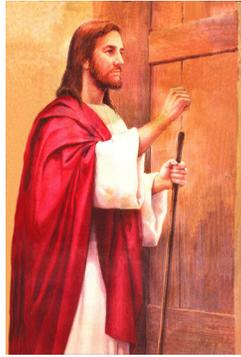


Parables

for
young hearts

**Each error contained herein is uniquely my own.
— Doug Norkum**

ASK



Ask Seek Knock

**Behold, I stand at the gate and knock.
If any man shall hear my voice, and opens the door to me,
I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.**

Preface

The Eternal Father's gift of grace empowers us through our free will act of faith and love to seek guidance along the pathway to our salvation through His only Son— Jesus Christ's passion and death on the cross for our sins.

The Soul is a part of the infinite awareness of the Eternal Father who wishes to have a personal relationship with each one of us.

In solitude I ask questions of my Soul, enter into a golden aureole of Christ's Light, and type the responses given patiently to me in word clusters. In this shelter of golden Light, there is no time, space, or sense of working, but rather, there is the presence of a pervading feeling of peace and being loved by a source of energy outside the self.

Please note that each word selection may be distorted to varying degrees by my vocabulary and focus of attention.

The purpose of these parables is to convey a spiritual truth via an imaginary story which intends to influence us to perceive that the Eternal Father, who grants our souls free will, wishes to have a dynamic interrelationship which inspires and guides us to seek sainthood with I AM that I AM in Paradise.

Love the Eternal Father above all worldly things by doing little things with great Love.

May God richly bless each one of you,

-N (Doug Norkum)

September 9, 1979 5:35 a.m.

N: Would you explain the rest of **the parable of the ducks** please?

Soul: Hello Doug! Yes, you are indeed testing my memory and not your own so it is in the session that you may have the greater faith.

The Parable Of The Ducks

See how they come a running now loudly proclaiming they know the art of being fed! You simply hover, wave your wings, run like mad, and fly if you can to the feet of the one who has fed before. Blind fools these beloved ones who would be taught that the food to eat is the food they learn to eat inside. Better they would eat the grass and find the food themselves. For then their stomach would fill each day and not at the whim of someone else!

But nonetheless, here they come to put me to the test of whether I can aim bread just so for their open beaks. Three groups they make. On the Left, they gather mother and daughters so timid. They sit and wait so patiently till their turn to eat comes by. In the Centre, there is the enlightened one at my feet who flies, over there, two honking white ducks bite at my very fingers. And the two white demure damsels in the back who deign me to chew the food for them if I might. On the Right, the pair of lovers, outcasts of the rest, who belong to no group, and the young who find no rest with the others and so put them to the test of survival on their own pads.

So here we are, this motley crew I love so much to feed, and what a crew we make! The air is filled with honks and, **"Feed me not him or her!"** And yet the enlightened one sits quietly and honks not-- I wonder why not; has something caught her tongue?

To whom should we throw the bread? If to the Left, those men in front would say, "You traitor! For who should be first but we! We are the strongest and you simply destroy all natural order. It is we who should be fed the first!"

If thrown to the Right Tribe, then the shouts of, **"Unfair!"** fill the air, and who would want to be unfair?-- not me! The males of the Centre Tribe all shout, **"You destroy our social structure!"** They were cast out by the ones you should feed the first. For we are Leaders of the rest and need our daily supplement!"

And should this roguish band of fugitives in front, who call themselves Leaders, be fed before the rest? Why then they who would bite my fingers would set such example there would be but stubble left!

What a choice the Gods ask me to make. For who should be fed the first? The enlightened one so patient?-- not he, for he needs it least since among his peers he outshines the rest.

Well, what to do, a decision must be made lest the bread goes stale or the rains may come before we test to see who knows how to sup it well.

Ah yes! Three pieces each, one to a group. Such pride in having found the solution fills my breast, and yet the bread dissolves in the air for want of humility--great jumpers these. Once more. There! Three are fed and the clamour rises for there are fourteen more who were denied. Woe is the feeder who would be fair for in feeding some he neglects the other.

Is there no way to feed them all at once!

Of course there is. Teach them to eat grass for it is within their self to change their diet.

The Lordly Centre Group says, **"None of that! For we are kingly born and kingly shall return. Indeed, we shall return to our natural home and therein feed on weed below if need be."** And so his tribe goes away.

(continued...)

September 9, 1979 5:35 a.m.

The Parable Of The Ducks (continued)

How discouraging! I'll try another. Bird seed to the rescue! Here is food labelled for thee! Come eat it all; see how it is spread across the ground where you trod. Oh no! Get off the seed you Centre Tribe. Get off! See how they chase the other tribes away and yet won't eat of the seed they stand on!

Why they won't eat but won't let others eat who would! Amazing Grace these fellows have for all about, as Leaders of their number. Look! The wives in disgrace leave these two old codgers who would stand and rant and rave that they, not others, should feed of matter.

Poor souls, they have the food beneath their soles, yet do not stoop to eat. Their position is too high and yet give no chance to others. For theirs is the high and the mighty and theirs is the power to fend off the others.

And look at the rest-- where is their faith? Oh yes, there is the Third Tribe who would sneak in behind the baying Leader when he turns and feeds himself. But look! He turns and takes a feather from their tail! I think they'll think before another.

Woe is me! They have been defeated by such a one as this whose might and social position would prance and rattle the others. But look there-- the old boy grows tired and ever so slowly turns away to join his mates. He cannot help to turn his lordly head with greatest disdain for the lowly born who stoop their heads to eat of such strange food-- and on the ground no less!

Poor chaps these Centre ones, they starve while those of enduring heart, but ten left, remain and sup ever so greedily on the remains.

And in this we see the lessons of the high born and low born who would eat of their strange food-- but wait again there comes another day!

There in the sun of noon, two young lads sit and bemuse themselves while watching their beloved ducks with whom they would become their feeder. Aha! says I, ever humbly this time, two bags of bread they'll have to feed the three tribes before them.

With a great whistle the tribes are summoned and over the hills they scamper. The boys so summoned gaily feed the tribes. But what! Look! They give the whole pieces to the thronging mob and fear for themselves. The others cry, **"Not fair, for there will be no food left for me! I'll snatch the food away before he can give it to another!"**

"Say, my two disciple friends, give small bits to them, and hold your ground for those two big ones will not harm you if you feed them too." The faith of the child prevails and instantly they follow this.

The tribe is fed while I look on with smile and glee from behind my fence so proud of these young disciples.

"For in the youth and the young of heart there is the future of tomorrow!"

May the happiness of the morning bring you peace of mind while eating breakfast.

September 11, 1979 5:58 a.m.

N: Would you please explain **the parable of the ship sailing on the sea?**

Soul: Hello Doug! It hasn't been that long since we last sat down has it! And we think you will find your day go much more patiently because of it as well. Our sessions now can proceed in relative harmony for at least awhile.

Yes, perhaps this session's content would have been more effective if it had been given before you had read **Solomon**, but nonetheless a detailed answer here might help the reader know what was to have been given at the time.

The Parable Of The Ship Sailing On The Sea?

The ego is a ship sailing on a sea of its own choice. It sails under its own power with its own oars without hands or eyes or help from any internal or external force. It has no referent to go by but the stars overhead and the currents which push it about from day to day. The ship would not vary this procedure for it would lose control of the ship and who know what port it could turn into then, it says.

And who knows when a storm will blow and the ship dreadfully fears these. Upon the horizon a dreadful black cloud brews and spews its deadly black funnel to the writhing waves— **"Tornado!"** The ship can but follow its currents pushing its way ever so slowly from the fast approaching death.

Oh, if only it had stayed in harbour and never sailed this sea! But never would it see adventure which it loved to think it conquered in its own domain with its own might, intellect and will.

"Did other ships have it so? Why couldn't it be one of them instead of me? And that menacing funnel, look how it delights in ripping its way through giant waves approaching. Who can save me now? Help! But who have I ever asked upon before who hears my frightened cries. No one! Poor me!"

"Oh God, this is the time I would have you hear me. If you are there, hear me! Hey! Where are you? Can't you hear my plaintiff plea!"

"Drats! Just when you need Him, He takes a holiday for was He there at all!"

"Left alone again! Poor me! What am I to do? Surely Goodness and Mercy should have followed me all my life and what do I get— that funnel ready to suck me into the air so pitilessly! And what if I submerge back into the sea! I couldn't bear it. It's just not fair!"

"What a merciless God to sick such a weapon on me. How dare You in Your power threaten me when I have done no wrong and only followed the current you sent me! It's just not fair!"

The timbers of the ship began to quake and groan and cry out each one to God in agony for mercy. **"Help us! For we have done the least of the wretched ship's wood."**

The sails wrung out and ripped themselves in two before the howling wind. **"Not us!"** they flapped in winds unceasing and ever-growing stronger.

The ropes they squeaked and groaned with the tightness of their weakening hold. Wincingly they cried, **"Our breath is gone for want of air in these winds of Yours. Help us Lord, for we were all forced and bound in this ship of which we have no willing part."**

(continued...)

The Parable Of The Ship Sailing On The Sea (continued...)

The ship's Spirit exclaimed, **"Traitors one and all! Have you no faith in me the one who has brought you all together for this great purpose!"** But in these words he failed to sway even himself and found only dismay as ship and sail and rope and timber went under.

Now tell me what should ego-ships do to prevent such tales of woe from ever happening., Tell! Tell!

"Well if it were left to me," his ship-son said, **"Dad really was a loser, for he never believed in anyone but broad beams alone. And there is indeed another ship who floats there in the sky to whom we owe allegiance."**

And what of you ship-daughter, would you condemn your father? **"Not I,"** said she, **"For in me he is well-loved, but of the rest a small comment is due. Why did he sail that day when he should have known the winds weren't right? Instead he chose to sail on self-faith alone."**

Now here's the last, the new-born ship that surely has very little it could say. But quick say it anyway! **"Well sir, I've only love for old grandad! For me he always bounced in waves in port!"**

"That's enough! I've heard it all. Now here's the question you come to. Just who have you been speaking to?!"

Now brother-sister-tot ship looked askance and knew not who it was who led them so in questions from within. **"Who could it be?"** said they. **"For surely Dad would never approve of such malarkey."**

"Malarkey!" A voice from within cried, **"And why are you alive and not he?"**

This they pondered for awhile and said, **"Oh woe help me!"**

At last you ask and it is written that the Great Ship in the sky shall sail you round such funnels and strife. Wait ye not until the funnel holds you nigh for it is the greater task to set you down, and would you set me to test? You dare not unless your life has been spotless, pure— and then a gift might be given thee."

And now poor bereaved we see, we shall sit down in port and sort this great sea out. For inside you lies the answers to your quest upon the seven seas.

Now where shall we begin!

May happiness in the parable be as much yours as ours in the fun of telling it!

September 16, 1979 6:39 a.m.

N: Would you please explain today's adventure regarding **the feeding of the ducks?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Well it's nice to see your piece of carpet under the typewriter deadening the sound and keeping it in one position for you. You see there are some good things which come of basement floodings— some blessings from the turmoil.

The Feeding Of The Ducks

How far from the action one becomes removed when all about become knowledgeable in coming to know the source of the inner Light— the food ducks feed upon.

All one needs to do is turn one's back and there in the distance two young lads with bread at the corner of the pond are trying to call the ducks over. **“Aha! We'll fix that. Whistle!”** And they will come to me instead of those two **rogues** of God no doubt.

But what is happening! Those young ducks have no respect for me— the source of their food in days gone by! They swim ever so **haughtily** to them, those three food creatures with blond hair and freckles — so cute. I've been marooned in my own need to give of food to those in my flock!

But wait! There around the trees and shrubs, the white ones sniff the air and hear my new **plaintive** whistle calls. Here they come, their wings out wide and their beaks a honking. Wow! They almost fly these white old ones of whom I spoke so harshly in days of yore. Perhaps they are of worth for evermore.

And look there! Here comes some more— only three females and three little ones, but still its better to see three than not. And yonder there against the shore the others who, disloyal to my whistle, feed with those two cute competitors of mine, but its really hard to **feign** anger for these are but new disciples of the Word of God who do so on their own.

In this great universe there is room for these enlightened ones, for God has set no limit on the number who do His will and feed the flock before us honking and asking for more.

The Word of God is this— there is no end to ITS being needed spread to those who would receive in all walks of life, colour or creed. For this food is the food that comes from within, and therein wisdom flows for those to see it with open heart, beseeching the Spirit within to open that door and let the Light shine in that purifies the Soul and makes right things happen in our life.

Who would deny such spreading of the will of God to the flock— not I!

And you out there— are you feeder or feedee? It matters not for in God's world we are brothers-sisters one and all for in ITS Spirit we were **wrought** to eternity. So enjoy the gifts of your own birth in this earthly plane— the gift of the Word of God, His Light and Sound within. Find IT and live the better!

We wish you happiness in the multiplication of the Word of God.

rogue: a rascal with innocent mischievousness
haughtily: with lofty disdain
plaintive: mournful
feign: falsely show
wrought: delicately fashioned

September 19, 1979 7:27 a.m.

N: Would you tell **the parable of the pruner** in more detail?

Soul: Hello Doug! You have had a much longer sleep this morning. This is good for who knows what the day might bring wherein you are concerned with the health hazards surrounding some of your students.

The Parable Of The Pruner

Once upon a time there was a boy who loved all things that grew. He in particular loved to grow things which he could one day eat. And he per chanced to spot the most delightful looking plum tree that eyes had ever seen.

With his savings, ten dollars in all, he took possession one spring morning and brought it home. Therein he dug a hole, filled it with water, humus, top soil and fertilizer too. It grew and grew and grew and he did too!

Together they grew into that adulthood which comes from knowing God within. The young lad knew that within him there was the Light and Sound of God that he could rely upon to help him learn the secretes of growth not only for his tree, but also for himself.

The tree it seems knew of the Grower too for within it there was knowledge of the source of energy and water and Light from without that made for sturdy growth. For on its branches side by side a multitude of the most succulent plums grew— enough to bend those arms to touch the ground and almost break their tolerance for weight.

The young lad, now a youth, could see this problem and within the Light he sought and asked this question, **“What am I to do?”** He waited within the silence of the Soul and there in that internal Light he heard the still small voice say, **“Wait until after harvest to prune the third away!”** And so the youth waited patiently with hopefulness and faith that his prized possession would stand the burden one more season.

At last the fall came with colours bright! In the cool of one short night his pruning shears trimmed with skilful deftness— a painless operation which had that prized possession looking rather skinny in the breeze. The youth murmured, **“I hope that voice knows what it is doing for I have such love for this great tree-friend of mine!”**

Well many days and much snow flew by until once again the buds of spring reappeared upon the stems so short. And later, in the bounty of the fruit season the beloved tree stood tall and firm and proud that it could please its master who would listen to that still small voice from within who knows and sees all for evermore.

And so my readers be not sceptical of the Light within, for it can help you as it helps me and all those who have the faith that it is indeed within for your use and comfort in this life in eternity.

“For would the Master Grower forget thee, the greater plum of His plum trees!”

May the happiness of the tree be in thee and thee and thee.

September 27, 1979 6:51 p.m.

N: Would you explain how it is that **children** can most easily inherit the kingdom of heaven here on earth?

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you to be in fine form this morning and have set up Ian, your boss, with several good questions with which to assist you. Yes, such morning preparation can take place, but be most careful that you do not have it come first in your morning priorities. This work is most important.

Look at the smile a child gives each new person and look at the love he so readily gives to all about. In these 'opened arms' there is the love of God for us to share and behold.

The Parable Of The Tyke

There once was a man who had a wife and to them was born a child. Now this child was a mischievous little tyke so full of energy and spontaneity. He loved to play and climb those mountain cupboards just as high as high as they could be. And if there was a chocolate cake on top of the shelf, little fingers would leave their sign for all to see. But lo, look there upon his face is the mark of the guilty. Such proof divine that chocolate face! Listen to his story so plain for all to hear. **"Really, it wasn't me, for the devil made me do it! Blame him!"** And another time it was, **"A tiny little fellow about this high, just inches tall, jumped up on my bed and painted this chocolate all over my face while I was asleep. He's the one, Dad, who's most guilty of them all."**

Now who could blame such a one as this who the heart goes out to and loves. A Dad's heart is touched; the young man smiles to see how Dads are really not so bad after all.

Poor Mum? No, not at all for there in her eyes is the joy of seeing one of her most admiring food-clients who with open heart's delight has sought the product of her toil and given her the satisfaction that she sought most.

Poor Dad? No, not really. For in him the child sought justice and was given love to touch his Soul. For who knows better that the Soul is the heart of all relationships.

So where is the blame for this 'vicious act of villainy'? Wherein lies the culprit who is to be strung up? Nowhere, that's where! For in those big, bright eyes peeping over the covers in that bed hard won by Mum and Dad lies the future of tomorrow not the problem of tomorrow. Let all come to know this well, for in the heart of these, they are pure and close to God. And who so harms one of these and treats them with contempt harms the Father.

Did you not know that each of these child-angels has a Spirit, a Guardian Angel, who witnesses the face of God where you on earth may not? Beware how you treat these little ones of God. Love them as you would be loved and a hundred fold return will be yours for evermore.

May the happiness of the morning be yours in the love of your school children.

children: **Matthew 18:1-18** At that time the disciples came to Jesus, saying, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" And calling to him a child, he put him in the midst of them, and said, **"Truly, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever humbles himself like this child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."** "Whoever receives one such child in my name receives me; but whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened round his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea. "Woe to the world for temptations to sin! For it is necessary that temptations come, but woe to the man by whom the temptation comes! And if your hand or your foot causes you to sin, cut it off and throw it away; it is better for you to enter life maimed or lame than with two hands or two feet to be thrown into the eternal fire. And if your eye causes you to sin, pluck it out and throw it away; it is better for you to enter life with one eye than with two eyes to be thrown into the hell of fire. "See that you do not despise one of these **little ones**; for I tell you that in heaven their angels always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven. What do you think? If a man has a hundred sheep, and one of them has gone astray, does he not leave the ninety-nine on the mountains and go in search of the one that went astray? And if he finds it, truly, I say to you, he rejoices over it more than over the ninety-nine that never went astray. **So it is not the will of my Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.**

September 30, 1979 5:56 a.m.

N: What is **the parable of the child that would not learn?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Such changes as this will not be good for us. Keep the same format and you will not begin a cycle of changes which you are apt to do.

The Parable Of The Child That Would Not Learn

A little one stood on the railway tracks and wondered to himself just what was he to do. Here alone he was so far away from home. He could just cry and cry and cry, but no help came into view. Such tears streamed down his face as he lamented within of a fate he was so sure he had no hand in. Wasn't Mom being just a little rude to suggest he had taken that silver piece upon the dresser! It was not he and that was for sure—and we all know, that such a little one as he, has rightful dignity in running away from home. But the cold wind blows upon his little blue sweater and within him a voice says, **“Go home! Your Mum waits for you. Do not be long for the night comes and it is colder yet.”**

Look where he says, **“I ... I really want to, but I just can't! Dad will be angry with me and that is something no little boy can stand. And who knows, he might just take my pants down and of that you must surely understand the consequence.”**

Dear me on the lone prairie where the trains go by and I try to hide. Where are all my friends who like to play so much at home? Left me they did. But I guess I shouldn't expect them to be way out here too. What's that sound in the forest there? Fear! It surrounds poor little me and my quaking is doubled in my boots.

“Why did I ever leave that home so dear in the warmth of Mom's bosom?” Would she ever take me back after I've hurt her so. **“Mom! I'm sorry!”** But she cannot hear me way out here in this wilderness so remote. Why I bet I walked an hour just to get here from our place.”

So homeward bound our little friend went with his tail between his legs and his head bowed low as humility would have it. Such hunger as this and in just one short hour— where's home?

Mom came running up the field to smother the little guy in kisses and hugs and soft rebukes— for the actions of the young are soon forgotten when the lost lamb returns to the fold.

And so it is with you my friend if you are lost and in need of return to the Holy Mother— the Holy Spirit within, who would have you within Her bosom and in her outstretched arms find peace. Where would you be?— in the coldness of aloneness or in the warmth of Love eternal.

Each of us decides for himself where our footsteps fall and where they do not and in this we're given only what we give to others. So with open heart give to all and they will give to thee. For does not the child give openly of love to the Mother and the Mother to the son?

May the happiness of the morning be yours with your Mother by your side.

September 30, 1979 11:08 p.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the squash?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Your concern over your weakness will not help you to become realized in God for it is written that we should glorify the temple of the Lord. As you sow, so shall you reap. Beware of self-indulgence.

The Parable Of The Squash

In the land of Kana there lived a gardener who felt his was to be the biggest bounty of them all. And so he planted his garden squash on hill after hill after hill. But he planted them only two feet from the next, and as you know this is too short a distance for the long arms of the squash.

And so the season came for growing and those plants did grow and grow and grow. They grew so far they entangled each other's hill— round and round they swirled. **“Ouch!”** cried the one, and **“Move over!”** cried the other. **“And just who do you think you are pushing? You low born Butternut!”**

“Low born! Why you old Hubbard, who do you think you are! You're so fat and plump for the world to see!”

“Oh, stop it you vicious squash. Can't you see that I, the slender, prolific Zucchini, can settle these dire straights out? For who is blessed with more intelligence than me?”

“Me, that's who!” the Pepper squash cried out. “Me, the most popular of them all has the right to get this tangle straight for all will listen to me. Now who moved in first and who moved in last?”

“It's no use!” cried one and all. **“We are doomed!”** For if we knew at first what we know now, surely no one would have grown us here at all for we are peaceful squash and not like those arrogant Sunflower plants who raise their heads up to the sky and smile their pseudo smile that robs our sun's rays here below. And who would ever grovel like those lowly cucumber who so for many years have not ever left their place in the dirt— at least our tendrils lift us up on fences. Those lowly born cucumber! Look there how the radish grows so fast and is so tart if he gets no water! What a temperamental cuss he is for we are much less fuss than he.

But growing deep within each plant that day there was Life divine, and in that Life there was a breath each breathed that came not of themselves, but of the Creator who let their life speak out and be consumed for the **edification** of all entities. It is the same breath each live thing breathes. And so, the squash in happiness at last sigh in the cool frost of the winter's dawn, and peacefully give of themselves to feed the higher entities to whom God has given them. And in that stomach chamber all plants were made equal except for the noisier one of each tribe whose bitter taste earned them the right to be thrust back into the **compost** pile to mellow with the dew. And there was woe, weeping and the gnashing of plants in that compost pile, but no one heard them anymore and no could save them until a new dawn set in the spring morn.

May the happiness of the afternoon's work bring you peace in sleep.

edification: the moral strengthening

compost: decomposed vegetable matter

October 1, 1979 7:04 a.m.

N: Would you tell **the parable of the bathtub** please?

Soul: Hello Doug! Here we are in the festive Canadian fall season in which decorative colours lighten up our lives. The maple tree is such a beautiful tree!

The Parable Of The Bathtub

In a lonely little shack there was the loneliest tub in the world. It cried aloud, **“Where, oh where shall I ever get someone to use me? Poor Tubby me”**

Weeping and crying had almost filled the tub with tears until there, through the forest on a brightly lit fall day, came two of God's infants hard fast at play.

Skipping and jumping, running and leaping in the autumn coloured maple leaves. What beauties these, the children of the Lord. For in them there was no stain, no hankering but the will of Nature. They saw through perfect eyes the Lord in all they did and so their hearts sang as one in the firmament of heaven here on earth.

They sang and whistled and called to nature by names made up, for anyone knows it is in the calling not the name that nature answers.

What lively spirits these two. But what a mess! They are so full of dirt from their tumbling and pursuit of God's domain. **“Why Mum will be furious with us when we get back!”** they aired. **“What are we to do? And don't even mention Dad! He said that our behinds will be good and warm if we come in as yesterday from these woods. What are we to do?”**

And there in the clearing in a quiet moment they saw the lonely little shanty in the lonely little woods. Curiosity got the better of their roving fun-filled minds; and there they go flitting and humming over the mossy eider of the dewy morn—prancing through the sun's bright rays they had come to love so well in lighting up their way.

Bursting through the shanty's door they spied the little tub all filled by now with warm tears of sadness turned to joy—what with two such little ones as these, these little otters of the human race who longed to play and frisk. Tubby's tear-made ringlets disappeared into happy droplets of the years to come and the moments of joy which now surrounded these two babes divine.

What glee these two little play friends have in splashing each other as nude as the day was born. These two who laugh and giggle and care not what lack of clothes they wear. For who is to teach them shame is not yet among them. Only man knows shame in his later years by egos who would tell him his body needs a cover. Who but the very young can say that there is beauty in the moment and so splish and splash in the bosom of the Father's power just enjoying that creation given as alms to each one of us.

And so dear readers enjoy this creation in the Love of God made manifest here and now. For who so loved the world gave Christ to Light the way in each of us; and ego conquered is the means to share in His redemption.

May happiness of the morning sun's rays beam forth and light the rays of your inner vision.

alms: a compassionate gift to the poor

October 2, 1979 6:55 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of Daffy The Cat**?

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you have decided to change to a parables format. This is good and may be a focus in church services and meetings to bring a less heavy feeling to your readership. The spiritual message will get through to your public and you will find the greater enjoyment in flowing with them rather than 'bucking' them. Just as Gibran had followers of many denominations, you too will have many denominations follow if such a book is produced. There are many such formats that can be successful. It is the message within them that will sell the book and this is what you need to present to the public. You will affect more people with a sugar cube than with a sour apple.

The Parable Of Daffy The Cat

Once in an ancient Himalayan mountain a monk lived all alone in the most remote and barren cave on a forsaken hillside. There, few if any bothered to stray for such living was the most sparse and difficult in all the world. Sam, our monk so named, wanted a friend so badly that he would at times hallucinate while viewing the walls so bare in his meditational trance. **“A friend,”** he thought, **“need not be human!”** — the brilliant flash occurred to him. And so he dashed to his catalogue and ordered one Siamese pussy cat to go.

Soon there came the muffled throb of a single engine propeller and from out of the blue sky a small parachute opened, and from out of God's great bounty came Daffy the Siamese kitty cat!

In gentle hands he caught her err she struck the ground and so it was with these two. They were of God's chosen couples in that chosen forlorn cave on that forlorn hillside in those forlorn Himalayan mountains. From the very beginning they were the most unlikely couple that ever grew together.

He danced with her, and she meowed back as if to say, **“You do the jig quite well sir!”** He scampered with her and she would tease him so as if her thoughts were, **”You can't catch me you old toad!”** And off they'd go with the wind in swirls of merriment so pure.

Now what is the moral of this happy tale of 'tail and toad'? If you want happiness, look not to your furnishings, not to your food or clothes, not to comforts of any kind or description, but rather look to your inner Soul and therein find the answers to those things you need most. For in this world, happiness is a thing that comes from within and not from without.

Remember Sam and Daffy who for civil folks seem weird, but in their world their happiness abounds before the throne of God who would have each of us find Him within in similar but different ways. In this world we live, but of this world we're not. And never forget this simple fact my friend when you are losing all you ever had. **“There is always a golden nugget that God gives each one of us within to dwell upon and use.”**

You see, the secret is really in the art of having someone outside self to give to!

May the happiness of giving fill your day.

October 3, 1979 7:27 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the most difficult class in the world to teach?**

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you bending a bit this morning and would hope that you take extra precautions this morning to take time in giving very simplistic, but specific short assignments for today as some of them will be 'up' as well as you. Plan well and save this negativism which may otherwise start.

The Parable Of The Most Difficult Class In The World To Teach

Turkey school never was the easiest place to be for in those pens there were the biggest holes in the walls, and in the winter the wind would blow and lights would fail. All about, the turklets would holler with their gobbler, **“It's cold here in these old pens, can't the Board Of Turkeys see or have they no feelings for us way out here?”**

Head Turkey of the board said, **“We've given all we can this year!”** and yet he had a bright new pen with wind and snow and hail shields all around himself.

And the class head turkey said, **“Why you should have been here in my day when we had no pens at all and had to forage for ourselves in woods where fox and wolverines could stalk— talk of declining enrolments!”**

“Wow! Wow!” Said all the little turklets scampering about to hear this message of days gone by and of circumstances they had naught to do with in their conception stage.

Look how they scamper in the grooves their forefathers made for them in the mud below., And fun— why when a rain storm came they were quite uncontrollable you see. Poor teacher! Who could control two hundred turklets floating down the rivulets all about— and they look all the same you know. There's no race or creed or colour here, no sir, not here!

“But much to our credit sir, we here are of the chicken feed crew, the clover crew and the corn crew— we know how to feed in turkey school..”

“Discipline! Where is it?” cries the head master turkey. And immediately the class head turkey screams and screams in the wallow of the mud for all about to see and laugh for those about are having fun in the good Lord's bounty that is so much fun to play in. **“Order!”** she cries **“Or we'll never be able to feed you properly and you know what that means— no food for the whole day!”**

Now if you are young turklet, you realize things have gone a bit too far, for there is nothing better you like than to put on the feed bag and have that horrible, boring diet, bad as it is without any variation. **“How can they expect us not to play in the rain when all within us is sparkling new and would learn to play and frolic in whatever God sends our way no matter how simple is our game.”**

“Let those old buzzards call for a little while before we bend our heads and look repentant.” Look out little one! The teacher almost swat the turklet in the web of its foot.

“What discipline breaches she would make in the seat of our breeches! It's not easy to learn here in the mud. Help!”

May the mud of the day not stay on your fingers.

October 4, 1979 7:25 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the heart.**

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you almost didn't allow yourself to listen to our advice to come down in the morning and begin to type. Come in your shorts if necessary, but come right after your shower when your mind is fresh and awakened.

The Parable Of The Heart

On the fifty-first story of a modern day apartment dwelling, there lived a tiny little girl who never ever had a chance to get out and see the light of day. Her Mom just never had a chance to take her— what with this bazaar and that bake sale and that charity. The poor little girl had no chance to find little girl friends to play with. In her mind she thought, **“If only I could find a friend then what joy there would be in me for all to see— but there is no one to see at all!”**

So in the depths of her despair she turned inward to her very inner Soul and listened with her thumb on wrist just to see what she could find. **“There! There! Listen to that!”** she cried, **“Someone's beating of a heart— why, it's mine! A Friend within me keeps me going for never did I ever think of this heart kept going. Somewhere, someone keeps it growing and lets it beat just for me,”** she mused in the silence of her tiny room in the tower called a low rental in the sky.

“Who so keeps me going must be my Friend, and in them there is my hope, and faith, and love for look how many years they've done so without my ever knowing it!” What bliss in discovering this Friend within for in her heart she badly needed this playmate keeper of her growth.

Loneliness seemed to evaporate and in its place there came a small inner voice some call the voice of conscience, some call the inner Christ Consciousness. Soon her material life began ever so slowly to be replaced with the love of all mankind and the love of God which she now found enveloped all reality. She found hers was a part of All That Is; and in this new knowledge she never found herself alone, and never found herself without something to do. Instead, her heart sang with the song of life and the joy of knowing so many things which were just never known to the elitist geniuses of her day.

She found the love of God was in her heart and in all things around. In this esoteric knowledge she grew and grew and grew. As those about met her, they became envious of her happiness which gleamed from the radiance of her smile and they asked, **“Is this not the little girl of yore who sat so alone on the fifty-first floor and brooded? She looks so fresh, alive and happy!”**

Our girl now full-blown lived to have a dozen children on a quiet little street and to each of these in her hectic day she taught the lessons of the heart. In this happiness there was love— a love of life both inward and outward so all could see there is something very special in God's heart for you and me for evermore.

May the happiness of the day be yours in your heartfelt love of children.

October 5, 1979 6:33 a.m.

N: What is **the parable of the delivery truck**?

Soul: Hello Doug! How are you on this wet morning? Hopefully your basement will not flood again. This is something to think about. We do not think it will, but you should order your plumber friend to install what you call a flip valve on your sewer line before too long.

The Parable Of The Delivery Truck

In a remote African jungle, there was a tribe of Hulu natives who had no means of communications with the outside world. They had but drums and whenever they wished to talk to their distant tribe friends they would beat upon their drums in a succession across the African terrain.

Now the head Hulu would scream and scream at the head drummer if he did not get that first message just right for he knew that if you wanted to get a job right you had to do it yourself, except a fellow does get old and in doing so he needs a successor who will get the messages out to the people right on time and in the most precise manner possible.

This went on and on, one chief after another passed on the secrets of the drums from one generation to another until one day there upon the horizon came the brightest object they had seen for a long, long time.

What excitement ran throughout the village as the brightness came closer and closer; it was the rainy season and surely no vehicle could ever make it through in this the twenty-first century of our Lord.

But lo, there was a vehicle— a strange looking one with great high wheels and a tiny little man sitting upon the seat of power with a steering wheel in his hands. What a sight for these sore eyes way out here in the tropical jungle! Who could believe that such a one as this could navigate around vipers and crocodiles and lions of the forest-green so dense.

It honks its horn for all to hear across the way. **“He's in trouble!”** Out of our huts we stream to greet this weary traveller and to help him from the deepened muck of the forest green. With our spears we flatten his tire so naive are we to think that prodding the machine will goad it out of the dense underbrush.

With a mighty roar the machine shifts into low gear, revs up, and changes to six wheel drive and by some miraculous measure seems to crawl and claw its way to the village where its tire can be repaired with a magical little kit on the side of the machine.

Now the little man sits among us and says , **“He who would believe that this machine and I have come a long way to bring this message of peace to you for good reason stand up right now!”**

And everyone looked about and laughed their silly heads off for this missionary zeal was for naught; we'd been saved long ago by the still small voice from within we came to know as the voice of the Great Spirit manifest in us to enable us to live here in the jungle so deep. And as for our small friend, we asked him if he wouldn't mind using his magnificent machine for running messages between villages and he mused, **“Why not!”**

May the happiness of the morning be yours in the beating of each heart.

October 7, 1979 8:23 a.m.

N: What is **the parable of the girl watcher**?

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you up for a long day of study, but you have broken your fast. It takes a very conscious effort to keep one. This weekend seems to be a disruption in your routine within the trip to Ottawa and all. This is why a routine can be both good and bad. Try to keep your good intentions in the foreground and this will bring you through each day without missing those elements which you feel sorry in missing later.

The Parable Of The Girl Watcher

In the deepest, most wild section of the Dazzy shopping plaza came the cry of the disgruntled male shopper. **“Where did all these beautiful women come from?”** His mind raced and much to his dismay the line of beautiful bebies kept coming it would seem on an endless stream of **Venusian** origin.

“What is a weak fellow to do in such dire consequences!” he muttered to himself— all perplexed and ready to give in to lustful thoughts. When in the restaurant a comely maiden perchanced to see his plight and said, **“Whaddiya want taday Mista, I’m busy!”** Well, with these heartfelt words he asked for a cup of hot coffee while watching over the food-filled menu. But lo, there came not coffee and in chagrin out the door he trod to find his fate among the natives of Venusia.

Legs all tired he trod at last to the bench in the island of delights there in the middle of the shopping mall where he knew the maidens tall and sleek, short and cute would perchance to stroll from left to right while meandering in every direction in the most delightful of sceneries. Unknown to them, this one who sits there all aglow with his thoughts who if he had listened to the Christ within would have heard another message from his Soul. **“He who lusts in his heart is an adulterer! Beware of your intentions all you Souls.”**

Our friend, who could hear this message in the still small voice of his Soul, cried, **“Whatever am I doing here? It must stop!”** But once a habit is started its hard to break and many times that day our friend committed adultery in the intentions of his heart. He had no one he could cast a **stone** at, no one he could blame who was more base than he, for in his heart he was most base of all. For in the law of life it says, **“That which you give, will be returned to thee.”**

Fear itself could not stop this friend of ours and so the Spirit filled his life with those who would have naught to do with him but take advantage of his handsome physique until one day he cried out, **“Enough! Enough! I’ve had enough of all these who would use me a base, mindless beast with no Soul and character.”**

And so the Spirit within him said, **“My child, you are now ready to love in others that which God intended; the God of gold within another shall be in your eye as the rainbow sets upon the shoreline.”** And in his heart his world now shined with loving thoughts for all about— especially those ladies he loved to playfully tease and see each as a mother.

May the happiness of the day be in your childlike eyes.

Venusian: attractive females whose origin was the Goddess of love
lusts: **Matthew 5:28** Jesus: “But I tell you that anyone who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart.”
stone: **Luke 18:11-14** Jesus: “The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, 'God, I thank thee that I am not like other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even like this tax collector. I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all that I get.' But the tax collector, standing far off, would not even lift up his eyes to heaven, but beat his breast, saying, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one who exalts himself will be humbled, but he who humbles himself will be exalted.”

October 8, 1979 7:46 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the story of the grass cutter?**

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you hard at the business of teaching and it is good to lose yourself in the pursuit of doing good for your tribe as you call them. Remember that you go to a soccer game tomorrow and will need a supply teacher.

The Parable Of The Grass Catcher

In a moment of weakness the lazy householder said to himself, **“Well if I must, then I’ll cut the grass even though there is no one to talk to and no one to share my thoughts with.”**

Poor man this one, for he felt very sorry for himself and in his heart he thought himself alone in keeping up the hectic pace from day to day.

So our friend went to find the exercise he needed for he was getting fat with sitting so much and reading so as he did. With many a pull on the green monster machine they call a lawn mower it roared into being and began its lonely trek across the landscape large. What a sight this one was for his neighbours to see— all green from head to toe in a jogging suit no less. Why he looked like a large green frog in pyjamas who all might snicker at.

But in the hearts of the young there is but puzzlement when one goes out to work and the good Lord gives each one this gift to share with all who would have the wisdom to know it’s value.

There over the hill the little ones came to stare and question so filled with curiosity they were in seeing such a sight as this green one behind his green machine.

Well that wise, old, green grass cutter knew that to catch the heart of these, one only need include them in the fun, as fun it was to catch the leaves with your own bag and to see if your friend would help you fill it too.

So this merry crew spent the hours playing at grass cutting and took turns at pied piper over the hills and dales of the yard. What fun for all to see— especially the ducks by the pond, who viewing, must have wished that they too might snatch a loose paper and become the new pied piper leader.

And who could say that this man was not blessed this Thanksgiving Day. For who could not see the keen joy in those eyes so young that shared with him a steaming hot cup of chocolate to keep all cool hands warm and tummies too. To boot, upside down tickles on the hill to end this festive day— what a blessing these little ones who came to fill one another’s day in the clicking cups to the greater glory of God! For on the count of three, they all shouted, **“Yea God!”** And if you were God, would you not smile in the love of the bounty you had given to hearts as glad as these?

May the happiness of the day be in the eyes and love of these little ones.

October 10, 1979 7:09 a.m.

N: Would you please tell **the parable of the radiator**?

Soul: Hello Doug! It is a fine, frosty Ontario morning is it not! Yes, we can answer other more serious questions which you might use in the synagogues and parishes about you. But such questions as the one above will be a blessing to God's little ones and, as you have already determined, it will be great fun and enjoyment for you as well.

The Parable Of The Radiator

Once upon a time in a remote jungle there was a Hulu chief who wished to give heat to his clan in the off season for it was only 40 degrees Celsius in the shade and this was a temperature far lower than they wished to stand in this equatorial land.

Well, he searched and searched for someone whose heat dance could stir up the ethers well enough to make that temperature rise, but unfortunately no one could do it at all.

And he thought, **“Whatever am I to do here in this forest jungle if I ask and it doesn't happen?** For anyone knows that the chief must get what has been asked of the tribe or someone must pay the price.”

The tribesmen all quivered and plotted to see what they could do to raise the price of the reward. For the one whose wisdom could turn the trick would save someone's thick neck.

So over the drum beats and with their new delivery truck the message was sent to all the neighbouring tribes. Those far away learned that the Hulus were in big trouble if someone did not come and save them from the wrath that was surely to follow if failure raised its gloomy head and the finger of guilt was cast at any one of them— medicine man, one and all.

Well this potentially catastrophic story has to have a hero so out of the blue there appeared Sam the Heater Man who, as you all know, knew how to make electricity out of the rain storms of the tropical jungle, and with this rainfall soon began to have much electricity for the entire tribal Hulu nation.

Everyone was happy, but the wise yet skeptical chief was ever quick to yell, **“What is this magical power, electricity, all about Sam The Heater Man? For if it is some kind of trick, you will suffer on the anthills of the red termite tribe”**

Sam began to quiver in his boots and quickly turned this electricity into heat with the use of his electric baseboard conveniently delivered airmail by his friendly overseas store. And what a sight it was to see all the natives warm their feet in the fifty-five Celsius heat!

Now the moral of this story is plain for all to see. **“For in the inner mind of God is present the greatest Light and warmth and heat that man could ever want. It is there, in the still quiet of the heart, where one can warm one's soul in all that's holy and save man from his own self which tells him it is cold when it is not!”**

May the happiness of this frosty morning be yours to share in the warmth of mutual love in your classroom.

October 11, 1979

N: Would you please tell **the parable of the fire engine**?

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you up bright and early on this fine fall morning. It is well, but you will be tired today and it is wise to have several teaching aces up your sleeve. Your creative writing assignments are a good thing in such instances.

The Parable Of The Fire Engine

In a small village there once lived a little dog who wanted to help people very badly. She was a good little puppy who never barked too loudly around the supper table, who didn't bite at anyone's heels and who didn't knock down any little people— unless of course they wanted to rough and play.

She was a smart looking little pup whose bright, black eyes shone out for all to see her keen intellect. And her white and black spotted body was slim and ready for running. But she just wasn't very happy at all with the life that she was leading.

Oh yes, there was Mary the little girl she loved so much who took care of her and brought her little vittles and combed her hair and cleaned up after her when needed.

As time went by, our little pup grew up and what a fine, sleek dog she turned out to be— strong and sharp of wit! Still, in her life she found there was a void to fill and that was 'in helping others'. It was her main goal in life— a goal she needed as much as being loved by her beloved Mary.

What do you think our heroine might do next? Well, Scamp, for that was her name, began to roam all around. And, as you well know of little ones, she at a youthful age was a mighty restless little critter-girl. She looked high and low for the way to help folks. Only to her closest friends did she listen, but listen as she may, the only sound she made was a small whimper. For in her heart she still was unsatisfied.

Until one day she sat down by a lonely railway track which to her seemed to lead nowhere and cried and cried and cried. It was the saddest moment in her young life. And in that moment she wailed so much that she could wail no more. And quietly she sat down to wait for her heart to break in two.

In this quiet moment, Scamp's heart began to speak to her for she was ready to accept any kind of help at all. Her mind was open to her inner voice which told her of a little red station just down the track from home.

Well, in her despair, she could do nothing but follow this quiet advice given to her so wisely in her moment of need. There at the station was a great big fire truck which she just knew was for her. She bounded to the fire truck's side and pictured just how she would help all the firemen put out fires. At last she sighed, she could finally help all the people that she loved so much. And that is why my reader friends, if you ever see pictures of a dog on a fire truck, it's always a sparky, sleek-white, black-spotted lady Scamp who at long last looks happy.

May the morning bring you happiness throughout the spots of the day.

October 15, 1979. Monday 10:30 p.m.

N: Would you tell me **the parable of the children** please.

Soul: Yes.

The Parable Of The Children

In a far off country there was a magi who was very lonely. He wanted to have children so badly and couldn't have any at all. Try as he might with all might he could not have had them for he was barren. He shouted to the four corners of the globe that his wisdom he would trade for all the children he could love there in his cave so barren and forlorn.

But there came a Light unto him which said in the innermost ear, **“Why do you grieve so, when you have the most precious of all gifts that is the wisdom of the ages at your beck and call?”**

So he thought it over and he decided to ask just what he had to do to get himself out of such moods as these so he could be once more the kindly, joyous person that he wanted to be. That little voice said so cleverly within him, **“Why do you fret, you of little faith? Have we not agreed that your treasure chest will be in heaven and not among the things here upon this earth?”**

And the magi listened so patiently and said to himself, **“Oh yes, now I remember the bargain,”** that he had made in the wee hours of the morning— that he would follow the will of God as surely as surely could be, and to give up these children was the price he had to pay. This was his cross and no one said it was going to be easy for this is what a cross is all about. Right?

The magi thought and thought and to himself said, **“Well I never thought it was going to cost this much— I hurt!”** And in his heart he was sorely wounded with the loss of the children he would have loved so dearly.

His inner voice said to him, **“It is entirely up to you which path you choose, but the one you are on leads to the Father's will and your current hopes for having scores of children is just not spiritually good for you or the young ladies to be consorted.”**

The message slowly sank in to his rather thick and reluctant brain that this was the end of his lamentation and rather it was time to pray and pray and pray for all those about whom he could help with those prayers in the name of Christ Jesus who would have us ask and so have Him answer all that we would have from Him.

Jesus is the Lord who is the one through whom we must go to discover the means to paradise and the means to Love Eternal.

Who would you love more— the Godhead who cares for all mankind or a part of mankind already taken care of by God? What makes you think that God cannot take care of his own children and grow them quite well without you?

“It is in the power, love and wisdom of the Creator that we all live and have our future. Give unto God that which is God's and unto man that which is man's.”

May happiness of your sleep in God find you well rested in the morning.

November 12, 1979. 6:00 p.m.

N: Please tell **the parable of the kitten**.

Soul: Yes, it certainly is a long time since we have been more consistent in these readings, but it is good that we continue on a light note, but do try to tell a serious message.

The Parable Of The Kitten

Once on a ridge upon a hill in a rocky terrain there lived an old cat named Fluffy who was a fierce critter who knew that to survive you had to know all the ins and outs of the terrain. Well she thought to herself one day, **“Why doesn’t someone tell me what is about to happen instead of always making me find my own way?”**

Whereupon a giant bird swooped down and took Fluffy up into the air and carried her shrieking away towards it’s nest high up on the self-same mountain where only such large birds of prey could fly. There upon the nest sat three little birds of prey who were as hungry as could be. And now what was Fluffy to do!

As the giant bird of prey neared its nest of starving infants, there came a swooshing sound and in that instant there was a fright flowing through every bone and bit of marrow of that big bird of prey— enough for its grip to loosen.

The canyon floor rushed up to meet Fluffy who was now almost beside herself as to what she was to do— for as we all know, no cat can fly as it is not in the repertoire of a cat to be flying at all!

However, beside her at the same rate of speed there was another cat much more majestic than Fluffy who looked not afraid at all— and why not for surely this one would meet the same crashing end as she herself!

Calmly and without a rush this new found friend-cat gracefully turned its paw ever so slowly and glided under Fluffy just enough to break her descent of fall and to bring her to a soft landing on the canyon floor far, far below. And who do you think sent this charming and talented flying pussy cat that knew how to fly and save these so called real cats in our world?

Why it was Jesus The Cat who had risen from the dead and had shown men how if they would only follow his footsteps in life then they too could have an immortal future with God the Father in heaven.

Now Fluffy knew of who this Jesus The Cat was and turned to thank him so very, very much, but lo this precious friend had vanished into the air as he had come leaving her to wonder just how she would tell her friends about this stranger who was no stranger at all.

But in the end she sought the Spirit of the Lord’s advice and sought only to spread the precious word of this marvellous being who would have us love one another as he has loved us on this earthly plane. It is for us to remember that God’s will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

May the happiness of seeing some of your parents supersede your hidden pleasure to become of importance to your fellow colleagues in their professional evaluations.

August 2, 1982. 6:34 p.m.

N: Would you tell me **the parable of the lupin plant**?

Soul: Hello Doug! Well here we are again to try once more to get this parable just the way you might like it.

The Parable Of The Lupin Plant

Once there was an impatient gardener who try as try he may, could not in spring find the plants he had planted. Then one year the bright idea occurred to him, **“I’ll plant them all in rows and in the spring will plant them where I may.”** So our enlightened gardener did and much to his glee found that his crop of lupins was more (L) than he had hoped for.

But in the fall he was moping around and did not know what to do with himself. **“My lupins have all but disappeared from view. What with their heads heavy with seeds— Seeds! Me, oh my, I’ve forgotten the fall harvest!”**

So out our friend went to collect from God’s plenty. Alas! The rain clouds chased him back into the house with many a thunder clap and lightning threatening his timid spirit. Later, after hot tea, he once again ventured out to see if the plenty of the Lord was there where they should be. And there hanging heavy on the stalks appeared close held in pod upon pod — seeds! With glee he plucked them in a great bowl for later he would find their hiding places within those dried up calyx. In his kitchen now he opened each small pod to find there five, there six, and there three seeds from the plenty of God’s storehouse. If we but seek within that which seems as dead, each seed contains the pattern and frequency for all its future relatives through the coming years. The weak ones won’t grow, but the strong ones will. And in this truth of life you can bet our gardener will find his happiness multiplied in the bounty of the Lord.

But (L) wait my friend, did we say this tale of plenty is done? Oh no! For in each seed there is the spirit of the frequency of IT who sets all things to grow. For who can tell the seed to grow when placed in the fertile soil? Who?— Not you and not me, but the great Grower in the soil; ‘tis He who would grow thee and thee and thee whose death is likened unto this lupin seed. And my friends do you see the message in this tale for thee?

Have faith in death for all can see beneath the clouds above that there is but a rainbow keeping thee from the bounty of your after life with cousin Mum and Dad and saint who like the lupin await for thee to come out of your pod to fertile Love above.

In this truth you were born and in this truth you shall be **born again** until once more you become as one with IT the GROWER.

May the happiness of your day be in the seeds you count to grow once more.

(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this ‘moment’

born again: John 3:1-7 “There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, **Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.** Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother’s womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, **Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.** Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again” (John 3:1-7).

August 6, 1982. 2:13 p.m.

N: Would you tell me **the parable of the rainbow?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Once again we find you hard at work in the school of life soaking up sun rays outside and feeding your grass plants which you have aided in their green nature with 20-20-20.

The Parable Of The Rainbow

Well let's see where shall we begin for everyone knows every rainbow has two beginnings.

First, the little girl said, **"Perhaps I'll skip and hop today for all my friends are at the beach or swimming in their pool or flooding wading pools. Flooding! That's the key!"**

And so Tina, for that was her name, went skipping over to the hose which she had, as a tiny sprout, sprinkled all her friends so dear.

But who to spray? **"Everyone's gone from me today, of dear!"**

"Hey, what about us Tina?" She heard so clear from all around her.

"Where are you?" She called, impatient to see who had such a multitude of tiny clustered voices as though they all sang in God's choir.

Whatever do they mean, **"Look down here?" "Where?"**

"Here!" All the grass blades compressed together bellowed one for all and all for one in their best scream voice.

"Ah ha!" exclaimed Tina who by now knew who this collection of motley choir members all dressed in green were.

"So there you are and what do you wish from me?"

"Well, you said that you were lonely and we are thirsty, so do you think you might play your sprinkling game with us today?"

"Why of course!" She replied, and the sun came out just overhead and to the rear, casting her shadow just in front of her. And together the three of them played and played. But there in the shadow what was that?

"Where," cried Tina **"is that colour coming from?" "And there!" "Why there it is again!"**

"Why 'tis a rainbow come to play with us three, the sun, the grass and me!"

Look how the water drops play in the light spray and cast a rainbow about the grass in an arched shape of my tummy! And you know I think that shape is from my eyes that spied my friend Sam, who came by and said he could see his rainbow beside mine. And (L) his was not in the same place as mine!

Tina and Sam, since innocent children they be, played several experiments together and soon all knew no loneliness in their dance of sun and rainbow and grass. For who could not see that happiness is in the game's twinkling eyes— no matter what their age!

May the happiness of the day be found at the beginning of your rainbow.

(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this 'moment'

August 18, 1982. 8:53 a.m.

N: What is **the parable of the keys**?

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you ready to do a double session today after using your Dream Prayer effectively last night before sleep and upon awakening this morning. This serves to direct the subconscious mind to do the bidding of the conscious mind.

The Parable Of The Keys

Let's see, where shall we start on such an embarrassing story!

Once there was a young man who thought himself a savant without parallel. He did all of his meditations, his dieting and his fasting as he should. There came a time when he became very tired. And so our self-made hero took it upon himself to go to the new shopping plaza with his two children who he loved so dearly.

There in the midst of the electrical games he spotted his favourite pastime—Galaxian! And look how they have made it more challenging with those curving rockets, and those new patterns of enemy ships all to be blown up at the will and skill of one so enlightened as he. Where could one ever go that would outshine this place of merriment, music and mirrors!

Well to the task at hand. Let's see how to start this new found game built to tease you and me. Aha, it's simple! That slot swallows our quarters, and son and Dad get to it. But oh yes, these car keys have no pocket to go in these macho runner shorts of mine. And so I'll put them in the waistband tucked away all safe from harms way.

And so it went with my striving to beat that unbeatable opponent of mine, my son, and that daughter of mine who loves to play that other mind boggler, Ms. Pac Man.

As perchanced, my mind wandered, in between turns of course, to ask, **“Where are those car keys?”** But lo, they had disappeared upon the ethers—no doubt by one of these short, curly headed ones who all know in city papers have no merit if they frequent such low establishments, except for us of course.

“Sound the alarm! Make an announcement over the whole plaza! Send in the security forces and find those precious keys! For who knows, I might have to walk home on these flabby knees which have to carry such a blossoming weight for at least two miles!”

And everyone raced at my beck and call and really I felt quite justified (**L**) in my self-determined anger at this forlorn establishment. And my behaviour really wasn't the behaviour of a calm savant at all, at all.

Such apologies were eventually to be made, dear readers, by this one for later he found those keys swinging gaily in the hammock of his jockeys there at home. And what pleased-remorse there was from such a one as this—red-faced for the world to see what happens to one who blames others before he has examined himself!

May the happiness of the day be in your self-examinations.

(**L**): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this 'moment'

August 24, 1982. 9:00 a.m.

N: Would you tell me **the parable of the Flying Friar**?

Soul: Hello Doug! We see you up and ready to soon embark upon another escapade with your children this morning. It seems that we are taking second place to these episodes, but in truth your life in that world is a balance for the life you relish in this world, is it not?

The Parable Of The Flying Friar

Once upon a time not so long ago, there was a holy friar who lived in England. He searched the land for the ultimate experience which would have him transcend this mortal flesh and send him on his way to the promised land.

He looked here and there on the heather, but could find no savant to feed him the heavenly manna that he desired so much. And in his wanderings he rounded a corner by a beautiful, quiet stream which flowed gently under a pagoda bridge. And there sitting upon its steps was the vision of a person who sat in radiant Light. The apparition's eyes sent fiery sparklets of warmth and love throughout his very being. And he said to himself, **“This must be the muse who will open my spiritual portals which I have longed for lo these many years!”**

Together they walked around the shimmering lake as though time stood still for one tremulous moment in eternity.

Many questions were asked and answered in that brief space of time, but our friar was not led to those pearly gates wherein his mind could at will open to the effulgent splendour of the Omnipotent One. For after all, this was his professed mission.

Alas, he sat down much later and became forlorn in his self reproachments. How could he be so hapless as to have had such a visitor and not to have asked ‘it’— for ‘it’ was neither male nor female in its divine Light— to give him the key to enlightenment.

And so our despondent friar went alone on a great trip across the Atlantic in a grand 707 whose flight did not a bit satisfy the great need he had to open those pearly gates so closed to him in his despair.

As he wandered over the hills and valleys of this great countryside, he happened upon a place called Wonderland where the mirth and mountains reached upwards to the sky. Herein he sought refuge from the threatening rain one morning just before noon.

But alas, his faith was as low as the downy dew back on his beloved English heathers. But there! What was that incredible sight! A sign no less with his namesake upon it— The Dragon Fryer. Well it was close enough, he said to himself to his namesake for he felt he had need of the fire of **purgement** on this day of sullenness.

What a roller coaster ride it was with a double loop which took his very breath away from him. At its peak, he saw the Light of his divine nature not upside down as was his body, but always right side up.

He knew in that one moment, that he had no right to search in the lives of others for his own **samadhi**, but within himself in the fire of his fryer, his own self which needed such a shock to turn him upside down and know that it is the Soul within that is his salvation in the **savoury** sights of this noon lit Light.

May happiness be yours in this ever-shining Light.

purgement: inner cleansing
samadhi: a spiritual state of consciousness resulting in complete union with ultimate reality
savoury: pleasantly wholesome

September 1, 1982. 6:47 a.m.

N: Would you tell us **the parable of The Timeless Pen?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Its Fall already and here we are once again to celebrate it. Your first pizza ‘from scratch’ last evening with your two children was a dandy— although we wonder amusingly about your claims that it was the ‘best ever’! And so to our parable.

The Parable Of The Timeless Pen

Once in a small hut there lived an old man who called himself Sri Yucco. Now Sri Yucco was a short-tempered old man whose’s brusque, straight forward ways put many of his **chelas** to flight. For as we all know, it is very hard to live with someone who is more than ready, willing and able to tell you the truth about your worldly attachments.

To him one day did come his chosen son by the name of Yogo. Now Yogo was a very devout and pure young man who loved his Master so. But every time he attached himself to some material thing, Sri Yucco would remonstrate him in his precise, rapier manner. Alas, poor Yogo! He didn’t know quite what to do with his Master for he loved him so and yet felt the barbs of his own making deep within his being.

Yogo was just a little bit lazy, for each morning Sri Yucco would awaken his beloved son in God with an abrupt push from his well worn blanket there on the earthen floor along the Ganges River.

“Up! Up! For we have no time to waste in deepest slumber this morning; the Ganges waits for no man! And who do you think will carry you on our walk this morning if you do not move more quickly?”

Beleaguered Yogo! He did want to please his Master so. But try as he may he could just never get up at such an hour. After all, it was just five a.m. and who in these eastern hemispheres would ever have to get up so early each day to see the sun rise over the placidly flowing waters of this holy river— ever flowing from the eider dews of hidden mountain recesses.

If only someone could help me! And at last he turned to the Omnipotent Provider for the solution to his problem. In deepest meditation he entered the state of consciousness which permitted him to see all the clocks that ever were to be in the great hall of inventions— in which was stored every device that man has or ever will make. At last this blessed spiritual shopper happened upon just the item there in God’s treasure chest. It was a pen, but no ordinary pen. For it also had inset upon its shaft an alarm clock which ran upon the timeless Light of God just as he did! What glee he felt as he said, **“Now could this pen not accompany me into the earthly plane— let’s see.”**

And so Yogo concentrated as hard as he could and really did bring back this prized pen to help him with his morning problem.

Next morning Sri Yucco came to roll Yogo off his blanket once more, but there was Yogo sitting up beaming his most radiant smile just for his Master. And between you and me, we know the tool of heavenly bliss he used this morning to wake timelessly evermore in those **(L)** spiritual realms deep within his being.

May you find happiness in your own timeless search at dawn in the heavenly realms of typist-writers.

chelas: student disciples of a spiritual Master

(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this ‘moment’

September 3, 1982. 4:26 a.m.

N: Would you tell me **the parable of the red hot pepper?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Up at the crack of dawn we see! Indeed, it is not as yet dawn as you so sleepily point out. Today we see another first in your request to have us tell a parable from the content of your dream last night. This is just fine and we will get right to it.

The Parable Of The Red Hot Pepper

Once not so long ago a lady planted a crop of peppers in her backyard. She loved to till the soil this one. Placing the soil just where she wanted it— almost lovingly cradling each shovel full of dirt in giving shape to her beloved garden.

Since it was late in the season and since she wanted an early crop, she planted fresh little red peppers in her plot just beside the fence. As time went by, weeds began to sprout up but our gardener quickly frisked them out. No spot would ruin the look of her newly sprouting plants for everyone to see. **“And those plants would never forgive me if I allowed those choker weeds to take control!”** she thought.

Mrs. Spade exclaimed, **“Someone’s been trampling in my pepper bed and I just won’t have it!”** She looked around to see who might be the culprit in this miniscule backyard where no young foot should trod without her permission. And there one day she saw as she peered through her window five of the most guilty suspects one ever did see.

“Why they pay no respect for my work at all! These little ‘brats’ who scamper through my newly named ‘burial plot’ for peppers! Ahoy there! Just who do you think you are to trample those poor plants beneath your feet?”

Ten bright eyes shone out at her in their ‘unbeknowing naïveté’, since in their hearts they knew that the soles of their feet should not be the demise of those unsuspecting pepper plants of their new neighbour. **“Oh well, there’s always next year to keep out of that mean old lady’s way!”** they murmured in forlorn hearts as they wended their way back to their own side of that constraining fence which no one ever asked them to erect in the first place.

Now Mrs. Spade, seeing their sad plight, felt sorry to have shouted so at these little ones who really were just playing in the firmament of God. And so she decided to make it right.

Late in the growing season she did gather the remaining hot red peppers and began to make the most elegant, the most succulent pizza that one could ever make. In it there was her favourite homemade spaghetti sauce, tender Dutch onions, mushrooms, tomatoes, olives and lots of mozzarella cheese— all on a super Italian hand-rolled pizza crust. What an international delicacy simmered in her wall-mounted gourmet oven.

Happily Mrs. Spade called these five little “pepper devils” of the spring to dine at her delicious pepper-pizza party.

Now the moral of our story is, **“Don’t be too hasty in condemning the actions of others with your pepper-hot temper, but if you do, there is always a way to make it up to those you might have had compassion for in the nature of their God-given ways.”**

May the happiness of the morning be yours in the rising sun.

September 4, 1982. 6:03 a.m.

N: Could you please tell me **the parable of the man who wouldn't quit?**

Soul: Hello Doug! It is with pleasure that we sit down once again in the 'wee' hours of the morning to do another session. Perhaps it is a good format to try and follow for future sessions as well.

The Parable Of The Man Who Wouldn't Quit

Once long ago there lived a sage who, though quick of wit and intellect, had a very frail and thin body. He worked as hard as he could for all about him, and soon became a reluctant leader of an ever-growing small band of people who needed his wise and prudent wisdom to conduct their lives. As he grew, he ever kept humble and fasted many, many times in a stark simplicity.

Often he would request of the Great Provider to help **his** people from the poverty of their situation. Who could know the benefit he was doing with that little band of beings who depended so much on him to bring them out of the source of their miseries.

Daily he prayed and daily he invoked the Holy One to intercede for his growing flock of followers who by now saw him as their personal Saviour in the wretched poverty of their country. Silently he asked for help to be the kind of leader who would never give in to political and economical pressures which might compromise his ideals of love, truth and wisdom for all people.

Within his heart he knew that there would come the inner wisdom to keep the vigil in his pursuit of fairness, justice and equality for all within the system he had devised—for now he had become a leader over a vast number of subjects who by love were attached to this magnificent Son of the One.

Indeed his kingdom was of the heart, although there surrounded him the greatest pressure to compromise his principles with money, food and apparel, To his credit he kept true to his spirituality given precepts which only the Law Giver could have given him to guide the affairs of men, women and children who now swarmed about him in great numbers.

And yet through all of this he remained as humble as the shepherd who knew that the binding force with the flock was one of mutual love cementing all relationships. Ever humble, he knew and published his weaknesses to the masses and yet **(L)** they knew that this honest, just man, who humbled himself before all men, would do his utmost on their behalf. And this he did year after year.

In the most frail of bodies, this short, dark man, who was unattached to possessions, brought spiritual form to a great land which gave him fealty and honoured him as an incarnation of the Great One living among them. Never desiring honour, praise, or position he ever remained the servant of all, and as the servant of the One Server, he was much blessed of all men of all ages. He was a man who other leaders looked up to as a God-fearing, God-loving and God-respecting man of no passion to make war among men.

This was a man whose pursuit of God never ended although his life did.

May the happiness of the morning be found in service to your students in humble God-pursuit.

his: Albert Einstein in tribute to Mahatma Gandhi once wrote, "Generations to come, it may be, will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon the face of the earth.



(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this 'moment'

September 5, 1982. 8:05 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the quiet one**?

Soul: Hello Doug! Once again we meet on a Labour Day weekend in which we discuss the things of God in your life. It is the **elucidation** of these events that may bring the spirit of adventure into the lives of your readership. And so we begin.

The Parable Of The Quiet One

Once not so long ago there lived two little girls who grew up together in the slums of a large **ghetto**. But in their lives there was a growing, glowing talent to embody the nature of their world in whatever way they could.

Kara was short and plump while Tracey was tall and winsome. Kara had curly brown hair while Tracey's was long and flowing blond hair; and Kara had the most outgoing, exuberant, vociferous nature whereas Tracey's was of a very meek and introverted sort who seldom spoke more words than was essential.

As you can imagine these two little ones loved to laugh and play together in the ruins of their **grotto**. There beyond the fallen brick wall was a beloved sand pile in which they loved to sit and conjure all sorts of vivid scenes to two beautiful fairy princesses who looked an awful lot like them. These two imaginary ones would have the prettiest clothes and only the finest of foods to eat. And all knew them in the kingdom about for they brought candy goodies to all the children who loved to see them ride on their pure white Arabian horses through each tiny village. Sand castles were their home all bedecked in the finest raiment fit for two such ones as these.

And it was said in the land that these two imaginary princesses could catch the sunbeams on their magic wands and paint the most beautiful pictures of all their subjects for only the price of loyalty and a merry smile.

Now Kara and Tracey grew up with these two fairy princesses who in their minds inspired the longing to bring the same kind of merriment and happiness into the lives of their often forlorn friends about them.

Not easy this, for in their hands were not magic wands, but only old used pencils found in piles of ashes in the streets below. Soon they were drawing the smiling faces of all their friends who marvelled at how their likenesses were being captured by these two little ones who had never had lessons— except from those two secret fairy princesses who had taught them all the rudiments of wand work in quite a different land.

But for their styles, how different they were these two— with Kara shouting at her loyal subjects to turn this way and that with ever a cheery smile; and Tracey, who gently moved her own head this way and that to capture this magic light ray and that subtle shadow cast by the divine rays from her own magic kingdom of keen inner sight.

But what of our moral do you say, well it is simply that the Quiet One may be as **deep** as the one who turns you this way and that.

May you find happiness in your own quiet meditations this morning.

elucidation: to make plainly clear
ghetto: rundown urban site
grotto: rock hollow
deep: profoundly competent

September 8, 1982. 10:37 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the vacuum cleaner?**

Soul: Hello Doug! It is well to see you meditate while chanting **OM** and focusing in your **Third Eye** upon your **chakras**. This will put you in a deep sense of peace and allow the yellow Light of God to come more quickly to you in these sessions.

The Parable Of The Vacuum Cleaner

Once a very short time ago there was an **ashram chela** named Bal who often would not do his share of the household vacuuming. He would much rather sit in meditation and seek the inner source of his being.

Often his fellow chelas would go to their master Sri Yon and complain that Bal would not do the menial tasks that he should for they too had need to search for the inner enlightenment of the Illuminated One.

Bal soon found himself in dutch with these others who cast scorn upon him in their dealings. But his need for knowledge and transcendence in the Source of his being was a much stronger lure to him than was their friendship. And so this went on for many days until he at last in total frustration asked if he might help out.

“Well,” they exclaimed, **“it’s about time you came to your senses and came back down to earth for your little room is full of dirt and we have no intention of leaning it for you. Here is the ancient Hooder vacuum machine of which you are a stranger. Use it on your room and then do the Common Room right after.”**

Bal sullenly took the machine and went up to his room where he plugged it in and began without a word of his sad (L) plight. For to do service one needs to simply do it without the exclamation of how well it is done or how magnificent (L) is the effort.

Then there happened a strange thing to Bal. The vacuum cleaner was making a steady humming sound like the buzzing of bees. And where had he heard this sound before? He knew at last! It was in his meditation trance that the sound of AUM came through his every cell vibrating the sound of Love.

And what a picture he did make as he vacuumed up his room in total bliss united with the Source of the One he had sought so diligently before in meditation— he was transformed.

Just then the other chelas silently snuck up the stairways to his room to have a laugh at Bal who they felt (L) sure would be grimly grumbling at his chore. But to their surprise as well as ours, young Bal was dancing merrily with the Hooder upon the floor. **“What’s this!”** they cried! **“How do you do chores with nary a grimace?”** they all inquired in one voice.

And our Bal rhymed back, **“My Source is One with All and I merely beckon to ITS call. This isn’t really work at all!”**

But his fellow chelas cheerily chimed, **“That’s great, let Bal do it all!”**

May the happiness of the day be found in doing your share of the household chores.

OM:	a mantra that leads to the awareness of the omnipotent, omnipresent source of all existence
Third Eye:	the third eye between and above the eyebrows, which perceives that which is spiritual in nature
chakras:	are energy points in the subtle body
ashram chela:	a student who lives in a meditation centre
(L):	the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this ‘moment’

September 9, 1982. 6:43 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the wise old man?**

Soul: Hello Doug! We are pleased to see you up on this first day back to school in the first term of your grade fives. They will be as excited as you are with their emotions high and filled with the awe of the new things about them. Be kind to them and shower them with love as we know you will.

The Parable Of The Wise Old Man

Once upon a time there lived an old man named Wizend who knew the secrets of nature. He lived in a remote hilly forest in which no foot of man had ever trod. The animals were his friends and they all were filled with the love he brought from God each time they came into his presence.

Well, one day a young sabre toothed tiger swaggered into Wizend's path. The old man knowing no fear noticed that the young tiger needed to learn a lesson from Nature and so he altered the consciousness of the sabre tooth in order to let him know the 'glory' that was his to share in this forest green.

As the sabre tooth sauntered mightily through the underbrush with head held high, he seldom deigned to look at the flowers growing (L) at his feet. When eerily there came the blended chorus of vegetation voices to his ears. **“Hold there! Who goes in our forest! How dare you come into our domain without giving us homage. Who goes?”**

Well, Regal, for that is what we will call him, stopped abruptly and sat upon his haunches in a most puzzled sort of way. He had never before had the forest speak to him thus— for wasn't he the king and all others to him paid tribute and not the other way around! **“It is me you shall pay homage to,”** he bellowed **“and come out from where you are hiding and fight like the sabre tooth that I am!”**

Now the forest green knew better than to meet this young upstart in his predetermined plan, for theirs was the power of Nature and theirs was the subtle way of letting others know who was supreme and who was not. The answer simply was, **“Pay homage to us or you will have a most uplifting experience!”**

Regal chortled there on the spot and to himself laughed for no one but he was going to provide the experience for others. **“I'll do the threatening here!”** said he in his most ferocious roar which echoed throughout the forest making it shake with the power of his voice.

“At least we warned you!” whispered the little ones of Nature. And slowly they did make Regal rise into the air in the most embarrassing of ways— upside down with tail to the ground no less.

“Roar! Let me down! You know it is not right for such a one as I to be lifted in this humiliating way. Let me down!”

And you know my friends, eventually they did— when that young Regal became a pussy cat who pleaded for his safety, did return to good old earth where his feet would respectfully trod with his head bowed down in his rightful place in fealty to Nature.

And so our moral is, **“Let no one seize the highest chair of honour lest they find themselves humbled by the subtle power of Mother Nature.”**

May you find happiness in the eyes of your little ones loving you.

(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this 'moment'

September 11, 1982. 6:22 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the forgetful one?**

Soul: Hello Doug! It will be our pleasure to transmit this ‘double-header’ for you on this day where you will want to get more food and stationery supplies for the continuance of this crusade in Christ Consciousness.

The Parable Of The Forgetful One

Once long ago there was a very old gentleman who lived the life of a hermit in a small shack in a remote land far, far away.

Seldom did he ever have the opportunity of seeing anyone for by some strange occurrence he had forgotten where he was. But this never distracted **(L)** him for he was constantly God-centered in his inner consciousness. He always stayed within **(L)** the inner Light of God which constantly gave him Love, Truth and Bliss— and who really could ask for a better Friend **(L)**.

Well, once there came to him the most beautiful young fawn from out of the cold north to keep him company. He thought he might call it Bambi for in his youth he had watched such a movie.

Bambi came to adore his old friend who lovingly cared for him. Together they roamed the plains in pursuit of food and stream. By morning light they wandered one day to bemuse themselves of Nature’s splendour there. And as they gazed, crystal clear water reflected the evergreen trees in the mirror of a stream’s pond.

Along the near shore line there was a log poking its nose up through tiny ringlets as an orange light filtered through a gently lifting fog above the quietly flowing waters.

A small island, a stone’s throw away, sat majestically in double image across the reflecting pond like a jewel in a water-gold setting.

Here and there sweet singing yellow birds would come and sit with them melodiously singing praises of this silent, serene scene.

Here and there water creatures came to play— the beaver building its dam just over there with its young all safely tucked within its twig-domed home. And everywhere golden-orange light reflected softly from each blade of grass, each dewy drop upon each bird’s wing.

And there upon the still waters a pair of white swans silently glided in the morning light ever proud of their young ones newly swimming behind Mom in the down-white coats that the God-Provider grew for them.

What reverie in these images formed within the heart of our young fawn and aged heart of the stooped old man whose long white beard betrayed the great wisdom of his years. Together they looked out over this shimmering scene and had no thought for you and me or anyone else. For in these visions about them, there was all they needed to see the Bliss which God had created for them and you and me, but we are here and they are there, and while they might forget us there it’s hard for us to forget them here.

May the happiness of the morning be found in many reflected shimmering beauties.

(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this ‘moment’

September 20, 1982. 7:06 a.m.

N: Would you please tell me **the parable of the acorn?**

Soul: Hello Doug! Up again a bit late we see, but refreshed and prepared for another new teaching day. Your car is newly polished, your stomach has a wonderful Chinese meal therein, and your briefcase has three new ‘thinking sheets’ for your students—a fine beginning for a Monday morning.

The Parable Of The Acorn

Once upon a time there lived a small little girl who needed a friend very much. She lived by a little stream which babbled by her backyard. And in that stream one day there came floating an acorn upside down in its hat-shell as proud as it could be.

“What a strange way to float about!” said she with glee. And so she gently scooped up that tiny boat of nature and set it in her palm to see what miracle had sailed her way that day.

“Oh, oh! Mother is calling!” exclaimed she. Hip, hop she bounced into the kitchen to show her Mum, but alas when she checked he palm her acorn friend had dropped somewhere in the tall Fall grass somewhere near that little stream.

My friends you can guess what happened next. Well, Kara, for that was her name, moaned, **“Oh, dear! Who will comfort me in years to come.”** — a very sorry little girl as you can plainly see. But you and I know where that little acorn had fallen.

Well as God would have it, that little acorn fell in the most fertile soil, just moist enough for it to take sprout in the sunny days of Fall. Each day it grew a bit more, and a bit more, and a bit more— just as Kara did.

Next summer Kara pensively walked in her backyard and sat close by the spot she had lost her little acorn friend. Gloomy as could be she sat and pondered what could she have done with that little acorn-boat. When from the side, a tiny voice spoke as a soft wind whispers in your ear, **“Here am I your acorn friend. Come over here for I cannot come to you anymore.”**

Kara, no stranger to the windy voice of Nature leaned back and saw to her pleasure a tiny little oak tree whose thin young stem pushed up through a sheltered little spot of rich brown earth. **“It’s you! How did you get here?”**

Laughing Little Acorn sighed, **“Thanks to you, you dropped me just where I always wanted to be, beside a little stream where a little girl could grow with me. Together we can see how Mother Nature (L) grows us both as time goes by. But will you help me as I grow and see that no one steps on me while I am so tiny?”**

A pact they made that day which they never broke. For many years went by and to this day you can see Kara and her friends swing gaily in Little Acorn who by now was much taller than she and sturdy too. For in their growth (L) they learned from one another how nature could provide a friend who brought many others.

May the happiness of the day be found in growing with your friends.

(L): the Light of Christ is perceived more strongly at this ‘moment’