

# THE HIDDEN MASTER JOURNAL

Volume 1 – October 2007

A Friendship Anthology

Collected with love

By

Geoffrey Keyte

Crystal Master/Atlantean Reiki Master/Crystal Reiki Master

The Temple of Peace

<http://www.templeofpeace.net>

<http://www.dinglepeninsula.net>

Email: - [akhnaton@templeofpeace.net](mailto:akhnaton@templeofpeace.net)



## **Prologue**

**All the poems and stories that I have included in this Anthology have been sent to me by people from all four corners of the world.**

**In most cases, they have been written by Mr or Mrs 'Anonymous' – if I have inadvertently breached any copyright I can only apologise, it was not done intentionally. I simply don't know who wrote them originally.**

**But what I do know is that all the poems and stories appearing in this e-book are greatly deserving of a much wider audience.**

---

**Wearing my own author's 'hat' I have myself written several e-books to which I would like to draw your attention. Information about these e-books may be uncovered if you go to the following web addresses: -**

**Atlantean Reiki E-Book**

**<http://www.templeofpeace.net/AtlanteanReiki.htm>**

**Crystal Reiki E-Book**

**<http://www.templeofpeace.net/CrystalReikiWorkbook.htm>**

**Yoga and Crystal Configurations**

**<http://www.templeofpeace.net/yogacrystals.htm>**

## **CONTENTS**

1	Smell The Flowers	4
2	Positive Choices	5
3	Today is a Beautiful Day	7
4	A Blessing Just For You	9
5	A Poem That Gives You Goosebumps	11
6	40 Tips for a Powerful New Year	14
7	To a Special Friend	17
8	Choices	18
9	The Five Balls	19
10	What Mother Taught Me	20
11	Perks of Being Over 50	22
12	The Old Man and his Dog	24
13	Stress	28
14	He Who Knows	30
15	Smiling is Infectious	31
16	Are You Happy?	32
17	The Perfect Church	33
18	An Angel Knocked at the Door	34
19	Greed	35
20	A Profound Poem	36

(1)

## **Smell The Flowers**

An elderly Chinese woman had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole, which she carried across her neck.

One of the pots had a crack in it while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water, at the end of the long walk from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the woman bringing home only one and a half pots of water.

Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it could only do half of what it had been made to do.

After 2 years of what it perceived to be bitter failure, it spoke to the woman one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house."

The old woman smiled, "Did you notice that there are flowers on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side?" "That's because I have always known about your flaw, so I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back, you water them.

For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house."

Each of us has our own unique flaw. But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. You've just got to take each person for what they are and look for the good in them.

SO, to all of my crackpot friends, have a great day and remember to smell the flowers on your side of the path! I love you just the way you are.

(2)

## **Positive Choices**

Michael is the kind of guy you love to hate. He is always in a good mood and always has something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be twins!"

He was naturally motivated. If an employee was having a bad day, Michael was there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation. Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Michael and asked him, "I don't get it! You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?"

Michael replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, Mike, you have two choices today.

You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood. I choose to be in a good mood. Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it.

Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life.

"Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested.

"Yes, it is," Michael said. "Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or a bad mood.

The bottom line: It's your choice how you live life." I reflected on what Michael said. Soon thereafter, I left the Tower Industry to start my own business. We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it.

Several years later, I heard that Michael was involved in a serious accident, falling some 60 feet from a communications tower. After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Michael was released from the hospital with rods placed in his back.

I saw Michael about six months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied. "If I were any better, I'd be twins.

**Wanna see my scars?" I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the accident took place.**

**"The first thing that went through my mind was the well-being of my soon to be born daughter," Michael replied. "Then, as I lay on the ground, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live or I could choose to die. I chose to live."**

**"Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked. Michael continued, "...the paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the ER and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read 'he's a dead man.' I knew I needed to take action." "What did you do?" I asked.**

**"Well, there was a big burly nurse shouting questions at me," said Michael. "She asked if I was allergic to anything. 'Yes, I replied. The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply. I took a deep breath and yelled, "Gravity."**

**Over their laughter, I told them, 'I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead'. "Michael lived, thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude.**

**I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully. Attitude, after all, is everything.**

(3)

### Today is a Beautiful Day

Have you ever been just sitting there and all of a sudden you feel like doing something nice for someone you care for? THAT'S GOD talking to you through the Holy Spirit.

Have you ever been down and out and nobody seems to be around for you to talk to? THAT'S GOD wanting you to talk to Him.

Have you ever been thinking about somebody that you haven't seen in a long time and then next thing you know you see them or receive a phone call from them? THAT'S GOD. There is *no such thing as coincidence.*

Have you ever received something wonderful that you didn't even ask for, like money in the mail, a debt that had mysteriously been cleared, or a coupon to a department store where you had just seen something you needed, but couldn't afford? THAT'S GOD knowing the desires of your heart.

Have you ever been in a situation and you had no clue how it was going to get better, how the hurting would stop, how the pain would ease, but now you look back on it. THAT'S GOD passing us through tribulation to see a brighter day.

Do you think that this e-book was accidentally sent to you?

NO! *I was thinking of you!*

Keep this going. You have no idea which one of  
Your e-mail buddies could use hope today.

Dear God..

I know you're watching over me  
And I'm feeling truly blessed  
For no matter what I pray for  
You always know what's best!

I have this circle of E-mail friends,  
Who mean a lot to me;  
Some days I "send" and "send,"  
At other times, I let them be.

I am so blessed to have these friends,  
With whom I've grown so close;  
So this little poem I dictate to them,  
Because to me they are the "Most"!

When I see each name download,  
And view the message they've sent;  
I know they've thought of me that day,  
And "well wishes" were their intent.

So to you, my friends, I would like to say,  
Thank you for being a part;  
Of all my daily contacts,  
This comes right from my heart

(4)

## **A BLESSING, JUST FOR YOU**

**May you be blessed  
with all things good,  
May your joys, like the stars at night,  
be too numerous to count.**

**May your victories be more abundant  
than all the grains of sand  
on all the beaches  
on all the oceans  
in the entire world.**

**May lack and struggle be always  
absent from your life  
and may beauty order and abundance  
be your constant companions.**

**May every pathway you choose  
lead to that which is pure and good and lovely.**

**May every doubt and fear  
be replaced by a deep abiding trust  
as you behold evidence of a Higher Power  
all around you.**

**And when there is only darkness  
and the storms of life are closing in  
May the light at the core of your being  
illuminate the world.**

**May you always be aware you are loved beyond measure  
and may you be willing to love unconditionally in return.  
May you always feel protected and cradled  
in the arms of God,  
like the cherished child you are.**

**And when you are tempted to judge  
may you be reminded that we are all ONE  
and that every thought you think  
reverberates across the universe,  
touching everyone and everything.**

**And when you are tempted to hold back,  
may you remember that love flows best when  
it flows freely  
and it is in giving that we receive  
the greatest gift.**

**May you always have music and laughter  
and may a rainbow follow every storm  
May gladness wash away every disappointment  
may joy dissolve every sorrow  
and my love ease every pain.**

**May every wound bring wisdom  
and every trial bring triumph  
and with each passing day  
may you live more abundantly than the day before.**

**May you be blessed!**

**And may others be blessed by you.  
This is my heartfelt wish for you.**

**May you be blessed!**

(5)

## A Poem That Gives You Goosebumps...

A drunk man in an Oldsmobile  
They said had run the light  
That caused the six-car pileup  
On 109 that night.

When broken bodies lay about  
"And blood was everywhere,"  
"The sirens screamed out eulogies,"  
For death was in the air.

"A mother, trapped inside her car,"  
Was heard above the noise;  
Her plaintive plea near split the air:  
"Oh, God, please spare my boys!"

She fought to loose her pinned hands;  
"She struggled to get free,"  
But mangled metal held her fast  
In grim captivity.

Her frightened eyes then focused  
"On where the back seat once had been,"  
But all she saw was broken glass and  
Two children's seats crushed in.

Her twins were nowhere to be seen;  
"She did not hear them cry,"  
"And then she prayed they'd been thrown free,"  
"Oh, God, don't let them die! "

Then firemen came and cut her loose, "  
"But when they searched the back, "  
"They found therein no little boys, "  
But the seat belts were intact.

They thought the woman had gone mad  
"And was travelling alone,"  
"But when they turned to question her, "  
They discovered she was gone.

Policemen saw her running wild  
And screaming above the noise  
"In beseeching supplication, "  
Please help me find my boys!

They're four years old and wear blue shirts;  
"Their jeans are blue to match."  
"One cop spoke up, ""They're in my car,"  
And they don't have a scratch.

They said their daddy put them there  
"And gave them each a cone,"  
Then told them both to wait for Mom  
To come and take them home.

"I've searched the area high and low, "  
But I can't find their dad.  
"He must have fled the scene, "  
"I guess, and that is very bad."

"The mother hugged the twins and said, "  
"While wiping at a tear, "  
"He could not flee the scene, you see, "  
"For he's been dead a year."

"The cop just looked confused and asked, "  
"Now, how can that be true? "  
"The boys said, "Mommy, Daddy came "  
"And left a kiss for you."" "

He told us not to worry  
"And that you would be all right, "  
And then he put us in this car with  
"The pretty, flashing light."

"We wanted him to stay with us, "  
"Because we miss him so, "  
"But Mommy, he just hugged us tight "  
And said he had to go.

He said someday we'd understand  
"And told us not to fuss,"  
"And he said to tell you, Mommy, "  
"He's watching over us."

The mother knew without a doubt  
"That what they spoke was true, "  
"For she recalled their dad's last words, "  
" I will watch over you."

The firemen's notes  
could not explain  
"The twisted, mangled car,"  
And how the three of them escaped  
Without a single scar.

"But on the cop's report was scribed,"  
"In print so very fine, "  
An angel walked the beat tonight on Highway 109.

(6)

## **40 Tips for a Powerful New Year**

- 1. Take a 10-30 minute walk every day. And while you walk, smile. It is the ultimate antidepressant.**
- 2. Sit in silence for at least 10 minutes each day. Buy a lock if you have to.**
- 3. Buy a TIVO, tape your late night shows and get more sleep.**
- 4. When you wake up in the morning complete the following statement:  
  
My purpose is to \_\_\_\_\_ today.**
- 5. Live with the 3 E's. Energy, Enthusiasm, Empathy.**
- 6. Watch more movies, play more games and read more books than you did in 2006.**
- 7. Make time to practice meditation, yoga, tai chi, qigong and prayer. They provide us with daily fuel for our busy lives.**
- 8. Spend more time with people over the age of 70 and under the age of 6.**
- 9. Dream more while you are awake.**
- 10. Eat more foods that grow on trees and plants and eat less foods that are manufactured in plants.**
- 11. Drink green tea and plenty of water and eat blueberries, wild Alaskan salmon, broccoli, almonds and walnuts.**
- 12. Try to make at least 3 people smile each day.**
- 13. Clear your clutter from your house, your car, your desk and let new and flowing energy into your life.**
- 14. Don't waste your precious energy on gossip, energy vampires, issues of the past, negative thoughts or things you cannot control. Instead invest your energy in the positive present moment.**

- 15. Realize that life is a school and you are here to learn. Problems are simply part of the curriculum that appear and fade away like algebra class but the lessons you learn will last a lifetime.**
- 16. Eat breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince and dinner like a college kid with a maxed out charge card.**
- 17. Smile and laugh more. It will keep the energy vampires away.**
- 18. Life isn't fair, but it's still good.**
- 19. Life is too short to waste time hating anyone.**
- 20. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.**
- 21. You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.**
- 22. Make peace with your past so it won't screw up the present.**
- 23. Don't compare your life to others'. You have no idea what their journey is all about.**
- 24. Burn the candles, use the nice sheets, and wear the fancy lingerie. Don't save it for a special occasion. Today is special.**
- 25. No one is in charge of your happiness except you.**
- 26. Frame every so-called disaster with these words: "In five years, will this matter?"**
- 27. Forgive everyone everything.**
- 28. What other people think of you is none of your business.**
- 29. Time heals almost everything. Give time time.**
- 30. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.**
- 31. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends will. Stay in touch.**
- 32. Get rid of anything that isn't useful, beautiful or joyful.**

**33. Envy is a waste of time. You already have all you need.**

**34. The best is yet to come.**

**35. No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.**

**36. Do the right thing**

**37. Call your mother and father often**

**38. Each night before you go to bed complete the following statements:**

**I am thankful for \_\_\_\_\_. Today**

**I accomplished\_\_\_\_\_.**

**39. Remember that you are too blessed to be stressed.**

**40. Enjoy the ride. Remember that this is not Disney World and you certainly don't want a fast pass.**

**You only have one ride through life so make the most of it and enjoy the ride.**

(7)

## **To a Special Friend**

**A Special Friend is one who will put you first.**

**Love you for yourself.**

**Accept your faults**

**Lend a helping hand in time of need.**

**Help your dreams to keep going**

**Brings you joy to warm your heart**

**Makes you feel wanted and welcome.**

**A special friend has time to care**

**He has time to love**

**He loves enough to understand**

**The gift of special friendship is rare.**

**It is priceless. It is a treasure, and I**

**am happy that you are my friend.**

(8)

## **CHOICES**

Today I met my Teacher,  
He said "Be still my dear,  
Your thoughts are causing aching,  
Your suffering brings me here."

I stopped and faced my Teacher,  
So I could hear the words he said,  
How did he know my turmoil?  
Thoughts running through my head.

I saw the pain across his face,  
The sadness in his eyes,  
It hurt to think my turmoil,  
Was affecting one so wise.

I placed my hand upon my heart,  
For there lay all my pain,  
Was then he made me realise,  
Suffering was my choice again.

Why did I do this to myself?  
And choose to hurt inside,  
Hadn't I suffered long enough?  
Why did I choose to hide?

I knew inside I had the strength,  
To rise above all pain,  
I knew the choice to suffer now,  
Had been mine once again.

I knew the choice of happiness,  
Lay there within my soul,  
I'd only got to choose it,  
And once again feel whole.

The Teacher smiled so broadly,  
As he wiped away my tears,  
For he knew I'd found the answers,  
Hidden behind my fears.

He placed his hands upon my head,  
And with Love began to heal,  
All my scars from suffering,  
The pain I'd chose to feel.

(9)

## **The Five Balls**

Imagine that life is a game in which you are juggling five balls.

These balls are called work, family, health, friends and integrity.

And you are keeping them all in the air - at the same time!

But one day, you finally come to understand that work is like rubber ball.

If you drop it, it will bounce back.

The other four balls - family, health, friends and integrity - are made of glass.

If you drop one of these, it will be irrevocably scuffed, nicked, perhaps even shattered.

Once you truly understand the lesson of the five balls, you will have the beginning of balance in your life.....

## **What Mother Taught Me...**

1. My mother taught me **TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE...**  
"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."
2. My mother taught me **RELIGION...**  
"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
3. My mother taught me about **TIME TRAVEL...**  
"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"
4. My mother taught me **LOGIC...**  
"Because I said so, that's why."
5. My mother taught me **MORE LOGIC...**  
"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."
6. My mother taught me **FORESIGHT...**  
"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."
7. My mother taught me **IRONY...**  
"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."
8. My mother taught me about the science of **OSMOSIS...**  
"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
9. My mother taught me about **CONTORTIONISM...**  
"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"
10. My mother taught me about **STAMINA...**  
"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."
11. My mother taught me about **WEATHER...**  
"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."
12. My mother taught me about **HYPOCRISY...**  
"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"
13. My mother taught me the **CIRCLE OF LIFE...**  
"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."
14. My mother taught me about **BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION...**  
"Stop acting like your father!"

15. My mother taught me about **ENVY...**  
"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."
16. My mother taught me about **ANTICIPATION...**  
"Just wait until we get home."
17. My mother taught me about **RECEIVING...**  
"You are going to get it when you get home!"
18. My mother taught me **MEDICAL SCIENCE...**  
"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way."
19. My mother taught me **ESP...**  
"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"
20. My mother taught me **HUMOR...**  
"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."
21. My mother taught me **HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT...**  
"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."
22. My mother taught me **GENETICS...**  
"You're just like your father."
23. My mother taught me about my **ROOTS...**  
"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"
24. My mother taught me **WISDOM...**  
"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."
25. And my favourite: My mother taught me about **JUSTICE...**  
"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!"

## **PERKS OF BEING OVER 50**

1. Kidnappers are not interested in you.
2. In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.
3. No one expects you to run--anywhere.
4. People call at 9 pm and ask, "Did I wake you ?"
5. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.
6. There is nothing left to learn the hard way.
7. Things you buy now won't wear out.
8. You can eat dinner at 4 pm.
9. You can live without sex, but not your glasses.
- 10 You get into heated arguments about pension plans.
11. You no longer think of speed limits as challenges.
12. You quit trying to hold your stomach in no matter who walks into the room.
13. You sing along with elevator music.
14. Your eyes won't get much worse.

15. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.

16. Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the National Weather Service.

17. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.

18. Your supply of brain cells is finally down to manageable size.

19. You can't remember who sent you this list.

And you notice these are all in Big Print for your convenience.

Forward this to every one you can remember.

## **THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG**

"Watch out! You nearly broad-sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?" Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back.

At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts. Dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had revelled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered gruelling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived.

But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctors orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Rick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Rick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Rick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counselling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind. But the months wore on and God was silent.

A raindrop struck my cheek. I looked up into the grey sky. Somewhere up there was "God." Although I believe a Supreme Being had created the universe, I had difficulty believing that God cared about the tiny human beings on this earth. I was tired of waiting for a God who did not answer.

Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it. The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem in vain to each of the sympathetic voices that answered.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odour of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens.

Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs - all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons, too big, too small, too much hair.

As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of grey. His hipbones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that

caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one ~ Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?" "Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said.

I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch.

"Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it."

Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house. Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me.

"Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed.

At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duellists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him.

Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw. Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship.

Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout.

They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet. Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends.

Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Rick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room.

Dad lay in his bed, his face serene; but his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night. Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on.

As Rick and I buried him near a favourite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church.

The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life. And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers..." "I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article ~ Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter ~ His calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father ~ and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

*~by Catherine Moore~*

## **Stress**

**A lecturer when explaining stress management to an audience, raised a glass of water and asked "How heavy is this glass of water?"**

**Answers called out ranged from 20g to 500g.**

**The lecturer replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long you try to hold it.**

**If I hold it for a minute, that's not a problem.**

**If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my right arm.**

**If I hold it for a day, you'll have to call an ambulance.**

**In each case, it's the same weight, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes."**

**He continued,**

**"And that's the way it is with stress management.**

**If we carry our burdens all the time, sooner or later, as the burden becomes increasingly heavy, we won't be able to carry on."**

**"As with the glass of water, you have to put it down for a while and rest before holding it again.**

**When we're refreshed, we can carry on with the burden."**

**"So, before you return home tonight, put the burden of work down.**

**Don't carry it home. You can pick it up tomorrow.**

**Whatever burdens you're carrying now, let them down for a moment if you can."**

**So, my friend, Put down anything that may be a burden to you right now.**

**Don't pick it up again until after you've rested a while.**

### **Here are some great ways of dealing with the burdens of life:**

- \* Accept that some days you're the pigeon, and some days you're the statue.
- \* Always keep your words soft and sweet, just in case you have to eat them.
- \* Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it.
- \* Drive carefully. It's not only cars that can be recalled by their maker.
- \* If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague.
- \* If you lend someone \$20 and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.
- \* It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply be kind to others.
- \* Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time, because then you won't have a leg to stand on.
- \* Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.
- \* Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late.
- \* The second mouse gets the cheese.
- \* When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.
- \* Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.
- \* You may be only one person in the world, but you may also be the world to one person.
- \* Some mistakes are too much fun to only make once.
- \* We could learn a lot from crayons... Some are sharp, some are pretty and some are dull. Some have weird names, and all are different colours, but they all have to live in the same box.
- \* A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.

Have an awesome day and know that someone has thought about you today...I did.

(14)

## He Who Knows

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. **Wake him!**

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. **Shun him!**

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is ignorant. **Instruct him!**

"He who knows and knows that he knows, is wise. **Follow him!**"

(15)

## **Smiling is Infectious**

**You catch it like the flu  
When someone smiled  
at me today  
I started smiling too**

**I walked around the corner  
And someone saw me grin;  
When he smiled, I realised  
I had passed it on to him.**

**I thought about the smile  
And then realised its worth  
A single smile like mine  
Could travel round the earth.**

**So if you feel a smile begin  
Don't leave it undetected;  
Start an epidemic, quick  
And get the whole world  
Infected!**

## **Are You Happy?**

**Are you a normally happy person? Re-phrase that: 'Have you found out how to be happy?'**

**A little story: -**

**There was a self-righteous man who took stock of himself and discovered that he was far from happy, although happiness was the sole object of all his endeavours. He was forever trying to be happy - so he sought the help of a great philosopher to find out why he was not as happy as he felt he deserved to be.**

**The Sage, whose face was wrinkled but whose eyes glowed with the spark of wisdom, asked, "What have you been doing?"**

**"I have always done the right things. I learned to do them long ago. I have never taken unfair advantage of anyone, I have always been honest. I have never violated the moral code; I help those in need and visit the sick and have donated liberally to worthy causes."**

**"Why did you do these things?" said the sage.**

**"Because I expected them to make me happy but I am getting tired now when I receive no reward".**

**""Oh", said the great philosopher, "There is something you have yet to learn. It is not enough just to do the right things. If you would be happy, my friend, you must learn to enjoy doing the right things....."**

**Do you agree?"**

(17)

## **The Perfect Church**

**If you should find the Perfect Church  
Without one fault or smear,  
For goodness sake, don't join that church,  
You'd spoil the atmosphere.**

**But since no perfect church exists  
Where people never sin  
Let's cease in looking for that church,  
And love the one we're in!**

**If we tried to apply that philosophy within our family, our  
friendships or our place of work, what a difference it could  
make!!**

## An Angel Knocked at the Door

There came a frantic knock At the doctor's office door,  
A knock, more urgent than he had ever heard before.

"Come in, Come in," the impatient doctor said,  
"Come in, Come in, before you wake the dead."

In walked a frightened little girl, a child no more than nine,  
It was plain for all to see she had troubles on her mind.

"Oh doctor, I beg you, please come with me,  
My mother is surely dying, she's as sick as she can be."

"I don't make house calls, bring your mother here,"  
"But she's too sick, so you must come or she will die I fear."  
The doctor, touched by her devotion decided he would go,  
She said he would be blessed, more than he could know.

She led him to her house where her mother lay in bed,  
Her mother was so very sick she couldn't raise her head.  
But her eyes cried out for help and help her the doctor did,  
She would have died that very night had it not been for her kid.

The doctor got her fever down and she lived through the night,  
And morning brought the doctor signs that she would be all right.  
The doctor said he had to leave but would return again by two,  
And later he came back to check, just like he said he'd do.

The mother praised the doctor for all the things he'd done,  
He told her she would have died, were it not for her little one.  
"How proud you must be of your wonderful little girl,  
It was her pleading that made me come, she is really quite a pearl!

"But doctor, my daughter died over three years ago,  
Is the picture on the wall of the little girl you know?"  
The doctor's legs went limp for the picture on the wall,  
Was the same little girl for whom he'd made this call.

The doctor stood motionless for quite a little while,  
And then his solemn face was broken by his smile.  
He was thinking of that frantic knock heard at his office door,  
And of the beautiful little angel that had walked across his floor.

## **GREED**

**A holy man was having a conversation with the Lord one day and said, Lord, I would like to know what Heaven and Hell are like."**

**The Lord led the holy man to two doors. He opened one of the doors and the holy man looked in. In the middle of the room was a large round table.**

**In the middle of the table was a large pot of stew which smelled delicious and made the holy man's mouth water. The people sitting around the table were thin and sickly.**

**They appeared to be famished. They were holding spoons with very long handles that were strapped to their arms and each found it possible to reach into the pot of stew and take a spoonful, but because the handle was longer than their arms, they could not get the spoons back into their mouths.**

**The holy man shuddered at the sight of their misery and suffering.**

**The Lord said, "You have seen Hell."**

**They went to the next room and opened the door. It was exactly the same as the first one. There was the large round table with the large pot of stew which made the holy man's mouth water. The people were equipped with the same long-handled spoons, but here the people were well nourished and plump, laughing and talking.**

**The holy man said, "I don't understand."**

**It is simple" said the Lord, "it requires but one skill. You see, they have learned to feed each other, while the greedy think only of themselves."**

## A Profound Poem

**When I was young, clear eyed and sure of mind,  
I saw the world a playground for my pleasure,  
Where I was certain I would always find  
Love, fun and endless treasure.**

**I saw no people's pain or sorrow,  
Counted not the rainy days,  
Cared not for warnings of tomorrow,  
But lived the moment's selfish haze.**

**But time that whisks away our dreams,  
Strips the world to naked sight,  
Nothing now is what it seems,  
The brightest day is darkest night.**

**I now look back with wiser eyes,  
Hoping I have learned at last  
To see the truth and not the lies  
That rule the universe so vast.**

**Yet within the darkness one thing's true  
As true as the shining sun above,  
In all the cosmos - old or new,  
There is no greater truth than love.**

***Simon Barnes***

*Written May 6th, 2006.*

## From the Desk of Geoffrey Keyte.....

I need your help! Please.....

I would be most grateful if you would go to:-

<http://www.templeofpeace.net/spiritualinvesting.htm>

and let me have your ideas for raising the necessary funding for the creation of the Temple of Peace.

Traditional sources of funding (banks etc) always want their maximum pound of flesh (at exorbitant rates of interest) and possess a very negative attitude and energy when reviewing any loan application that may ultimately prove of global benefit to many mega-thousands of people worldwide.

And - sadly - unless one becomes friends with a multi-millionaire and/or philanthropist, actually being given all the required funding by one person/source is about as unlikely as seeing the proverbial blue moon in the night sky!!

That would be my Plan A.

Plan B is more along the do-it-yourself strategy! Within the web page:-

<http://www.templeofpeace.net/spiritualinvesting.htm>

there is an opportunity for people to make donations by pay pal. I know that many people may wish - in principle, anyway - to support the Temple of Peace building fund but lack of their own monies inhibits them from so doing.

To borrow a well used phrased by one of our best known supermarkets - Tesco - *'every little helps'*

Indeed it does! And I would personally welcome any donation - large or small.

If you make it as far as these words, and if you feel drawn towards making a donation that will be greatly appreciated. But if you are unable to afford anything, I'll understand.

**But even if you are not in a financial position to make a donation I really would be so very grateful for any practical thoughts that may occur to you on how we can raise all the monies we need!**

**As you may be aware - the opening of an Atlantean Portal on April 22nd, 2008, is taking place in Galway, Southern Ireland and it is therefore of GREAT importance that our fund raising target is met as soon as possible.**

**I shall look forward to hearing from you**

**With many healing blessings**

**Geoffrey**

**Crystal Master/Atlantean Reiki Master/Crystal Reiki Master**

**Temple of Peace**

**<http://www.templeofpeace.net>**

**<http://www.dinglepeninsula.net>**

**Email: - [akhnaton@templeofpeace.net](mailto:akhnaton@templeofpeace.net)**

**PS – Please pass this e-book on to all your friends and family.**