

To provide encouragement and inspiration in a loving format that assists my soul companions and me to awaken to the memory and Truth of who we are in the shortest possible time with the greatest ease.

FEBRUARY 2008 ISSUE FIVE



Encountering Life Issues with Soul Wisdom

VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE POST OFFICE

I remember reading about unconditional love a long time before I had ever really experienced it, but I knew it was a worthy goal. I recall an incident that exponentially propelled me along the love path. I wanted to express love to everyone I met, but didn't know how. I began staring at a man in front of me, watching him move, watching his mannerisms, his odd idiosyncrasies and I remember thinking, how am I supposed to have unconditional love for that man? I don't know anything about him and I really don't care for his looks. I tried watching some more, hoping some spark of enlightenment would land upon his head and I could find a place in my heart to love him. Mind you, he had no idea what I was doing in my head or even who I was. He was simply my guinea pig.

Then it occurred to me, someone probably loves him just like he is. I imagined a spouse or dog or parent that lit up when he entered the room. He was their Beloved. I put myself in the shoes of this one who loved the man with the thinning hair and the missing chin. I reviewed the characteristics I had already judged as lacking, but this time through the eyes of the one who saw him as Beloved. Suddenly every strange throat noise and lip licking became a recognition of love. The smell I deemed as unpleasant, the Other recognized as comfort or friendship. The more I imagined myself in the shoes of this one who adored my guinea pig, the more desirable he became to me, not sexually, but as a human, a friend, a loved one. He suddenly became someone I knew. I imagined that when this Beloved dozed off to sleep, his lover would simply stare at all his features, but instead of finding them lacking, found them adorable, precious, priceless. She might stare, like me, but not out of curiosity, but to memorize every wrinkle on his face, every mole on his neck, every piece of scaly skin on his forearm. He was truly loved, unconditionally, no matter what smells he emitted or odd habits he exhibited, it didn't matter. My heart had genuinely softened towards him. I found myself expressing deep love for him, like the one who saw him as precious. I picked another person and then a passerby and each one materialized in front of me as someone's Beloved. As I put my whole self into it, I realized I had found a way to love someone I didn't know.

It was my turn in line and I approached the counter wondering who loved this clerk. I smiled a smile of beloved recognition and the clerk lit up. So my epiphany on love didn't really fall on Valentine's Day, but it made every day filled with the joy that comes from truly loving, and it turned everyone into someone special and beautiful!

-Julie Hutslar



Fable:

a narration intended to enforce a useful truth, especially one in which animals speak and act like human beings.

THE CANARY, THE MOUSE AND THE FERRET

In the morning sun, inside a window of a house lived a yellow Canary. She sang and sang the most beautiful trills and celestial songs as if they were common. Many a day a Mouse who lived in the basement next door would lie in contented reverie listening to the Canary's beautiful song. On days when the family cat would hunt him all afternoon, he would still stop and find a place to listen closely to the Canary in the window. When it seemed like he would not find a morsel of food to eat, his stomach would forget its worries while listening to the angelic voice of the Canary.

One day, it so happened that the Canary flew out of her house. It was a beautiful spring morning and the window was open so she proceeded to the tree next door. The Mouse was delighted. He could meet this lovely creature and confess his mesmerizing love for her. Quickly, he scrambled up the tree trunk and out to the limb on which she sang. The Mouse began to speak to her, but immediately realized the Canary did not understand the words he spoke. She looked at him with her head cocked to the side, but did not comprehend his adoring words.

Just then, the Mouse noticed a Ferret that lived in the tree. He asked the Ferret if he knew how to speak with birds since he had lived in a tree most of his life. He admitted that he had and he was happy to translate for the Mouse. The Mouse began by saying, "Dear Wonderful and Angelic Canary, how I adore every note that flows from your sweet throat." The Ferret began, "Burgundy and Blue are what colors I see when I think of you." The Canary craned her neck. The mouse went on, "Your song has made my meager world feel like Heaven." But the Ferret mistranslated again as, "Sunshine is rueful and ugliness follows you everywhere you fly." Now the Canary was offended and began to fly away, but the Mouse implored, "Let me give you thanks for your beautiful gift." Again the Ferret tried, "The stench of life is furthered by your paltry efforts." And the Canary flew away confused and insulted.

The Mouse sat in the tree equally confused. It was not the response he had hoped for and lay awake several nights pondering it and he had not heard a peep from the Canary either. Then he thought of the beautiful Canary again and her angelic voice, and he began to well up with love and gratitude for her. As he did this, he realized he no longer needed someone else's words to express what he had been feeling, he simply could feel it and so he did. He let his heart beat appreciatively and his love grow large. His whole little mouse body could not contain it. Just then he began to hear the faint trill of his beloved Canary. He knew she was answering his message sent on the wings of love.

Miscommunication often arises in attempting to connect with the egoic or physical self, in fact, it often elicits the exact opposite of your intent, whereas the language of the Divine Self is always love and everyone speaks it fluently.



"When it is given freely and received gratefully, joy lives in every heart."

-Maya Angelou

"True love doesn't have a happy ending: True love doesn't have an ending."

"A fool in love makes no sense to me. I only think you are a fool if you don't love."

-Anonymous

"You come to love not by finding the perfect person, but by seeing an imperfect person perfectly."

-Sam Keen



TODAY'S TOOL

EXERCISE FOR SETTING YOUR LIFE'S INTENTIONS

Some while back I read a dynamic book called, *The Energy of Money* and in it, the author, Maria Nemeth, suggests the reader walk through the following exercise. She said it is valuable to have your life's intentions in writing, garnered from your subconscious knowing, so that you can make intelligent decisions based on these intentions. Do this as you read it, do not jump ahead.

Imagine you are attending your own 85th birthday party. You make a list of everyone you can think of who would attend. Then to the right of each person's name, you write the one thing they might say about you; how you affected their life or what it was about you that they remember most. Review your list before you continue, do not go any further if you have not made your list. Then you take away the person's name and you replace it with, "My life's intentions are to be..." and you fill in what the other person might say about you. You end up with a very amazing list. For example, if you thought your niece would say that you were a lot of fun, your life's intention now says "to be a lot of fun," or it could say you were encouraging, supportive, enthusiastic, grounded, stable, willing to be passionate, or a source of fond memories. What is amazing is that you find you have already been living your life's intentions!!



"The master in the art of living makes little distinction between his work and his play, his labor and his leisure, his mind and his body, his information and his recreation, his love and his religion. He hardly knows which is which. He simply pursues his vision of excellence at whatever he does, leaving others to decide whether he is working or playing. To him he's always doing both."

-James A.
Michener



RESOURCES

READING SUGGESTIONS

Dialogue on Awakening
by Tom & Linda Carpenter

*The Energy of Money: A Spiritual Guide
to Financial & Personal Freedom*
by Maria Nemeth, PhD



Luminous Epinoia
P. O. Box 2547
Sandpoint, ID 83864
(800)786-1090
www.jrhutslar.com