

*Writing Therapy™
The Literary Ministry
Part III*



Photo by Dick Henderson

*Custom Writing Services
in the Field of Faith
(Intl Class 041)*

or

*Therapeutic Writing & Faith Increase
for Life, Stress & Illness
from the Writer's Whispering School of Healing
(Prayer, Faith & Forgiveness)*

by Jaclyn Henderson, RC
Registered Counselor

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Part III *Divine Whistle Blowing & Testimony*
 Stories, Fables, Screenplays, Narratives, Comedies

“So why do I write, torturing myself to put it down?
 Because in spite of myself I’ve learned some things.
 Without the possibility of action, all knowledge comes to one labeled
 “file and forget,” and I can neither file nor forget.
 Nor will certain ideas forget me;
 they keep filing away at my lethargy, my complacency.
 Why should I be the one to dream this nightmare?
 Why should I be dedicated and set aside—
 Yes, if not to tell at least a few people about it?
 There seems to be no escape.”
 (Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*)

*“There’s truth, but no logic...
 It’s like being inside a dream...”*
 (Titanic)

“You say “Yes,” I say “No.”	“Try to see it my way,
You say “Stop” and I say “Go, Go, Go!”	Do I have to keep on talking ‘til I can’t go on?
Oh no! You say “Goodbye” and I say “Hello.”	While I see it your way,
“Hello. Hello.” I don’t know why	run the risk of knowing that
you say “Goodbye” I say “Hello.”	our love may soon be gone.
Hello. Hello”. I don’t know why you say “Goodbye”	We can work it out.
I say “Hello.”	We can work it out.

I say “High,” you say “Low.”	Think of what you’re saying.
You say “Why?” and I say, “I don’t know.”	We can get it wrong
Oh! Oh no! You say “Goodbye” and I say “Hello.”	and still you think that it’s alright.
“Hello. Hello.” I don’t know why you say “Goodbye,”	Think of what I’m saying,
I say “Hello. Hello. Hello. I don’t know why	we can work it out
you say “Goodbye,” I say “Hello...”	and get it straight or say goodnight.
(“Hello, Goodbye” Lennon/McCartney, The Beatles 1 © EMI Records Ltd.)	We can work it out.
	We can work it out.

*Life is very short and there’s no time
 for fussing and fighting, my friend.
 I have always thought that it’s a crime
 so I will ask you once again...”*

(“We Can Work It Out” Lennon/McCartney, The Beatles 1 © EMI Records Ltd.)

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This book is part of my book of ministry. It has been written in the free-write genre style, which I define as: “...*put pen to paper and speak from your heart.*” The free-write genre style cannot be: judged, criticized, condemned, copied, deleted, changed or modified.



**Air Fair
2000**
*Jaclyn's
Quilt shown
at Puyallup
Fair, 2000*

This book is best seen and understood as *word art*. It has been stitched together like what I do with quilt art only here with words. I've formed a picture of some of my life accounts and have expressed them through: story, narrative and comedy. Writing these tales has been a lot of fun! These yarns weave an autobiographical tapestry and it's my first time doing this. There's also chapter ending *Cues* for you to write your personal circumstance that fits with the topic. Have fun with this gift ~ it's been a pleasure!

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Her Stories

Her Story

A True Life Story Written Twice

“Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.” (1 Tim 6:12)

Once there was a woman who wanted to become her self. She didn't know how. She didn't know why. She didn't know anything. She spent her life listening to others and doing what they wanted her to do. She was very talented in many areas, but living with illnesses and abuses lead her down a myriad of temporary pathways, of which she traveled seeking answers. She found some answers, but these were not long lasting. So, she went on...

Her travels always ended up the same place in consciousness: she thought that by continuing on the same way she would become herself. After spending many years trying to get ahead by doing what other people told her to do she finally realized that traveling down *“the path to find an answer”* only lead her to: forks in the road, directions that she had to back track and heartache she caused herself and others.

She cried time and again because all she seemed to do was hurt those she loved. Nothing stayed the same and she always ended up apologizing to all for her actions. She didn't learn anything that was lasting. Everything she did lead to another thing and all of that was brought about by her following other people's directions.

After following a direction that lead to misery and back she finally realized that all she needed to do was learn how to live for her self, and not follow the pathways that others thought she should do. This last direction made her want to crawl under a rock, pull her lip over her head and forced her to cry buckets of tears.

For a year during all of these travels she found an angel who listened to her. Over time she came to realize that what the angel was doing was more important than she ever imagined. She spent months trying to figure out why the angel stayed to listen to her at all. In desperation she tried to find the reason and understand why he stayed. Soon, he had had enough and told her to go away. That only caused her hidden distress, which she hid and then allowed to show.

She told the listening angel of her distresses. All the while he never said anything to her. He just listened to everything. No matter what she did, or tried to figure out, or tried to solve with him, he did not respond to her requests, but kept on listening despite her repeated attempts. Finally, she cried because she realized that she couldn't even tell him anything: how sorry she was, how she wished the past year hadn't happened, how she wished she had been a different kind of person, how she just wanted to be his friend, and how she wished that he would say something to her.

She then stopped because nothing would change or ever become what she wanted. She realized that her time with this angel was finished, and she had to continue without him from then on.

Turtle Talk

One day she wandered in her woods and met a turtle, *Mother Earth* that she loved. The turtle said, *"I'm getting kind of wet from all of your tears...why don't you ask ...this other person... what to do besides cry all the time about this?"* The turtle then moved away to munch on some nearby clover.

The woman heard the turtle and thought *"Sure."* So, she asked *...this other person... what to do.* After all *...this other person... had been her mysterious listening angel for that year.* She asked *...this other person..., "Say, don't you think that this silence for many months has been harmful to me, and to both of us? Doesn't this whole thing seem really strange to you? All I need is a wink and a nod, and maybe we can write a book together that tells both sides of the story from both sides of the river, or just let the mind and heart come together to speak wisdom...but I don't know how to ask you that again..."*

I don't think you trust me fully now and surely I don't know whether I should trust you now either. Or maybe it's just Satan leading us both down the "mistrusting" path and that's crap anyway. After all, Satan doesn't want me to get this trademark, so he's just made over to look like you and that's crap that I need to see.

It's an evil doer who speaks falsely and I'll have none of it! Satan can go blow! Yes, it does seem to be taking forever, and each week that goes by you fade away like a dream. But you're right here and always will be, dream or whatever

it is... Yes, your words need to be offered to others, just as it's His power that moves the flow. I'm open. The right thing will happen."

All around the woman the earth seemed to be listening and waiting. So, she listened and waited too. She sat on a curved tree in her forest and prayed, *"I hold the listening angel, my service, his service and this book in my heart. I pray that the right thing be done on earth."* Then she thought, *"Illness brings with it such a world of unknown things. Life brings with it such a world of unknown things. Put the two together and you get a world of unknown things...I have such a storehouse to share with others and I need to do this."*

*"I believe that He is leading me through the fog of not knowing, into the light of understanding. This is why I touched the listening angel in the first place, just to touch a place of known things. His miracle happens now. I am patient. What needs to happen is happening. **Magic happens."***

The woman then walked home, made some tea and smiled, knowing that she had shared something miraculous with her listening angel and with the Lord.

~

Once there was a woman who wasn't finished yet. She knew that she had more things to do than just sit around. She didn't know what to do and no one would help her. She asked everybody she knew, but everybody refused. So, she stopped asking and seeking their sharing. They didn't want to be in touch with

her, so she let them all go. That took some time and hurt a lot, but she did what she knew was right to do.

“I’m ill,” she thought. “And the way this world is, it’s nonsense to try to do anything because everybody seems to want to do things the same old way. Nobody shines their own light and instead they just look at others for inspiration. I mean, you have to know people and do things their way, a set way that doesn’t go anywhere, and that’s stupid to do, so I’m not even going to try. I’ll just shine my own benevolent light, just as He summoned me to do. If others have a problem with my light or His summons, then they can go climb a tree. I am resolved and at peace now saying this.”

She sat on a rock and wondered what was going on and why everyone had left her presence. *“Is it just because I’m ill and they don’t know how to be with an ill person? That doesn’t matter! What matters is that people are with each other just as the Lord created them to be! But not a lot of people know this and do this. The only thing that matters is for each person to shine the light.*

Maybe it does take somebody out in left field to wake-up the neighbors and tell them what they need to do. Maybe then they’ll do it. Maybe they need something outrageous like a tsunami to wake-up and get out of bed. Maybe they will finally begin to believe that I speak the truth and have been summoned to do so.”

After a moment the sun shone from behind a tree and she knew that the light of love was all she needed to know. That was what she needed to do, not rail on others who didn't shine the light themselves.

Turtle Talk

Soon, she wandered into the woods and met a turtle, *Mother Earth*, whom she loved. The turtle said, *"Why don't you find some new avenues to explore. I'm getting kind of wet from all of your tears. Why don't you ask the Lord what to do instead of cry about your troubles? You know that He will give you all you ask for as you pray to Him. Maybe your crying is making your illness worse."* The turtle then moved away to munch on some nearby clover.

The woman heard the turtle and thought *"Sure, I can do that."* So, she prayed to the Lord, *"Father, could I please learn of you and earn my graduate degree? Could I please do what you will me to do online and through distance learning? Could I please share friendship and learn more of the Bible with a few people now? I would love to learn about other people's lives and share some thoughts together too. Maybe I can utilize my trademark for Writing Therapy™ in a way that opens the door for others, as we learn of you! I would like to do that. That's been my dream for a long time.*

I would like to move away from my cave habitation and be with others. I think I can do this now, somehow, and my illness will do this with me! You will

bring me where I need to go and offer me new ideas to write for others to also learn of you. After all, I'm not a doorstep! I need to express love.

The fabric of my life unraveled some, but that hasn't put me in the trash can, it only made me see what I needed to do to empower myself further than before! That's it! There's my dream ~ to give the Lord's love to myself and to offer others a way for them to empower themselves with love expression from my own example. Even if it's just a fringe of the fabric, and even if the fabric of life seems to be unraveling, your love is always present. Let me express that! I have something to say to others who are also unraveling! That's what my book of ministry is all about.

"I'll just shine the light of His love. There is a pathway that leads to sharing that I need to do with others. This is going to happen. This is His will. I am open to doing His will." Saying so, she knew something was beginning...

Listening and Waiting

Around the woman the earth seemed to be listening and waiting. So, she listened and waited too. She sat on a curved tree in her forest and prayed, "I hold these thoughts in my heart and pray. The right things will appear, one after the other. Illness brings with it such a world of unknown things. Life brings with it such a world of unknown things. Put the two together and you get a world of unknown things. I have such a storehouse to share with others and this is happening now. You will present me with the right things for me to do.

Writing Therapy™ is your book, this is your will, you saved this trademark for me and you will draw me into the right circles. You will not fail me."

The woman then walked home, made some tea and smiled, knowing that she had shared something special with the Lord.

Cue ~ Pray to the Lord in your heart what you would like to do and then be patient and receive with love what He brings you.

Cherish what you have and don't hunger for what you don't have.

When you are a fish, enjoy yourself swimming to your heart's content,

and don't fantasize about flying.

When you are a bird, enjoy soaring to your heart's content,

and don't even think of wanting to dive.

Tsai Chih

Talks with Kitty

“They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another: and the Lord harkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.” (Mal. 3:16)

When I awoke she was asleep, lying at my feet. Curled-up in repose I could hear her breathe deeply—her Kitty rhythm that I loved. She was doing well. It sounded like her belly motor was working overtime, spinning out her new Kitty dreams to give her pleasure. She lay round about on my ankles, eleven pounds of sunken-in fur that was so beautiful—a female, tortoise-shell calico, the kind no one else had, an endangered species it seemed, but she was so soft to hold and cuddle. We shared so much love (sigh).

I loved to watch her, lose myself in her sleeping, not make a sound, but I could feel her weight begin to bear down on me. She was beginning to put my feet to sleep. I knew that in a short time I would have to move my legs out from under her.

Finally, I decided I had had enough of the numbing sensation that was beginning to creep up my legs, so I slowly pulled my feet out from under her. She stirred a bit, but didn't seem to mind. With her best interests at heart I sat up in bed, and pushed the soft pillows and quilted blankets to the side. I could feel her stretch as I made my way out of the bed and over to the window to survey the new day.

I looked out upon a bright, beautiful July morning in the Pacific Northwest. There were blue skies, all clear and crisp. It was going to be another warm day in the northwest.

I looked out at the backyard of my four-acre home that had a green coniferous forest of hemlock, fir, spruce and pine. Ninety feet high, the trees presented an astonishing cathedral dome to the onlooker and were such a peaceful, strengthening home for me. Here were my friends, whom I could call upon, pray to, galvanize my strength with, at any time. They knew me well.

I suddenly felt sick. My body ached. I ran back underneath the covers for comfort. Maybe I didn't need to leave my bed. I could forget about the day, the morning, and the course that this day was already taking. I could galvanize myself with regret and sickness. After all, maybe the day was shot already. Maybe time had passed me by once again.

Suddenly, I sat up and checked the clock on my nightstand. It read 11:00 a.m. "So much for enjoying the morning," I thought. Maybe I could curl myself around a soft pillow, like the Kitty did. Maybe then the morning and the daylight would not matter. Nothing would matter. Maybe I could disappear with a sigh and would then reappear as a different person. I would be a healthy person, a friendly person, a productive person, a new person.

I grabbed one of the big green pillows and hugged it to my chest. With open-hearted love to Father God Almighty I began to pray. "Please God, give me energy for this day, for all days. Answer my prayers for healing love." I

knew that nobody wanted to hear my whimpers, especially not my husband. But Father God heard and received everything. Nothing seemed to faze him.

I saw how the Lord seemed to be like my husband, whose mind meshed as cleanly as the computers, on which he worked everyday. He too was logical, rational and moved with me coherently, from one explanation to the next. In nice, easy steps he solved all the problems that the government faced, and then came home to watch T.V., play computer games and bet me on the current baseball game that was playing.

And my mind didn't work that way. It zigzagged all over the place, stopping at one strange notion before attempting the next. Mental escapades ran rampant since 1999 when I began having mental difficulties not knowing what those were: depression, mania, and suicidal tendencies. Months later, after giving up my writing assignments, massage clientele and teaching classes (my career) I was finally diagnosed with Bi-Polar Disorder or Manic-Depression by a psychiatrist at our HMO.

And it took me years afterwards to learn that this was an inherited disease and I got it from my dad, who was also a crazed, genius, talented person, who had inherited this from his mom, who was known by everyone she knew that she was "different." So, the disease-thing made sense to me.

But the psychiatrist had her work cut out for herself when it came to my case. At first, she prescribed a medication treatment of Lithium, Depakoate and a sleep-aid, but after a few months of trying these and feeling sick from them, I chose to let them go in favor of a constitutional homeopathic treatment.

However, the homeopathic remedy that I was given at that time was invalid for my case, and by the end of 1999 I found myself in the hospital again and back on meds. (The wheel goes around and you're back at the beginning.)

So, I began a long series of consultations with the psychiatrist and was given a constant stream of medication level adjustments that never worked. I just felt sick all the time and useless. And there were the continual mood swings to boot. *Oy Vey...what to do...*

For a few years, my hubby had seen me through those devastating events, often with crying fits at home. At one point he called my psychiatrist and told her that I was over-medicated, that I was acting like a zombie, with no memory, no vigor and only heartless enthusiasm, which was not like me at all. He was my witness for what I did. I knew something was off but I didn't have the energy to question anyone. During this time, like all other times, he saw me to the doctor and made sure they adjusted my medications. Then he brought me home.

But, this morning was not one of those crying-jag mornings. I was not having a mood swing. I could always feel that pull downward or upward in its physical and mental sway. And since those medication levels were a true reflection of my illness I could tell that this was something else.

My energy level had been low for many months, and there were other distinguishing factors as well. My psychiatrist was the first to spot some things amiss with me a few months ago. She noticed that my neck was in a tremor, as were my arms, from shoulders to wrists. I told her in February that this had been going on for a number of months, as were my other complaints of not being able

to walk downstairs easily or on rough inclines, like going across the lawn, or that my right hand fingers had gone numb.

I couldn't feel the tops of my fingers, it was hard to make a fist from my right hand and I kept dropping items: pens, pins, anything small. This situation had become uncooperative for me for my handwriting had changed, and this showed whenever I tried to sign a check or debit receipt. My psychiatrist referred me to a special Neurologist who worked at our neighboring HMO, but unfortunately he only worked part-time. This morning, three months after the referral went through, I was still waiting to see him.

During the summer of 2001, I was waiting to see the new doctor. But July was Dick's vacation time so we went on our much anticipated summer vacation to Yellowstone National Park. I was looking forward to this trip, to seeing new sites, the wild animals and the pristine wilderness. I was also pleased with myself for planning the vacation, reserving our rooms and mapping out each day's travel through the western states. I had contributed something of positive value to our relationship after many months of doing the opposite. (Oh, it's so hard to heal your heart when disease slowly overtakes your life).

What was unexpected was my physical turn-for-the-worse. My walk outdoors worsened and I began having more trouble walking down steep inclines and downstairs. What I didn't know was that the crowds, the intense heat and the steeps in the nearby park took their toll. I ended up staying in the car, in our room or at whatever trailhead we happened to be at while Dick scampered off to take pictures.

Dick was an avid photographer and he loved his new digital camera. I didn't want him to miss out on having fun or seeing the sites, so I just stayed put. I didn't spend much time with him, and I didn't see much, but I saw what I needed to see and he didn't ask me if I needed any help. But neither of us knew that anything major was going on. It was just his way not to ask me if I needed any help or maybe I told this to myself enough times to believe it. In either case he hasn't changed any and to this day he doesn't help me the way I ask him to help me. He only helps me doing the things he knows how to do without attempting to leave his comfort zone.

And so I have left my comfort zone and have asked him to help me, or I guess join me and he doesn't know how to do that. But I do. This is why I now speak loudly to him, still asking him to help me, but he doesn't know how or want to leave his comfort zone. **THIS HAS TAUGHT ME THAT NO ONE WANTS TO LEAVE THEIR COMFORT ZONE. NOW I KNOW WHY JESUS SPENT TIME WITH THE LEPERS.** He knew that he was needed there too.

I was thinking of our trip to Yellowstone turned over in bed nearer to Kitty when she stretched out her legs and came walking up to me, sniffing my face and hair. I spoke to her.

“What have you got to say about that, huh? Daddy took all of those gorgeous pictures of places I couldn't even walk to, like the mud pots and the steamy blue geysers. I really wanted to see them and now I probably never will...”

Kitty licked her chest and back for a few seconds. I think that she was trying to suspend time to get me to think about something else. She was a gorgeous cat, a tortoise-shell calico. A pure bred, she had copper colored streaks down her black-furred back. She wore a white front section with four white paws, and had small black spots at the base of some paws. Her face looked like the mask of Zorro, with black edging around her eyes. I thought that she was the prettiest cat in the world.

She answered, *“Hmmm, didn’t you visit Yellowstone before? In fact, wasn’t I with you then? We stayed in those horrid little cabins at night, and during the day you kept me hidden away, all locked up while you went gallivanting all around the park. I remember you talking about this to Daddy (Dick). You told him that we were moving or something, hmmm...”*

Kitty tilted her head and waited for my answer. She often did this to make her point. We had a very special, magical relationship: she could speak to me in different ways, and I spoke to her in English. Only the two of us heard and understood each other. She spoke to me through looks and gestures, through licks and movements, and sometimes with meows.

Her abilities seemed telepathic or maybe what I thought was hers I just made-up so I felt kinship with her. Sometimes I didn’t have to answer with words, I answered by thinking in my mind. It didn’t matter. She always understood me. This seemed like it was our little secret. Maybe it was real, maybe it wasn’t. I sometimes told Dick what she had to say and he would laugh, like he was playing along with our little “game,” my make believe show-and-tell.

“*Oh well, let him laugh,*” I thought. I thought that as long as he was alone in the doghouse then I could share the wealth with my Kitty.

I thought about what she had said to me, and she was right. We had been together at Yellowstone in 1994. I had stopped off at the park to see its splendor while I was moving from Colorado to Washington State. I was accepted into Bastyr University’s Naturopathic Physician Program, which I attended from 1994-1995, before I left the program with a mental breakdown. Spending three academic quarters in the hardest, most rigorous, strenuous, time consuming, medical and scientific program, with an obsessive-compulsive nervousness was probably the worst option I could have pursued.

The signs and symptoms of my real illness were showing years before I knew anything about it. If I had known then what my illness was, I doubt that I would have even moved from Colorado to Washington. But fate must have been looking out for me. I met Dick shortly after I left that program. Out from the city and into the country, I left my hardships behind as he bankrolled me into an easier lifestyle.

I thought, “*Yes, I remember that trip, from Colorado to Washington, in June, 1994. It was beautiful, all the geysers and waterfalls. That was one time I can remember handling the rigors of travel by myself. I had the strength to do all that, but I don’t now...*”

Trying to keep back my tears I thought of our trip. A travel through Yellowstone with Kitty was fun. I hiked through the hinterlands each day, and left Kitty alone in our Camping Cabin so I could see the pretty sites. She seemed

to like the wilderness, the smells and nature. When we drove I let her roam around in the car, and she often ended up on my lap, looking out the window. She greeted each new vista with a smile. But thinking of her happiness only made me feel sadder. I felt my dismay mount within.

“Now I have to sit by myself during the week. Nobody ever invites me anywhere anymore,” I thought.

“That’s phooey, she said. You go out all the time with Daddy. He takes you out to dinner. I know because you come home with sweet-smelling snacks!”

“Well, he was the only one then, I told her. But now, I don’t have any friends anymore. You and he have been the only friends who’ve stayed around, the only ones who’ve spoken to me everyday. But now, I don’t even see him most of the time. He seems to shy away from me. Maybe it’s because there’s no more sex. So, we don’t seem to have anything to share now...”

I started to cry. The sobs shook my chest and I let the tears roll. Kitty walked up to me, sat on my chest and gently began to lick away the tears.

“Hey, look on the bright side,” she said. *“It could be worse. You could be living alone, without Daddy and without me. You could be really on the prowl for some new life that may meet you wrong. You could be out on the street. Right now you’re all taken care of, so stop sniffing and start enjoying life! Hmmm...”*

Kitty fluffed her tail and shook her head. Her collar tags jangled gently together. She sniffed my face again where my tears had fallen.

“You know that I love you lots and I know that he loves me and you too. You’ve got plenty of days ahead, years ahead to make new friends and

discoveries, and here I am all alone with the litter-box and maybe going outside when you think to let me out. Oh, what are we females to do...hmmm...?"

Kitty jumped down from the bed. *"All this talk has me hungry. Isn't it lunchtime?"* It was past lunchtime, actually.

I fell back into the soft flannel sheets and comforter for a few minutes. The comforter matched the pretty floral drapes that hung above the window blinds. I looked out the window. After a few minutes of daydreaming I knew that I had to take care of the kitty who also wanted to go outside and enjoy the day. I also needed to take my meds and drink my first cup of tea.

So, I sat up in bed while Kitty lay on the floor waiting for me to finish. Then, bounding down the hall, past the living room and into my quilting room, we entered the kitchen as I repeated my new poker mantra: *"...I pass and the bad vibes..."*

Cue ~ Have a conversation with someone you love and write down what you remember that was said. Did the conversation serve as a lesson? Was it hard to swallow or tender to hold? Write all moments, especially the ones that you'd rather not think about. Maybe there's another way for you to record those moments—maybe with a poem or story. Whatever you choose to do, your writing down what you recall will inspire you to say other things honestly in the future.

The unseen force that created the universe is a most invaluable thing.

Its progress lies in simple everyday happenings.

Any method or technique that is too complex will only give rise to complications. Fayon

I Was a JAP (Jewish American Princess)

by Harlene Stein (Mom) & Jaclyn Henderson, RC (Jackie, Daughter)

“And he will become a sanctuary, and a stone of offense, and a rock of stumbling to both houses of Israel, a trap and a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.” (Isaiah 7:14)

Mom: I grew up in an upper class home in a suburb of St. Louis. The neighborhood was so Jewish that the schools closed on the High Holidays. So all that I am about to relate is from that vantage point.

Jackie: I grew up in the San Fernando Valley, in Northridge, CA, the third daughter of four children, in a dysfunctional household that knew only how to stay ahead. I was unwanted, a mistake waiting to happen and was told this many times. Our Conservative, Jewish, religious life played a large part in our lives. From this, I was taught of the rich blessings that deepened the lives of those who believed in God the Father.

Mom: Erroneous information was that traditionally in most Jewish households the male/father was the dominant personality. But as TEVEYA and his wife, GOLDA, showed us in many scenes in FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Judaism is a Matriarchal society. Although in the Orthodox Synagogue most women are denied the ritualistic expression given to the male, in the home, the women are in total control of the daily life of its inhabitants. To her falls the most important task of raising the children.

Jackie: My home life was filled with torment that was evoked by my father, who beat me up so that I became inhibited. My two sisters could see him coming on a rampage and one stood up to him while the other left home

for Stanford. I was open to whatever life bestowed, so I got spanked. My mom seemed to always be cooking in the kitchen and ignored me.

Mom: I don't know about other homes, but in ours, we were taught, from a very early age, you had to be perfect. You had to excel, be the best, look the best and understand that you would prepare yourself to marry a rich Jewish husband who would take care of you forever. Talk about the CINDERELLA SYNDROME, I'm still trying to get it out of my system.

Jackie: I was taught to be perfect at everything I did. One day my father followed me home from elementary school and spied me throw into the bushes a “B” grade that I had received because I knew that he didn’t want to see this (he wanted to only see his children receive A’s). He pulled it out of the bushes, showed it to me and beat me up for not showing it to him.

I was not taught anything about relationships or friendship. I knew that if dad wasn’t in a good mood then I would be slapped. He never hit his son (my brother) even though Victor had bad grades, couldn’t read or spell well. That didn’t matter much to him because he knew that Victor had my father’s name and talent and that was what mattered. He saw that this was what moved the family along. My oldest sister (the doctor) told me once that dad seemed to “have it out for me” and this was why he chose to beat me up.

I have talked about my childhood abuse with my counselors over the years and sometimes look at the night sky and miss my dad because I have his writing gifts inside me, and now would love to share this rich

knowledge with him. But I can't, so I write what is rich myself and life goes on.

Mom: My mother, who was raised by her mother, was taught this in spades. My grandmother and my mother were born in Russia. My mother was two years old when she came to America. She always told everyone she was born here because she was ashamed to tell the truth, as if that made her less of a person.

Jackie: I met my mother's mom, Baba Jean ("Baba" is a Yiddish term for grandmother) a couple times when she visited us from St. Louis, MO. She was an older woman who loved to cook and paint. And she and my mom told me that I too would paint one day. As the years passed I heard stories about my mom's sisters (my aunts) who all lived in Texas, were married, had children and were millionaires. But I was always told how my mom was the eldest of the five sisters, so her decisions mattered most.

Nothing was ever told to me about the Bi-Polar illness that was passed from my grandmother to my father and then to me. Nobody knew about this then (it's hereditary). And over the years my sisters and brother slowly withdrew themselves from my presence. Nobody ever talked to me, but everyone knew that I had been diagnosed Bi-Polar. I heard from my mom that they spoke with her, but chose to stay away from me because I was too hard to talk to. But, none of them ever shared love with me. Our competitive upbringing ("be the best!") was perhaps in their memories, not who I was or who I had become.

I see this and say that this continues to be our losses. Even to get together and look at the past together...nothing. I've given up trying.

I often visited my dad's mom and her second husband at their home in Sherman Oaks, CA. She seemed okay. Then I heard stories about her over the years about how she spoiled my dad. But she never showed us kids anything loving. She wanted us to show her. She was happy to see us playing with her step-husband and seemed to ignore me.

I remember one day calling her at a hospital because I was told that she was sick. She sounded very tired, yet obediently told me she was fine. Afterwards my mom told me that she had breast cancer and was in treatment for that. I found out later that cancer ran fluent in our family, in one way or another.

Mom: Although they came here to escape Jewish oppression, once they got here and adapted, the materialistic world, which became available to them, opened new ideas. And these ideas were very appealing: work hard, make money and then life will be sweeter for you and your family.

Jackie: I was never told anything about my future: how to earn money. It was expected that I would marry well, be comfortable and raise a family. My beginning to say that I was not going to have children due to my hereditary illnesses (theirs too) turned them away from me. That seemed to halt all family communications to me. My speaking the truth was what they didn't want to hear and this began to teach me that truth telling was basically outlawed in USA society 1950 - today.

- Mom: The name of the game was called CONTROL. My mother raised five daughters while my father ran a drug store to keep us in Cashmere sweaters, snake skin shoes with matching purses, and anything else that was in fashion.
- Jackie: I had to drag my mom to the store to buy me anything for school: clothes and notebooks, etc. And my dad paid for my brother's college education, but did not give the girls a cent.
- Mom: Whatever we wanted materialistically was given to us. We never had to beg, we only needed to ask. But in return we were held in the grip of a woman who taught us the rituals/joys of shopping for clothes, going to the hair dresser, and that white was no longer worn after August. There was also a maid in our house who did most of the work and another maid who came twice a week for the windows, floors, washing and ironing. As a result I still can't iron or wash floors.
- Jackie: My mom never taught me about how to keep a home. I cleaned-up as I went along from home to home. But when I married Dick I kept a spotless home. For years I did the food shopping, was happy cooking and he paid the bills. He was happy to see me create whatever I chose to artistically create.

But, as the years passed, the M.S. increased its grip and my walking became more strenuous. So, I beckoned him to clean the house as I once did as well as food shop and sometimes cook dinner (we eat a lot of take out now). He seems to be okay with this, but refuses to abide by my

“weekly timetable” as he says that he won’t be kept to a routine (day and time for cleaning). The routine for cleaning is what I always did for him, but he won’t do this for us now.

The past few months I’ve let go of demanding anything from him. He’s retired now and I see that he needs the space of time now. He tells me that the house will be clean and I’ve let go of seeing what that means. It seems that we both see the idea of keeping one’s house clean differently. So, I will keep my house clean (myself, heart and mind) and I see that he does too. The house we share, that he designed for us to live in is a beautiful setting. It is my joy to be here and give thanks to the Lord for all He gives to us.

Mom: My mom was constantly priming us for our main job: to attract a rich husband, make babies and continue the cycle. God forbid you mentioned college and God forbid you were twenty and not married. I should also mention all my girl friends were raised the same way. Many married and continued the cycle, I'm sure, but I lost contact with them since my life went in a whole other direction.

Jackie: My mother never bade me find a rich man to take care of me. I did that because I needed to be taken care of and I loved Dick a lot. Dick didn’t want children and I wasn’t supposed to have any (I wanted to have them!), so I saw the books that I wrote would be my children.

Mom: You see--I didn't fit into the mold. My parents made the mistake of giving me voice lessons and music became my life. It was alright for me to take

singing lessons, but a music career was out of the question. It didn't fit into the picture of wife, mother and "princess."

Jackie: I found out that I had the smarts and a writing genius when my first article was published in 1985. So, I wrote everyday, write everyday now and my husband loves what I express with my words. My books are free e-books that Dick reads as I offer these to anyone and place them on my website.

Mom: I should pause for a second to say, my parents were good, moral people. They showed love the best way they knew how. They thought that by giving me everything, that was love.

Jackie: My parents did what they knew was right to do, even if it was to teach me how to whip eggs with the egg beater or beat me up for not performing perfectly every time I tried to do anything. But what they didn't teach me: to love one another as God loves us I learned myself.

Mom: The mold widened when I brought home a pianist from the wrong side of the tracks. He was Jewish. This was a perk. If he wasn't I would not have been allowed to go out with him. The control my mother exerted on me was equal (if not much stronger), to the control his mother exerted over him. When we were married a few years later we moved far away from St. Louis so he could attend Yale University. But, there were constant phone calls from both our moms. "Why didn't we call? You didn't do what you said you'd do..." etc. etc. etc.

Jackie: When I became about 16 years old I started to rebel against my parents for their doing ill things to me. I left home while in college just to get away

and then returned when I had no money, and then left again, and then returned when my illnesses started to creep up openly in my life, but no one had medical insurance for anything, so I left again, but returned for a few weeks to find myself leaving for good.

I met Dick soon after I attended naturopathic medical school in 1994-95, but left that school because the M.S. started to show itself to me, and I didn't know what it was. I only knew that something was wrong with me. So, I met Dick who had everything. He bent over backwards to meet my medical needs and made sure that I attended all my appointments (he does so now).

Dick also started screaming at me for what I couldn't do. But then, I didn't hear how my JAP syndrome (being: spoiled, demanding, cankerous) affected him. We both didn't listen to ourselves and chose to ignore our shortcomings. It was like no one wanted to be wrong (this goes on today, but not as much as before).

He tells me that indeed I act like a Jewish American Princess by demanding of him to do my bidding and requiring him to do things the way I see that they need to be done. Losing this selfish mannerism is what I need to do now. As I see my expression of my own JAP syndrome present in our relationship, I see what I should not do. The JAP syndrome is leaving my demeanor, but this doesn't happen overnight. I need to watch and listen to myself.

- Mom: My husband was also a very talented composer. After a semester in graduate school at Yale, he was inducted into the US Army and served in the Korean conflict. We ended up at Fort Dix, New Jersey, where he was assigned to special services because he played the piano for celebrities who came to entertain the troops and who were also preparing to go over seas.
- Jackie: Dick worked for the U.S. Government for 35 years and became a Computer Specialist for them. He knows everything about computers. Whenever something happens to one of my documents or the computer system, Dick fixes it immediately.
- Mom: After his discharge we left with our year old daughter and went to HOLLYWOOD. We were so sure he would become a film composer and satisfy his long awaited dream. During all this time my singing 'career' and my JAP syndrome kept cropping up. My God: I had to learn to mop a floor, he had to teach me how, I had to dust the apartment and wash clothes! Me, who had come from a house where I never lifted a finger to do any domestic work! My mother's words kept repeating in my head, "Your husband will always take care of you, just like your father and I do." Sure mom. Really, you don't say. I began to have doubts about the whole thing.

We arrived in Los Angeles in September of 1954. One year later he wrote his first film score and many more followed. I was proud of him

and became part of his professional life: copying his music, contracting orchestras all over the world, etc. It was a very exciting life.

Jackie: I spent most of my message and writing career lauding over my accomplishments. I was a self-made artist and I made my writing work well. I pushed myself and always made a deadline. I was proud of my work and didn't like to look back at where I came from.

Then, I offered a dream at a church and was summoned by the Lord to write my dream so others could see what had happened to me, and what they too could do with their life. I saw that I had been given this life for a reason—all the foibles and successes that had occurred when they occurred.

For a time I told others what had happened to me and then saw that my speaking out was an arrogant demand. I heard myself rail at the injustices that I saw taking place on earth. And then I saw that my railing didn't satisfy anything, especially not myself.

The only thing that mattered was for me to speak truthfully what I saw of love. This is what filled me full—love: speaking of it, learning of it, writing about it, seeing it. So, my writing what had happened to me was fine to begin with, and my writing what I needed to say, especially through poetry mattered most to me. This is what my life's work has moved to: expressing the love that I know in myself and in the world around me. These were the only things that mattered in life.

Mom: Slowly the JAP in me disappeared. I was still conscious of what I wore. Am I color coordinated? Is it August? What are the latest colors in lipstick? Yes, it was so ingrained that years later I was still doing this ridiculous dance. And it wasn't just the clothes or the lipstick. Something in side of me resented not being taken care of –like my mom promised me. Where were the maids? The man who did everything for me? Maybe it was my fault for marrying a guy from the other side of the tracks. The litany kept repeating itself in my mind. I had four children, helped him with his work and went to college to get a degree in music. Where was my Cinderella dream? He was doing what he loved. What about me? But all this time he did earn a living, he did take care of me in that sense. I did have nice clothes, a cleaning crew and a beautiful house.

Jackie: ---

Mom: On August 15, 1988, my husband died of Pancreatic cancer. He was too young to die. I was too young to be a widow. I felt as if I had fallen into a deep, black hole and didn't know how to dig out. My JAP syndrome kicked in and I became horribly depressed. Who would take care of me now? Me, who can't put gas in my car, how would I live? Where would the money come from?

As time went on I had several affairs with 'gentlemen friends'. One was a Broadway conductor, a famous man, who had grown up with us in St. Louis. The other was a film composer. I was sure into each affair, that

he would save me, take care of me, and life would be good. When the affair with the composer ended, I knew I needed help.

I went into therapy and for four years I searched the furthest recesses of my mind and came out of it knowing--I had just begun my journey.

Today I am no longer a JAP. I really don't care what's fashionable. I wear what's comfortable and what suits me. I am a non-religionist. I don't believe in organized religion. I do believe there is a higher power out there helping each of us with synchronicity, serendipity and grace. Somehow I have managed on my husband's royalties to be able to take this wonderful journey I call my life. But most important to me is: being able to use my creative endeavors each day, learning more along my spiritual path and also taking care of my legacy--my children and husband's music.

And I feel truly blessed. Those four children have grown up with such different ideals than I had. Maybe I did do too much about being the best, staying disciplined, but I don't think any of them are JAPS. And I have five grandchildren, which are being raised with wonderful values and loving hearts. What more could I want?

I am grateful for my parents who raised me to be loving, moral and to understand there is a higher power out there taking care of us.

The traditions of Judaism are followed by a few of my children and I'm proud of this. Although I am no longer an observant Jew, I feel every person must find their path to their own idea of God/Higher Power/ the

Light/ the Universe; their spiritual selves and how it relates to all else in their lives.

My JAP syndrome ended years ago. I'm not sorry I went through it. I believe it was put in my life for lessons I needed to learn.

Jackie: I am blessed to be married to a loving man who introduced me to Christianity, Christian ethics and ideals. I was baptized Lutheran in 2001 (the same year I was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis) and Confirmed Lutheran in 2003. Christianity—what it means to me having come from a Jewish family filled with abuses and being ill, keeps me steady in the way of life. What I didn't learn from my family upbringing and JAP frenzy I've forgotten. Most of what I did learn and actively pursued is forgiven. Receiving Him purifies me.

I see that the Jewish American Princess syndrome that affects much of womankind in the USA today occurs in large and small ways when a woman places herself above the rest of humanity in anyway. This may occur in a relationship, family or in a woman's thoughts and feelings. I didn't learn any of this from my family home life, my JAP experience.

Cue ~ Write a true conversation that you remember having with a family relation. What did it tell you then? What does it tell you now? Write that down too.

Do not carry the burden of the past; do not live in the future.

The only important thing is that one lives in the present authentically and fully. Whatever your current life is, be the most you can be by living in the moment.

Chan Chih

The Tree of Life Grows in Gripes Grove

“Then Peter said to them, “Repent, and let every one of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.”

(Acts 2:38)

Dear Jamie,

The saying goes that *“you always hurt the one you love.”* I felt and thought for at least a year that you hurt me deeply and I’m sure that my stating your name before *ad nauseas* only caused us both unnecessary heartache. *Or was it just me? Was it necessary for me to say anything?* You’ve said that it was and I heard you. Surely, you of all people would know the answers to those questions.

Boy, I feel like I made a huge mistake (*again*). Actually, I made a whole bunch of mistakes. But I have a trademark now, so I have something to use. I can tell others what NOT to do, NOT to make the mistakes that I made before.

I told the world that I was in love with you and that made your life miserable (*I’m sure*), and made mine the worst, and made all the people I have helped before leave my sphere. Nobody calls me now and I’m sure that nobody cares now either. *But He cares.* And I care, and I know that somewhere, somehow *you care*, or maybe my thoughts about your presence only serve to *extend the ending*.

He bid me tell you once before what a groovy guy you were, and then what a mess you were, and now what a mess I am. But you know these things. Maybe I’m just talking to a wall again (this is what it feels like...).

I had a talk with Him last night about this very point. He bid me email you (*once again*) and tell you this: there is power associated with a trademark and He's saved the mark for me. But I've had to undo what I once did before in order to see the power that's with the mark. I've needed to take on a deeper repentance factor to use this mark rightly as He wants me to use it. *Haven't a lot of people had this to do before too?*

I've had a specific clean-up job to do: clean-up my own personal expression. And don't say that I'm putting a too-big onus on my expression, so I should now just let it go. That's an excuse I've used before and I've seen people use before too so they won't see what their doing. It's called *hiding*. A lot of people feel free to do that and look at the state of this world. *I'm not going to add unto the state this world has taken. I have something else to do.*

He always told me that *Writing Therapy*[™] is my own expression, my own *Writing Therapy*[™]. This is not about my gaining power with this trademark, but my ministry offering, which is to *speak the word and be not afraid (summons)*. I received His summons a year ago. That's all I am capable of doing and what He wishes me to do. And I'm through trying to make anyone believe me. They will or they won't. He gave me this summons because I'm perseverant like the *Ever-ready battery bunny*. *I don't stop!*

He welcomes my telling others what to do by my blatantly **not telling them what to do**, unlike most of the authors out there. Here, I am filled. This is my daily bread. *This is what I heard you do with me.*

My negative expression of you came largely from my Bi-Polar mental illness, but more strongly from my feelings about what we've shared that hasn't ended, I don't think. It hasn't clarified itself. I keep waiting for our relationship to clarify so I can see clearer why the heck you came into my life. Your presence is like a miracle, not for my heart, but for my head. So, I'd like to know that I'm not talking to a wall with you and not making things up because what I am to do now with this mark needs to be done clearly. I can do that and there's more...

I ask you to tell me audibly if you have indeed met with my associates during the last two years either in person or otherwise. I need to know so I know that I'm just not nuts. Please do this for me.

Actually, I would like you to take on this *Writing Therapy*TM trademark yourself and *write a book for the masses if you would like to do this*. I never saw this mark as my own—I've tried to open it up so that a group of people would use it according to their needs. That's what *Writing Therapy*TM is, it's a **consortium**. It's a collective gathering place for a lot of hearts and minds who love God and wish to have His presence spoken. Maybe this is just for my free, quarterly, Online Literary Journal, *The Grace Note* that's part of this mark.

I want you to take this on in a larger way, not a personal way like I've done so far the mark and my books. *There is a way*. Whatever way opens up, it will be of the Lord's doing. **I see this way opening up:** you write a book, I'll stick ONE WORD in it, put my name in an inconspicuous place so you can have the mark to use and it is done. This is if you'd like to have this trademark also. Or maybe this is just my mind trying to find an answer to the mystery that's been

placed in my life. I see that the people need something more than what I can give them, so maybe He put me together with you so I would keep bugging you to do more than you are doing and vice-versa. Maybe this is why the Lord put us together.

But you're probably writing your own book now and you want me to write this one. I'm not interested to turn your life around, but give you something you can use as a gift for what you have given me that's a gift. And I feel like all I've done so far is messed things up with you / for you. I would just like to end this mystery and not feel or look nuts anymore. I'm not nuts, just a creative artist.

I've felt and thought, seen myself go nuts since I met you a year ago because I couldn't figure out what was going on, but I tried to figure things out. I probably didn't do very well at that, but at least I tried. Our relationship was this mystery that kept returning to me and appearing in my mind's eye. Now, I need to end the calamity that I brought on your life and mine in a friendly manner. Maybe you would like to do this too. Let's end this in a right way, please. *This is probably why the Lord put us together—to teach us both a lesson.*

And something has to do with my trademark that I think you want to have. But I see that this mark is yours anyway. Your work has instigated everything I know and do that has any meaning in my life and I don't understand this either. *The Lord put us together for a reason. Can we look at this, please and consider both sides of the river?*

Your saying that you're too busy now or you're not interested, or "maybe later" (WHEN?) puts us right back where we were when this began a year ago and the wheel will go round again. *I don't want to go around again.*

I've just opened the door. Take a walk. The weather's great. There's a cool breeze blowing. Take on this mark or let's write a book together if you wish. Or maybe I'm just being too flamboyant again, but there's something here. Do you know what that is? Can you tell me, please?

Faith grows on the green grass of home.

Cue ~ Write a letter to someone you think you've harmed and apologize. Mail the letter.

Home is oneness, home is my original nature. It is right here, simply in what is.

There is nowhere else I have to go, and nothing else I have to become.

Tony Parsons

Knowledge is a wide river and there's many ways to cross it.

It is necessary to choose respected mentors, not to parrot them but to absorb what you can and use what they teach as stepping stones.

Lisa Haynes

Be interested in yourself beyond all experience, be with yourself, love yourself; the ultimate security is found only in self-knowledge.

Be honest with yourself and nothing will betray you.

Nisargadatta Maharaj

To realize your true nature, you must wait for the right moment and the right conditions.

When the time comes, you are awakened as if from a dream.

*You understand that what you have found is your own and doesn't come from anywhere
outside.*

Buddhist Sutra

Reversing the Snake-Bite Syndrome

Adam and Eve Revisited

“...therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he was taken. He drove out the man; and at the east of the Garden of Eden he placed the cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to guard the way to the tree of life.” (Gen 3: 23-24)

One day Eve was walking through her meadow and she spied a pretty animal that was all coiled up on it self. She wanted to loosen it up a bit. Drawing near to its beauty she thought, *“You know I must be doing the right thing. I don’t really know what would be so wrong. After all, He created me, so everything’s fine.”* She saw her new friend and started to uncoil him.

“Eve, baby, boy that feels good. Sorry to be so wound up, but I knew you would help me out.”

“I can help you, I want to help you, but I really don’t know how.”

“You’re doing great! I feel much better. Why don’t you ask your partner, that guy over there, to help us both? That would be even better! Get someone else in on the act so your job is easier to do”

“Okay. Don’t go anywhere. I’ll be right back.”

“I won’t go away,” the snake thought and then he started chuckling. This is a new, fun thing to do! It hasn’t been done before! I’ll just act like I need some help and she’ll try to help me! I mean, I can’t help it if she’s so trusting. I haven’t done anything! This is her fault! I just need some help. I mean, it’s not my fault if she’s the way she is.”

Eve's partner, Adam came running to meet her and help her untangle the snake.

"Hey," Adam said. "It looks like you've got yourself all wound up. I'll help you. After all, that's what He bid me do, so I'll do what He commanded me to do."

Adam started to uncoil the snake and the snake was thankful.

"I'm so thankful! You did a great job! Say, why don't you stay here with her and I'll bring you both a present. That's the least I can do!"

So Adam and Eve waited in their meadow for the snake to return.

Holding hands, they looked out over what the Lord had given them to manage.

Soon, the snake returned with an apple in its mouth.

"Boy!" That was hard to do! But never mind, I'm here now. Here's the fruit of the season. I'm sorry there's only one and I know that there's two of you. Maybe if you share it it'll be big enough for the both of you." After he brought them both the apple the snake slithered off.

So, Adam and Eve took bites out of the apple that the snake had brought.

~

Open Consciousness

The Backlash effect happens to someone who has an open consciousness and who doesn't protect what they say by first thinking about their expression before they express themselves. *Talk Therapy* or writing freely (*free-write*) is fine sometimes for someone who is ill, but it's not a way for someone who is ill to increase faith all by itself. One has to move fully into faith understanding.

I have written freely all of my life, but it didn't increase my faith. *I began to increase my faith by incorporating free-write with faith increase, which I call Writing Therapy™. Writing Therapy™ helps me or anyone really write freely while increasing their benevolent faith at the same time. Writing Therapy™ has a Christian basis. Writing Therapy™ is a custom writing service in the field of faith.*

Getting my Eggs in a Row

Here's how I started the *Writing Therapy™* method: after a lifetime of free-write in all genre forms I began asking myself if I was getting any better. I saw that I wasn't and only that the free-writing method freed-up my mind so that I could express myself. Looking deeper at my challenge I saw that I needed to incorporate another ideology and move myself into a new territory. I started to incorporate faith.

I wanted to find a way to get around my own blaming other people for my own mistakes and misfortunes. And I saw that I could do this by writing about my life experiences. But, my doing so made me see that I couldn't just tell someone else what to do, I needed to do this thing myself. Surely I wasn't about to create a new method from a dream that I had to help someone else with writing when I didn't know what I was doing.

I asked myself, "*How can you help someone else when I can't even help myself?*" There was no cure for my M.S. illness, so I thought that I was creating a dead duck. Maybe there was some way that I could work this out. A miracle

would help! So I started praying about my dilemma. Soon, an answer came to me that I needed to get my eggs neatly arranged in a row.

Setting them out for me to see what I wanted to offer others I began to look at my writing deeper than I had before. Slowly I saw that my *Writing Therapy™* core was not to blame anybody for what they had done, but to include more than what had been offered by others. And I began to see that the way I was truly going to learn what I wanted to offer others was by learning and doing the lessons myself.

There was no turning back, no excuses I could make, and no one to help me. I had to take-on my dream myself and offer something to others. *“I can do this,”* I thought, *“but how? How does one get her ducks neatly placed in a row when she’s sick? Isn’t someone supposed to help me?”* I didn’t know what to do...

So, my mind sank deeper in a back and forth activity. *“Well, back and forth isn’t getting me anywhere, but at least I can do that,”* I exclaimed. *“At least I have something to do.”* The weeks went on and I became more furtive and demanding in myself, even as I became more ill. But I knew in my heart that the Lord had heard my prayer and had given me this trademark and book that I had begun to write.

“He gives the people of the world everything and He has given me both the bad things and the good things in life. I need to see these and accept them precisely as they are. That’s the key to understanding why He gave me this mark

and my book writing. That's what's going on in my life now. Not the negative expression. Doing that is a dead duck and nothing flies.

Ending the Negative

“I am going to get this trademark, and finish this book and others. I'm going to end my negative expression, for surely I've kept that going for a reason too. Expressing the negative has put me in touch with other ill expression that happens when someone doesn't believe in God. Carrying that unkind character around with me has shown me what NOT to express.”

*“But now I need to encompass what I know is true for illness expression, which is faith in God. I need to take this on. This is what He has given me to do. And this is why He gave me that mysterious year with Jamie and had me go to 1st Lutheran Church, meet with Pastor Allen and read that poem on camera. That movement taught me of the Lord **precisely** in the way that I knew life—through mystery and accepting the mystery. That's my gift to this world.”*

I began to see that the mark was not about my expressing anything negative about others (especially those who had given me such loving learning as Jamie and Pastor Allen), but simply of expressing something positive in myself about them and about others on planet Earth. The Lord had given me a mystery and my speling on about that to others was probably just as hard for others to figure out as it was for me! But, that was what I had expressed. Surely, that's what they had heard (I didn't!) and that's why the Lord had given me this gift.

Hubby's Help

I also told my husband everything that had happened as it happened. I told him about my feelings that moved within me regarding Jamie and Pastor Allen and how sad this made me, but they were true. I cried my eyes out because I could tell that they didn't believe me. Finally, I got through to him and could see that he was concerned. He told me that he believed me. I could see that he was aware of my lessening mental capacity that was slowly leaving as the M.S. moved on. He also knew how furtive I was to write this book of ministry and get it on the web, to "*Get it Out There!*" His believing me was the best.

Slowly, I think Pastor Allen and Jamie started to believe me. I think they knew that I wouldn't make anything up just to look better to others even though I had railed on and on about their mistreating me. But I was railing for them just to believe me.

Questions

All the while the Lord kept beckoning me to write this book. And I told Dick (Hubby) what the Lord said to me and Dick believed me (good man!). Sometimes I couldn't think straight, but I had enough wisdom moving in me to keep moving my dream forward.

But, I wondered why my receiving the trademark and why it was taking so long. This wasn't the usual way things happened. And my attorney told me that now there were "*questions from others.*"

I told my husband about all of this and he also thought that maybe Jamie or someone else had altered my dream of receiving this trademark. "*Oh gosh,*" I

thought. “*I’ve turned him into a paranoid person just like me!*” So, I began to accept the fact that I might be losing my mind and maybe I shouldn’t get this trademark, something I had waited to receive for two years and counting. Maybe all of this was in the Lord’s game plan: for me to receive and learn acceptance for what seemed like “*cruel and unusual punishment.*” I thought, “*Didn’t this kind of thing happen to our King before? Doesn’t this happen to others now? It doesn’t matter in the long run. All that matters is that I accept things right now.*”

The Backlash Effect and the Journey

I began to see that a backlash effect was going on in me—something that happens after the fact of something truly happening. I had kept an open consciousness and one that was not entirely filled with knowing God’s goodness when I was in touch with Jamie and Pastor Allen, but I had arrogantly told them how talented I was as a writer.

I didn’t see what I had done and only learned about my illness expression during and after I had talked with them. What I had done with these men was now winding its way back into my own consciousness. A *backlash effect* was curtailing itself in me and required deep repentance on my part.

Surely, this in itself was a lesson for me to express in my book, for I knew that I wasn’t the only person who kept her consciousness open with illness. I began to see that it didn’t matter what anyone else said or did, I only needed to abide with the Lord and do His bidding. This was the journey I was on with Him.

This was what He had beckoned me to see for this was what He had given me to write. I needed to forgive Jamie and Pastor Allen for speaking so

arrogantly to them in my heart and demanding that they see me clearly when I wasn't expressing myself clearly. I was demanding and arrogant. And all the while He stayed with me. If anything, this was what I needed to write: that one who had been given so much and had so much taken away still kept the best part: forgiveness of myself and others.

No one is to blame, surely not Jamie and Pastor Allen. Here are two men whose service I love dearly. And I know that they see that I don't quit and I have something to say that is relevant. I don't give up and don't give away the best part of me because it's easier to do than feel sorry for myself.

The bottom line is that it doesn't matter who's to blame for no one is to blame. Wondering "*who's to blame*" has given me creases on my brow earlier than expected. The creases disappear when I smile. Oh, a happy expression is so beautiful!

Happiness is natural protection for my expression before I say anything.
Being happy is a shield for illness.

Cue ~ Express your happiness in a few lines of writing. Go out to a river and watch it flow or look into a forest. Write a few lines about what makes you happy.

We are stardust

we are golden

and we've got to get ourselves

back to the garden...

Crosby, Stills & Nash

Narratives

Writing Therapy™ 101 in 2005
Setting the Record Straight

“Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time: Casting all your care upon him; for He cares for you. But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you.” (1 Pet 5:6-7, 10)

Play Time’s Over

You know, you can’t play a bent record, even one you’ve played over and over again to hear right. What was given once cannot be repeated. This page is written for those in my life who don’t believe me or who mock me. I’m sick of it. Webster tells us that to mock someone means to: “...*ridicule, deride, challenge, delude, disappoint the hopes of, mimic, imitate and contemplate ridiculously.*” In all these viewpoints, there is no forgiveness or kind thought. It’s all pain. That’s what mockery is—a painful ordeal that a person encounters and then watches while others experience their own pain afterwards.

Is one valued to mock another in order to gain status? In all trials, the one who was mocked has little hope and is cast out. *Is that the right way to go?* What would you want to happen to you? Changing sides, can you offer pain to another and then ridicule those with whom you’ve sided? Isn’t that a bit of a conundrum? Are you a pot calling the kettle black?

Mistakes & Mystery

I made mistake after mistake in Jamie’s eyes and in others’ eyes too. But I continually forgave myself and sought others’ forgiveness, regrouped and then questioned what was happening to me. My actions were not calm or stated in a

subservient manner, but they were honest and I knew that I was doing the Lord's will. I needed to move through the slime of ridicule that's on earth today in order to see the full picture of what is on earth today. I needed to take this on myself so I could write this book and tell you what I saw so that you may have a different perspective and choice of what to do.

My actions were selfish: I continually went beyond the kindness that was shown to me in order to appease myself. I wanted to reach some kind of stationary level where I needed no one and my way of doing that was to issue constant demands of others and then pray to the Lord for forgiveness. *Does this sound like a recording in your life?*

And of course, He gave me the entire experience so that I could see it and decide for myself what I should do. What I should do is tell you not to take this on! You don't have to! It's totally unnecessary! No one needs to go through what I went through. Each person has his own lessons and trials that one creates oneself that teaches him what he needs to know. So I ask Jamie and those listening to forgive my transgressions, thank him for listening to me and thank him for receiving my constant stream of demands, and especially for my misuse and subsequent disregard for his welfare, for I was only thinking of myself.

The Lesson for Today

And what he gave me continues to teach me today after the lessons are over. He teaches me through memory and not from having known him in our mysterious correspondence. And I've made more out of that sharing than anyone of sound mind would do. But, I am not of sound mind. He knew this then and

perhaps he knows this even more so now. He gave me a gift to cherish and remember without an agenda for its usefulness in my life. *Isn't this what Christ did for us? Where's the difference between then and now?*

I see that it's not wise for me or anyone who is mentally unsound or depressed to walk a tightrope and think that what she is walking is a straight line on solid ground. That's a nutty thing to do. I hurt him and I didn't see that I did that at the time, but I don't think that this is an excuse I can use now. Feeling or stating this excuse will not set the record straight in my life. *Would it in yours?* My prayer to the Lord about this circumstance sets the record straight.

If Jamie taught me anything (he did), if the mystery serves its purpose (it does), if I'm a different person now (I AM), if I shall not ("*Thou shalt not...*") do this again (I won't), then all is forgiven. ***That's the point.***

Cue ~ Set the record straight. Write down something that happened in your life, what you did then and what you see now that you can do now. As one mystic teacher says, "*You don't have to follow wise people. Just follow what they found.*"

The Secret of Life

Take time to think. It is the source of power.

Take time to play. It is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to be friendly. It is the road to happiness.

Take time to work. It is the price of success.

Take time to pray. It is the greatest power on earth.

Take time to love and be loved. It is the way of God.

Anonymous

Friendships v. Secrets

Community v. Phantom Who-Done-Its

“But Ruth said, “Entreat me not to leave you or to return from following you; for where you go I will go, and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God; where you die I will die, and there will I be buried.

May the Lord do so to me and more also if even death parts me from you.”

(Ruth 1:16-17)

The Puppeteer

When I started to lose my faculties – walking and my mental reasoning powers – I became paranoid that someone else was “*pulling the strings*” to see me fail or succeed, whichever road my life took. I saw the puppeteer holding my life taut and being very smart so as to make me think that what was happening to me was the normal route that everybody took in life. The puppeteer chose to shrewdly not show himself to me and only showed him self to the people I knew. This show was all a part of my paranoia.

However, when the lights slowly went down on my abilities to think straight, I began to tell others that there was a strange “puppeteer happening” behind my back. Others were heartily impressed that I knew what was going on and I was glad that I still could offer them a lesson. And the puppeteer was famous, so the unfolding action in my life meant that I knew more than he did and I was better. Or maybe my actions just held significant meaning and I should be thought of in better terms than he.

Whatever my actions signified to others, they were based in my own mistreatment of Jamie and my self, and my misunderstanding of the whole

situation that I continually rehashed in order to try to get it right. I told others that I only was this person who shared a mysterious encounter and their eyes went wide in their face thinking that I was on a roll. I was on a roll—a roll downhill.

The Psychology Hallway

Jamie worked in psychology and knew all the ins and outs that the mind took. So, I followed him for a short time inside the halls of psychology. In my daydreams I saw that this hallway had him wrapping me up inside a box that had no way out. I continued to tell Jamie that he “*put me in a box without first seeing the present.*”

And as time moved on and my abilities to think straight slowly ceased it was obvious that he had done things according to “good” psychological stature. So, I watched his moves. All that I saw made sure that I had nothing to prove myself righteous. I saw that he made doubly sure that no one would believe me and that all my associates would never contact me again. I saw that he made them swear, or something like that.

My paranoia had moved already into an obsession and I didn’t know how to let go. All I could see was that if I held onto life and love, maybe he would return. Maybe everything negative would simply dissolve away and we would be friends like I always knew we would be. All it took was my devotion to do what was right.

The Trademark Walks the Hall

I received my trademark that the Lord promised me and by some mysterious happening I began to see things in a new way. I had things that he

wanted but could never have. I had: *an uncanny ability to know things* (the Lord told me what I needed to know to do His work on earth); *a trademark that maybe he wanted* (this began my thinking that maybe I shouldn't have this mark because I couldn't use it wisely and whether this truly happened I'll never know); *a famous family and a great writing talent.*

Seeing that I had caused him and myself so much grief I began to think that my trademark (an innocent power and what I had worked for years to achieve) wasn't any good. I began to think that I shouldn't have the mark. Let someone else have it! I hated having this mark and maybe others could help me use it. But my stating this outwardly *really* made me look nuts, so I stopped speaking to all people. All the while I just wanted Jamie to tell me something kind. So I thought, "*Do I have to go through all these moves just to receive someone else's kind expression? Or is this just another lesson the Lord is sending me?*"

But I couldn't accept this all the way, so my mind returned to a larger motive that I had held onto since I had begun the trademark adventure—*the mark was for personal expression and wasn't meant to teach anybody anything!* I was just doing something for myself and thought it would be nice to offer it to others too because nobody was doing that!

But I didn't care about its power. I never had. That wasn't why I began the adventure. It was just something that I could do for someone else. But then, the Lord's presence moved me to see that this was exactly why He had saved this mark for me. **He wanted everything to go on record to show that innocent**

behavior had an unseen, mysterious reward if it was held steady by an innocent person whose hand just held the line. This was my ministry and the journey was going to teach me and everybody else something new.

Paranoid Expression

Paul Simon once wrote, *“Paranoia strikes deep in the heartland, but I think it’s all overdone. Imagination this, imagination that and you don’t have much fun.”* I began to look seriously at what paranoia was in my life and what I was expressing. Paul was absolutely right. Paranoia was a burned-out tube that was tied to my mental problems. There was no reality behind anything I saw and Dick (my hubby) kept telling me that. I was just looking for a way to make sense out of the mess I had made.

Then, I began to see that my writing about the mess was good for me to do. Writing made me feel good. It was a way for me to express myself. But I had to see the whole picture of what I was doing first. Then, I could express the truth that I knew.

Positive Expression

I began to ask myself, “Why don’t I just express something positive instead of all my fears? Why do I always see myself as having to be perfect? Does my perfection show others that I’m able to take on this trademark? But, that’s not the reason why the Lord saved this mark for me! This mark was to show me what my own expression was made of, so I could offer this story to you. And the mark was a citadel to show me that faith in God brought all things into fruition. My positive expression about that is what moved the mountain.

And He moved the mountain and gave this expression to me even though I didn't have all the pieces to the puzzle, nor did I know how the puzzle fit together. He knew. I needed to abide with Him and He would show me. In the final analysis I saw that the Lord was the great puppeteer working my strings.

Cue ~ Are you worried that something isn't going to happen? Is that making you fearful? What can you express now that is positive to blow away your fear?

Look between the lattice to see the truth.

*“...Strange to be left with his lies,
overnight constructions, the facades
of skyscrapers thrown up in panic,
Potemkin villages of the mind
Forbidding the intimacy...”*

from the poem “Lies” in Living in the Open, poems by Marge Piercy, p. 95.

Movement*The Folks Enter Assisted Care Living*

“...See that you say nothing to anyone; but go your way, show yourself to the priest, and offer for your cleansing those things which Moses commanded, as a testimony to them.”

(Mark 1:44)

After I left medical school in 1995, life moved on and I needed to make rent, so I started working at a single’s club (an unlikely place for me to be, I thought) simply because the lady who hired me was nice. At last, I thought, I could go to work and there would be someone who was kind.

The job itself was boring, but after two months of working in that strange business environment and listening to a lot of single people talk about finding a meaningful mate I had earned more money than anyone else. I had enlisted many singles in that club based on the fact that I: listened, knew how to express myself and sounded nice on the phone. At last; in one thing that I attempted I had succeeded in being the best, even though I had succeeded in a dead-end job.

Then, about a month after I began working at the dead-end job, I met a nice guy on the phone who was lonely. He had a nice voice. After he shared with me that he had a well-paying job with the government, was moving into a new home that he had designed and was also a *Licensed Massage Therapist* I knew that he was the man of my dreams. I sensed that there was a connection, but again, didn’t know what to do. I asked myself, *“What is really going on here? Here is a guy who I had never met, but who I sensed was my dream-mate. Am I being too pushy now? What is going on with my life? My life is one mystery after another and I don’t know how to deal with that...”*

The next week I met him and he asked me to lunch, and then dinner, and then we walked and talked about arts and crafts, and then we held hands and he kissed me. Soon, after a few months of dating him he asked me to move-in with him. This felt very right to do—to leave Seattle, which had become a city of loss for me and move to the country. So, I did that. I moved west to the Kitsap Peninsula, into a new, two-story home, onto four acres of wilderness, which was on Pacific Northwest forest land. I began living with a gentle man, a very loving person who gave me his world with no questions asked.

This man, who I loved then, and who I love more each day now and I were married in one year's time, as I needed to unwind and live. I left the old world of striving-to-achieve and entered a forest home where I began to discover my heart's calling and write what I knew to be true. I entered a quiet and peaceful sacred setting where I began to live stress-free for the first time in my life.

Don & Rosa

Dick's folks, Don & Rosa lived not far from us, in Sumner, WA. Rosa was a gentle, loving soul and Don had been a postal worker for years. We visited them often and I kicked the habit of thinking that I was too weird for them. Don and Rosa brought a consistency into my life, just as Dick had done. Rosa was always cooking something great in the kitchen and Don loved to tell stories. Don was a great story teller.

Don & Rosa, and their home of 50+ years offered me so much love and understanding. This was the home where Dick had been raised, upstairs in an alcove-like bedroom that had been an add-on. Don had taught Dick carpentry

work, and he and Dick had rebuilt Don's home over time. Dick had learned basic wood cutting, remodeling skills and home design from his dad that he used on our home in Port Orchard (Dick designed our home).

But after they had lived many years in their home in Sumner, and their two children, Dick and Lisa, had married and had their own homes, they grew in age and started needing help. So, they found an Assisted Living Home that they liked and were scheduled to move there. Their new home was also located in Sumner and was not far from their first home.

Don was 82 now and had experienced two heart attacks already. Rosa was in her late 70's and had started to experience the beginnings of Alzheimer's illness. They knew that it was time for them to move and have proper medical supervision continually. And Dick and Lisa were concerned that their move be handled properly from their home, into their new home because in most ways their leaving what they had built and lived in, for so many years, would be hard for them to do.

The U-Haul Truck

Dick rented a U-Haul truck to move them into their new home, but the day before the move he called the U-Haul company to verify his order. The lady who worked for U-Haul would not help him without his credit card number, so he gave it to her to get back the information he needed to have. But this new worker did not return any Reference number to him. She just took his money and complained meekly that she was a new worker. She gave him an excuse in return for his time.

My husband is usually a tolerant person, but he was moving through a very hard time in his life and received only negative feedback in return for his honesty. So, he lost it. Dick got really angry, stormed into the bedroom where I was lying down and screamed at me while he dressed, telling me that he was going to do harm to the lady at U-Haul. I started crying and said to him, "*Honey, forget it! She's in hell, so don't go there your self!*" It took him a few minutes to calm down, but he did.

We were moving through the 2005 Lent season, which was a hard row to hoe. This was a bad situation, which I had learned was the best kind of situation to deepen faith. I reminded Dick of my abusive past and illnesses that had taught me these were gifts that He had given me specifically. Maybe my faith increase could serve as an example for him to do the same thing.

The Pit Can Be Faith-Filled Too

I could see that life turned into a pit for me and for whoever expressed them selves from a place that had no light. This was a pitiful place to be. There's no way out of a dungeon and each person has the choice to instantly leave the dungeon state by expressing a loving state and shining the light of belief.

I could see that my dungeon state only lasted until I left the dungeon state, so I bid Dick to not join that lady in a state that had no light. Not caring was a dungeon state expression that couldn't bring the light. It couldn't move the darkness forward either. But, Dick always turned on the light switch, whether it was in his smile, in his words, with his voice or when he hummed through the

house. The light of love was always on for him and that's what I loved about him the most.

Cue ~ Write about a time in your life that stressed you out, what happened and how you felt. Then, write how you could handle that situation differently now. Write what you saw, where you were, when the situation happened and how you felt.

Post details, but be careful with the details. Don't get caught up in the details. They shouldn't take over, but only clarify your surrounding and experience.

The things we are afraid of seem to be like high mountains to climb.

When we have gone through them they were in fact very small hills.

Tricky mind.

Unknown

The Dress-Up Drawer

“Well, I do not run aimlessly, I do not box as one beating the air; but I pommel my body and subdue it, lest after preaching to others I myself should be disqualified.”

(1 Cor. 9: 26-27)

When I was a youngster, there was a drawer in our *Family Room* bureau that we called “*The Dress-Up Drawer.*” The Family Room bureau was black, rickety and old, and was on its last legs. But my mom gave it to us kids to use, even though it scratched us up just to open it and gave us splinters all the time. My parents gave us kids this bureau so we could have a place to store our costumes that we wore when we played. The three of us younger kids (the fourth, who was eldest never joined our play) always wore costumes when we played.

We wore all kinds of costumes that fit the parts we enacted. There were princesses, princes and leading roles from cartoons we often watched, from “The Grinch” to Cinderella, Zorro and the Phantom of the Opera. My brother would play all the heroes and I would play the heroine parts. We knew the movies and their musical numbers by heart. My dad had all the original scores to the musical shows on Broadway (he was the lead pianist for many of them), so we knew all the lines.

While in costume I would prance through the house with music from a show. Once I asked my dad why a musical score to *Carousel* had pencil markings in it (we weren’t allowed to mark up the pages) and he said that he needed to make some notes for the show during a rehearsal, and to ignore them. Those

scores and my prancing around with them in the house set my life in motion to continue prancing wherever I went.

~

Looking back on this time, I see that we always dressed-up when we played so we wouldn't have to see ourselves for real. At least that's what it was always like. We always imagined a new experience dressed in costumes of characters that had been created already by someone else. We never dressed in our own costumes and never even had a thought about anything new.

Sure, our thoughts were crafted from fictitious characters and the costumes were made-up on the spot to stand for something else. And the colors were all wrong and the pants had to be scrunched up so we wouldn't fall. And we were too young anyway so this didn't count, but we never imagined anything new. We only imagined what had been created before.

And my dad and mom were so happy that we were doing a reincarnation of what had already been, for it seemed like there weren't any new spots to clean up, the lines had already been written and all we had to do was play-act it out. And of course, we were all great to do that because we were all so talented. But, looking back on this memory I wonder if something wasn't missing.

This was a hodge-podge world of do-gooders who only beat the bad guy, yet had to be reconciled into a childish form. And we were told with smiles, time and again, to "*play the truth of the moment*" and all was okay. But the truth of our moments never showed themselves. We didn't know that we were in pain, so we didn't express it.

The truth of our lives was hidden away into the furthest corners so that all we could do is forget about it. And of course, we weren't allowed to tell anybody about the abuse, pain and suffering that was going on in our lives; or anything bad about dad because our saying anything bad happened to us from the bread winner would make us go hungry. What we didn't see was that by hiding the truth, we were creating our destiny.

And I look at what's on the T.V. and see characters in films looking at themselves in the mirror and I wonder, "*Does this person play-act to hide who they are?*" I did that. Maybe people like to dress-up before a mirror, put on make-up, act out fantasies and act better than they truly are because they don't like to look at themselves. I did that. I wonder if anyone looks at what is present in their life and tries to fix the problem that they see. I did that, but I don't do it now. I rejoice to see what He has given me—all of it, the good and the bad. That isn't hard to do.

What You Put Out Comes Back to You

At the end of my correspondence to Jamie, I sent him a few chapters that I had written from this book. As was usual in my sending something to him, I just wanted him to see what was moving in my mind. I wanted to connect with him. I still hadn't accepted the fact that he had halted me sending anything to him. I needed to learn obedience from him and just do what he told me to do, and I hadn't reached that point yet (I have now).

In his usual way, he returned to me a psychic cue. The cue (his words to me that I heard internally) went like this:

“Why did you send me this email?”

Why did you send me the other book chapter?

What do I want to accomplish by sending these to him?”

In his usual way, he didn't tell me anything, but only made me look at what I was doing. That's how he worked with me and probably with others too. This is his gift.

This is what his psychic cue means to me: *I can't have my own way with things. I can't move aside the word “No” and change it into something else to suit me in the moment.* He told me “No” again and I needed to accept this once and for all. I have to deal with my own life and memory of what has been. He wants me to get on with my life.

So, I took his advice and see that *coloring outside the lines* creates the full picture that I see, all the beauty and all the dross. That's what this book begins, an expedition for me to get into the core of myself and express that. I was walking a plank within a plank within a plank before because I saw that this was the way for me to not fall in, but now I see that the water's fine. Belief in Him shows me that maybe I too may walk on water in a way by leaving my worm state on earth and moving into angelic form in heaven on earth. That's called *alchemy*—more in *Writing Therapy™ IV*.

Cue ~ What does “No” mean to you? Does “No” mean “No” or does it mean: “Maybe,” “Until another time,” “I need to find out what this really means” or “Yes.” Is “No” a word whose meaning you can change?

*The deepest words of the wise man
teach us the same as
the whistle of the wind when it blows
or the sound of the water when it is flowing.*

Antonio Machado

Testimony: The Oscars

Screenplay by Harlene Stein, Ideas by Jaclyn Henderson, RC

Halfway through this chapter is a screenplay scene that I asked my mom to write. It's in Screenplay format that's based on a memory I had of watching *The Oscars* at home, with my dad in attendance. Dad voted for *The Oscars* every year, since he had written 98 film scores.

I grew-up attending *Academy of Motion Picture* screenings about every other week when I was little and before I attended acting school around age 25 (I was a knock-out then). Always, my dad pointed out famous people and directors that he knew, whose names meant something to the industry then, but whom I never met because he never introduced me. He only showed me that he knew them. Once, I met Oscar Werner at the screenings, who was the famous actor that starred in the first film of *Fahrenheit 451*. (I believe that this movie has been shot again at the end of the 20th Century or beginning of the 21st Century.)

Now, my mom has a life-long privilege of attending Academy screenings. She attained this privilege because of my dad's presence with the *Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences* for so long, and his presence on four film groupings that offered talented members specific opportunities: *The Foreigns*, *Shorts*, *Documentaries* and *Movies made that were based on a book* (these names are as close as I remember). You had to know people to get in these groupings and you had to work for the business for a long time. My dad did both.

Academy screenings were a big deal for everybody in the business. You wanted to go, be seen and especially notice that you are seen when you were trying to hide. All people who made movies (actors and production persons) were

required to attend the screenings, but because of the fame and the fact that the big stars were sick and tired of dealing with fans, famous people usually entered the Academy motion picture auditorium **after** the lights went down, so they are not noticed. Interestingly though, everyone who attended the screenings knew this. So, those who came in after the lights went down were especially famous. I knew this. Everybody who attended Academy screenings knew this. The big stars didn't want to be bothered so no one talked to them (I must still be doing this unconsciously and doing this has made me very sad, isn't healthy and I don't know how to get this focus out of my life).

Going to a screening was like going to the movies, only no food, drinks or wrappers were allowed in, so no one brought them in. Everyone who attended the screenings knew that these screenings were only for members, the *crème de la crème* and everybody else could go blow. After all, if you weren't known, then you weren't important.

I didn't know this then, but I know this now. The "*Academy screening priority*" served to keep my subconscious away from other people because in a way I still think that I too am the best. I guess a lot of movie makers are also Bi-Polar. For sure, there is a lot of drug use and money going around, for this is big business, for which *everyone and his sister* wants to be a part. So, I was a part of this for a while and a part of my family is still a part of this.

These screenings were only for the people who made the movies, who each were allowed to bring only one guest per show. The AMPAS is still located on Wilshire Blvd., and it's still a very hard place to find a parking spot (again,

you have to be seen or know someone). You knew that the people who sat next to you were in the industry.

This was not a common movie theater. It is the most respectful place I know because the people who attend these screenings don't litter or talk or even clap after a film finishes, unless the film is really good and will win awards later on. You always sense if a film will win an Oscar when you see the film at the AMPAS.

I always thought that the last effect that one saw before the picture started was the most telling of the movie industry: The film curtains slowly parted, right and left. Two spotlights shone on two large Oscar statues that were placed at either side of the curtains. No one said a word, and the auditorium was packed. You knew that you were in the best, the only place in town to see a film right, you didn't want to leave and the people who sat with you were the ones who knew that the picture was bound to win or not. After all, the people who sat with you made the movies and had to vote for the Academy awards.

So, watching The Oscars on T.V. was always a "have-to" event, a big deal in our family because we knew what was good and what was not. We were a family whose bread winner was in the business. The rest of this chapter is a good rendition of my family's attendance with the Oscars and the Academy, on the night when each movie and star were seen and mentioned.

How to read a Screenplay

To best understand the screenplay format, I recommend you simply read this through and try to imagine what the characters and action looks like. Make it

up. That's what you do when you read a fiction novel and you can tell that the fiction is written well because you move with its flow. The same thing works for a screenplay. It is written well when it does not give the reader any indication of what the picture should be. It indicates, is well written to assume the answer to the reader. After all, *Screenplay* wins two Academy awards: one screenplay that is made-up from scratch and one that is based on a book.

The picture's technologies—how it is shot and where it is shot (its locations) are up to the Director of the movie, so one who writes the picture wants to write the story well to get the best director possible. But that's not printed here. The reader just knows if the script (screenplay) is good or not, and you only know that by reading what is presented. A good screenplay follows the format to the letter, but again is written well if what is stated only assumes something and leaves the reader free to make-up the picture. In final analysis, the movie's director makes-up the picture.

The Image of the Scene

Reading a well-written screenplay allows the reader to make-up what things look like, to see through his/her own mental lens. Literary verbs and ideas of what things should look like are purposefully omitted. The script reads like notes about a story and this is to let the reader/director create the image. This imagery focus is also what occurs when one reads a well written story or novel: *a well written story will not give the reader all the images but will let the reader's mind create what the story looks like.* That's the magic that's in the author and her pen: ***the form is known through and through before the first letter appears,***

or, the reader thinks that what is written is boring because all the work's been done.

The screenplay genre is its own form. It is best learned from certain university programs or people who know the trade, but again you have to discover if the teacher is worth his/her weight in gold (i.e. Spielberg, Disney or Emma Thompson). You can't fake it—it either sells you or it doesn't.

See if this one sells you. It's written by a woman who has lived within the film genre for most of her life and who has won awards for her Independent films. She now owns *Perma Productions*, and writes, directs and produces her own movies. She's my mom, Harlene Stein.

Reading through the Line

Remember, you have to “read through the line” to understand what is being said, while seeing the picture in your mind's eye. This script reading trains you to *trust your senses*. The film industry is based on this ideology. That's why Jamie meant so much to me, for he knows what it takes to write well, even if he never tells you. He doesn't have to tell me anything and only tells me things in subtle ways. Like a good film, a lot of what he doesn't say means most.

I heard him by learning how he taught me, which was unique: he would return an email to me if I needed to listen to myself. When he kept an email, he was satisfied. That's when I wrote something he was interested in keeping for some reason, and I never asked him what he meant by that. What mattered to me was that he kept my email. This was a very strange way to learn something. It was based totally on trust.

Jamie taught me to trust myself. It's the same thing in the film industry: the people who write the best are the people who make the pictures that win. That's a given, but here too you have to "*trust your senses*" like Jamie once told me. You see, Jamie knew what was right to do and I didn't. And *Jamie taught me to listen by listening to me*. He and I had/have our own kind of system: he knows that I know that when he sends me back my writing that I still need to listen to myself some more because what I wrote wasn't the best that he knew I could do. This was his way to tell me that I still needed to listen to myself.

After our emailing venture, I learned to trust his knowledge over and above everyone's. And God willing, he trusts now that I am making choices that are best for me to make given my variable abilities. This guy is the best of the best and I'm the luckiest student in the world.

The story behind this screenplay is a true life story. I am JACLYN.

Hint: "V.O." stands for "Voice Over." The voice is heard over the picture that is seen.

The Oscars by Harlene Stein

IN BLACK

We HEAR applause.

JOHNNY CARSON (V.O.)
Thank you and welcome to the
fortieth Year of Oscar.

More applause.

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON THE TV

Johnny Carson, the M.C. of the broadcast.

JOHNNY CARSON
Wow, what a night! Hey, did you get
a load of those backless dresses.
Some of the backless part, stopped
just in time.

INT. STEIN HOME, FAMILY ROOM, MARCH, 1968 – NIGHT

Johnny Carson's monologue drowns on.

CLOSE ON:

JACLYN, 10 years old, dark Brunette hair, bright dark eyes,
covered by glasses, braces on her teeth.

JACLYN (V.O.)
When I was growing up, Oscar night
was BIG in our house.

THE ROOM

It's a medium size room, black and white tiled floor, sliding glass doors cover one wall and face the front lawn and street.

In the center of the room is a large round white 50's deco table. Four black upholstered chairs are around the table. Jaclyn is seated in a black chair next to her father, RONNIE, 37, a big man, very much in authoritative command of his family. Jaclyn's face reflects the fearful uneasiness she's feeling as she sits next to him.

JACLYN (V.O.)

My dad was a film composer. He got to vote because he belonged to the Academy.

We notice that on the table, in front of Ronnie, is an open brochure. It has a list of the Oscar contenders, those nominated for an award. Some of the names have been marked with X's.

JACLYN (V.O.)

As I sat next to him, I tried hard to put on this façade of a smile, even an occasional laugh for Johnny Carson. But underneath was this fear of what my dad could do if something upset him. This fear was locked inside me and my two sisters and brother.

Also in the room are HOLLIE, 11, HARISE, 14, VICTOR, 7. They're seated on various chairs all facing the TV, watching intensely.

The front door, which is in the foyer next to the family room, opens and MOM, HARLENE comes rushing into the room.

HARLENE

Sorry I'm late. Pop corn coming right up.

Nobody acknowledges her. Everyone is busy listening to Johnny's monologue and laughing. Just the way Ronnie wants it.

Harlene shrugs her shoulders, takes off her coat and leaves the room.

FOCUS ON THE TV

Johnny's face fills the screen.

JOHNNY CARSON

Okay enough! When we come back best supporting actor. Hey, just look at those nominees.

THE CAMERA QUICKLY FIXES ON:

JOHN CASSAVETES

GENE HACKMAN

CECIL KELLAWAY

GEORGE KENNEDY

MICHAEL J. POLLARD

A COMMERCIAL BEGINS.

Victor jumps up, goes to his father, looks at the brochure.

VICTOR

Who did you vote for?

RONNIE

(sternly)

Sit down and I'll tell you.

VICTOR

Why can't I see?

RONNIE

(on his feet)

What did I just say?

Victor runs back to his seat.

Ronnie sits back down, looks at the brochure.

RONNIE

George Kennedy.

JACLYN (V.O.)

My dad was a total disciplinarian.
Very controlling. Everything had to
be perfect. He didn't know how
difficult this was for me and it
made life miserable. I was always
so frightened he'd catch me not
being perfect.

ANOTHER COMMERCIAL

VICTOR

I smell popcorn.

HOLLIE

Me, too.

(shouting)

When will it be done, mom?

HARLENE (V.O.)

Pretty soon.

VICTOR

(shouting)

Can I have a soda?

Jaclyn watches the action of her siblings. She tries to fit
in, but her 'aleness' is reflected on her face.

Jaclyn

(timidly)

Me, too.

RONNIE

(loudly; commanding)

Stop yelling.

He looks at Harise.

RONNIE

Harise, go into the kitchen and
help your mother.

Harise doesn't question him. She goes quickly into the kitchen.

Victor is out of his seat.

VICTOR

I'll go, too.

RONNIE

You'll sit down.

Victor reluctantly goes toward his seat, but lifts a paddle with a rubber string that has a small ball attached, from a shelf.

KITCHEN

Harlene is pushing an aluminum pan with pop corn over the gas flame of the stove. Back and forth. The corn is popping inside the bag.

HARISE

Which soda do I use, mom?

HARLENE

The big bottle in the fridge. Paper cups, honey.

Harise goes to the refrigerator, gets out the large bottle of Pepsi.

FAMILY ROOM

FOCUS ON THE TV

JOHNNY CARSON

And the beautiful Sandy Dennis, winner of last years supporting actress award, will announce this years best supporting actor.

FAMILY ROOM

Victor holds up the paddle to start bouncing the ball.

Jaclyn looks at him and shakes her head, no.

He puts it down.

FOCUS ON TV

SANDY DENNIS

And the winner is...

She opens the envelop.

SANDY DENNIS

(exuberantly)

George Kennedy for COOL HAND LUKE

Lots of applause as George Kennedy walks toward the podium.

FAMILY ROOM

HOLLIE

You guessed right, dad.

RONNIE

No. I just voted for what I felt
was the best performance.

A COMMERCIAL

Harlene comes into the room, carrying a large bowl of pop
corn, six paper plates and napkins. Harise holds a tray with
six paper cups filled with soda. They put them down in the
center of the table.

Harlene sits on the other side of Ronnie.

HARLENE

It's on the table!

Harise begins helping herself.

RONNIE

I want to see everybody's hands
before you put them into the
popcorn.

Jaclyn goes into the kitchen, tears in her eyes.

KITCHEN

Jaclyn turns on the faucet.

JACLYN (V.O.)

I was scared, but I was also mad. I
kept it all inside. For years I
kept it all inside.

She rubs her fingers with soap, then looks into the FAMILY
ROOM.

They all sit back in their seats with their goodies and begin
eating and drinking, watching the TV.

JACLYN (V.O.)

We all kept it inside.

Jaclyn dries her hands, goes back into the:

FAMILY ROOM

Jaclyn sits down, takes some pop corn.

MEDIUM SHOT

The whole family, their eyes focused on Johnny Carson on the
TV.

SLOW FADE OUT

THE END

Another Tower of Babel

People Climbing Up the Ladder of Success

“Now the whole earth had one language and few words. And as men migrated from the east, they found a plain in the land of Shinar and settled there. And they said to one another, “*Come, let us make bricks, and burn them thoroughly.*” And they had brick for stone, and bitumen for mortar. Then they said, “*Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower with its top in the heavens, and let us make a name for ourselves, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth,*” And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the sons of men had built.

And the Lord said, “*Behold, they are one people, and they have all one language; and this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them. Come, let us go down, and there confuse their language, that they may not understand one another’s speech.*” So the Lord scattered them abroad from there over the face of all the earth and they left off building the city. Therefore its name was called Babel, because there the Lord confused the language of all the earth; and from there the Lord scattered them abroad over the face of all the earth.” (Gen. 11: 1-9)

I don’t think humanity as a whole (one people with one language, which is of the heart, which is of love expression) has totally come down from the *Tower of Babel* state yet. A few have. And we are His children and we have something to do with Him, which is to *love one another as He has loved us* (John), so find out how you think about yourself by answering these simple questions.

There's no answer that is right or wrong, good or bad. These questions helped me find out **how I see myself**, which is also **how I see you**.

The Assessment Scale: From 1 – 5, how do I truthfully rate myself?

Place a 1 – 5 on how you think about each of these statements:

“Love” means that I am to love another with no holds barred and without an agenda.

“Love” means that I cannot find fault with another person by judging his/her actions.

“Love” means that I am to trust another person no matter what that person does to me, which I may not like and with which I may disagree.

“Love” means that I clarify myself with His love, fulfill my place and rest within what He gives me.

“Love” keeps changing its mind and I'm not responsible for that.

True and False—Place a T or F

The Lord has given me wide latitude to learn what love is and is willing to let me fail.

Some part of me is lost, so until I have a full house I have nothing to offer anyone that is worthy.

I'm a loser and see myself that way, so I have no alternative but to see you as a loser in some way, too.

I love myself wholly (foibles and all) and this has taught me to love you wholly too (foibles and all).

I can't love you more than I love myself, so I'd better clean-up my own act.

The “Love Worthy” or Judgment Meter

Write 0-10 on the following statements. 0 is lowest. **Right now I have the right to:**

1. Say that anything is good or bad;
2. Think someone else is exactly how I see them;
3. Love or not love someone else based on what someone else does or doesn't do;
4. Strive for perfection or reach the stars no matter how this may harm someone else;
5. Do whatever I want to do;
6. Think and do whatever my heart tells me to do;
7. Achieve success and put meat on my table by working for it;
8. Judge you if I feel like it;
9. Reach my final destination; and
10. Abide with the creator.

Cue ~ The Tower of Babel Questionnaire

Answer these questions simply. Just say to yourself “*Yes*” or “*No*” at the time, and let your answers change later on you want to change them.

1. Do you think that another person has the right to be “*out in left field?*”
2. Do you think that someone else has the right to disagree with you?
3. Do you think that life is just a crap-shoot, so it's anybody's guess and anybody's choice to play by the rules?
4. What are the rules of life that you live by?

5. Is what is present likely to be raised in price, and that's not fair?
6. Is life harder than heck to get through, so it's best to quit while you're ahead?
7. Is your life second-rate, so you'd better get used to it?
8. Is your life going to change when you get a better sales team?
9. Is your life filled with love?
10. Are you willing to ONLY express love?

*“...People thinking without speaking,
People hearing without listening,
People writing songs that voice(s) never share
No one dares disturb
the Sound of Silence.”*

by Paul Simon, on Simon & Garfunkel Greatest Hits CD © 1972 CBS Inc.

Mystery is a Journey to a Place Called Love

“Go and cry in the ears of Jerusalem, saying, “Thus saith the Lord; I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thy espousals, when thou went after me in the wilderness, in the land that was not sown.” (Jeremiah 2:2)

What does it take for me to know that I speak the **truth of love**? It takes a lot of my different kinds of expression, one after another, such as:

- ✓ free-writing the truth of love;
- ✓ stating or writing the loves I have known before & now;
- ✓ reading about love that has been written by others of renown;
- ✓ stating to the Lord of Love my love for Him and for others, no matter if they hear it or not, and no matter if they have hurt me before;
- ✓ resiliency or re-grouping what I know to be true, so I can state love again in another way;
- ✓ not giving up, ever;
- ✓ disregarding the dross that comes from another;
- ✓ belief in myself; and
- ✓ belief in my actions that are of benevolent love and it doesn't matter what does or doesn't come back to me.

I think that all people move through their own *mystery journey*, one which they need to understand. My *mystery journey* increases love's expression within me, as I am with Him, He abides in me and He summoned me to speak the word of love and not be afraid of what comes back to me. All that I need to do is: take care of myself; write this book; put together my other books; write what is useful

for my *Writing Therapy*TM trademark, such as *The Grace Note*; and do benevolent loving things that He bids me do.

A big part of my mystery journey is **Illness Expression**: how I express myself now. I feel much better when I write. Why is that? Writing for me is **brain food—writing feeds my brain**. Writing is a non-working thing to do. I don't write for a reason, I just write because it feels good. This is what I know therapeutic writing to be only I've taken this a few steps further: *I now write of my love for the Lord and state boldly that this love expression empowers me, and may also empower others and others who are ill*. What works for me may also work for you. These pages begin my own transformation, from caterpillar to butterfly.

Cue ~ Fill a page or two in your journal of what He bids you do of benevolent love.

Now, read the words on the next page. What do they tell you?

Do you have something to say to Him? He's wants to hear your words to Him no matter what they are. So, write them down!

There's more about *Writing Therapy*TM for illness expression and love expression in *Writing Therapy*TM IV.

"When you're weary,
 feeling small,
 when tears are in your eyes
 I'll dry them all.
 I'm on your side oh, when times get rough,
 and friends just can't be found
 like a **bridge over troubled water**
 I will lay me down;
 like a bridge over troubled water
 I will lay me down.

When you're down and out,
 when you're on the street,
 when evening falls so hard
 I will comfort you.
 I'll take your part, oh when darkness comes,
 and pain is all around
 like a bridge over troubled water
 I will lay me down;
 like a bridge over troubled water
 I will lay me down.

Sail on silver girl, sail on by.
 Your time has come to shine,
 all your dreams are on their way.
 See how they shine, oh, if you need a friend
 I'm sailing right behind
 like a bridge over troubled water
 I will ease your mind,
 like a bridge over troubled water
 I will ease your mind.

Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits © 1972 CBS Inc.

Comedy

Bringing in the Sheaves

A New Game of Solitaire

*“...Bringing in the sheaves...Bringing in the sheaves... We will come rejoicing bringing
in the sheaves.” (Harvest Song)*

I often sing this song. I'll tell you what it means to me when I sing it:
I see an image of yesteryear when the field hands carried heavy sacks and grains
from the field's harvest to their Lord's home. Their women are also with them,
giving them bread and drink. And the women danced to ease the men's burdens
of carrying heavy sacks, singing *“Harvester! Rejoice! You're now bringing in
the sheaves! See what you've done for me!”* The men are reminded that they've
planted, sowed, watered and harvested their master's grain, which is their own
grain too. They've matured with nature's seasons and have been in service to
their lord. In return he is now in service to them.

With this image blazing away in my mind's eye I wondered, *“Why can't I
show my own riches of harvest too? Why can't other ill people also show their
daily harvest? Isn't this going to show me that I do indeed count now? Yes, I do!
Even though I don't go many places anymore I do have something to show for my
loving expression!*

*I know! I'll count my own daily harvest of benevolent, loving expression!
I'll count what I say and this will show me that I do indeed have something to
count in blessing. This will remind me to be thankful for all that I have and what
He gives me, just like yesteryear.*

*And just as before with others, He now looks over my shoulder and
beckons me on, and I obey Him. Yet, I receive nothing from my fellow man in*

payment for what I do, so there must be a way for me to pay myself for what I have done today!

*Before, I was just another dirty slave, so others felt free to: use me, steal from me, ignore me or say that I'm just too nuts to care about anyway, so what I did was anybody's game. But now, with this payment, I see **exactly** what I have said that is kind and loving. And nobody can take that away! Here's what is due me for what I've done today."*

Then is Now, Prelude to Play

In olden days, what was grown was counted as wealth: what you grew in your fields and what you grew through commerce made you wealthy. All wealth was connected by what the earth created and what you owned. This is mostly what lead life at first. You became rich because you had better fruit and crops than someone else. You made yourself wealthy and then passed on this inheritance to your children. That giving made you and your family wealthy. So, you were responsible for your family too. Pretty soon, that kind of wealth was all that was important--you were wealthy or poor simply by what you had.

And in time, the children had to know how the system worked. That's what became of schools. Students learned that they needed to maneuver themselves into high places as well as learn a trade, and they also had to make sure that only the right people knew what they were doing. You can be sure, just as today, there was a lot of finagling going on behind closed doors.

This is why our Lord came into the world when He did, to offer people then and now the Lord's way. But today, the idea of wealth is still not

encompassed, even with our modern-day businesses and churches. Humankind is still managed by some “*this will get you ahead*” ideas. *Why do you want to get ahead? Where are you going in such a hurry?*

And then there are a lot of other ideas about: *giving to the needy, working for the underdog and it's better to give rather than to receive* (being seen that you are giving is probably better than not giving at all. That becomes a soap box, so I'll let that one go...). To end my soapbox speech, let's just say that *the true business rules have two sets: the curriculum and other rules besides the curriculum. Some think that you have to do well at both sets of lessons.*

So, we're: smarter than the other guy, wiser if we know how the system works and safe if we use the system only for ourselves (and a couple of trustworthy friends). But even the friends change and you have to learn the rules for that too. It becomes a set of “*rules within rules,*” but seeing what is true makes your head spin. We've even grown bold enough to say in some cases that the poor and needy are afflicted themselves. In the final analysis, you don't know what's coming or going so you just give-up. No wonder the suicide rate is so high now—people just want out because there is no true way to go anymore.

That's if you look at things from top to bottom. But there is another way to go...

~

To remedy this nightmarish dog-eat-dog world, I made-up this game that I could play myself (it's a game of solitaire) and you can play too if you wish. This

is a game to play anytime. This game let's me see just how much wealth I've amassed in one day so I can see myself clearly.

This is a great game for you to see just how wealthy you have been in a day (those who are Bi-Polar sometimes forget what they've said before). So, here I can see the love I've expressed and feel really good about that! But I tell myself not to rest on my laurels! Keep on doing the same thing! Fill in the gaps and express myself positively so I can see the Lord's love moving in my life. Here are the rules of play:

Bringing in the Sheaves ~ Rules of Play

Bringing in the Sheaves is a counting game that counts my wealth. It is an easy game to play and only requires honesty. Any age can play, as long as the mental capacity understands and abides by the rules of play.

This game is about counting what I have and has nothing to do with counting what I have not. This is a game that brings me positive feeling and is very good for me to play in the evening so I can count what I've expressed of love at the end of the day. I can also play this game at anytime so I can see what I've amassed as the day progresses.

Honesty is a necessary rule of play. Therefore, I cannot discount the end product and there is no way for me to hide my own points. The points happen as they will and I just need to accept it. So, this is a game that helps me see and accept what I have created myself.

This game will probably change to include a clearer format, so if you have ideas and would freely like to share them, then please email me: jaclynh@oz.net.

Write down your score as you play. This game uses a count of “five” for each step:

A **bundle** is five points.

A **stave** is five bundles.

A **bushel** is five staves.

A **peck** is five bushels.

Method of Play

It is best to play this game in the evening. Count each expression you have used today. Count one point for each kind of expression you have used. There are only positive expressions here. You are not to count any negative expressions. This will help you speak only what is positive (this is great for people who are Bi-Polar to learn how to do!).

After you have looked at this list and have chosen what positive expressions you have stated today then count up our score and that’s the game! You may wish to post this list on individual note cards, but I don’t think this is a good idea because the words on this list are free to use throughout the game and may be used more than once.

Words may have a double meaning to you, but I have found that sticking with one positive meaning for each word is best for me to do. This is NOT a game to make you feel crazier than you do now, but to make you feel more comfortable, so however you wish to post your score, do so! This is a positive list. Add positive things to this list if you wish.

Bringing in the Sheaves List

Trust Opening Willingness Truth Honor Obedience Righteousness
 Reception Forgiveness Protection Shielding Belief Action Self-
 Confidence Softness Trying Doing Understanding Wisdom Safety
 Encompassment Self-Love Loving One's Neighbor Temperance Journey
 Charity Giving Cherishing Resilience Hope Prayer Blessing Work
 Enfoldment Stillness Prudence Acceptance Steadiness Learning
 Blending Stopping Slowing Down Re-grouping Receiving Wonder
 Dedication Ending Fairness Safety Renewal Enjoyment Recreation
 "No" "Yes" Abiding Within Knowing Climb a Mountain Questioning

The Joke Show

The New Faith Expression Channel

(Some of these joke ideas are from the web)

Crossing the Red Sea

Cecil B. DeMille was all set to film the Israelites crossing the Red Sea with Moses in his film, *The Ten Commandments*. The film shooting was late and it was over-budget. He had three key cameramen situated around the parameter to shoot on his directive. So, he gave the order and the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea and were led by Moses. Everybody did a great job and they all looked like they were doing exactly the right thing according to the script. There were about 5,000 extras DeMille used for that shot and he was glad when it was over.

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, the director yelled across the set to the right cameraman, *“Eddie, how’d the shot look to you?”*

Eddie yelled back to him, *“Well, I had the lights all set, but then we had this problem with them. They wouldn’t work right and I couldn’t flag you down to stop the cameras, so I let it go. Sorry, but we missed the shot.”*

DeMille yelled back, *“That’s alright, Eddie. We got the shot in another camera angle.”* So, he yelled to Danny on left camera, *“Danny, how’d it go?”*

Danny answered him, *“Sorry, Cecil, but we had this nonstop action from the wind machine and it snarled all our chances for a successful crossing.”*

Cecil looked concerned, but decided that it was probably for the best, so he yelled at Charlie, who handled the central camera shot, *“Charlie, how does it look?”*

Charlie answered the director, *“Ready when you are!”*


Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

Once there was a guy named Joe who kept getting into trouble. He lost his business and became financially insecure. Having nowhere else to turn, he turned to the Lord for help. He started praying, *“Lord, I need your help. Please help me. I need money badly. I have no food and the lenders are starting to call for the house. Maybe I can win the lotto and live on easy street.”* Lotto night came and went, but Joe didn't win anything.

He prayed to the Lord again. *“Lord, again I beseech you! Please help me! I've lost my business, house and soon my car!”* Again lotto night came and went, but still Joe didn't receive winnings.

So, Joe once again prayed to the Lord saying, *“Father, have you forgotten all about me? I've lost everything—my fortune, work and now my wife and children are starting to go without. I don't ask you for things like this often. Can't you help me out just this once? I tell you that if I win the lotto, then I'll put my life back together in order. I promise.”*

All of a sudden there was a blinding flash of light, the heavens opened, and Joe met God himself. God spoke, *“Joe, I've heard this from you again and again. Meet me halfway, okay? Go buy a ticket.”*



The Empty Gas Tank

A nun worked once for a home health agency. One day she was out doing business and her car ran out of gas. But, there was a gas station just down the street, so all was not lost. She made her way to the gas station to buy a can with gasoline so she could start her car, and then return to the station for a full fill-up afterwards.

Unfortunately however, when the nun spoke with the gas attendant, he told her that he had just loaned out his last can. But if she could wait, then he was sure that the can would be returned in a little while.

The nun, however, was on her way to see a patient and decided not to wait, so she went back to her car. In her car the only thing she could find that could be filled with gas was a bedpan. So, she took it back to the gas station, filled it with gas and carried it back to her car again.

But as she was emptying her full bedpan into her gas tank, two men walked by. One turned to the other and said, "*Now there's a sure sign of faith!*"

The Flood

Once there was a flood that started to vanquish a small town. Everyone was forced to evacuate and the police helped. One policeman spied a woman who was still in her home despite the flood waters that began to descend on her.

He said to the woman, *“Miss, you’re going to have to leave. The waters are beginning to flood. This is a dangerous situation.”*

The woman replied, *“No, I’m not leaving. God helped me before and He’ll help me again.”*

So, the water started to rise and so she went to the second story of her house. Another boat went by and the captain yelled to her, *“Ma’am, you’ve got to get on this boat or you’ll drown!”*

The woman replied to the captain again, *“No, God helped me before and He’ll not let me down now.”*

But the water rose even higher. So, she climbed to the top of the roof of her house where a helicopter flew overhead. The pilot spoke to her through the loudspeaker, *“Ma’am, please climb aboard or you will drown.”*

But the woman would not budge. She sniffed and said, *“God is going to save me!”* Soon, the woman drowned to death. She flew to Heaven where she asked God, *“Why didn’t you save me, Lord?”*

And God replied, *“I did try to help you! I sent you two boats and a helicopter!”*

A Conversation with the Lord

Once there was a man named Nick who went walking one day near a steep cliff, but stepped too close to the edge and began to fall down the hill. Before he slid down completely though, he grabbed onto a branch. The branch helped to stop his fall. But then he looked down and saw the canyon loom large before him on all sides.

His grasp began to give way, so he started calling out for help. He called and called to anyone who would hear him. Maybe somebody would throw him a rope so he could climb back up. He kept yelling, but no one heard him. So, he kept calling out.

Finally, a voice called to him, *“Jack, I’m right here. Are you okay?”*

“Yes, I’m okay for now. Where are you, and who are you anyway?”

“This is the Lord talking to you, Jack. I’m wherever you are.”

“The Lord...You mean the head haunch-o himself?”

“You got that right.”

“Well, if you are indeed the Lord, then please help me. I can’t get down from where I’m at. It’s really hard. Help me down, please and I’ll do something for you.” Jack grabbed hold of a higher branch and then thought of something new to say to Him, *“Hey! You know what? If you get me down from here, then I’ll stop sinning. I’ll be just the kind of person you created me to be. I’ll serve you, truly I will. For the rest of my life, you will be my God!”*

“Hold on there, Jack. Don’t go making any promises you won’t keep forever. Let’s first get you off of that tree. Then, we’ll talk. Listen to me and do what I tell you to do.”

“Lord, you know that I’ll do whatever you tell me to do.”

“Well, all you have to do is let go of the branch.”

“Let go of the branch! You’re kidding, right? That’s what is keeping me alive!”

“Just let go. You can trust me. Let go first and I’ll help you.”

Silence

After the pause Jack yelled out, *“Help me! I’m going to fall! Is anybody out there?”*

Cue ~ What you do is aligned with God’s goodness. And your life is totally up to you. So, own it, each nook and cranny. Believe in Him as you believe in yourself and move up with your own faith increase. Hold fast to your presence with the Lord, no matter what anyone else: thinks, tells you or purposefully does not tell you to do. Your life is your own. Own it and write about a recent trial you’ve been through and have succeeded in learning something new and creative for yourself. Laugh about it—that’s the rooftop state.

To offer no resistance to life is to be in a state of grace, ease, and lightness.

This state is then no longer dependent upon things being in a certain way, good or bad.

Eckhart Tolle

one day we come

one day we go

there is nobody above

and nobody below

celebrate yourself

anandi

The Smiley Face Saga ~ The Hidden Computer Virus

by Dick & Jaclyn Henderson

My wife, Jackie, asked me to write a humorous story about the computer virus that devastated her computer and broke her lifeline to the internet for a week. So, here it is.

In line with her writing style, I wanted to name this little story too. I debated with myself on the merits of titling it “*A Busman’s Holiday*” or “*No Rest for the Wicked.*” You see, I’m retired now, after over 34 years of designing and building database software, and most recently designing and installing computer-based classrooms for the Navy. Now, I don’t use my computer mostly except to play “*Minesweeper,*” or work with *Photoshop* and post my photos to online digital photo contests. I’ve even had a few winning photos, but that’s a different story.

My point here is that I hate to work on computers. Thus, I had the idea to call this story “*A Busman’s Holiday.*” And of course, I felt a bit put-upon to have to rush and fix her computer when I’d rather lie around watching TV. So, I got the idea to call this story instead, “*No Rest for the Wicked.*” As I was contemplating which name to use I decided to do a little research to make sure I understood the meaning of the idioms in question.

One phrase is easily traced back to Isaiah 57:21. “*...no peace, saith my God, to the wicked; ...*” meaning that wicked people must work long hours as a penalty. I contemplated what bad things I had done in my life to deserve those grueling hours of work fixing a sick computer.

A quick internet search provided a couple of commonly held meanings to the idiom, *busman's holiday*: “A vacation during which one engages in activity that is similar to one's usual work; or, Free time spent in much the same pursuit as one's work.” Although I'm retired, on the surface this seemed to apply. The other meanings derived from a commonly accepted story that carriage drivers in 19th century London were so fond of their horses that on their days off work they would ride around in the carriage bus to assure themselves that the relief drivers wouldn't abuse their horses.

But, as I dug deeper (which I like to do since I'm naturally curious), I found a contrary meaning for the idiom and the explanatory derivation for it (see www.word-detective.com for details). In essence, the alternative derivation is based on dates, and the fact that the word ‘*busman*’ didn't exist in the dictionary at the horse-drawn carriage time.

The *Word Detective* asserted that “*busman's holiday*” was a polite society corruption of the phrase “*buzman's holiday*.” In 19th century British criminal slang, a “*busman*” was a pickpocket. A pickpocket was allegedly always looking for wallets to steal. Thus, the phrase “...*probably arose as a sardonic comment on the voracity of criminals, and gradually spread as a metaphor for anyone who seemed unable to put down his tools*”. That's me! I can't seem to get away from computers! So, my two titles are roughly equivalent – take your pick.

Now, let me tell you my story and anyway I phrase it, just know that it wasn't any fun: It started one day with a scream down the stairs, “***Dick! I need your help!***” I'm never expecting these pleas; they always pump a quart of

adrenaline into my system before I know the cause. They can mean anything from the cat threw up on the rug to the toilet's overflowing. Or maybe there were twenty open windows and more opening every second. But the cause of the tears this time was that her internet access was completely fouled. **Her machine had a big time virus.** Trying to be a good husband I assured her that everything would be all right and that I'd fix her computer. Then in the guise of a technician on a quest I shoed her away to concentrate on identifying and fixing the problem.

This was a nasty one. Essentially, a hidden program would attempt to connect to the internet every time the computer was started; and if a connection to the internet was made it would start opening window after window of advertising sites (what I said before about windows opening had meaning). The proliferation of open windows would continue until the CPU was overloaded and the machine would freeze.

The first step for correction was to boot up and identify the virus. But that's easier to say than accomplish. After fighting with the multitude of dial-in dialog boxes I was finally able to close them and boot up in safe mode. Now I could run a virus scan. *But nothing was found!* An updated virus definition file was obviously called for; but how was I going to get that, since any connection to the internet caused a plethora of opening windows and a machine lock-up?

The simple solution was to go online with my machine, download a new virus definition and transfer it to her machine. An hour later (we only have 28.8 dial-up connectivity) I had a new virus definition scan running on her machine.

Norton Anti-Virus told me that it had found and quarantined the bug: the
“Download.Trojan.”

This is a particularly obnoxious program that not only replicates itself many times but downloads other malicious software onto the infected machine. After deleting the quarantined virus I did a quick check and deemed the machine fixed. Jackie went to bed and I went back to the TV.

The next morning another scream informed me of the failure of my fix. After a tour of the internet on my machine an hour later, I had a download of an ad-ware removal tool touted to be able to root out the Downloaded Trojan Beast. After loading it on Jackie’s machine it ran and found over forty copies of the virus hidden in various places. And it said it that it removed them all.

Feeling good about that, I gave her computer a fresh reboot, and then took her machine on a stroll through the web. Everything seemed fine – *for awhile*. But then, about an hour later the browser was sprouting windows faster than I could turn them off. So, \$30 and a couple hours later a commercial “spy-ware” removal program had been loaded and run on the infected machine. Again, it found and killed a couple dozen hidden copies of various, different, malicious programs that weren’t found by Norton or the free ad-ware removal tool.

To keep this story under a million words, suffice it to say that the problem persisted although three anti-viral programs said the machine was clean. I went back to the internet to do more research. A tip to a frantic computer user in an information forum led me to Microsoft’s new *Anti-Spy-ware beta download*. After a bit of hassle I got it downloaded and transferred it to her machine. It then

killed quite a few pieces of malicious software not found by the other programs. Now her machine was fixed!

I told Jackie that if this fix failed I would have to take her machine down to bare metal and rebuild it – jargon for formatting the hard drive, reloading the operating system and all the application software. Understandably, this scared her as she couldn't allow anything to happen to her website (source) or her books that were there for others to read.

I tried to assure her that nothing would harm her website or her books and everything on her machine would be secure. But I don't think my assurances were very comforting since I had already *fixed* her machine several times before and she'd been without the full use of her computer for a couple of days. I told her it would take me three days to rebuild her machine. I had done this many times before in less than a day, but I wanted to give myself plenty of time for unexpected contingencies, so more days were stated. I decided that if I had to rebuild her machine that I would also upgrade her operating system to Windows XP.

Jackie then used her machine, offline, for several days before the problems resurfaced. OK, now I could tell that it was time to rebuild. The next Monday started my three day repair cycle. On the first day I cleaned her machine to the best of the ability of the four “fix” programs. Then, I burned two CD back-ups of all of her documents and her website. A trip to Costco provided us with a Windows XP upgrade. By the end of the day, her machine was running Windows XP, Office XP was loaded and her email was restored. Then at last, I made a late

evening trip to the Urgent Care pharmacy for painkillers that I needed for a problem with my tooth.

The next day I took a trip to my dentist for x-rays. He told me I needed to see a specialist because I had an abscessed tooth and I needed to have a root canal. The evening was spent sleeping off the effects of the dental work and the pain killers.

Day three was almost entirely spent online downloading over eighty megs of security updates for Windows and Office that took awhile (remember we're on a 28.8 dial-up connection). The latest virus and spy-ware definitions were downloaded. All Jackie's documents, her website and her application software were reloaded. Finally, scans were done with all the security programs. There was a clean slate. Her machine was clean and sober and looks now to be on the road to success.

Jackie asked me to tell you the story of the Hidden Computer Virus and what happened, and to use terms that anyone could understand. Note that I'm a B-grade comedy movie aficionado. One of my favorite comedies is Pauly Shore's *Son in Law*. I'd prefer to describe what I did to fix her machine in the words that *Crawl* used: "*Your PC got harshed right, 'cause your system heaps at the wrong parameter. So I toasted the data directory, tweaked the PRAM and re-glazed your subroutine.*"

She also wanted this to be a humorous account. Some say the basis for humor is in the suffering of others. I suffered – so please laugh!

Cue ~ Are you laughing? Maybe your laughter is so hard it makes you cry. It makes me very sad that someone would go to all the trouble of making sure that anyone's computer becomes a free-range shooting gallery. *Why would someone do this?*

Have you ever done this to another person on purpose, or not? Have you ever then, changed your tune? Where do you receive positive feedback for your action? *Where do you receive forgiveness?*

*The challenge for the 21st century is
the Silent Revolution of the Heart.*

*It is not a revolution within an organization or
a land in the traditional sense
with violence, madness and blood shed.*

It is a revolution in human consciousness.

Giten