to me
I hear you.

recognizing the pattern as it bleeds
off splinters
into the wholeness
including me.

Kimberly Burnham
www.LiveLikeSomeoneLeftTheGateOpen.com

Exterminating Angels

Soft luminescent skin
golden ..his eyes caressed what
he dare not touch...

Moonlight caressed her puerile features
faire skinned
as he....fighting the craving
with one finger caressed a sleeping eyelid
savoring the delicacy

Concupiscence filling his loins
he reached out and touched innocence
butchering her potentialities
“ssshh.. it’s only daddy” he whispered

He smiled serpentine
at the dinner table
encircled by such a lovely family
poured himself some sherry
from the crystal decanter
swearing to himself he would stay
far from her room...No really this time
it would be different

Stardust caressed her skin
through the bedroom window

Poetry

he traced her tiny eyes...just to say goodnight

He knew there was a special place in hell for him
as he traced her tiny thigh
devastating her with his momentary sighs

She never grasped why
the scent of whiskey on a man breath
made her stomach clench and
her heart race as she suspended...and vulnerable
having no cognizance of those
hours in his darkness....recoiled

She was untouchable
desirable.. emotionally
black ice
an angel in silhouette
annihilated in liquefying caresses

She left a rose at the gravestone
where she stopped by once in awhile never grasping
why she felt guilty as her sensibilities
feltnothing.....

Katherine Wyatt

<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

Changeling

In my chrysalis biding time, a patient changeling awaits the chime.
An ancient traveler of logical thought, flushing the poison experience once brought.
Treading the divider between love and hate, a balancing act that shapes my fate.
Becoming the strength that clarity brings, blocking the tune the mocking bird sings.
Breaking the bubble is no easy task, preparing for rebirth and the questions it asks.
My soul soon set free from turmoil's spite, the chrysalis opens when all becomes right.

Jim Thompson

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

Healing Through Words

Each word I give you

Is my spirit surrendered

Your act of renewing my energy

by releasing these words again

to connect, to harmonize, to balance

You are my reader

you have read me and I am seen

My heart revealed

through your depth of understanding

Louise Moriarty

Compliments of Inner Child

Effort

All things take...said the Lazy Man
effort to love, effort to work
effort to do Good or do Dirt
most folks take the path of least bother....
throw the trash away, don't leave it to another
the ones i look up to, those that make effort
to love, to throw away things that don't matter
for this life is filled with effortless folks
that drag through existence, minimum effort
Minimum strokes....
Say all the best things in life are: _ _ _ _ _
The Homeless man can't see
the Single Mom Say's "IT CAN'T BE"
i say reel it back when troubles pile up
put space... between one worry... and another
fill it with a Good thing like LOVE or some-other
and build in the spaces... a best thing..
a Good Thing, to show all doubters.
Soon your house of Love & Good Stuff
will be Tall and Strong
to live in when troubles pile on,..... keep you from harm
all this was build from moments that were free
the effort it took was a effort you see.....

Charles 'seaBe' Banks

<http://threadsofthelettersea.posterous.com/>

Poetry

To the Women

Let me cover you in water
A clean and pristine flow
From the well of your forefathers
Long dry from winds of droughts

Let me cover you in grain
Insect-less and plentiful
Enough to make bread
For today and tomorrow and them

Let me cover you in natural balms
Healing hands willing to anoint
The ache and soreness you feel
From scant walls and cold floors

Let me show you how to sew
Because that is what the women taught me
A quilt to protect in colors to delight
Market your beauty to show the world

Let me come to you soon
For in this I need to lay my hands
On the disorder of your world
So that I can bring order to my own

Gail Shazor aka Navy Poet
www.awordywoman.blogspot.com

She Walks

for Juren

She walks
in non-repeating lines
one footprint at a time
each step a miracle in the making that tells the story to her children
never seeming to run out of words for their sake...
as she walks
with an unseen determination that breathes effortlessly
thankful for the small things that others take for granted
able to laugh at what most people cry about
because she knows The One
Who orders her path.
She walks
liberating herself
imagining herself in flight sometimes
if you look closely you can see her wings...
as she walks
closer to the light on a higher plane
no one really understands the Divine connection that keeps her in motion
as she walks
day by day
remembering how the earth used to feel beneath her feet
while angels dance
cheering from the heavenlies
I...just can't give up now!
Sunrise glowing in the distance
scattering darkness out of her way
almost floating
unstoppable
unbelievably
undeniably...
as she walks.

Wynne Y. Henry

www.mindscapepoetry.blogspot.com

Poetry

when i

when i look at you, i see me

when i love you, i love me

when i touch you, i touch me

when i kiss you, i kiss me

when i move you, i move me

when i turn you, i turn me

when i smile at you, i smile at me

when i harm you, i harm me

when i hold you close to me, i am we

~SiNeh

<http://lovingenergies.spruz.com>

Compliments of Inner Child

Come With Me

come with me
won't you come
to meadow sweet
where tall grass
dances with the wind
where flowers lay out color
like artist palette
where Sun drenches
all things
in perfect Love
and rainbows come to rest

come with me
won't you come
and dance
spinning like tops
till we dizzy drop
giggling all the while
making angel patterns
with our forms

come with me
won't you come
run and play
stay the day
in meadow sweet
from worlds retreat
just you and i
breathe in crisp air
place flowers in our hair
blow kisses
to the fishes
laughing at us
from the creek

Poetry

come with me
won't you come
spread our wings
and soar above
race the birds
up in the sky
dip and tag
the tree tops high
and sing with stars
when night does come
in chorus with
illusive owl

come with me
won't you come
and share
the wonder
the magic
the fun

come with me...

Regina Ann

<http://reginaann.yolasite.com/links.php>

The Child

I was the child with a broken wing,
a delicate and fragile little thing...
I craved your love so far and wide;
though you could never hear my cries.

I longed for you to hold me close,
the ones who should have loved me most.
But only did you feed my pain,
and I was drowned in the cruel dark rains.

Of hurtful things I dare not speak-
that child was then so sad and weak.
You hurt me more than words can say;
pray someday that torment melts away.

I abandoned the dream of your devotion divine,
you told me it was my aberrant mind.
And when I grew to brave your lies;
I was proved more strong and wise.

Long forgiven, is your crippling pain,
yet in distant remembrance, the hurt remains.
Unlike the birds, I've no song to sing-
I was the child, with the broken wing...

Leon A. Walker
www.leon-walker.com

Poetry

PLEASURE

What gives me pleasure
the question was asked of me today
what makes me happy, you asked
could I tell, would I say

When do I allow people to do
as they like without feeling frayed
when do I give in to pressure
without giving up my right of way

The questions were daunting,
challenging my sense of feeling safe
I did not want to respond because
my shortcomings I did not want to face

I wanted to laugh at them,
change the subject or walk away with grace.
Yet in my heart I knew that these questions
were real, no need to rephrase

For too long I have been away from myself
from the passion that is I
Yes, and subsequent to being away
I was such compelling, unique child

Wanting to conquer the world
never intimidated, always strong and wild
My soul could not be crushed
when threatened; I learnt to be quite mild

Then at the age of twenty-three
you reached out to me, came into my world
And subsequent to your entrance
I was no longer that zealous girl

My fears came to life
my entire future was gone in a swirl
The passion that was I
was locked away in my soul, later to unfurl.

And so in fairness I will have to respond
yes I have to say.
Being alive and having my children
is what gives me pleasure today

And I allow people to hurt me
but soon I send them on their way
And when I give into pressure
it is because I can also have my day

Cause my world has changed;
you are no longer apart of my life.
And subsequently to your departure,
there is no more anger or strife

My children will be successful
and I will become someone else's wife
My soul is happy, wild and free
my spirit you could never defile.

Sonia Valencia Singh

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/sonia-v-singh.php>

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

my neighbor...

who is my neighbor,
anyone and everyone,
especially those lacking and needing help
no matter where they are
be it next door, not so near or very far...

it's sad to see a fellow human in need
a knife goes through your heart causing it to bleed
there is enough food to go around
that we shouldn't have to imagine
how an empty stomach sounds...

let there be a war on worldwide poverty
to wipe it out completely
instead of wars that try to wipe innocent people
out completely...

let the well fed hand
and
the famished hand
unite as one
to feed each other
the substance of life for which we all are in need of...

if only manna could fall from the sky
to provide empty bellies with a daily food supply
emaciated flesh we would no longer see
but some rulers rule with greed and are dastardly
cutting off, controlling and selling nutritional necessities...

other times it's the lack of rain
that causes hunger pains
heaven closing up its bowels forbidding the clouds to cry
in a timely manner causing brown fields
delaying the ground from producing its yields...

before you trash your excess
remember the ones who have much less
they would cherish the throwaways
it could provide sustenance to them for many of days...

todd smith aka thelyfepoet

www.thelyfepoet.com

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

True Story

I was only 2yrs old when I learned that
your daddy could be a monster. You see my daddy
was a good man most of the time
until he turned into the Abuse Monster

He would get upset for no reason
come home every Friday from work
real late at night
smelling like Gin

upset cause his money been spent
food was cold

so he took it out on my mom
by slapping her
kicking
beating her in the head
with her shoes

this happen until i was 12yrs old
what was wrong with this picture
daddys are suppose to protect
the family
(RIGHT)

Then why was mines being the Abuse Monster

Healing Through Words

I got so mad inside
cause I couldnt help my mom
so I would run down the street
knock on my grandparents house

they knew this late it was me
lil marilyn

but this story has a happy
ending
my mom is alive
my father is gone
but he did change his life
once he found God again
but u see God dont leave us
its us that leave him..

always keep God in your heart..

tribute to my mom..

I Love You !!

“my mom was lucky
if someone is abusing you
get out...seek help..”

Rose Petals aka Author LynnRose

Poetry

DNA SONG

Spirals breathe and vibrate

And that movement is

Song

Singing into being

All that life was

And will be

Ancestral memories

Provide a perfect link

As we dream

We are created

As we think

We are born

Lela Northcross Wakely

"UNITY!"

I unite my world in poetry with realism and accuracy.
Bringing a positive message to those who seek a deeper understanding
of the mastery in the Ink.
I unite my world with the rights given to us all by God to be free.
Having a freedom of speech and creativity of a growing new world in Literacy.
There are great people who have mastered the words that they write.
Then brought a spiritual meaning to the words they recite into the mic.
I truly love this artistry of poetry.
It feels up the void of my soul within, and creates a wisdom to flow throughout.
Into a world longing for peace.
Isn't that the unity we all need?
I unite my world as a whole in prayer for humanity to please, Stop!
All the torture, homelessness, war and another child knowing
what starvation truly means.
Why do we treat our pet's so much better and with more love than our own families?
Just saying those words out loud to me is a great travesty.
I try to unite my world by not passing off my portion of will, while instead allowing
others my right to be successful and live with better dreams.
I thrive on my blessing of words such beauty in having Unity as my verb.
We all need to stand up and fight poverty, mistreatment and those who attempt to silence
the heartbeat of our youth from the street's.
Oppression is not a goal, it is and unjust fold.
Allowing the power's greater than ourselves with money to have the upper hand.
When all we need to do is stand together and create a united band.
Yes, yes I know that this concept is a hard, harsh road of a plight.
But, the work must start from within us all to get this world to embrace Unity and hold
fast to that will of wanting to build up human dignities.
For me I will continue to unite my world through my poetry,
for this is my piece of the struggle.
UNITY it can be a reality as long as we the people continue
to plant the seeds, of love, mutual respect and dignity.
Removing greed from expansion's lead.
The question is are you willing to be apart of a beautiful world United.

Elisa Hill

www.facebook.com/elisa.honakerhill

Poetry

How Do You Maintain...

How do you maintain balance?
When everything around you
Is a teeter totter?
Always slanting and tilting
But you still maintain an uneven scale.

How do you visualize thinking clearly?
When everything around you,
Are blurred, to the point,
Of being completely blind sighted.
But you still maintain and have a vision.

How do you cope, in a society that
Has plagued you,
By generational curses?

When everyone around you gives up
By defiant disobedience
And accepted ignorance.

But you still manage, to press,
Push, & pursue your passions
Overcoming frustrations,
To live in obedience.

How do maintain your thoughts
From going astray,
Wondering in total dysfunctional obsessions
Trying to comprehend and maneuver
Situations to work out,

From neighborhood
False entitlements,
Expectations, bullying
Maintaining, just being alive,
To see your family another day.

Healing Through Words

How do you write beautiful words?
Yet everything around you can be so
Dark and gloomy, in solitary confinement mentally
But you're strength and beauty comes
From a deep place within.

My emotions collide on a roller-coaster ride
Kneeling to deposit this malicious malice
To unleash power and order in my life.

I maintain
I am embracing this discomfort
I am breathing, releasing to let go...
I bring it all in submission
And kneel and pray
He hears and he will say
My children do not fret
I knew you...

You have rivers flowing in you
Another stream will open
And flow through you
Another door will open
You will walk through it...

Another song will play
And you will sing a new tune
Another storm will come
More winds will blow
And thunder will roll
Knocking on the doors
Of your soul

But in the word...
You have it all
Keep your mind and body
Spiritually sound
Not wasting on foolish things.

Poetry

Some say
Anybody that calls upon
His name shall be saved!

His promise...
That whosoever
Believeth in him,
Shall not perish
And have eternal life.

Lean not, on your own
Understanding,
But in all your ways
Acknowledge him
He shall direct your paths.

These words are only to
Sustain and keep you
For he will wipe away all their tears
There shall be no more death,
Sorrow, crying, pain, for all things shall pass away
I declare on this day
We allow ourselves, to accept peace, love and light in our lives.

Carlene Beverly

Compliments of Inner Child

NO MORE

Whenever you're feeling blue
Or a little down
Just remember
I too have worn that frown
It's not just you
Who feels stuck like glue
Sometimes our dreams
Are indeed overdue

It's a system; a cycle
established in the past
Set up to keep us dozing
But it won't last
When you open your eyes
To crooked compromise
Covered lies you despise
Eventually rise

In the dark of night
We have all been led
By those without sight
But please allow me to
Shed angelic light

Poetry

There are only three things to do
When it's hurting you:

Confront the problem and
Ignoring the problem is number two
Number three is leaving
It can be the hardest, it's true
When you're exhausted from
Number one and number two

It's a messed up situation
When you have a history of dedication
And the only thing you have for show
Your blood, tears, and frustration
My anger fueled my determination
Because I learned my pain
Was a demon's inspiration

Understanding and knowledge of self are
Keys that unlock the cell door and
I won't return to a stage of victimization
No more

Venus Jones
<http://www.venusjones.com>

A Moment in Reality

The old man stumbles along
his shoulders drooped and tired
he feels defeated by time and age.
He never realized how much his father loved him.
He took for granted how generously he was blessed
during his life.

He was never materially wealthy but rich in self resources.
He breathed resentment of opportunities that had passed him by.
His heart hardened by evilness that touched him throughout
his life with its icy hands.

A moment in reality suddenly grabs hold of him with a startling certainty
that he was always embraced with life's blessings, his needs
were always met; for he was always loved and cared about by God's maternal touch.

Donna M. O'Connor

Poetry

My Passionate Protector

I want to capture this moment
the caress of your words
the sound so smooth off your lips
they tempt me with flowing passion
I'm taken by the thoughts of your
wanting me through your colorful pen
I'm feeling no more lonely nights
every minute is time well spent with you
you've carried the strength of many men
throughout history, the history of the greats
in poetry, Langston Hughes, Paul r. Dunbar,
Garvey and James Weldon Johnson to name
a few, you take fantasy on uncharted visions
of castles, beaches and mountains I've even
become those passionate thoughts that give
you the urge to love me deeper
while you create more alluring discoveries
as you lie quietly and blessed can you bring me
to my desires when you touch me with your
words and start forest fires , you fill me up where
I can never say no, excited my heart echoes
across lands and down on the ocean floor
enslaving my reality to do what you want
my name to be spoken, during ecstasy warm
and cozy in our bed, you write love letters
of poetry to me protecting your battalion while
bombs blast over your military head

Shihi Venus
shihivenus@facebook.com

The Healing

I can see
Your unseen enemy
Gathering need
From forever –
Flushing your heart
With the flipside
Of pride's archives...
Healing your rushed start
With nitrous oxide.
Replacing
What your face
Is trying to hide
With tomorrow's
Inevitable ride.
And if you should ever see
Such a horizon open wide,
Let's break down together
On this road...
Sideshow of light.
Half a mile
From nowhere,
Drawing concentric circles
Around our lives.
Striving

Poetry

For that somewhere
We never knew.
A place for us,
Had we not stopped
So soon...
Before even trying
To make this right.
But it's wrong's turn
To discern –
Skywriting
Despite the fact
We've burned
Another eastern return.
When will we learn?
– Stubborn

Adam Kiger
www.adamkiger.com

Compliments of Inner Child

Purpose

I cannot escape the Love of God.
He has me firmly in His grasp
with a gentle grip on my Soul.

He kisses my Spirit with His Divinity.
His Brilliant Countenance...
rejuvenates my desire to Serve.

I Am she who once tried to run away
from His desire only to Ascend
in His Presence as a Sparrow.

I glide on the winds of Heaven,
I breathe the light of The Sun
and The Angels guide my way.

Denial is no longer my motto.
Joy is now my mantra for
Love is now my purpose.

Cheryl of Spirit, Love & Light

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

Quiet Meditation

*Living . . . on / in
this . . . the 3rd
the physical plane.*

I may *choose* to see / be
lack or abundance
it's easy.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

My mind perceives
unlimited potential
that resides within.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

Words, thoughts and beliefs
are within and produce without.
Thought, intention, attention
and expectation are mine

to transform
to understand
with love and compassion

natures own language . . .
this is my birthright.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

Letting go of all thoughts.
I allow myself *this quiet*.
This quiet exhibits / exudes
the Peace that resides within
me . . .

Healing Through Words

my existence
my consciousness,
my *self* . . .
Pure consciousness
exists . . .
in silence.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

I detach from external messages
provided me by society
that say there is not enough.
Cause and effect . . .

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

I am One with Creator
I am abundance
I am peace
I am joy
I am health.

I am creator
of all . . .
in *my life*.

Thoughts become reality
cause and effect naturally.

I am love.

Janet P. Caldwell

Poetry

we had fears

there are fears that we dare not admit
hidden in the womb of our denials
the pouring forth our fears and tears
lightly dressed as smiles

insecurities and our unassuredness
and our foiled construction of esteem
yet every day we awaken to a life
where we embrace such empty dreams

be it loneliness or our indifference
from the myriad of things that touch us
we all carry forth that innate feeling inside
there is something that must be done, we must

sometimes in spite of our better selves
we turn off that light of hope within
and cling to our familiarities in dismal despair
and deludedly we treat them as friends

when the Captain of the Ship cries "Woe is ME"
what possibly can my expectations surmise
that here i am again upon the Landscapes of Life
where there is an absence of the Sun that should arise

but wait, why should i stay here i ask
in a place where the dark clouds constantly loom
i am the creator is what "Source" tells me
of my life and of my illusional doom

so in the final analysis of this "NOW"
i am changing, transmuting that which i see
and if i could but touch the world with this virus
we can effectuate the divine within Me and Thee

collectively as we strive forward
by changing our "HERE" Right "NOW" my friend
our fears become the musings of the illusory past
that we once thought lived within

we had fears . . .

(c) 9 December 2010 : William S. Peters, Sr.

Compliments of Inner Child

Poetry

Hurt People, Hurt People

we all live disconnected
from something
inside

yes, there is something
a memory
a time in our past
we have yet to resolve
in our now

some of us
have a few things
some of us believe
differently
that if we close
our psychic eye
it will go away

some of us believe
in Karmic balance
and try to pay the debt
our souls have accumulated
in our circumspective good

but still within
lives the Demon
who haunts our dreams
our unconsciousness
waiting for that small moment
to slip in to our now
of proposed goodness

Hurt People, Hurt People

Healing Through Words

We are hurting inside
some a dull ache
some acute
but it is never cute
when we seek
to liberate
and extricate
our pains upon another
our sisters and our brothers

for in the Karmic balance
we have just gathered
another opportunity
for the lesson
perhaps that is why
confessing
the sins against self
gives us some relief
within the confines
of our beliefs

Hurt People, Hurt People

i pray, i pray
every day
to understand
that which is within me
that i may see
the path
that will set me free
from this Cyclic
Karmic
Merry Go Round
and be grounded again
in a place
where pain
dissipates back
into the illusory ether
of nothingness
but i am hurt

Poetry

Hurt People, Hurt People

and these ghosts
of suppositions
take position
once again
upon the shoulders of my reason
season in
season out
pretending they are my resolution
pretending they are my friend
again and again

Hurt People, Hurt People

and in truth
it matters not the incident
whether
design
default
or accident
for the greater gift
is the experience
as we query
in due diligence
about that which we fear

run to Jesus young man
is that the plan
but don't bring a Christ
your dirty Laundry
unless you want it cleaned
and even Buddha can not glean
that hull of illusion
from your being
if you are holding on to it
and all the shit
that clings
to that empty song
that no one sings

Healing Through Words

Hurt People, Hurt People

the music of the Divine
is always playing
now what am i saying here

is it our fear
that promulgates the shadows
that cloak our light
and presents to us
a journey of night
where we can not
embrace the vision
face our inner child
taste the fruits
of our desired expectations

Hurt People, Hurt People

yes, we have all sown seeds
of goodness
and Lorde knows
we needs a break
from the fake
walls of reality
that we have constructed
around us
to protect
those esteems
that we are worthy

but our Dreams
cannot scale it's heights
neither Day nor Night
and the Widths
are exponentially with out end
yet we defend them
like all is sacred

Poetry

Hurt People, Hurt People

and as we lay
in the bed of sorrows
of our yesterdays
our now
our tomorrows
perhaps there will come
something
anything
from somewhere
not without
but within
that will stir our souls
into an awakening
and move us away
from forever forsaking
our regality
our sovereignty
our divinity
over our own journey

and we can now get up
off these gurneys
of death
and live as we should
as we were designed
in unrequited love
for each other
our Sisters and our Brothers

and let our pains
of being disconnected
let our Cosmic goodness
be resurrected
into our eternities
of goodness
as it should be

for if we stay in this fold
of the cold nights
embracing our frights
and fears
and doubt
the fight with your demons
will endure
that is for sure

and you and i
will never ever
see eye to eye
for

Hurt People, Hurt People
let the cycle of madness be ended
it all starts and ends here with me

William S. Peters, Sr.

Compliments of Inner Child

i vow never to forget

As we prepare to enter the New Year, many of us will be taking time to reflect upon our past. Many things in our past, we need to let go or forget. Well . . . this is a poem about certain things, i do not wish o forget . . .

i vow never to forget
the people who helped change me
i vow never to forget
life's circumstances that rearranged me

i vow never to forget
the struggles i been through
i vow never to forget
the uniqueness with you

i vow never to forget
the song within my soul
i vow never to forget
the joy my heart holds

i vow never to forget
the power of my mind
i vow never to forget
to all including me, be kind

Healing Through Words

i vow never to forget
the beauty of a smile
i vow never to forget
to be still and silent every once in a while

i vow never to forget
all that you mean to me
i vow never to forget
that in my dreams i am truly free

i vow never to forget
all things can be over come
i vow never to forget
that trials increase my sum

i vow never to forget
in life as i seek it's pleasure
i vow never to forget
that my heart as is yours our holy treasure

so i vow never to forget
i vow never to forget

William S. Peters, Sr.

"I'm touched by the idea that when we do things that
are useful and helpful -
collecting these shards of spirituality -
that we may be helping to bring about a healing."

Leonard Nimoy

PROSE

Compliments of [The Child](#)

Eyes Without A Face

I suddenly jumped out of a mysterious lingering dream that seems to be haunting
But didn't quite leave me out screaming,
A wandering eye scans the vast space in time reflecting with a weary stare quite
saddening.

Through this crystalline mirror I witnessed how the world came to be
How it was created by the invisible hand of our loving Almighty
Out of love He gave life to things that are meant to be magnificent, stunning and carefree,
That's the genesis of it all but look at how terror in this once peaceful paradise now reign
People inflicting each other incessant pain,
What happened to this once beautiful Earth His masterpiece?
Can we ever find harmony and eternal bliss?

These eyes without a face out of the blue started to weep
As slide-shows of evil doings of mankind flashed before my very naked eyes,
I suddenly felt pain piercing from a deep part of me
But what can I do alone amidst all these misery?
Mercy for myself and my brethren came overflowing this heart of mine
Staring at these teary eyes I begin to question myself
Have I done my fellowmen good?
Although different predicaments were not at times fully understood
Have I fed the hungry, offered shelter to the homeless, listened to a weary lost soul
And be a friend to someone who feels alone amongst crowds of hypocrite people.

A beaming light then blurred these eyes without a face
As an angel stepped down from a heavenly pedestal lead me to a room
With immaculate white walls and shiny crystal ball at the center of this sanctuary
I was asked to take a peak at what our Earth used to be covered with greeneries,
Clear, blue skies and all are in dire harmony.
No drought, no deadly floods claiming innocent lives at a snap
No bombings, no power struggle for supremacy, everything was so simple then
But as man acquired advanced knowledge and skills
He became self-centered, rude and discontent,
We are our brother's keeper and Mother Earth is our responsibility
Not just a refuge, a shelter but the heaven's gift to mankind.

Elizabeth E. Castillo Copyright 2012

<http://snowy-lookingforyourhalf-orange.blogspot.com/>

Un-Born

You curse the day you were born because the hurt he caused is more painful now than the passing through your own mother's womb was. You lie and wait for the moment that once was; that no longer exists. Standing still as if time even forgot you exist; He thrust another blow;

And like the wind that touches the naked bark on the trees; he moves past you. Knowing he sees you, for he knows you. Yet, he leaves you there bleeding as if an open wound.

You try to reach down deep to a place that no longer contains the essences that once filled your soul. Still looking for that comfort zone that once made the two whole; Girl, he gave you away like a nightmare he couldn't stand to dream any more.

Like an old pair of jeans that no longer fits, as she now wears his perfect size of love me. After time has robbed you of self;

He takes the 40 minus the 31 which now equals the 9 and claim them to add up to the meaning of, *get this!* His true "soul-mate". He gives your status to another; flipping the script as the other becomes the lover. "*Running off with all your stuff as if he doesn't know he has it*".

Give me back my stuff myself worth! Knocked down hit by a freight train you lay waiting for your conductor to notice.

To scrape you up from the tracks, to take hold of your broken soul; and as you continue to cuss the day that you were born. Somebody helps you pick up the self and the steam and the promise of tomorrow; as a new day will dawn.

And the unborn shall be reborn into a beautiful BUTTERFLY that lives to curse the day that you were born.

inspired by the book "For Colored Girls who have Considered Suicide When The Rainbow is Enuf"

Gayle Howell aka LadySilk
<http://www.verbalpen.org/>

She Slides Her Hand In His

Walking Series part 2

“MMMMmmm, a perfect day for a walk through the refuge,”
She is thinking about who she wants to spend that day with,
Yes, her friend Genesis would be the ideal person,
She enjoys reading his works,
His soul talks to hers,
He brings inspiration,

Ring, Ring “Are you ready to go to the Wichita Wildlife Refuge with me.”
She hopes in anticipation he responds in the affirmative,
He does,
She hurries to dress for their walk,

Meeting him at the Parallel Forest,
She turns and smiles,
Thinking it will be a good day,
Bends down to tie her laces on her hiking boots”let's go,”

She wants him to feel, smell, hear, and taste what she does,
So she dares him to wear a blind fold,
This way he can see through her the beauty she sees,
She hopes when they get the London, he will do the same,

Tying the blindfold tight enough,
She slides her hand in his,
She admires his bravery in allowing her to do so,
It opens her senses even more in her arousal of their walk,

Nothing but smiling she guides him over the red rocks,
These rocks protect their lands,
Prevents people that aren't suppose to walk,
Cars that aren't suppose to drive past these parts,

Healing Through Words

Slightly pinching his nose from the smells,
She realizes it looks like the American Bison has made a stop,
“We aren't suppose to walk here where the herds gather,”
“People use to use dried buffalo chips in fires, let them cool a bit to put under their beds
for warmth,”

Guiding him through the path the buffaloes took,
They stand in front of the Parallel Forest,
“These trees grow in perfect rows,”
One would think it was man but ma nature is responsible for this,

Slowing him down, she whispers shhhh,
Before them, she whispered, is a herd of deer,
Knowing how skiddish they can be she gets closer to his ear to whisper,
“There are deer in front of us almost close enough to touch,”

She continued,
“If you reach out they will run before you can feel their velvety smooth fur,
The dots on their backs look like angel kisses,
Though they don't interact, they are beautiful souls,”

Crackle goes the branch as she straitened from whispering in his ear,
Pulling him back a couple of steps,
He could hear the stampede of hooves,
She put her arm around him to let him know it is okay,

Guiding him forward,
One could smell the fresh rain that is about to begin,
Drip, drop they feel the rain begin,
Knowing the clouds aren't thick looking they continue their walk,

The rain is massaging the senses even more,
Their shirts are getting dampish,
He felt her shiver a bit,
He puts his arm around her for warmth,

Prose

She sees the alter.

Explaining to him that it was said sacrifices took place on the alter,
She guide his hand over the rough but smooth rocks,
He feels that there is a flat area built on cobblestones,

She explains she wasn't sure if it was true or not,
It was told that not only did the Indians use the alter,
The, now day, Wiccan did too,
Having a complete respect for all religions, they didn't stay their long,

Guiding to a tree,
He felt the bark was perfectly smooth,
It wasn't rough like some tree barks are,
It had the feel like someone peeled all the rough bark away,

She sat him down,
Removing his blindfold,
She asked,
Did you feel the beauty I felt?

Starr Poetress

<http://starrpoetress.hubpages.com/hub/White-Tee-Shirt-Series>

~Namaste~

Lovely Souls of whom The Angels of The Most High have smiled upon again to allow your Spirit Resurrection once more to Know, Be & Do Great & Mighty things for YOU each are Purposely Created to be Great & Mighty Beings. I wanted to share with you all something beautiful I received in my own Spirit sometime ago yet had not shared or elaborated upon until now with the masses of you. It is of course based on my own experience and it is not for judgment only for edification, uplifting and education if such be the case for those who choose to receive it today. I have contemplated writing this for sometime and after a recent 'Conversations with Cheryl' show with Kirk Nugent & a Facebook post by a lovely friend of mine posing the topic of Forgiving and Forgetting I have been instructed to share my thoughts. I hope this will bring to you the Freedom, Peace, Love & Healing it has to me once I accepted this is how I will interpret such matters in my own life."

"In regards to Forgive and Forget my personal belief is I must always For-Give the Someone I feel who has hurt, angered, disappointed or betrayed me. I must also allow For-Give-ness for my Own-Self for allowing his or her action, attitude, or behavior to impact me in a way I may Speak, Act or Think things which are unbecoming of the Divinity who abides within me, of The God in Me.

I believe God is Love, He is Divine Love...He cannot fail therefore because He cannot fail nor be imperfect...then neither can I Spiritually, otherwise I deny myself God-Love. I concluded this after 40+ years of living. I have decided the greatest purpose of For-Give-ness is not for those I bestow it upon but it is for my Own-Self. Bestowing For-Give-ness is so I may GROW from the episode or experience as I GO into a New and Glorious Season each day God chooses to awaken my Spiritual Soul.

I Do Not believe I must For-get each episode or experience however I will mentally and emotionally move an episode or experience so far back into my mental and emotional archives I am no longer Spiritually Connected to the hurt or anger it presented to me. Each episode is a lesson that for whatever reason I needed to experience, hopefully learn from and then move on. Frankly I alone cannot look back at all those persons I feel have hurt or angered me to those points I once felt for-give-ness was impossible to bestow upon them. Honestly speaking I would never accomplish anything productive in this lifetime nor would I have energy or time to walk my path to Divine Purpose.

Prose

For-give-ness is a powerful gift to bestow upon someone whom you feel has hurt, angered, disappointed, or betrayed you because it is through For-Give-ness a Divine Soul SURRENDERS completely to the absolute Divinity of Self-Love, of God-Love...of the Great Countenance of His Love within each of us.

God's Spirit abides within each of us as we abide within Him even though some may suffer Spiritual Amnesia or engage in Spiritual Denial or Wickedness of the truth. However I personally cannot hide my God-Light because His Countenance is so Magnificent, Beautiful, and Overwhelming. His perfection is beyond limitation of the Human Ego/Psyche. God's Love for my Own-Self and each individual of Hue-Manity is beyond our simplistic Hue-Man comprehension.

Since I cannot hide His Shine, His Countenance...I choose to For-Give in order to prosper in Love. I choose not to For-get the episode or experience in order to learn from it well to teach other Soul's the value of the lessons I experience as I walk in my Divine Purpose.

Such is my truth as a Servant of Hue-Manity, as an Ambassador of Love of who chose in this Life's realm to continually serve The Loving and Most High God.

Cheryl of Spirit, Love & Light

Compliments of InnerChild

Strength

Lift away the craggy stone of suffering...
Command yourself to stand!
There exists no lifelong crippling malady-
belief in fear and flaw fuel hollow obsessions.
Beware all who celebrate such insanities;
cast out charlatans who charm serpents of sickness.
The gods do not conspire to pain you.
A universe of awe, paints the canvass of your desire;
you alone must become mistress or master.
The messenger delivering sparkling miracles,
wielding wondrous power, from your inner light.

Embrace your immunity to frailty-
Accept only the destiny of your making.
You may sleep restlessly in the desert of despair,
or walk happily through lush green landscapes of life.
To cower in the dark memory of one moonless night;
you remain blind to a wealth of marvels.
Fix your gaze on a luminous blanket of stars.
It is there that visions of resilience and wonder reside...
Take first wary steps in the warmth of the sun-
that we the loving may reach for you;
and in time, you may reach for many.
In this, you will find both purpose and peace.
In this, you will find your strength.

Leon A. Walker
www.leon-walker.com

i Offered Thanks

i awakened this morning, and i offered a prayer of gratitude to the Progenitor of my life, . . . my God.

There are many things to be thankful for. They can be found in the Good and that which is perceived as Evil, the Light and the Dark.

I offered thanks for all the Woe in my life, for through it i learned that i had the gift of Endurance and Temperance.

I offered thanks for all those who have left my life through Death, Moving Away, Growing Up and the ending of Relationships, for it has taught me to appreciate those who are in my life NOW, as well as how to truly cherish the memories of the blessings of their presence i once enjoyed.

I offered thanks for all the Dark Days ... yes, for the dark days brought to me an understanding of how i could truly employ, not only the light of those found in the not so dark days, but how to utilize to the best of my own abilities, and that small light of my own that resides within me.

I offered thanks for all the Anger i suffered through . . . that of my own and that of others. Through my anger i have come to know the true meaning of humility. This gift was imparted to me in being chastised and scolded by others, and in having to be the one who must later apologize for their errancies of character, attitude and expression.

I offered thanks for all the times when i was down on my luck. It was, and is those times i realize that luck and being down, was my own choosing, and that i had the power to alter my perspectives of how i viewed my life. Should i go forth with disdain for the hand that life has dealt me or should i cling to such powerful forces of hope and faith? These powers do have a transformative ability to change my energy to something magnificent and grand.

I offered thanks for all the Tears i have cried . . . for whatever reasons. Tears truly have a deep cleansing ability to alleviate my soul of the angst i have collected through many of life's circumstances.

Healing Through Words

I offered thanks for all the “NOs” i have heard, given me by life when i so wanted to hear a “Yes”. Yes, in reflection, many times those “Yes’s” i wished for would have been detrimental to my higher good. I did not always understand this, nor did i care at that moment, for i was blinded by my own “Self Oriented” desires and my finite and limited perspectives on the whole of what may “Be” or “Become”. I have grown tremendously because of each and every one of those ”NOs” . . . and again i must say . . . I am Thankful.

As you read this, you may say to your self, to be thankful is a good thing . . .or not. But to be thankful, i have found to be personally empowering on so many “Life Levels”. It has added unto my abilities to make it through many other circumstances i could not have navigated early on in my life. It was all the setbacks that taught me how to garner my fortitude to press on. It is all those disappointments that taught me Tolerance, Acceptance and Patience. It has taught me some wonderful things about my own abilities.

This does not mean that i did not want things . . . i did, and i do! This does not mean i gave up on life . . . NO . . . i live to the fullest i can . . .when i remember who i am and have the mind-set to do so. Simply put, through the Storms “Life” has so mercifully sent my way, i have come realize a greater expanse of my own abilities. I have come to know the meaning of peace found in the “Eye of the Storm”. I have discovered that i am so much more than i believed and so much more than what i have been *Taught* and *Told* . . . as are you!

The biggest and most profound aspect of my existence i have come to reckon with is that there is a Power we have . . . yes “WE”, that is connected to some force we have yet to fully comprehend. Most of us about this wonderful plane of existence identify this as God. Whether you are a believer or not, matters not much, for even Science cannot deny this immeasurable force that connects us all to a “One” reality, whether we identify it as Evolution or Creation. They are but words, as are these! But, what is real in this seemingly temporal existence of ours is what we feel. I pray that you take the time to ”feel” the goodness of who you are and teach and show others through your example as well to embrace, not just their possibilities of what they may become, but the grand aspects of what we already ARE . . . Right Now . . . Right Here !

Prose

Finally, I offered thanks for all the Love i have had in my life and that which still resides, which is “ALL LOVE”. The love that appears to have went away, left the Gift of Experience and thus a Lesson or two behind. And, funny thing, these lessons are still mine, the Lesson and the Love. The Love i have today . . . it is filled with possibilities of what it may become. Who can contain such energy with a closed hand or closed heart None !!!! Love seems to be that Universal Language that is now awakening and calling to all Souls to “Allow” the opening of our Heart’s Door . . . Do you hear the knocking ?

I have offered thanks this day for you. I Awakened this Morning . . .

Thank You

bill

<http://www.iamjustbill.com/>

Compliments of Inner Child

i Believe . . . a few things

i Believe . . .

that the world is purposefully designed and constructed to challenge us that we may re-discover in this life time who we are capable of being and thus finally become eternally resolute within the acknowledgement that we are Beautiful, Powerful and Divine . . . we are God manifest

i Believe . . .

we live in a world whose need is to challenge our God / Cosmic Consciousness that we may ascend back to our very natural state of being, and when enough of us re-mate our selves to this collective mind it will spawn a shift that will encompass all of our empirical expression and we will move from the 3rd to the 5th effortlessly as it is written. It is inevitable. The sand of this desolate shore upon which we stand is washing from beneath our feet as i speak. The tides of a not too distant consciousness is rising and washing up upon the beaches we now inhabit.

i Believe . . .

that world of our Forefathers, that of “Institution” does appear to have failed us. We watch as the ages of Indoctrination, Dogma, Pragmatism, Rite and Rote begin to shimmer in the ether of what is valid. Yes, they are but appearances, an illusion within the construct of our dichotomous expression. We being embedded with a “Source Seed”, a Breath of that which is absolute can not fail Truth. Yes, these “Teachings” of the empiricy only served to stimulate our awakening and understanding of that which resides in the breasts of all men . . . that longing for “Absolution”.

i Believe . . .

that i / we as humans do and have spent far too much valuable “Time” in our lives engaged in meaningless dialogue and discussion attempting to quantify and define Creation’s “OMNI” characteristics such as Source, God and Love. Like an Ant in attempts to describe the Mountain, it is not that we are completely incapable of doing so, however, truth is one must ask to what end. We like the Ant can mark our trail and communicate to others the treasures we have discovered in our journey that the whole of the colony may feed. Perhaps we should let go of our arrogant high mindedness and allow the experience of Source / God and Love to define us and the way we should go. What Ant says to another . . .”I have found a Mountain, let us go and make it unto our image”?

Prose

i Believe . . .

i am the Creator of how i see my life. I either allow my perspectives to be modeled by that which appears as “Dark”, or that which appears as “Light”. Most of us vacillate betwixt the two. There is also another consciousness that is beyond and supersedes our “dualistic idioms, for we all do know that ultimately life is littered with deception. Duality exists within the Singular and it, Duality can never dictate it’s, “The Singular” complete essence. Within the Singular exists all that ever was and all that can and will ever “BE”. I see my “Self” as One with all things and when i reside in this consciousness. I am not moved by that which is transient, temporal or that which we create for our delusional amusement within the confines of our experiential-ness.

i Believe . . .

that what i believe is the seed that i have planted deep within the soils of my convictions. Some day i will witness the Budding, Blossoming and subsequent Fruits of my labor. I also believe that “mindfulness” of what we are planting in our Holy Garden, our “Eden” is essential. There is a “Good Ground” and there is an “Other”! Plant a good seed; nurture it with your Love and Compassion; Water it with the sweat of your brow. Additionally, let us not forget from time to time, to extract the weeds from these Dreams which left unattended will proliferate and choke life from what was once a fruit bearing promise. Prune your Dreams “In Season”. This is a very Spiritual undertaking that speaks to those forces who would bring forth your vision into your “reality”. Be a diligent Gardener of your Life and your Heart and your yield will be abundant and never ending.

These are but a few of the things that i believe, but there is One thing i do “KNOW” . . . and that is that “I” am capable of more than what my little ‘i’ can fathom, for “‘i am’ Love . . . ‘i am’ Source . . . ‘i am’ God manifest, for as is that which spawned me, so “I AM” !

a ‘just bill’ joint . . .
inner child

www.iaminnerchild.com
www.iamjustbill.com

william s. peters, sr.

The Calm

This Morning i looked to the Mountains and became a part of their eternal serenity. The Cloud and mist clung to their peaks. I got the ominous feeling that this was a glimpse of the Calm before the Storm. Change approaches. I believe there will be some sort of Cataclysmic Conclusion to the Evolution of Age we now inhabit. Whether by Natural Disaster, Prompted Disasters or by some Mindless Indifferent Button Pusher who has an agenda that does not serve the whole of Humanity, it appears that we are on our way.

In recent times, we have seen the fulfilling of the Prophecies of the Ancients, Whether it is Abrahamic, Hopi or Science, does not matter much. We are also witnessing a quickening of our sense of time. Many Souls these days feel compelled to seek Understanding, Attunement and Light. This all is not by coincidence. Time's previous values are being altered daily . . .within and without . . . along with the values of all the things we once held so dearly. We are now in an age where such things we took for granted like Food and Shelter, are now dire considerations and concerns for many of us. Who thought 50 years ago we would see a world where Water was such a common Shelf Product in our Supermarkets and Gas Stations? I am not here to offer any type of condemning tone, but one of Hope.

Within us, there is a Seed of something greater. I like most of us am seeking to activate that Seed that it may Blossom into perhaps my greater self . . . that Star Seed. As i said before, many of us feel this same itch or calling within to seek our potential as far as our Humanity is concerned. As we are now in the midst of this change that is evolving towards the "New Age" it is very integral for us to live in Truth and leave the baggage certain interests would have us hold on to.

Prose

The most important thing we have is our ability to embrace each other in “One” congruous movement. This is spawned only by one thing . . . survival and our “Love” for Life. We must reach out and embrace our Brothers and Sister and allow the False Barriers constructed in the illusion to go . . . yes, let them go. In the end, there is no significant difference between Black and White, Brown, Yellow or Red. Nor does this difference have any redeeming value betwixt Male and Female, Rich and Poor, Afghan or English, Libyan or American nor whatever your Political Persuasion may be. They are all a part of the illusory landscape of things that allow certain Powers to “Divide and Conquer”. In the end and in truth, it is we who have the ultimate Power, and that is simply our Capacity to Love . . . our Compassion for Life.

Remember . . . we all breath the same Air, are warmed by the same Sun . . .and inhabit the same Planet.

In the coming Days, Months or times, again i beseech us all to Focus and Resonate on What and Who we are, for when it gets right down to it, there will come the time when we will need each other’s love regardless previous demographics . . . if we are to survive.

Blessings

bill

Sailing My Ship



i stood on the Beaches of my Existence
and i looked out upon the Seas of Life.

My heart desired and longed
that i too one day may go forth.

So . . .

my Father taught me how to build a Ship.

i put my Ship upon the waters
and i drifted here and there.

i was aimlessly tossed to and fro,
so i sought through the prayer of intent
that i may come to learn to direct my course.

So . . .

my Father taught me how to build a Rudder.

i was bemused and pleased.
As time went on and on . . .
the Sea was the Sea,
but time continually went on.
Some days went peaceably slow,
and some treacherously Fast and Stormy.
The currents of life dictated my days instead of me.
i was being troubled from within
for my lack of control,



and . . .

my Father intuitively seeing this
gave me the visions of Wings of a Gull.



He taught me to capture the Breath of Life
and build a Sail. Thus doing so,
i found that my Sailing and Navigating
of the Seas of my life
was completely within my control.

Compliments



Compliments

Days went on,
which turned to Months
and to Years of many.
i, over this time grew weary.
Though i have experienced many things,
i had no purpose,
other than the discovery of new things.
This is what i dedicated my life to.
i collected these discoveries as my treasures.
i do not complain . . .

Healing Through Words

However . . .
i soon tired of the seemingly redundancy.
i wanted my purpose to have more . . .
more substantive meaning.

i wanted to leave a Legacy.
i wanted to have an Ultimate Destination
where in my weariness of Sailing
the Seas of my Life,
i could find Meaning, Solace and Rest.



Being very troubled within,
again my Father came to me . . .
and said . . .



My Son . . .
you have always had purpose . . .
that is but to be My Child.

You have always had a Destination . . .
through all your times of trouble . . .
ME !
I AM your Destination !



Comp

the Comfort you now seek,
the Meaning, the Solace and the Rest . . .
is in MY Hands . . .
the same Hands that has
Guided you . . .
Held you . . .



Healing Through Words

through all of your Life's Aspirations . . .
Trials and Tribulations ;
through your Joys and Sorrows ;
through all of your Discoveries . . .
and Disappointments
you encountered on the Seas of Life



Come my Son . . .
Come and sit with me
Sit on My Beach

and . . .

let us watch the Young and Restless
build their Ships .

William S. Peters, Sr.

"I offer you peace.

I offer you love.

I offer you friendship.

I see your beauty.

I hear your need.

I feel your feelings."

Mahatma Gandhi

Prayers

Compliments of Inner Child

Prayers

Impromptu: A Sistah's Prayer

Lord, Deliver us from all political oppression,
lustful obsessions, mental depression.

Touch our hearts, open our minds-
give us strength and courage to look to You
from whom all blessings of assurance flow.

Lord, You know the causes and the effects of
our selective circumstances:

You are the Alpha and the Omega-
Creator of all.

Enable us to stand and not fall for deceptions,
character assassinations, whispered bitter nothings.

Elevate our self-esteem, raise our level of consciousness
to know that You pave the road to socioeconomic
self-sufficiency. Your truth set us free!

We give our utmost for Your highest.

Lead us out of toxic relationships, chemical dependencies,
social inadequacies and our wishful ways of thinking.

May our focus be on you, not on our trust in man-
for he is deceitful. Help us to maintain both our inner
and outer beauty; to raise and train our children
the way they should go. (Lord, save them from this corrupt
and abusive generation)! Deliver us from all Twelve Step
to victory in obedience to Your Ten.

May Your spirit enable us to reach our full potentials:
intellectually, creatively, physically, collectively, solely.

We ask for Your guidance, protection and care-
for You alone can take us there!

Amen.

Beulah Gordon-Skinner

Prayer

O! The compassionate lord,
Grant me with the soul that knows you,
Grant me with the heart that loves you,
Grant me with the mind that reminds you,
Grant me with the hands that serve you,
Grant me with the eyes that see you,
Grant me with the feet that reach you,
Grant me with the breath that feels you,
Grant me with the lips that sing you.

Oh! The Holy Almighty
Grant me a mother that is you,
Grant me a brother that is you,
Grant me a friend that is you,
Grant me a beloved that is you,
Grant me a teacher that is you,
Grant me a healer that is you,

O! The holy, holy, holy God
All I want to pray for is,
A world full of you,
A life that touches you,
A song that begins with you,
A story that ends with you,

Neetu Wali

Compliments of Inner Child

The 7 Point + 1 Prayer

today i ask . . . Father . . . and i give my most gracious and humble love to you.

You have given me Breath of Life !
You have given me the Heart to Love !
You have given me the Eyes to See !
You have Given me the Mind to Understand !
You have given me the Spirit to Believe !
You have given me TWO Hands !
You have given me a Voice !

Father i ask that each Breath be a Wind upon my Sail as i cross the Stormy Seas of Life. I care not about the Storms for i know you have given them to me for the testing and knowing of my mettle, that i may too see the growth of my ability in You to Navigate these Seas with the assurity that you are always with me. Let each Breath i have utter Your Holy Name in Praise as i draw closer to Thee in Solemn Prayer and Love.

Father i ask that my Heart be the Drum that you continually beat with the rhythms that directs me along the pathway of life you have chosen for me. Let me follow my Drum with complete Faith and Trust that it is you who leads me and not myself. Let my Heart be One of Forgiveness Supreme. As You my Father let me not be grievous about the trespasses of my Brothers and Sisters let my Heart be that of Understanding, Light and Love and not of Indifference and Separation.

Father i ask that you open my eyes wide that i may see you Bright and Blinding Glory in all things. May i also be equipped to do the same for my Brethren whom i love as you have commanded. Teach to See and believe with all that i am. Let my Vision of you be without Spot or Blemish. May i see myself in you and you in me as One.

Father i ask that you also clear my Mind of all Errant thoughts and Voices. Let Your Voice Alone be clear and lucid. Let my Mind be focused on Your way. May all facets of who i am in Mind be of One Accord . . . Yours! More than Understanding i seek Obedience and Trust founded in Your Love.

Father i ask that my Spirit be directed to the Garden that you would plant me. Let You and i be One. Let me have the Spirit to Plant the Seeds you have entrusted to me as i toil in that Garden, Nurture that the Harvest of the Fruits of my Labor be sweet and wholesome to all who would come to eat.

Healing Through Words

Father i ask that You would enable my Hands at all times to reach out to others. May my hands always be open for the giving and receiving of that which you give me that i may give to others. May my touch be one of the Healing Love of your Mercy, Grace and Providence for i know that you Love us all. Let my Fingers be for naught but to point the way to the Surety of Your Love and Embrace.

Father i ask that with my Voice let me do nothing but Sing . . . Sing of your Love and Joy that you have embodied each of Your Children with. Let each heart join in unison to this Holy Song of Deliverance that again we as a Family, your Children may arrive back at that place where You would have us. May the Song of my voice cause all to dance for that expectant Joy that is yet to come . . . this day!

+ 1

Father, there is just a few things i would like to make clear . . . this is but my intent in my Heart, Soul and Mind. I ask that each Breath i Breath be That Sovereign Pray of Life with all it's Magic you have endowed me with, That each Beat of My Heart be to tat Song of Praise and Joy that only You alone know in it's infinite goodness. May my Heart know only Love, for Love is who You said You were, and that is all i seek.

Father i thank you for this Gift you have given to me that permits me to express my Joyful Love and Hopes that again we shall play in your Garden as we once have before . . . the Garden of Joy Eternal.

your Loving Child

William S. Peters, Sr.

Saint Theresa's Prayer

May today there be peace within.

May you trust God that you are
exactly where you are meant to be .

May you not forget
the infinite possibilities
that are born of faith.

May you use those gifts
that you have received,
and pass on the love
that has been given to you.

May you be content knowing
you are a child of God.

Let this presence settle into your bones,
and allow your soul the freedom
to sing, dance, praise, and love.

It is there for each and everyone of us.

~ Prayer for Sweetness ~

May the wind blow sweetness,
the rivers flow sweetness,
the herbs grow sweetness,
for the People of Truth!

Sweet be the night,
sweet the dawn,
sweet be earth's fragrance,
sweet be our Heaven!

May the tree afford us sweetness,
the sun shine sweetness,
our cows yield sweetness --
milk in plenty!

Hindu

source: The Rig Vega

be
encouraged
prepared
loved
blessed

~ Prayer for Peace on Earth ~

Send Thy peace O Lord, which is
perfect and everlasting,
that our souls may radiate peace.

Send Thy peace O Lord, that we
may think, act, and speak harmoniously.

Send Thy peace O Lord, that we
may be contented and thankful for
Thy bountiful gifts.

Send Thy peace O Lord, that amidst
our worldly strife, we may enjoy Thy bliss.

Send Thy peace O Lord, that we
may endure all, tolerate all, in the thought of
Thy grace and mercy.

Send Thy peace O Lord, that our lives
may become a Divine vision and in Thy light,
all darkness may vanish.

Send Thy peace O Lord, our Father and Mother,
that we Thy children on Earth may all
unite in one family.

~ Hazrat Inayat Khan ~

be
encouraged
prepared
loved
blessed

O Krishna,
Charmer of hearts,
Lifter of mountains,
I hear your flute calling me—
Shall I come by the secret path
through the tall grass?

~ Mirabai ~

Compliments of Mother Child

Prayers

My Walk

Lorde

Your Will

Your Way

Your Work

My Walk

~ wsp ~

Invocation to the Dawn

Look to this day, for it is Life, the very life of Life;
In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence...
the Bliss of Growth, the Glory of Action, the Splendour of Beauty.

For Yesterday is but a Dream,
and Tomorrow only a Vision;
But Today well lived
makes Yesterday a Dream of Happiness
and Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well, therefore, to this Day.
Such is the Salutation to the Dawn.

- Kálidása

I Cannot Do This Alone

O God, early in the morning I cry to you.

Help me to pray

And to concentrate my thoughts on you:

I cannot do this alone.

In me there is darkness,

But with you there is light;

I am lonely, but you do not leave me;

I am feeble in heart, but with you there is help;

I am restless, but with you there is peace.

In me there is bitterness, but with you there is patience;

I do not understand your ways,

But you know the way for me...

Restore me to liberty,

And enable me to live now

That I may answer before you and before me.

Lord, whatever this day may bring,

Your name be praised.

~ Dietrich Bonhoeffer ~

. . . so may i

i am beautifully endowed
for i have cloaked myself
with the raiment of the word of life . . .

Love

as the Trees without fail
spread their limbs
to embrace the nurturing Light of Thy love
. . . so may i

as their root reaches down
in the dark Mother Earth with constancy
to drink of Thy Spiritual Water of Life
. . . so may i

as they bring forth and Bud
and Blossom that they may
yield their Fruit to all that hunger
. . . so may i

as they flow with the Winds
and yield to the Storms
while groaning and clapping and whispering
to the Song of Life
. . . so may i

may i faithfully as a Tree
reach out to the Heavens
to embrace Life, your Love
without fail

. . . so may i

God Has Amazing Things in Store for You

Stars do not struggle to shine, rivers do not struggle to flow, and you will never struggle to excel in life, because you deserve the best. Hold on to your dream and it shall be well with you... Amen.

The eyes beholding this message shall not behold evil, the hand that will send this message to others shall not labor in vain, the mouth saying Amen to this prayer shall laugh forever, remain in God's love.

Your dream will not die, your plans will not fail, your destiny will not be aborted, and the desire of your heart will be granted in Jesus! name.

Say a big Amen and if you believe it, send it to all your friends.

Money will know your name and address before the end of this month. If you believe, send it back to all your friends. No one goes to the river early in the morning and brings dirty water. As you are up this morning, may your life be clean, calm and clear like the early morning water. May the grace of the Almighty support, sustain and supply all your needs according to His riches in glory. Amen. Love the Lord. Have a wonderful day in Jesus' name.

The will of God will never take you where the grace of God will not protect you. I see something good happening to you, something that you have been waiting to experience.

DO IT ANYWAY

People are often unreasonable, irrational, and self-centered.
Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives.
Be kind anyway.

If you are successful,
you will win some unfaithful friends and some genuine enemies.
Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and sincere, people may deceive you.
Be honest and sincere anyway.

What you spend years creating, others could destroy overnight.
Create anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness, some may be jealous.
Be happy anyway.

The good you do today, will often be forgotten.
Do good anyway.

Give the best you have, and it will never be enough.
Give your best anyway.

In the final analysis, it is between you and God.
It was never between you and them anyway.

Mother Teresa

With Every Breath

With every breath I take today,
I vow to be awake;

And every step I take,
I vow to take with a grateful heart--

So I may see with eyes of love
into the hearts of all I meet,

To ease their burden when I can
And touch them with a smile of peace.

~ *Buddhist* ~

A Prayer : This Day

Our Heavenly Father
In the Name Of Source
Your Only Begotten Son
I submit this Prayer

This Day, be my Thought
This Day, Be my Talk
This Day, Be my Heart
This Day, be my Walk

All these things I ask of You
Who IS ALL Things.

This Day.

Compliments of Primer Child

Prayers

~ * ~ The Beloved ~ * ~

I honor the God and the Goddess,
The eternal parents of the universe.

The Lover, out of boundless love,
takes the form of the Beloved.

What Beauty!

Both are made of the same nectar
and share the same food.

~ Jnaneshwar ~ * ~ Jnanadeva ~

~ Synchronization ~

~ Synchronos ~

~ A Simple Prayer ~

Lord, please synchronize my Time with Yours
Whether I know it or not . . . my time is synced with Yours,

* * *

So please Father synchronize . . .

* * *

My Mind with Your Thoughts

My Heart with Your Love

My Will with Your Law

My Care with Your Mercies

My Understanding with Your Wisdom

My Kindness with Your Grace

My Giving with Your Embrace

My Eyes with Your Face

My Walk with Your Pace

My Soul with Your Taste

My Gait with Your Race

* * *

Lorde put My Flower

. . . In Your Vase

Amen

10 plus 1 Guidelines for Humanity

~ 1 ~

Think . . . then “BE” Love
for all Life and it’s manifestations

~ 2 ~

When Anger or “Ill Will” is upon you . . .
. . . hold your tongue.

~ 3 ~

Do not Blindly follow the Masses . . .
. . . for when there are many about you
it is difficult to understand where you are
and where you are going.

~ 4 ~

Believe in the Greater “YOU” !
. . . then all others will begin to see also !

~ 5 ~

Do NOT condemn “Self” or others.

~ 6 ~

Always look to see what is on the “Other Side” of the Coin

Healing Through Words

~ 7 ~

Be a good example to ALL Children !

~ 8 ~

Show and Practice Reverence . . .

for Mother Earth . . .

The Spirit of Life which sustains us ALL !

~ 9 ~

Listen to the Voices of the Elders and the Ancestors . . .

They have been before where you are “Now” !

~ 10 ~

Be ever “Vigilant” in your search to increase
the Spirit of Goodness !

Plus One . . .

Know that “You” are an integral part
of the Greater Whole !

Ten Guidelines From God

Effective immediately, please be aware that there are changes YOU need to make in YOUR life. These changes need to be completed in order that I may fulfill My promises to you to grant you peace, joy and happiness in this life. I apologize for any inconvenience, but after all that I am doing, this seems very little to ask of you. Please, follow these 10 guidelines

QUIT WORRYING

Life has dealt you a blow and all you do is sit and worry. Have you forgotten that I am here to take all your burdens and carry them for you? Or do you just enjoy fretting over every little thing that comes your way?

PUT IT ON THE LIST

Something needs done or taken care of. Put it on the list. No, not YOUR list. Put it on MY to-do-list. Let ME be the one to take care of the problem. I can't help you until you turn it over to Me. And although My to-do-list is long, I am after all... God. I can take care of anything you put into My hands. In fact, if the truth were ever really known, I take care of a lot of things for you that you never even realize.

TRUST ME:

Once you've given your burdens to Me, quit trying to take them back. Trust in Me. Have the faith that I will take care of all your needs, your problems and your trials. Problems with the kids? Put them on My list. Problem with finances? Put it on My list. Problems with your emotional roller coaster? For My sake, put it on My list. I want to help you. All you have to do is ask.

LEAVE IT ALONE

Don't wake up one morning and say, "Well, I'm feeling much stronger now, I think I can handle it from here." Why do you think you are feeling stronger now? It's simple. You gave Me your burdens and I'm taking care of them. I also renew your strength and cover you in my peace. Don't you know that if I give you these problems back, you will be right back where you started? Leave them with Me and forget about them. Just let Me do my job.

TALK TO ME

I want you to forget a lot of things. Forget what was making you crazy. Forget the worry and the fretting because you know I'm in control. But there's one thing I pray you never forget. Please, don't forget to talk to Me - OFTEN! I love YOU! I want to hear your voice. I want you to include Me in on the things going on in your life. I want to hear you talk about your friends and family. Prayer is simply you having a conversation with Me. I want to be your dearest friend.

HAVE FAITH

I see a lot of things from up here that you can't see from where you are. Have faith in Me that I know what I'm doing. Trust Me; you wouldn't want the view from My eyes. I will continue to care for you, watch over you, and meet your needs. You only have to trust Me. Although I have a much bigger task than you, it seems as if you have so much trouble just doing your simple part. How hard can trust be ?

SHARE

You were taught to share when you were only two years old. When did you forget? That rule still applies. Share with those who are less fortunate than you. Share your joy with those who need encouragement. Share your laughter with those who haven't heard any in such a long time. Share your tears with those who have forgotten how to cry. Share your faith with those who have none.

Prayers

BE PATIENT

I managed to fix it so in just one lifetime you could have so many diverse experiences. You grow from a child to an adult, have children, change jobs many times, learn many trades, travel to so many places, meet thousands of people, and experience so much. How can you be so impatient then when it takes Me a little longer than you expect to handle something on My to-do-list? Trust in My timing, for My timing is perfect. Just because I created the entire universe in only six days, everyone thinks I should always rush, rush, rush.

BE KIND

Be kind to others, for I love them just as much as I love you. They may not dress like you, or talk like you, or live the same way you do, but I still love you all. Please try to get along, for My sake. I created each of you different in some way. It would be too boring if you were all identical. Please, know I love each of your differences.

LOVE YOURSELF

As much as I love you, how can you not love yourself? You were created by me for one reason only -- to be loved, and to love in return. I am a God of Love. Love Me. Love your neighbors. But also love yourself. It makes My heart ache when I see you so angry with yourself when things go wrong. You are very precious to me. Don't ever forget.....

Stories

Compliments of Inner Child

Searching for David

We live in a time where there are many Goliaths that walk amongst us. We see them in our Governments, Our Industry and our Communities. They express themselves through our Banks, Our Medicines, Our Food and Our Religion. They, these “Giants” of Men seem to have no empathy for the “Common Man”. We, the “common Man” have been all but reduced to a “Statistical Casualty” of their visions of Deluded Grandeur of Self. Do they have a God Complex of what ? These Individuals with their “Selfish” concerns have no problem with you not being here. They do not even exhibit evidence of their own true welfare so what do you think they feel about You and I ? With the advent of this “subtle” Global Marshall Law that enforces their mandates, the manipulations of Governments, the Rationing of the World’s Food Supply and the utter Rape of “Our” Planet’s resources, their “Megalomania is not longer as obscure as it once was. As a matter of fact they, these Goliaths are becoming so “cocky”, i do not think they even give a Flying Fart what you think either. In truth, though you may live in a Democracy or “Free” society, your Vote, Your Thoughts, your Vision, Your everything means “SQUAT” . . . save for one thing . . . the ONE thing they fear more than anything in the world ! . . . Your Love for One and Other.

So this day, i beseech you to stand up. I am not asking any of us to Telephone a Senator or other Politician. This effort i request requires you not to email any one. You do not have to make and carry a Pickett Sign, T Shirt or any thing else. All that is required to set things back aright in this life is Love. Reach out to your Family, Your Neighbor, Your Community, and most of all Your Self with a big Warm Loving Embrace, and cooperate with the innate Goodness that resides within you . . . let it out, and You / We will become that David that slew Goliath . . . Love is the Answer !

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Sexual Healing

I recall the evening as if it were yesterday, even though it's been over ten years. I stared down at the table and mindlessly picked at my food while my wife sat silently across from me. Nancy and I had been married almost 25 years at the time. We had been through so much together in those years, good times and bad. Of all that we had been through together, nothing was as tough as this. I just stared down at my plate. I really didn't want Nancy to see the tears that were forming in my eyes.

“What did the doctors say anyway?” I managed to ask.

“They said I have less than a year to live, Gary.” Nancy answered, her eyes diverted.

“You know those doctors never know what they're talking about.” I said indignantly.

There was clearly anger in my voice. Anger that Nancy might actually be taken from me. Anger that there seemed to be nothing I could do about it. Anger mixed with my sadness as I sat there just staring at my plate.

After a while Nancy got up to clear the table. I had barely eaten a thing.

“You done with that?” Nancy asked as she reached for my plate.

“Yeah, just not hungry.” I answered mindlessly.

I watched my wife clear the table. She moved so slowly these days, never really smiling. Her eyes seemed so blank, without a trace of joy. The cancer had taken a lot out of her. She bore little resemblance to the woman I fell in love with just over 25 years ago. In fact, I barely recognized her.

I sat at the table silently for a few more minutes before getting up. I had to get ready for my night job. I had taken a job as a security guard several years ago when the kids started college. Our youngest had graduated just over a year ago, but I kept the night job. I figured we could always use the extra money.

As I walked out the door that evening, I took another look at my wife. She was still in the kitchen cleaning the dishes from dinner. I walked out without even saying goodbye.

Stories

Just going through the motions as if in a trance, I got into my car. As I drove off, my emotions ran the whole spectrum from anger to hurt. I didn't know whether to cry or scream as I drove away. I believe I did both. I felt like cursing God. I cried out loud, "God, why her? Why not take me?" I was like a raving lunatic with tears in his eyes. Nancy meant more to me than you'll ever know.

I thought about all that Nancy and I had been through since we had met. When I first met Nancy, I had already been through one failed marriage. I went through a rather debilitating depression following my "failure" and my "solution" was to drown my sorrows in alcohol. In spite of it all, somehow Nancy saw something in me that nobody else saw. A real human being who was hurting and didn't know how to cope with the pain. She showed me love, and helped me out of my downhill alcoholic spiral. Nancy did more for me than anyone else in my life ever had. I vowed to myself that I would do anything I could for her. Since our marriage, I always made it a point to be a good provider. To keep Nancy comfortable in any way I could. Alas, all too often that has meant providing her with material things. I wanted so much to help her right now, but I felt so powerless. That feeling was eating me alive from the inside out.

Heading towards the job, all sorts of thoughts started racing through my head. There was a bar on the corner of the block where I worked. I thought about having a drink again. It had been nearly twenty years since I had a drink. I actually walked to the bar and stood in front of the door, literally shaking. Thoughts and emotions were running through me that no human should have to endure. As I stood there momentarily, looking up at the still light sky, a girl walked by selling flowers.

"Flowers, sir?" She asked as she passed.

I just shook my head 'no.'

As I stood there for a few short moments, something suddenly hit me. It was as if all the tension was suddenly released from my body. I ran down the block and caught up with the flower girl.

"Flowers." I panted.

"Yes sir?" She responded.

"Um, flowers. I'll take a bouquet." I said.

Healing Through Words

After paying the girl I stood there for a moment savoring the delicate scent of the colorful bouquet. A few minutes later I started down the block to the nearest pay phone. I called the night job.

“Um, hello Bill. Yeah, this is Gary. I won't be able to make it in tonight.” I started into the phone, “In fact, I am going to have to quit the job. Personal reasons. I'm sorry.”

I walked back to the car and got in. In a little while, I was back in my driveway. I parked the car and walked up to the door. Opening it, I concealed the flowers behind my back.

“Gary. You startled me.” Nancy exclaimed, “You're home. Don't tell me you lost your job. What happened Gary?”

“What happened is I quit.” I answered as I handed her the flowers, “It's more important that I'm home with my wife.”

“Oh, Gary. Flowers! I can't remember the last time you bought me flowers. How sweet.”

The truth was, I couldn't remember the last time I bought my wife flowers either. The other thing I couldn't remember was the last time I saw Nancy's eyes light up like they did when I handed her the bouquet. It warmed my heart to actually see a happy look on the face of my own wife for a change.

“I think we need some music.” I said calmly.

I walked over to the radio and put on a cool jazz station. I then took my wife by the hand.

“May I have this dance, my dear?”

She smiled up at me in a way I had not seen in quite some time. I looked in her eyes as we began to sway gently to the music. Emotions started to build up inside of me. I pressed Nancy against me. She was still clutching the bouquet between us as I rested my head on her shoulder. I didn't want her to see the tears that were welling up in my eyes. As I held my wife close, I wished there was some way her disease could pass into my body. I truly wanted to heal this woman. I truly wanted to take away all her pain.

Even after my wife and I stopped dancing in the middle of the living room, we just held each other close for some time. After a while, I suggested we take a bath together. The last time we did that, I could not tell you.

Stories

Gently I led the woman I loved into the bathroom by the hand. I began to run the bath water as I went into another room to find some scented candles I knew we had stashed away. Returning, I lit them and placed them around the room. I also threw some bath beads in the tub. We both helped each other with getting our clothes off, and I held my wife's hand as she stepped into the tub.

We took turns washing each other's hair. Afterwards, I started to lather my wife's body up in delicate fashion, applying massaging pressure where I thought she would enjoy it. I paid special attention to her feet, working the balls of her feet with my thumbs.

“Oh Gary. That feels so good,” she sighed, “I can't remember the last time you did that.”

Again, I couldn't either.

As a man, I felt this thing was unfair. But then, life is a lot of things but fair is not one of them. If life was fair this cancer would show its ugly face. I would get it in a ring and deliver it a knockout punch that would make Ali proud. But, I couldn't. All I could do was make my wife's last year on Earth the best it could be. All I could do was be there for her. It was the least I could do for the woman I loved, the woman who bore my children. If God chose to take her from me in a year, that was his decision. But making her last days on the planet as enjoyable for her as possible was my decision.

After we got out of the tub, we took turns toweleling each other off. The areas I dried off, I followed with soft kisses. Then, taking her by the hand, I led Nancy into the bedroom.

We then made love, and as we did, I took my time to ensure that she received all of the pleasure this woman I loved deserved. Afterwards, we lay side by side together for some time just holding hands.

As I lay there next to Nancy I realized how much I had been neglecting my own wife. Certainly not in any material or financial sense, but in what she really needed. Me.

After that night, we continued to make love on a regular basis, always slow and unhurried. I never felt more satisfied in my life. We also spent far more quiet times together, just taking walks and holding hands.

Healing Through Words

Then one day something amazing happened. Nancy had what was considered a fairly routine oncologist appointment for some testing. A few days later she got a call from the doctor with her results. The cancer seemed to be in complete remission. There was no detectible trace of the evil cells that were attacking my wife's beautiful body. This was almost seven months to the day since the same doctor told my wife she would have less than one year to live. The doctor said he has never seen anything like it.

They say that love conquers all. Perhaps that is true, we'll never really know. All I know is that my wife is still cancer free to this day. Why the cancer disappeared is something no one on this planet will ever know for sure.

There is something I learned a long time ago. The opposite of love is not hate. The opposite of love is indifference. I had been neglecting my wife's needs. The needs of the woman I truly loved. The fact that it took a major illness and threat of death to get me to realize that was a major wake-up call. A call that I answered, fortunately.

That was just over ten years ago. As I sit here holding Nancy's hand on the eve of our 35th anniversary, I reflect back on how truly lucky I really am. Lucky to have someone to truly love and who is always in my corner for me. Sometimes I feel like I am the luckiest man in the world. Perhaps I am. It's just a shame it took so much to get me to realize it.

Alan W. Jankowski

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

I Turned my Light On

I turned my light on. I then embarked on a life quest journey within. I went into the darkest recesses of self . . . seeking resolutions to the who of who “I Am”. Yes, i wanted to know all of who “I AM”! Deep, and i meant deep in the corners of obscurity i saw a little child, cowering from my light. Feeling a kin ship with this being i approached with the care one would exhibit to any young child. I realized as i approached, that this child was deftly afraid. Afraid of Life perhaps ? . . . or me ? . . . Light ? or maybe just afraid of contact due to his isolation from these things. I could feel this child as if it was my own. I felt an unexplainable empathy and love for this poor apparent waif who was all alone. I reached out and spoke these three words . . . “You are Loved”! Just then the Child lifted his head up and gazed directly and deeply into my eyes . . . into my soul. He touched some common string of existence between us. I was puzzled but not to be deterred, for i knew that i knew love!. The child seemed to lighten up a bit as i approached. His face was a bit recognizable as i drew closer. I could feel an especial connection between us. I spoke from my spirit with all intent of goodness and compassion to this child about my intent to be of help. The child’s countenance became even brighter as i spoke of Trust, Faith, Love, Light and Hope.

I reached out my hand in all earnesty to connect, to bond with the heart of this child, and then, something magical happened . . . the Child who seemed so isolated and dismayed reached out. Upon our hand touching each other the child lifted his face from the recesses of obscurity and i had a divine epiphany. I began to cry incessantly, for i realized that the child i had found so deep within my self, the child that withdrew from life because of fear, hurt, lack of trust, lack of love and understanding of his life’s experiences was none other that “ME”!

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Experience in Life

A few years ago, before I became a professional Reiki and Intuitive Healer. I could have never imagined being where – as a family we are today. My Husband Ian took sick with a heart attack and was rushed into hospital, within an observation ward, and on top of this, he had been suffering from very bad migraines.

The Day after His release from hospital, we were (my daughter, Bekki & I) about to do a gig at a new venue. I asked at the hospital if Ian could do what he loves, which was the sound engineering and lights, I had to ‘employ’ (and it was guided) a friend to do and share what we call humping and dumping of our kit. Also to do the driving, as Ian was not permitted medically to do so, but he was allowed to engineer the show.

We took this on board as a true blessing, as the right folks arrived at the right time to assist us. We had thereafter regular bookings once a month for 3 years.

Due to this, and the outcome being Angina – caused by STRESS – Ian had to give his current employment the boot !! To top that up, they were the UK med unit The NHS !! Due to the continual migraine attacks etc, the NHS decided that Ian was in breach of contract and taking too much ‘time out’ in respect of the ‘sickness entitlement’ He was then put in touch with the representative Doctor, designated by the NHS and under their instruction, was directed to go and be tested concerning his illness and how that warranted the amount of time he was off on sick leave.

He did this, and got a favourable report from this Doctor, stressing that Ian was not taking the - ‘you know what’ out of them, that he was genuinely poorly; and that in such times as a Migraine attack, there was no alternative than for him to take strong meds and rest in a darkened room, for a min of 3 days. Under no circumstances would he be able to drive or operate any form of techi machinery, as His position as that of IT techi, Mr. Fix it !! That was it, but the NHS in their wisdom decided that was ‘not enough’ and told Ian that he would have to attend a what one might call a third degree case meeting (breach of contract meeting), and that oh! He could take a representative, but no one of any legal persuasion etc, etc.. and that if they chose to they could sack him.

Ian was always kind, considerate and those to whom he worked with and those who received as a part of his work held him in very high regard. He would always do his best and offer a smile throughout his daily life at work and beyond. It was the Management and their demands that really took its toll.

Stories

So, in order to work thru this situation, a difficult decision was made, although we were aware of what consequences could and would occur, the most important thing was for Ian to remove himself from that space. So He resigned. He was out of work for well over 2 years, He was in the forces, prior, and had actually served within conflict situations and was awarded medals for his work. He received a small pension, this at that time just paid for our mortgage, not insurance or any other costs, so we approached the government for assistance and because we were receiving the forces pension we were declined any further assistance.

This was a difficult period for us all to work through. Ian and myself had been members of a local charity which is associated on an international scale and we had been with the charity for over 3 years, we had to also make a decision to quit. We could not continue to finance anything, let alone the membership fees. We had to give whatever we could, back to ourselves financially in order not to lose our home.

Out of the blue, a pub service place arrived for Ian. Our daughter Bekki was working in the same pub on alternate shifts, which helped a little bit to keep the wolves from the door; as well as a lot of groveling, which takes a lot out of ones pride I might add. But remaining in a place of daily gratitude, come what may, more abundance was to arrive on our doorstep, to help us through this most difficult time frame.

Bekki and I, had been working as a vocal Duo. We were doing pubs and clubs, etc. but sought the work ourselves (normally from recommendations) and did shows about 1 - 2 times a week. An Agent contacted us, and we were able to increase those gigs to about 4 a week. (remember things come for a season and a reason – this is so true) This agent and the gigs we obtained via them, at the time were needed and further on down the line, our working relationship ceased, due to the fact that they stopped earning their fees within; promoting us further and was a drop in revenue for us that we had to cover. Yep ! Time to say Goodbye and Thank you.

During all this period, we had known a lady, who use to be a neighbour, who was not only suffering from mental illness, but who had gone through so much trauma that it had knocked her to the floor. We made contact, and Ian and myself would visit her from time to time in Bristol City as she had moved there, I had typed out a wee message of comfort and blessings for her, to lift her spirits, which she hung on her bedroom wall. On our visits, we would never go into our issues, OK she new about them but we would always skirt around them, as our visits to her were totally that we focused our love towards her.

Healing Through Words

I do believe in Miracles and I do believe in Angels; and I am Honoured to work with them, for Creator and the Angels give so much when you least expect it.

This lady use to suffer from terrible panic attacks. In the middle of the night, and she would look at the verse I wrote her which was on her Bedroom wall which lifted her. To assist her panic attacks, she use to just cook !! She would get up in the middle of the night if necessary and cook.

On further visits this wonderful Lady for 3 months provided a months worth of food to put in our freezer, individual meals all prepared, so we did not go hungry. We were able to work thru the many trials during the process without worry where our food would come from, Creator provided thru this lovely lady. We never expected and we never asked, we just believed, stayed in a place of gratitude and love for another human being.

I so hope that this note will give comfort to those who are going thru a similar experience. To stay in a place of gratitude even when you think nothing will change and give love to another within your circle of folks and Angels and Creator Blesses YOU always.

Namaste'
Xx Riana xx

Riana George
www.healing-handssanctuary.co.uk

Compliments of Inner Circle

The Palimpsest

Come here little children and I will tell you the story of a man rich in material but poor in spirit. A man who could buy anything he wanted, except the one thing he wanted most: to find the meaning of The Palimpsest.

This man once had a wide circle of family and friends around him, which was what he wanted most at the time, but many things changed. Who knows how long he lived alone. So busy was he in building up his fortune, he didn't realize he was tearing down his family. Who knows when he first realized he was alone? This change made him bitter, growing cold in mind, body and spirit until the years showed as deep creases on brow and cheeks. Hands once busy with important work, now lay idle and limp.

He had power of a kind; wealth and the power it brought to pay for the best minds to try and decipher the skin. He had power of will: to relentlessly pursue his goals until they were accomplished. He had power of mind: to plan, study and make time for his work. He never realized his family had slowly been pushed aside for his greater love- love of wealth, work and power. But with all his amassed wealth, great intellect and strength of will, he was still powerless to change the fact that he was alone, and did not have the answers to The Palimpsest.

Surrounded not by his family, but by select staff, all of his needs were met- physically anyway. The Palimpsest carefully preserved under glass and given the same care and concern his staff gave him. To him it was his most prized possession, but to others it was no more than an old piece of animal skin with unreadable lines upon it.

The well-paid experts could never agree just what it contained. At the last, he never let it out of his hands, even sleeping with it, like a mother with her newborn babe. Relatives came to comfort, or deride or patronize what they thought was an old mans last obsession with life.

No one noticed the little girl, a granddaughter whose name was once remembered by the old man. No one noticed her little feet walking with shaky but determined steps, down the hall and into the master bedroom- where the old man lay dying. With eyes full of wonder, she walked over to the bed and gently touched the hand that lay upon the quilted coverlet.

Healing Through Words

She looked at the old quilt with hand sewn lace and ribbon work. A rich deep glow came from its worn-woven threads. Hung upon the wall was a head crown made of silver and river pearl. The Eagle feathers attached in such a way that they seemed to breathe and move on their own. The detachable dress made of irregular shaped bone, old beads and shell still held in place by sinew. Although torn in some places, the missing gaps seemed to draw her gaze like whirlpools in a river. Was this the same one he wore when he was young, she wondered? A quill worked sash lay across the headboard and she could see the intricate design of flowers and diamonds.

Upon the nightstand among the medicine bottles and equipment were some little objects that went unnoticed by the nurse. An old animal tooth, a dried and withered cord of some kind, baby Eagle feather, a water-smoothed rock, black pearl and a root that still had an aroma to rise above the noise of the other medicine smells. She was drawn back by the old mans touch and looked into his eyes. Eyes full of cataracts seemed to look right inside her. His skin was so old and dried; it looked as if it were a brown winter leaf moving soundlessly as it came to rest upon her head.

So, whispered the old man. I remember you ; yours was the only birth I sang to- when still had time for my family. It is fitting that you now attend mine.” And he laughed at his clever joke, although the little girl did not. The laughter reminded her of the sound that winter leaves make as they break apart and are blown away by the wind.

“Grandfather, I remember you. You told me I had a gift of sight. I remember you used to give me lessons on how to see well. I can see you are going to leave us. I’m sorry I couldn’t help you see better too. Shall I go now?” And the little girl began to cry.

“Wait, Come closer my child” whispered the old man. Maybe you can help me. Do you know what this is? He asked, as he held up the skin in trembling hands. “It is the secret to life on this earth, if I could just find its answers.”

The old man fell back, gasping and weak from the effort of talk. Who knows how long he looked for the answers? How many paths did he walk, searching, only to come full circle, empty handed and unfulfilled? The little girl is no longer afraid and she has only to look at the hand upon the skin to see the truth. Using the sight he once helped her to accept, with a child’s love, she was ready to help him.

Stories

“Ha ha”, she laughs as her hand touches his face. “Ah-ha” she cries as she brushes away his tears and her own.” You are the palimpsest. All of it is you. The first lines are your youth. All the great dreams woven about you and with you by family and kin. Lines tracing you back to the circle. How close you were to your family, the earth and Creator then, and still you are- can you not see it? All the weight and cares of time have drawn lines upon you, rewriting, hiding and blurring the truth, until only the layers are seen and not the words.”

“Yes, my child, whispered the old man”, now at the last I see. We know as a child the things we deny as old men. I was born with the answers, carried them in my sacred bundle. Now I see- life writes upon us little stories, and when the Palimpsest is browned with age and long after our bodies are crumbled to dust, we are still just as Creator made us.”

And with those words, the old man closed his eyes and left this world. Who knows how long ago this happened? The little girl is now an old woman herself and still she carries with her the memory of grandfather and the palimpsest.

Lela Northcross Wakely

Oak Tree in a Fir Stump

Several fir trees were taken out at our place that summer of 1988. Two in the back yard, their stumps now hidden under my deck and the one in the side yard with a yucca plant and an oak tree growing out of it.

Not long after it was cut down, I used a drill to bore holes into the top of the stump and hacked them out with a hatchet. Once I had a six-inch deep bowl, I drilled the bottom full of holes once more and filled it with charcoal. This worked nicely and burned into the night. A couple of the neighborhood boys came by and sat with me as I poked the fire. It wasn't long before several more boys were attracted, so I went in and got a bag of marshmallows to roast. Some of the dads were drawn to the glow of our flame, so we stood back and watched the boys have a good time around the fire.

When it was time to go in, I dowsed the stump and called it a night. I think the original two boys would have spent the night if I hadn't put it out when I did.

The next evening I dug out the residue from the now foot deep bowl and drilled more holes. One of the neighborhood girls came over and watched intently, something plainly on her mind. Learning that she found it unfair that I had a night for the boys, I informed her that it was the girls turn that night, to go invite every girl she knew, no boys allowed.

I again filled the stump with charcoal and all was as the night before, except we roasted hot dogs. The girls had a great time, especially when the boys came by and were informed that it was a "girls only" function, please leave. The girls stayed up as late as the boys had the night before and were just as disappointed when it was time to hose down the coals.

The stump was now the perfect planter, hollowed out to almost two feet deep. I drilled drain holes around the side, filled it with potting soil and planted a yucca.

A year or so later, my buddy from work, Dave Metz, gave me a sprouted acorn that his wife, Phyllis, had nurtured to a four-inch sprig from out on their property. I planted it in with the yucca and let nature take its course.

The sprig that I got from Dave was one of two, which we talked of transplanting once they were large enough. Between them we'd string a hammock, a place to relax and enjoy a beer out on Dave's property in Seabeck, WA.

Stories

The oak tree may never get as big as it would if Phyllis had let it remain where she found it. The stump will probably limit the size, but so far, so good. This past summer it was full of leaves and almost four-foot tall. It has a while to go before it'll produce its own acorns, but in time it will.

Unless we meet in Heaven, Dave, we'll never transplant our two trees to string that hammock, but each time I gaze upon the oak tree growing in that fir stump, I'll remember that dream that you and I shared.

Rest in Peace, My Friend.

Carl Palmer

Compliments of Inner Child

PTSD-MMX

I am a survivor of PTSD, everything in my life has been thrown into a hostage situation. Two years ago, another word would be similar to battlefield, a 'hostage type', mind battered and beaten. I was trying to protect a juvenile on my job. The angel inside of me continuing to do the mission that I was called to do. Fights were quite common when security turned their backs on the crimes. After this, two concussions, neck, shoulder and kicked in the head with stomped trauma. I am numb swelling from head to toe. My wonderful memory, face, mouth, comfort and fearless character has been raped from existence.

To come back has been a struggle with headaches, digestive problems; and being in a hostage situation with a very unstable and abusive man with my precious children over twenty years ago. From domestic violence, married at seventeen by the hands of the one whom said I do. The loss of babies beaten out of my beautiful cradle of love, anxiety attacks, avoidance, emotional arousal of the event and anger, will I ever be loved?

I asked myself, will there be an unselfish friend out there that will learn how to break this Divinci Code of PTSD with me? I want my panic disorders to be non existent, I never want to play Russian roulette with my suicidal thoughts.

I never want to dance in the bright midnight moon-lite of loneliness. So, I will tackle this burden. I will battle it to the end and claim victory, for the love I do remember, exists for me. This love will be so much more satisfying this time because, with the help of God and a few choice friends, I am being transformed, becoming that which I was born to be, learning to love me, I am worth a lot, I am being healed. My message is never give up, no matter how bleak the circumstances "appear", if you / me 'really' want help, it is ours for the asking, simply receive.

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Listen to that Voice that Will Allow You to Feel

“The Place to improve the world is first in one’s own heart and head and hands.” - Robert M. Pirsig

I have always been one to follow my heart even if it meant leaving home. At the tender age of 18, I left my artsy-fartsy lifestyle in New York City to become an Israeli soldier. The college life didn’t speak to me. I wanted a life of stability and discipline. I wanted to contribute my time to a country that was a big part of my identity and heritage.

As a soldier, I worked hard to be that “Israeli.”

When my army service ended, I spent a few more months on a kibbutz in the north of Israel trying to decide my next steps. I ended up listening to the voice of my mom who said, “Be a teacher. Get an education.”

“Half the troubles of this life can be traced to saying yes too quickly and not saying no soon enough.” – Josh Billings

I don’t know how you would react to this situation, but the “good girl” in me wanted to do what was “right.” My mom, an accomplished pianist, did not want me to pursue a career in the arts for fear of living an unstable life. It seemed that I “inherited” my mom’s fear of struggle. So I vowed to myself that I wouldn’t be like her.

Knowing that teaching was in my blood, I spent the next four years studying to become a teacher. In the cultural classroom, I combined bits and pieces of my Israeli personality and American personality to find a workable solution to discipline problems and cultural understanding.

At the end of the day, I was often tired and frustrated trying to manage a class. Although I was an educator, I didn’t feel I was a leader. I was merely doing “charity work.” I wanted more. Much more.

What I really wanted to be was a creative leader. But I was afraid I would lead a life of struggle. So I kept quiet in the name of stability and financial security.

“Listen to the Voice that will allow you to feel.”

Healing Through Words

If you are ever in a stuck situation, it's time to listen to a different kind of voice – one that will allow you to step into a more authentic way of feeling. This way of feeling is also a way of “being.” In 2006, the second Israeli-Lebanese war hit, and my husband and I knew it was time to pick up and leave in search of more professional opportunities. We naturally chose the States as our next destination. I decided I would pursue my first love and become a writer. My mom's “voice” had no place in my life. Four years later, I had several articles and ebooks to my credit. But naturally, I started off by writing about ESL teaching and classroom management – subjects I knew very well. But I felt the time had come to truly step into my own power. I needed help. So, I hired a life coach to help me with an astrological background who said, “I truly believe your gift is wrapped up the beautiful way you tell your “pain stories” – your “stories of darkness, trying to find the light” and your “stories around feeling disconnected” – there's so much richness to your storytelling.” In August 2011, I answered the call to step into my gifts when I received an email to become part of a transformational anthology called, *Pebbles in the Pond: Transforming the World One Person at a Time*. At that glorious moment, I listened to the voice of true greatness.

“As we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same.” –Marianne Williamson

I saw all the possibilities unfold as to who I could be. So in 2011, I became a believer in my own great powers. When you believe in your ability to be great, something magical “cracks” open inside of you. It started when I submitted my chapter, “The Best Time to Get in My Way” and began to connect online with 40+ transformational authors from around the world. And then I became “unleashed” and “unplugged” when I performed in a circle of 40+ transformational authors at an author retreat. I began to tell my Story of coming full-circle. Everyone seemed to resonate with my Storytelling powers I was not the same person when I came home to Pittsburgh. I began to connect with local Storytellers and joined the national Storytellers network. I began writing my memoir. I launched my website, “Giving Voice to Voiceless” on March 20th. Emails began coming from people I had never met before on how they could step into their authentic voice. It was a dream come true.

Dorit Sasson

www.GivingAVoicetotheVoicelessBook.com.

Visiting Stillness

Stillness is a place of “BE”ing. When was the last time you stopped in for a visit . . . or even a listen ? She does not live far from us. As a matter of fact her abode is right next door to Love! Why they live so close you can hear Love’s Chatter and her “Loud” Music right through her walls. They also have a yard that is connected that all of their children can play together without any fences to contain them.

I just came back from a visit and as i exited her abode, i was immediately confronted by a world full of Noisysome (new word) Voices. I must say that i was ok with it, for stillness gave me a gift this fine morning. She told me a story about Peace, her Twin Brother. She told me of his life and the many trials he had faced in his evolution to where he now resides. She pointed out that Peace was where he was today because of the Character he had found in his many battles. He always was such a dreamer, but he firmly stood on his faith to know that all things shall come to pass. As she was speaking of her sibling, i somehow identified with his persona and saw him as myself. I too believed, i too held on to my faith in spite of the trials and stumbling blocks that life allowed to litter my path. Oh yes, there were times i really wished to quit, however, there was this magical energy that came to my spirit and picked my head back up that i may once again regain the focus upon my dreams and aspirations.

After leaving her yard and again traveling my path, i felt reassured and somewhat fulfilled. That is not to say that i did not have questions, for during my visit, my inquisitive Mind saw fit to take a nap. I guess he was bored for he could not speak during Stillness’ story about the Life of Peace. But no doubt, as soon as we were outside of the door, he woke up extremely refreshed and ready for the journey we are now on. Here i thought he was completely asleep, but he must have heard some of the story.

Healing Through Words

He told me how much he enjoyed the visit and the story of the Life of Peace and how invigorated he now felt. I smiled at him and embraced his uniqueness, for he certainly had a way with words, this i must admit. My question to him was always about his intent and the validity of such. Was he again being facetious for his own selfish motives . . . or was he sincere and just how long that would last. After deliberating for a minute about where he was and where he was going i found that it was a bit unsettling to judge.

Well, this is as much as i wish to speak of at the moment, for thus doing does takes me away from this place of “BE”ing that was gifted to me by my friend Stillness who lives right next door to Love and her divine story about her Brother . . . Peace. Until my next visit, i wish you Joy . . . their Cousin who lives across the street.

Blessed Be

bill

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healing through words



"Although the world is full of suffering, it is also full of the overcoming of it."

Helen Keller

"I'm touched by the idea that when we do things that are useful and helpful - collecting these shards of spirituality - that we may be helping to bring about a healing."

Leonard Nimoy

"Our sorrows and wounds are healed only when we touch them with compassion."

Buddha

"Healing yourself is connected with healing others."

Yoko Ono

"When I stand before thee at the day's end, thou shalt see my scars and know that I had my wounds and also my healing."

Rabindranath Tagore

"I offer you peace. I offer you love. I offer you friendship. I see your beauty. I hear your need. I feel your feelings."

Mahatma Gandhi

"Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around."

Leo Buscaglia



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