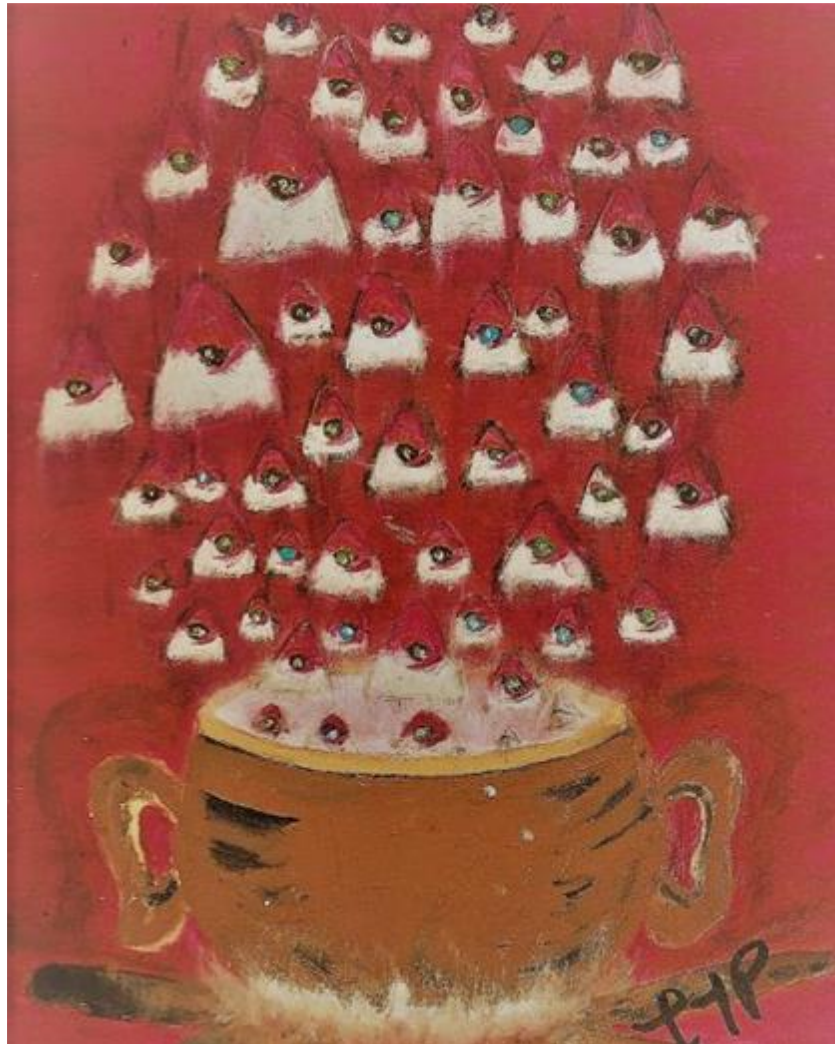


TINY STORIES FOR THE MYSTIC MIND



ILIS TRUDIE PALMER

If you possess a mystic mind, these stories are of your kind.

Thank you for reading.

One Love

Ilis Trudie Palmer

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You Harvest What You Plant

(But you control what is sown)

This Strawberry full moon is a super moon, and it lights up the night sky in June. I am looking forward to washing myself in its energy. It is a time of ripening and gathering the things we would have planted.

The Google shares some interesting history on the origin of the name and educates us on what it is called in different countries — Rose moon, Hot moon.

The moon has always fascinated me, and I have written about the Strawberry moon before.

They baptized her the Strawberry Moon —

named by ancient North American tribes.

They knew with this moon

came the time of berry harvest.

She was the last of the spring before the beginning of the summer;

christened Rose Moon in Europe or Hot Moon in warm places.

I wanted her to be called Magic Moon,

because she exuded an ethereal quality,

that could only be described as supernatural.

Her aura was mystic and mysterious.

The clouds enshrouded her with shades of the esoteric,

of the phenomenal,

of the scarcely known and hardly understood.

But she told me last evening as I hung clothes on the line —

drawing on her energy,

reveling in her power

that there was no need for a name.

She was here for the fun,

wanting to be

a mystery to most,

known intimately only by some.

One year later, I stand looking at my harvest and it is a bumper crop. My heart sings.

You know that feeling when your heart sings, whether in tune or out of tune; whether to the beat of a congo drum or a mystical harp; it is a wonderful feeling.

What do you plan to harvest?

And you know what they say, you harvest what you sow. So, if you were planting seeds of happy, of gratitude, of fun, you will be harvesting juicy fruits of satisfaction, gratification and joy.

I know, it is not always easy. Sometimes we sow seeds of strife, discontent, anger and resentment and we fear the harvest when it comes along.

What can we do about it at this stage? Nothing much. We have to hold on tight to our knowing that it will be over soon, and we may get another opportunity to plant new seeds, this time doing it differently.

We have to choose the correct soil; fertile, warm, welcoming.

We have to water every day, through mindfulness and meditation

We have to care about our thoughts; weeding out those that might choke our plants; mulching them with inspiration and creativity; removing insects that come to steal our joy. It is a lot of work but nothing we cannot do if we are determined.

Do not be fooled. This is not Utopia. An infestation of locust might swoop in out of the blue and destroy our crop overnight; the sun gets blazing hot, heating up the soil, making our seeds boil instead of germinating; adding too much manure or fertilizer can result in crop burn; all manner of ills can befall our plants. But we persevere. We replant because we know and believe in our goodness, our worthiness and deservedness to an abundant harvest.

Call me farmer girl, I am loading up my wheelbarrow and carting my harvest to market.

Mystical Positivism

(An oxymoron)

I am quite enjoying listening as Miss Gen Z* studies out loud, The Logic of Social Inquiry. There was some assignment due, and she has been busily pecking away at the information to be read and analyzed.

Today was a non-workday so I had the time to mindfully prepare my coffee — imagining the taste of it when done; thanking all the hands and minds that went into getting it from where it was to my moka pot. One cup a day is my limit and I make the enjoyment last — stretching out the experience over several hours, reheating the contents several times.

I heard Ms. Gen Z's murmuring. She was reading something from the screen in front of her and it caught my ear.

"Read that again for me," I encouraged.

"The Positivist says only the observable should be studied and that which cannot be verified is meaningless," she read.

"Hm," was my response.

"I know that hm, Mother. So do not start. You will begin your talking with the dead stories; what is out there that only a few people like you know about..... Any way this idea was rejected by Karl Popper, an Austrian British philosopher. He proposed the deductive method which.....oh, I think I need a nap!"

"Hm"

My mind went back to the vision I had. I met my friend at a local cemetery. I was glad to see her, not even knowing she had returned home. She was nicely dressed in appropriate funeral attire.

I stood by, the observer watching our conversation. It was a happy one though I detected the grief that she had not had time to resolve. Someone for her had died.

I am always in her energy. I do not know why and more than once I have told her things that she could not understand how I knew. I don't know either.

Messaging her, "are you planning on coming home any time so?"

She responded in the negative. I was not going to tell her what I saw and have her worrying. Most of her family still living on island. After a few more exchanges of pleasantries, we ended the conversations until less than two weeks later.

She bumped into me. Psychically.

"What do you have to tell me?" I messaged, which to her would have been out of the blue. It is not like we were talking yesterday.

"A family member died last night. I am feeling sad."

"Hm"

"You remember when we last spoke, and I asked you if you were coming home?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well," I went on to tell her what I saw those weeks before.

She sent me a shocked emoji, then a crying one, then a eyes-looking-round-the-wall one.

"He is okay, he is doing very well. He wants to be buried in a fancy suit with gold buttons"

So what am I to make about the belief of the positivist? How can this be explained? Since it is not logical, should it be discarded as non-reality?

I have long moved passed that logical part of me into believing that this is real. I may not be able to find the words to describe it; me in futility, trying to convince someone, but I know what I know and have experienced.

*My Gen Z daughter, I have written many stories about our life together.

Past Lives and Past Love Affairs

(Where should the past lie)



We sit together on this bench. Image © Ilis Trudie Palmer.

I make a practice of leaving past lives where they are, in the past. If you are one who believe in past lives, then good; if you don't, then good.

I prefer to remain in my now, taking happy glances at a future as I would want it to be. Looking back at the past is supposed to be for rekindling happy memories that positively influence my now.

This does not happen all the time. We human, y'all. And we do what humans do.

Just last night, I was reminiscing on my upbringing and how I still have the scars on my knees that reflected the cultural and economic circumstances that caused them. They are well healed now, near non-existent. But when allowed, those images come into sharp focus, like they are using OLED Technology.

Hey, they laughed and clapped at my using some modern technological term. They who? Haven't you read about them?

[When the Sun Sets on Your Spiritual Gifts](#)

"I know how to use The Google," I stupz.

They laughed.

But what got me to begin this rumination on past lives was the thought of past soul connections and what to do when you experience one.

I am in the middle of experiencing a past soul connection. And it is driving me to distraction. My current me, the one that was created through a coming together of all my life experiences, wants to deny this; it is merely infatuation with someone you happen to have a lot in common with.

That part of me that knows *knows* is gently showing me a different story. It was uncanny. We were born 11 months, day 1 part. 111 interesting. Him, an earth sign — stable and grounded; me, an air sign — heady, indecisive, always thinking. Earth signs can be boring. Very. But I know I need that stability, to keep my feet touching the ground ever so often; for as much as I enjoy living in the clouds and my dreams, there is still a certain reality that is part of the human experience.

The clues and similarities continued to show themselves every day and the more they showed up, the more in knots I became.

In a past life, I must have been involved deeply in some *hanamusubi* activities.

If you had to ask *what is that*, then check *The Google*; you just might find some other material that engages your attention.

We are really living in a *post-the-link* society. There is need to put the link to everything; no fun in searching and enjoying what unfolds along the way; no time for that.

You: *Goodness, there are more than 40 zetabytes of data on the internet; Do you know how many zeroes is that!?!*

Me: *hm*

This conversation started with my making a statement on past lives and now we are talking about zettabytes. I apologize.

So, what about past lives? What happens when we meet someone that we have a past life connection with? Do we encourage it, trying to find out what we agreed back then, to have us face-to-face again?

Were you my father, sister, slave master, or king? Did I slay you in a battle as we dueled over some fair maiden? Whatever it is, there is something; some past connection.,

The good thing is that if you are experiencing one, and want the answers, they will come. If not, enjoy your past life connection in the now.

The Story of Ascension

(The unfinished edition)

When I thought I was roughing it, I really was glamping; this awakening is never ending; going through stages that merge into the next each time Spirit feels that we are ready to move a new rung up the ladder. Don't they call it ascension symptoms? Or something like that?

When we begin wanting to know, the search starts out simply enough. It feels like an easy ride in the beginning. We do some clearing, some cleansing, some fire-hosing of the debris that disallows us from seeing and being able to experience the changing as it unfolds.

Until it gets a little more intense and pillows are laundered in tears; deep painfilled howling into the night, wondering if this is the end of life as we know it, if crazy is setting in.

Around this time, when it seems like the darkest is darkest, our guides start appearing, especially if we have been calling them in, from the beginning. The energies needed to match. Guides would not enter a space that is not ready to accept them.

It's a vibrational thing.

Sometimes there is a break, acclimatization if you will, to this new level of understanding.

Then there is a next step, a larger knowing. You begin seeing things differently. Everything. Because you understand what the story is all about. And as much there is an urge to excitedly share and explain, trying to ease someone's pain, they don't let you in; until they are ready for their own awakening.

The spirit world becomes so alive, and you wonder how you never saw all this before. Everything is life and part of One Consciousness. Separate blobs from a larger blob that we return to, when our blobbing is done; to come back if we want to blob some more. Some have been doing this for many lifetimes.

I am an old soul, so they say, something about my Jupiter and my Mercury and the 12th house. Astrology fascinates me. I am not sure if there is such a thing as an old soul and young soul anyway; if we were all here from the beginning, how does one soul get to be older than another? Is it measured by the number of reincarnations, with some coming back more often than others? I have caught glimpses of my previous lives, but I do not stay too long digging.

I kinda like this life experience — a do over for me as well, Saturn retrograde. I must have effed up some important aspect of the last one; even though it is said that nothing is a mistake. I do not know.

I believe we all come into this life with plans, things we hope to experience and so add to the expansion of the universe. We come with a plan, but we also come with free will and the stronger one wins.

I was talking about ascension, not so? I really do not know how my readers tolerate me, never ending a story, just tying knots on knots, never quite unravelling any.

But if I tie the knot and I do the unravelling, what would you do? Very soon it will get all boring.

I like what I write to garner some thought, some reaction be it positive or negative, but some emotion. Emotion is the currency of movement.

If my writing engenders positive movement, I am doing my job; if it causes negative emotion, and negative movement, I am doing my job.

Next time we finish this ascension story.

How To Manifest a Desired Relationship

(Step one, two, ten)



Mining for Sweetness. Image © Ilis Trudie Palmer

There is something about ‘**How To**’ stories, they get a lot of attention; readers start salivating at the thought of getting some nugget that hopefully will make their life a bit easier, or a bit happier through the knowledge gained.

Can you, in all seriousness, tell someone else how to do something that you have not done yourself?

What will be the source of knowing or knowledge? Is knowing the same as knowledge? I will have to ask the experts. In my not-sought opinion, knowing come from some *intuitive-cannot-be-explained* feeling while knowledge can be gained through reading someone else’s words or listening to their story.

Myself, I have been doing a lot of listening and reasoning with Miss Gen Z lately. Remember her?

A couple days ago, we were discussing ways of knowing. She explained to me how Charles Pierce (1867) and Blackstone (2012) explained knowing. I didn’t know so I was the student, she the teacher.

Apparently, according to Mr. Pierce, there are basically four ways of knowing:

1. Method of tenacity
2. Method of authority
3. Method intuition
4. Method of scientific truth

Later Blackstone suggested methods such as informal and selective observation, over generalization and authority.

I actually made notes. It was interesting stuff. My background in not in the social sciences, so the language, though not the concepts, was new to me.

And yes, I bet you are wondering how I intend to tie this into my clickbait title.

How To — where does it come from? What gives us the authority to present a *How To*, maybe a combination of all four of the above methods? I do not know.

What I want to share comes from my personal experience, making me an authority? Or just another person using over generalizations or selective observations? I do not know.

I recently manifested a desirous relationship

I used the power of imagination, while raising my vibrations to the level that was necessary to achieve the manifestation and keeping it there for as long as I could. I also went there as often as I could — kinda like a vision board in my head.

One of the things I realized was that I could not manifest what I was not a vibrational match to; and I had to become the things I wanted in a partner for that person to appear.

That is why I tell my female friends especially, that the partners we attract in our lives are the ones we are a match to. We keep getting what we deserve and then we declare, using the method of over generalization, that ***all men are dogs***, when we continue to have bad experiences.

To attract the person of your *for-now* dreams, you have to become that person. You have to be love, and care and attention. You have to be kind and generous. You have to be happy. You have to be what you want that person to be.

So why can I, with authority, write a *How-To* piece is because I do so with a knowing, having experienced it, several iterations of it — always adjusting and fine-tuning myself to what I desire.

And now it gives me great pleasure to introduce you to *Mr. Desired-For-Now*. I will not fool myself into believing that he will be *Mr. Desired-Forever*, I do not know. But in the meantime, I am enjoying the ease, the fun and the flow.

Minding Your Own Business

(Who asked you)



Walking One's Own Path. © Ilis Trudie Palmer

Loud cackling greeted me as I sat down to read, wanting to catch up on some of the stories from my favourite authors; a *yard fowl* was disturbed and was protesting loudly.

Yard fowl are what we call creole chickens. They are ubiquitous, but not indigenous to the island fauna. I suspect English planters might have brought them in when they came here, also the local sheep and goats and cattle; which made sense since they came here to farm, to set up plantations to grow sugar cane and cotton. Over time these chickens would have escaped or were released into the wild and have thrived, because as much as they have some natural predators like the mongoose and rat, they have been able to reproduce at a rate that outpaced this predation.

I remember our family keeping yard fowl as a child. We kept them in pens, and they laid eggs which were gathered for cooking. When they would have outlaid their usefulness, they were butchered for chicken soup. Everything was eaten except the feathers and head. Nowadays, chicken comes in on the boats and the planes, people do not eat these yard fowl anymore; eating them reeks of poverty.

So, this hen, she had one chick, was disturbed. A dog was in the vicinity and was a threat to herself and her offspring. And from her noise, she was not pleased.

The dog looked well fed, it wore a collar, and it was obvious that it had escaped the confines of its yard and was having fun exploring new surroundings to the chagrin of the chicken. Tail upright and tongue lolling, it was also enjoying making the hen uncomfortable. It did not chase. Maybe it was playing a taunting game, being a bully, knowing full well that it can catch the hen if it so desired. As much the bird could fly up into a tree, the young chick was vulnerable, and we know how mothers can be; she was not leaving her chick.

Initially, I contemplated going into the bushes and chasing the dog but decided against it — until I could stand the cackling no more. I decided to do something; to go with a stick and chase the dog away.

Who told me to do that?

The dog was not pleased and bared its sharp teeth at me as if to say, *keep out of this human; this is between me and this chicken.*

But I would not be deterred.

"You are not hungry. Why don't you leave the chicken alone and go home?"

It heard me and paused, looking at me and then the chicken. After some thought, it slowly slunk away towards a nearby house. I felt like a hero, having saved the hen to live another day.

"You have to depend on the Forces to help you now," I advised the chicken, *"I am leaving this afternoon."*

"Who asked you to butt in?" demanded the fowl with great indignation. I interpreted this from its look. *"Why don't you mind your own business?"*

And with that, the hen flew into a nearby tree and the little chicken followed her. They were both safe. Dogs have not learned to climb trees yet; at least I do not think so.

This made me pause. Here was I thinking I was doing something good, and my intervention was not welcomed. She knew what to do all along; so, what was the reason for the din?

This reminded me of times I tried to aid some else, thinking they needed it, from my view outside looking in, when they did not.

As spiritual beings, we sometimes feel that our purpose is to love and light ourselves into the solutions of everybody's problems. Who gave us this job?

I remind myself; we all came to live the life we are choosing and the circumstances we attract are all part of the unfolding. My place was not to intervene but wait until help was asked for and until then, mind my own business.

You Have to Do the Energy Work

(There is no getting around it)



Watching My Ships Come In. Image © Ilis Trudie Palmer

My daily schedule has never been so full and I have ever been so relaxed; even though I get my daily reminders that this physical body was only here for a short trip, the overall feeling is one of contentment, satisfaction, a *right-now-ness* that is alright; and how did I manage this, you asked and for once I will give a straight answer — I have been doing the energy work.

Energy work? What is that? Eating healthful? You know, food, conversion to energy, body, energy?

And I would answer, yes, that I part of it. Eating right is part of the energy work but that was not what I was referring to.....

Falling in love with someone? You, cutting me off.

What are you talking about? Me, staring at you.

“Okay, let’s hear what you have to say, as if you ever say anything.” You, eyes rolling.

The energy work I am referring to is the process of raising my vibration, that is all the work. This translates into a knowing and understanding of the matrix that makes performing optimally in it, a piece of cheesecake.

Cheesecake is not good for you. You, knowing.

Everything is good for me; the good, the bad and the shades in between; the good makes me desire more and call it from the Universe and the bad makes me know that I do not want any more, and call something that I want from the Universe. Once that is accomplished, the humanning becomes a piece of.....

Not another piece of cake! You, interrupting and guilt-tripping.

A piece of guava pie. Me, smiling.

So how do I raise my vibrations? And what is vibrations anyway? you asking.

Your vibrations are your feeling, your emotions, your perception of your now. So the higher you can raise these emotions from negative to positive, the more you become in tuned with the answers to questions you need; the better it is for you to flow; challenges are addressed easier; sometimes many that would

have come when you were not up there, do not bother approaching you; Life becomes richer and fuller and faster and slower at the same time.

So how do I raise my vibrations? You see, you are doing what you do, talking, talking and no answers. You exasperating.

You raise them by caring about how you feel and wanting to feel good for as much of the time as possible. I meditate as well, I daydream a lot, I think the most of my time is spent daydreaming.

Okay, Ilis. Best story ever! Thank you. You sarcasming.

You know, I have to ask my “***in all seriousness question...***”

In all seriousness, do you think it is important to do this energy work? Does it even make sense; just *don't worry, be happying* your way through life?

My response is yes, it is, and yes it does.

I am a living testimony, and this knowing is shared with **authority**, remember that story?

I did not understand it at first when I first heard about it. The only thing I got was that ***I had to be happy as often as I could, and everything will be okay.***

So of course, I started forcing it, I was in a hurry. That did not work, it has to be coaxed; like start admiring and appreciating the little things — the small gestures of kindness; the inherent goodness in man; then more things to feel happy about will appear, like a magnet.

And before you know it, your energy work would have been accomplished and you will be basking in the sun on a full schedule.

Money Can Grow on Trees

(It all begins in the mind)

It was a nice time for a hike, even though it was mid-morning, and the tropical sun was already high in the sky. Sun's efforts to burn were stymied by this Sahara dust. The sky was hazy and though it was still hot, it wasn't unbearably so.

"Let's explore that upper section of the forest," I invited my friend. I had not been in that area before and was hoping to see something new and exciting; maybe a wild pig or two. I heard in that area they have teeth as large as elephant's tusks. A bit of an exaggeration, but it adds to the fun of the storyteller. They say if a wild pig chases you, you better know how to climb a tree quickly. I learned to climb as a child but have not been up in a tree in ages. I bet if push comes to shove, I will be up inside that crown, swinging with the monkeys.

The walk to the beginning of the trail was quiet; I did not feel like talking; the silence on the outside was inviting a silence on the inside, the magic of nature. It connects us to ourselves. Always, without fail.

My friend likes to talk. And I knew it would not be long before he began sharing his thoughts about whatever was on his mind.

"I would really like to replace my truck," he began.

Me, "hm"

"With something new and modern; I want it to be black with red streaks along the sides, leather seats and all that,"

"Hm,"

He continued talking and my response continued to be hm's. I was sending him subliminal messages of shut up. He didn't hear.

Then he said, "but the thing is, you see all these trees out here, not one dollar grow pon dem!"

I stopped walking and turned to my friend, "if you continue to believe that money does not grow on trees, you will never get that truck you so desire."

"What you mean by dat?" he asked all puzzled, looking around to see if I saw something he didn't.

"Granny always say, money don't grow on trees,"

"Well Granny should have been quiet, just like you should be right now."

He laughed. He did not take it any way. He was accustomed to my sometimes, sharp tongue.

But really!

What is with this belief? That money does not grow on trees. Money is like bacteria. It will grow almost any surface you put it on, you put one cell and before long, there are hundreds of thousands of baby bacteria are having a party.

Okay, I understand that my friend has never seen money on trees; life has never been easy for him, but it will never be, if he continues to believe that he cannot be abundant and have as much money as the leaves on the trees he was looking at.

There is a name for it, a fancy term. There is always a fancy term for something.

Abundant Mindset. Yes. He needed an abundant mindset. He needed to believe that money was energy, and he was energy, and everything was energy and that he could draw energy toward him or push it away. He has been wanting, it but still pushing it away with his belief.

Believe that money can grow on trees; believe that it will fall on you, around you; imagine yourself raking in up, and putting it in huge lawn bags; let your imagination be the tool you use. Imagine it, and then believe it to be so.

That is why the US dollar is green, it grows on trees.

Stop Blocking Your Manifestations

(By putting them into pre-labelled boxes)

Why do we put the things we want to manifest into categories? We take the lids off our mental shoe boxes, and we put our dreams and desires into different ones and we label them.

We do not label them 'yes', 'now', 'expecting', and 'thank you'. Of course not, that will be so unhuman! We label them 'I don't think so', 'will never happen', 'keep on dreaming, girl', and 'only when I die'.

Really?

I do it; I am guilty, probably the most guilty because I know better and elders always chant, "Who know better, do....." I am sure you are familiar with the saying and can finish it yourself.

There are some things that we have learned to manifest easily, and it becomes a no-brainer. We think about it and before we can say hi, it is already there waiting for us. Like me, I can write. I do not think I will ever experience writer's block; I believe that once I sit down, or even before I sit down in front of the keyboard, some idea for a topic will be manifested in my imagination and I would be able to put into the form of words. But, as with everything, there is ebb and flow. Sometimes I can produce a sensible piece of work and other times its pure crap in my mind, but the ideas come, and the words come, and I have no fear of them never coming.

And other things, the things we like to refer to as BIG — love, money, success, for many, do not come easily. And why not? Because we have already put them in the difficult-to-manifest shoe box.

I had love in that box but decided to take it out and play with it; I went easy; I started believing and expecting love to show up in my life, the kind of love that I read about in those Harlequin Romance novels. I wonder if they print those books anymore; there was the Harlequin Romance and the Harlequin Super Romance. They were breakfast, lunch, and dinner for me and many of my female friends. I think that boys read them, but just not in public.

The love came, hitting me in the face and blowing my mind. And you know what I did? I saw it, tasted it and then ran for my life. I now understand what to do, so I can do it again. It is like having solved a puzzle. So, for the time being, I plan to take all those things I had in the will-never-happen box and start working on manifesting them.

What about you?

Too scared to try? Why not? If you don't like what you manifested; if the version turns out to be not exactly what you were looking for, then continue to work on what you really desire.

One of the things I have noticed is that the Universe always give us what we are ready for, and many times we convince ourselves that we are ready and when we get what we are a vibrational match to, we realise that we have more work to do.

It takes time and practice.

But we have to start by putting all the things we desire into the easy-to-achieve box, in the things-are-always-working-out-for-me valise, in the it-is-done trunk, and we will be amazed how quickly our manifestations materialize.

When We Refuse to Listen to Our Inner Voice

(It can lead to some trouble)

As mind-body-soul beings on our path to enlightenment —I am writing this word with a derisive smile on my face. Enlightenment, enlightened, hm? What does it even mean? That our load was lightened as we walked the way; we got lighter and brighter as we walk the way; or we are just better than everyone else who isn't walking the way? I do not know.

I see enlightenment as a process that is ever evolving, where the beginning will be vastly different from the middle and the end. It is a reaching for....that place at the end of it all. And that is all that we are doing, reaching for that place.

The idea for this story was to discuss the need to be willing to admit our failings and shortcomings as we reach for; we are not perfect, and never will be, and the more we are willing to admit it, the better for us and those we are attempting to guide — not that they need our guidance.

I like to talk about following one's intuition and listening to our spirit guides, or angels, or the holy spirit, or whatsoever we name our internal guidance system. I preach it to my Gen Zer. Listen to that inner voice, it never leads you wrong, yadda yadda and I am not even taking the advice myself.

Recently I didn't and ended up in trouble with the law.

There is a straight road from my office to my home; I take it twice a day. This one afternoon I went to purchase some gas and while paying the bill, I heard the advice to take another route home. I argued. It didn't make sense, it was longer, more winding, and I was sure to end up in traffic.

"That doesn't make sense. I can take the route that I usually take and be home in a jiffy, why this more circuitous route?"

There was no answer. Our guides do not impel; at the end of the day, we have free choice, and we live with the consequences of our actions. I was *free-choicing* it this afternoon.

I left the gas station and turned in the direction of my village. See me cruising along, lost in thought when I saw a short, plump policewoman standing in the street with her hands up, indicating that I stop, which I did.

She asked me to pull over and a younger officer came toward my car; He bent his head down and looked in the window and stammered.

"You were speeding, we have you on the radar, you were doing 35 in a 20-mph zone."

I laughed inside. So that was it, eh?

"Do you want to see the reading?" he asked politely.

"No," I responded.

“You will be issued a ticket for speeding,” he continued politely. I rolled my eyes behind my shades.
“Please may I have your driver’s license?”

I passed it to the young officer and thought, in all my near 30 years of driving, I have never gotten a speeding ticket. And I do speed. I am no angel.

The bill was hefty, more than I expected. My guides were quiet. They knew. I didn’t.

“Okay, okay, give me a break, you all were right.”

They laughed. I joined them. What was there to do, really?

Revenge Is Not Always Sweet (Nor even bittersweet)

When God fearing, and otherwise fearing folks want to allow themselves to hate, they often quote 'revenge is mine, sayeth the Lord,' — a convenient line from their good book.

I would not pretend to know what the premise of the scripture was, and who was being revenged upon and for what; but the desire for revenge is often not a good feeling to have.

It consumes and burns and causes heart attack and stroke. No one is happy, not even the avenger. At the end of the day we say, "I thought it would have made me feel better," when it didn't.

Maybe we should leave it to karma and let the Forces that balance everything in the Universe sort this one out for us.

I sat and listened to a friend spew hate. He was upset. He was wronged and on the face of it, it appeared that he was really wronged — targeted, tarred and feathered. And he was angry.

He wanted what happened to him, to happen to his enemy's sons, grandsons and great grandsons and granddaughters, even his enemy's dog. He complained about not being able to sleep and experiencing elevated blood pressure levels. My friend was killing himself with hate and did not even realize it.

I looked at him, wondering what energy blew him into my space this good morning. "We must have lunch next week, when you are less upset," I invited.

He almost choked on his spit.

"Lunch? How can I eat? Girl, I can hardly sleep."

"Well, you will need to keep up your energy levels if you intend to seek vengeance," I responded mildly.

My friend laughed, dissipating the foul energy a little.

I knew he would become angry again when he left and began ruminating on the ills that were done to him and his family. But for a little moment in now, I got him to relax and realize that things are never as awful as they seem; he had his family, his good health (if he wished that it remained that way), and his job. He had to grace and favour of the God he served. He just needed to get out of his ego-self and look at the situation from a bird's eye view.

It is not always easy to get outside of that ego. It is a part of us that is often bigger and more powerful than us, and we succumb to its entreaties every day. As much as it helps us to reach for and achieve, to play and be successful in this 3-D game, it can also be our failing grace.

But one of the things that I have learned was to let people feel how they want to feel; it is not my job to dissuade a man from his emotions, but to help him to understand the root cause of it and decide on a course of action that is most appropriate for him.

Neither judge, jury, nor avenger am I.

Two days later my friend called me, "I'm feeling kinda hungry, the offer for lunch is still on the table?"

“Sure,” I responded. “Let’s go get some grilled Mahi.” I knew we were going to have a fruitful discussion.

How To Manifest Desires

(Easy as one, two, um....three)

I got asked this question by a nice reader; I felt her frustration. She said that she was familiar with the theory. I did not question her knowing the theory, if she says she knows the theory, she knows the theory.

So how does my friend move from knowing the theory to putting it into practice and seeing her manifestations come to life before her eyes? This is a good question. One that I am not sure if I can answer to please her or anyone else reading this piece. My short answer is that you have to care about how you feel and reach for thoughts that feel good as often as you can. My friend's frustration just went up a notch. Really? I hear her saying.

Yes. I feel you.

I didn't think caring about how I feel and reaching for good feeling thoughts had anything to do with my ability to manifest desires, but it did, and it does.

What are some of the other key actions? I am going to provide a listicle. I already hear the fire crackling, Iis writing listicles!

Below are three of the main things I do to help me manifest and when combined, they produce powerful results. Be careful.

Make sure that before you begin, you know for certain what you want to manifest.

1. Meditation

Meditation for me has become as natural as eating and sleeping; I spent at least 30 minutes each day in quiet meditation. It is not always easy; sometimes thoughts are so loud, and so strong that I have to abandon the session. But I do not let it discourage me, I try again another time.

2. Appreciation

I start each morning in appreciation mode; I appreciate my body, my bed, my pillows, my ears hearing the roosters crowing, the sunlight streaming through the curtain — and I find little things to appreciate during the day — the sun shining, the rich, bitterness of my coffee, the way my car handles on the road; my dogs licking my hand; nothing raises vibrations quicker than being in an appreciative mood. I smile a lot.

3. Imagination

This, I think is the most powerful of the three. I use my imagination to dream and envision what I want and how I want it to be, to look, to taste, to feel; I engage all my senses in the experience. I think about

what I want and why I want it, and how it will make me feel once I have it; I think about all the things that contribute to my happiness and stir up these positive emotions that help to bolster my imaginings. I revel in the thought of it. I become it, and when it begins to feel forced, I back off.

Many times, I feel so good imagining it into being that I ask myself if I really want that physical thing or if I am satisfied with the emotion of it. The strange thing that happens is that the more you imagine, and the more layers of reality you place on your desires, the faster they come into your physical; sometimes more quickly than you anticipate.

The last 'important' thing I manifested was a partner

The process of bringing him to me was as much fun as having him. Unfortunately, or fortunately for me, I realized that the new desires that were birthed out of the manifestation sent me back to the manifesting board for something more.

And that is the way it will always be, you will never be satisfied, there will always be more to desire, more to want to build on, more to create and birth.

So, when you talk about manifesting, please know that manifestations will never be IT, no person, place or thing will ever be IT. It was set up that way to allow for the continued expansion of the universe.

Enjoy your power to manifest.

Bring Back the Good Old Days

(Please, no)

I was commenting on my friend's work profile picture; he appeared smooth and clean and neat — hair well groomed, beard neatly trimmed, wire rimmed round glasses, Harry Potter style. I do not think that type of frame is still in style, but it styled him well; he looked smart and accomplished.

"Nice photo," I complimented him, "You look very corporate."

"Thank you," was his response, "corporate, but old school corporate."

"What is new school corporate?" I questioned back, "tees and jeans, dreadlocked hair dyed green and purple, and everything just looking chill?"

He didn't respond. I guess he got busy being corporate.

Things are always moving forward, there is never a going back. This idea has been nibbling around the recesses of my mind for a few weeks now, on and off. I would observe something, see the reactions of persons around me, and remind myself to write a story; I did not get around it to until now.

There are many of us who like to remember the "good old days when..."; we are often heard saying, "I wish things were like... how many decades ago. We want to time travel, but seemingly only to the past; we want to bring the past into the now, and sometimes I fear, into the future as well. Why?

There is no going back; the universe does not operate that way; it is about constant, forward expansion. We need to give up this desire.

And I have landed on the right word — desire. It is our desires that create expansion. It begins with the thought and develops into some form of reality that one or more of our senses can experience.

We constantly have desires. And our desires are constantly being fulfilled; and collective desires are fulfilled collectively on a larger scale.

How many of us remember when we wrote letters in long hand, and send it via snail mail and we used to wish that we could write a note, and zap it to the sender with in a second? Now we bemoan the absence of long hand and snail mail. So, we have conveniently forgotten when we sent that wish into the universe.

Wishes and desires are never lost, they do not disappear into some black hole where the Forces cannot get to them; they remain, and they gather strength, and the moment, we vibrate at the level of the desire, it comes riding in on a unicorn, or a dragon for some. It depends on the mode of transportation we asked for.

I remember when I was young, on very hot summer days, I used to wish it would snow. I would look up in the sky and ask God to send snow. I live on an island in the Caribbean and our geography did not include snow on the menu, instead we have hot days and hot nights, cool days and cool nights, rain sometimes, rain not; that is about exciting as it gets in these parts, well except for hurricane season when the movement of rain and wind is so fierce, and so strong and so relentless than we look up into the sky asking for reprieve from the rain and the breeze.

So, let us be careful with our speech. The generations today are benefiting from the desires we sent out long ago, as we would have benefited from those of our forefathers; that is how it is supposed to work.

If you want to go back; if you want something to come back; if you send strong desires into the Universe for things to be how they used to be; you might just get it, and not how you wanted it. You may not get to pick out the specific pieces of your desire but may get the whole ball of yarn.

Me, I stopped asking for snow long ago as soon as I got my first taste of it.

Why Come Here to Experience So Much Pain

(If you get it, you got it)

Often enough to realize the pattern, people in my village cross over in threes. Of course, there is the one or two who decide to go on their own, but for the most part, the cross-over is a trio dance.

My mother was the one who brought this to my attention. Mr. So would have died, and I would hear her say, two more to go, and more often than not, two others would die within 14 to 21 days of each other.

I never paid it any mind. I was young and not into any spirituality, or anything mystical or esoteric. I was too busy running away from it. I was not going to be trying to understand nothing that was going on. Not my job!

Well, elders say, "Day run till night catch it,"

Night caught me. And over time, I just gave into my differentness and accepted it as part of being me. I have stopped asking for anyone to understand me.

There was one that I talked to the most, I remember when she told me that she was sick. Her eyes were tired but full of light. She knew, I knew, we both knew.

I did not hear of her crossing over until days after. She was the second of three. I wasn't in the best mind space, so she didn't come to tell me goodbye. Recovering from a cold was taking all my energy, and I really did not have any left to be getting all chatty.

As soon as I started feeling better, she came. I heard her.

"Girl, I didn't know it was going to be so hard,"

I understood what she was saying, her assignment in this 3-D was a tough one. I have often wondered why she chose it. I never asked her then, so I asked now,

"Why did you choose so heavy a burden?"

She smiled. A beautiful smile. Her kindly eyes twinkling. "I wanted some fun."

My human-self shuddered. Fun? It seemed to be pure pain and suffering to me. The part of me that understood, laughed, and nodded. "Well, you cannot say you didn't enjoy yuhself! So, you coming back any time soon?"

"Girl, no!" she exclaimed. "This spirit needs some rest." She waved and faded away.

It is hard to understand the purpose of pain and suffering and sadness and grief. It seems senseless at times. And I cannot help you to understand if you do not understand.

Perfect sense, Iis. Once again you have knocked it for six.

Words cannot make someone understand; it takes time and experiences. I can talk from now until tomorrow, it would not matter.

Three days later, I am in the garden with some family members. We were enjoying the breeze, chatting, and watching people pass.

“He says he tired, he ready to go,” My mother was talking. I had only heard the last part of the conversation, my mind seemed to have drifted away, but I immediately knew of whom she was referring.

His mother had been calling him a while; I have seen her, many times. Arms wide open.

“He has to wait, I don’t think there are two others who are as ready as him,” I interjected.

“The ambulance was in the village yesterday, and it didn’t come for him, it was for someone else,” she countered.

My mother nodded her head slowly. In threes, they go in threes.

What Do Our Dreams Tell Us?

(If anything at all)

What are your thoughts on dreams? Do you see them as gateways into another dimension, or just the mind-clearing debris from the day? Are your dreams premonitive? Do you dream about something or someone and then you see them soon after, or the event that you dreamed about, occurred? Are you a dreamer, a daydreamer, and a night dreamer?

I am a dreamer. Literally and figuratively. I cannot close my eyes in sleep and not dream; it does not matter if I take a 10-minute catnap, I will have some dream about something. Sometimes I wake tired from dreaming.

The literature is replete with possible reasons as to why we dream and you know me, I am not going to repeat what can easily be googled.

My dreams are of all sorts, clearing debris, glimpses of things to come, happy feeling dreams, or nightmares when I am an emotional wreck. My nightmare is always the same, a large tsunami and for some reason, it never sweeps me away, but I am always left picking up the pieces of a destroyed life. I have looked for the meaning of that one; it all goes back to water, emotion, cleansing and yadda.

Recently I had a most interesting dream, I woke with a silly grin on my face. I had fallen in love with a young Asian male. I do not even know any Asian males, young or otherwise. It was funny; and I am not looking for love, at least not any kind of romantic affair — they sometimes get you all tangled up in tall grass with no seeming clear path out.

But I could not forget the emotion. It was pure and clean and innocent and beautiful. And no, I am not going to be walking around looking at Asian males. In the dream, he hardly spoke English and I did not know any Cantonese.

My dream allowed me to be in the vibrational space for the manifestation of a pure love which I was happy to experience.

I have been writing a lot lately on manifestation and our ability to manifest our desires. And I keep trying to explain that we should be reaching for the emotion of the thing — how does having that thing, or that someone make you feel? What is the emotion? Reach for it, feel for it, and revel in it when you have found it. That is exactly how it works.

It is not difficult once you understand the practical behind the theory

The same morning, after my practice of appreciation and meditation, I check my phone for messages. I do not expect many, if any; I have about eight persons in my WhatsApp contact list. I recently changed phones and lost all my contacts, and I am not even upset; those that are necessary to be in my life will find their way back. It is like a cleansing process. I do it each time I change phone since I never save numbers on the sim, in the cloud or any other back up. I enjoy the renewal process.

There was a message from my daughter, Ms. Gen Z the night owl. She studies at night and sleep all day. It was about a youngish black male pursing studies in an Asian country. I do not know him; I have never seen him before. I have never met him.

I recalled the dream. Perhaps he is looking for love. I hope he gets a chance to experience that pure, innocent kind, even if just the feeling of it.

Listen to Your Intuition, Feed Your Body

(Happy dining)

When was the last time you paused to be totally awe struck by this amazing combination of thirty-seven trillion plus cells that make up your uniquely beautiful body? The designers and engineers of this phenomenal piece of human machinery must be applauded; no mistakes were made; our bodies are just perfect for what we came here to accomplish.

Though many will not agree.

I would have requested something a little more beautiful; I would not have chosen be riddled by disease; physical pain would not have been on my list of requirements; this skin colour, no thank you, please.

And we can go on and on for paragraphs citing all the reasons why we would not have chosen this body. All this talking can do nothing about it, so what do we intend to do about it? I say we enjoy the body we chose and use our time here to finding out the why. Why did I choose to be barely 5 feet tall? Why did I choose to be born handicapable? What purpose was this shape and style of body to serve in this iteration of my being? This is better than looking around and seeing something that is perceived better and hating what we have.

A sore topic for many of us is food, and weight gain or loss, and the run-off effects on our self-esteem and mental health.

We have a hate-hate relationship with food; it makes us fat and undesirable — just a side glance at the dessert table and we become 10 pounds heavier. We bemoan having to eat anything at all.

But you see this amazing body, it knows what it wants

It knows what it needs to be healthy and well. Each cell is aware of the combination of foods necessary in any given moment for its optimal performance.

I remember spending more than two years with a desire for garden salad and eggs; I was not on a weight loss journey; my body was just asking for it; and I acquiesced even though I was neither a salad nor egg eater. I disliked eggs from as long as I could remember. It stemmed from memories of my grandmother feeding me eggnogs that were made for her. She would say, “come llis, drink this, it is good for you.” I guess it wasn’t good for her. And my mother would always think that she was the one who drank it all. The concoction, called caudle or caudel and was made with nutmeg and other spices and given to persons who were in convalescence.

So, we have to be in tuned with our bodies and feed it the desired nutrition; we have to listen and obey, instead of using our own discernment pieced together from some tv ad, or what the latest health expert is declaring good for us. Pause and listen.

I stood in my kitchen waiting for my coffee to warm. I smelled the spices and the richness of the brew — delicious. Placing my hands on my stomach, my solar plexus, that part of intuition, I listened. What was on my cells mind for today?

“Salmon, brussel sprouts and asparagus.”

I grimaced. Brussel sprouts and asparagus. What in tarnation? “Well can I sauté them in butter?”

“Yes, as much as you like.”

At least that should make the eating a little better, I thought.

So, I have added a few more items to my shopping list — brussel sprouts and asparagus shoots.

What Messages Do Birds Bring?

(Look and listen carefully)

Birds are powerful communicators. They bring us messages from nature and from Spirit. And their beauty is unparalleled. Which other creature is so diverse, from the tiniest hummingbird to the giant ostrich?

What does The Google say a bird is anyway? It has to have feathers; it has to be able to fly? It has to lay be master nest builder and a layer of eggs.

A bird is of the Aves species and is warm-blooded, a body covered in feathers, possessing wings, a beak, and no teeth. A bird also produces young in hard-shelled eggs. So even though a turtle produced young via eggs, it has no feathers, it has a bill but not a beak, and does not have wings. So, a turtle is not a bird. Nor is a lizard a bird even though it lays eggs, lizards are not warm blooded and have no wings.

You see, birds are special. There is no other species like them. I think that is the term scientists use for differentiation, species. Scientists are so smart.

There many bird videos on The Tube and I spend a considerable amount of time looking and listening to them. I also spent time in nature observing their behaviour.

I did not realize it was so obvious until Miss Gen Z asked me one day, “Why are you staring at those two birds like that? You think they have a message for you, huh?”

Miss Gen Z is smart as well, she should have been a scientist.

She went on to say, “you look kinda crazy just staring, Mother. You always stare at people and at things and your eyes are not exactly small.”

I turned my stare on her.

“Well, if you turn into a bird, I will stare at you, if that is what you want.”

At that point she figured it was better to leave me alone. Thank you very much.

The two birds, Mango Thrushes, were playing, dancing, and flitting about in midair, landing on the electric wires, and then flying away, doing deep dives and simple flips, all while they chirped loudly. They were on show and knew they had an audience in me. Or perhaps, they did not even realize and did not even care, life was good. There was nothing to be worried or concerned about; they were free to be what they wanted to be — happy birds.

I felt a tinge of envy. I envied their lightness, their sense of freedom, their happy, their belief that things are always working out for them.

These feelings are not innate in us; we have to work on them. We have to believe that no matter the current circumstance, things are always working out for us, and we have the power to manifest our deepest desires if we want to, but only if we want to.

The birds eventually flew off and I went back inside the house. An 11-hour bird video was playing, and I turned my eyes in time to see the most beautiful silver and white long necked bird. The video did not have the name so I do not know the species, but I think it could easily be classified as one of the most beautiful in the planet.

I have been dreaming about that bird. I have seen it in many forms, silver and white, silver, and white, bright, and light and beautiful. There must be a message in there somewhere, I joyously anticipate its unveiling.

An Energetic Astral World to Explore

(Make sure you are ready)

If you ever intend to go astral travelling, make sure you are prepared. Just like when you plan a trip you buy your ticket, pack your bag, and ask your neighbour to water the plants and feed the cat, so too must you ready yourself for the astral world if you intentionally plan a visit. When you do not plan and are not ready, you might find yourself in a bit of a trouble.

I have written about astral travel or astral projection as tiny stories in one of my books.

We have talk about it again and again and The Google has millions of entries as to what is astral projection, fifteen million, four hundred thousand to be exact (I counted the zeroes). I am not here to add the four hundredth thousand and one, I am just relating an experience I almost had recently.

What is astral projection or astral travel?

I got up to use the bathroom. It was about 2: 55am. Don't you just love those days when you could drink a gallon of hard lemonade right before bedtime and still be able to sleep ten hours without having to get up to pee? Happy days, those. Now two sips with the seven different types of pills the doctor lovingly prescribed and you are up three times before morning.

As I settled back in my bed, my thoughts were on how quickly I could get back to sleep. In the summer the sun is anxious to hit the ground running so he is wide awake at the crack of dawn. Me, I needed a few more hours before the day began.

Sleep evaded so I just relaxed my body as fully as I could while attempting to settle my mind. I began an abecedarian of appreciation in my head — my method of counting sheep. It gives better results.

It was not long before I felt it, that strong energy. For me, there is a strong energy that precedes astral travel. I have described it as a freight train tearing down the track, powerfully. It starts at the toes and rises through the energy body until it reaches the crown and then like a shooting star, you are off into the astral plane.

This is where I spoke earlier about being prepared. You have to be prepared for this energy to flow. I wasn't prepared. I wasn't looking for it, wasn't expecting it. I have not been on any travels in a while.

I have done it before, several times and there is no real interest in seeking out the experience. There are some things we do to know and once that is done, then on to the next thing. We do not do it repeatedly like a hamster on a wheel. Well, except for orgasms, those are blessings from the gods and should be experienced at least once a day like multivitamins.

The energy caught me off guard and the rush was strong. It blasted through my energy body, up the chakras and proceeded to enter my crown. It was just at the point, where my conscious was giving way to my subconscious and the lift off, like that nanosecond before the jet lifts into the air, I jumped up out of the bed. I felt like I was having a heart attack.

It took a while for me to realise what was happening, my energy body wanted to leave for a trip without consulting me, the mental body was not ready, it had not bought a ticket.

My advice dear friends, and you know I hardly offer advice, is that if you ever intend to indulge in some astral travel, prepare before you take to the air.

Get in the Way for the Manifestation

(Rise to the occasion)

Getting aligned, or raising your energy, or getting in the vibes is probably the most important step for manifestation. When you are aligned, you flow, you go and grow, you produce dreams from snatches of ideas, I know you are understanding me.

What gets you into alignment? It's easy for those that already know how to do it, to tell you to do it, oh raise your energy vibrations, vibes up, yadda yadda and you look at them thinking *what the french?!*

And the funny thing is that it is very easy to get into alignment because anything can take you there; and I mean anything — from the simple first sip of homemade lemonade on hot summer day, to the full-blown-blast-out-air-smelling-of-orgasms orgasm. And all the other activities in between that can help to create an energy flow in a positive direction.

Three guesses as to the one I enjoy the best!

I saw that frown, Oh Holy Enlightened Spiritual One, you indulge in these earthly things? you ask in clear disdain, don't you know you ought to release all desire?

Well, what did I come here for, pray tell. To aum my way back to Source?

Your frown deepens and you think, this one is not ready for our spiritual circle.

You see the look on my face blinking hypocrite, hypocrite in neon green.

What do you manifest when in alignment?

What births from the ideas swimming inside that ideas pond? I manifest words, they flow like grey and white feathers caught in an upward eddy. See.... I told you.

Some of my artistic friends manifest great works of art — colours, shades light and dark blending into something that makes them say "oh my, who did that?"

Music, dancing, coding, singing, writing, inventing, all the things that an aligned creative mind bring. Yes, and I know there are those who say, "well I must never be aligned because I've never created anything."

I say, really? Think again.

What about the energy of goodwill and love that you flow to your family and friends when you are vibing high? That is worthless because you cannot capture it on canvas? Think again.

Being in alignment is necessary for any successful endeavor, whether you realize it or not.

Dreaming, you say, you a dreamer! I don't have time for no dreaming, I have bills to pay, I have to be real. Fantasies left when I stopped reading fairy tales.

I am sorry to tell you this, but if you never pause to dream, to get into the flow of how you want life to be for you, you will always be picking corn or slaving away at the desk in the far corner where you have spiders and long shadows for company.

Think again

I see you are still reading my words, Oh Holy Ones in onesies; I see you, loving and lighting, and creating false images of your eyes flashing, so followers can say my teacher's eyes give off a bright light. He or She must be really holy. You're the enlightened one.

Well, shouldn't you be in heaven?

Money is Energy, Get in the Stream

(Be a flow-er)

As we get older, no, as our children get older, and mature into all-knowing adults, they begin to look at us like we are doddering fools.

Miss Gen Z and I had an argument recently. You've met her before. It was a big blowout argument with me slamming the door, and she asking me why I so extra. She likes to tell me what to do, and she likes to tell me how I should spend my money, note I said my money, not our money cause she ain't got none.

I am a giver, generous to a fault. I even have a bag where I store change to give whenever some asks me, or if I am so moved to donate. It is not like I give hundreds and thousands; I give what I can. I learned this from my mother. She always finds something to share with someone. It can be an avocado, a hand of bananas, a bunch of greens, or whatever.

Thanks for this life lesson in generosity, Mom

Miss Gen Z brought to my attention an article about a young person needing assistance and I was moved and said, "we will donate."

She was shocked at the amount I was willing to give and stridently advised me of my error in judgement.

"What is wrong with you, Mother? You are not rich. You think you Elon Musk? Think about your future and be more careful in the way you spend money."

This is the same Gen Z that has a closet bursting at the seams. She is selfishly focused which we should all be, is often generous especially with her time and support to friends, but she understands boundaries.

It was her parting remark that made me burst out laughing,

"You acting like a rapper in a strip club, Mother."

I could not help myself. I have been in some rapper energy lately. I loved the analogy. I even wrote my first rap song lyrics in poetry form.

But I just want her to understand that money is energy. It goes around and comes around and the more you give, the more you receive. That is how the Universe works. The tighter you hold on to money, the easier it is to lose; it will flow through your fingers like sand through an hourglass. And you would not even be able to tell the time.

Another reason we hold on too tightly to what we have is that we sincerely believe in shortage.

We have shortage consciousness-itis

How can we look at a universe so vast, and so abundant, and believe that there is a limited amount of anything to go around? Someone taught us this, but we need to teach ourselves a new tale —

that goodness abounds, resources abound, love abounds, and we have all that we need and can have more if we ask.

“Ask” you ask, “how do I ask for more?”

You know I got you. I have the non-answers to every question you could possibly ask.

I Wish I Were a Spiritual Teacher

(Teach, teacher)

I wish I were a spiritual teacher, like Bob Marley and Thich Nhat Hanh — now there, but still here, or those active and teaching like Eckhart Tolle, Sadhguru, Esther Hicks and others. In the North, they say coach, so a spiritual coach. There must be something politically correct about using the word coach over teacher. I have no clue.

I grew up on Marley's music that was always filled with spiritual messages; and The Tube has gifted us with the Sadhguru and the Esther Hicks, where persons like me, in far-flung places can still hear their messages. I love me some Abraham!

I would be a great teacher. I believe so because I would not have much to say

Words, words, we really get caught up in words, trying to explain things that can only be experienced.

People ask answers all the time, they want to hear what they already know. My job would be easy.

I am seriously thinking about this.

We will have to have our spiritual gear for workshops and meetings — Onesies. and a hat? Would we need hats? A crown maybe, for when we are ready to declare ourselves kings and queens and gods. I like the idea of the onesies because we are waking up to the fullness of us.

Okay. Done.

What about training material? I may have to produce a series of ten-step programmes to enlightenment. Maybe it should be 11. Eleven is an important number for spiritualist. So, *The 11-Steps to Breaking the Code*. That would be one of the training manuals produced. But I will tell you that you don't have to read it, it will not be necessary for where we are going.

Image will be important

Image. Would I have to work on my image? I think I'll go with the onesie as well, but being Libra and loving style, it will have to be made of silk or satin, or some rich looking material with silver stars painted on, and moons, yes, stars and moons. But then, I may end up looking more like a witch than a spiritual teacher. Interesting comparison. What is a witch and who labels a witch, a witch?

Okay, so we have the teaching material and the image, now for the marketing. I have to get followers, not so? Or else it would not be worth my while.

Social media, we will have to create a social media monster, a good monster, using all the means these tech geniuses created for us to be social — bless their souls — The Book, The Gram, The Link, The Tube, The Twit and even The Medium. We will do what we have to do to get your attention, even if we have to use special effects to get the special effects working on you.

Then our first meeting, I will do consultations, workshops and seminars and my initial question will be:

“You ready?”

And when you say yes, I will ask my second,

“You really ready?”

And when you say yes, I will tell you,

“Well, let’s go for a walk inside you.”

You Will Always Have Desires

(Accept them as inevitable)

You have to be careful; the Universe can be sneaky. It aids and abets its own expansion by causing you to have desires. And when you think you have manifested a certain desire, bam! You want more, the thrill lasted a few moments. and then you start looking around for the next thing.

Some may see it as greed, as wanting more, never satisfied; the Universe sees it as essential, or else the entire premise on which it was big banged into place would come tumbling down.

We cannot stop desire, and the sooner we realise this, the easier our lives would be. We stop having these thoughts of feeling unworthy because we know what we came here to do, and that is to desire, to want more.

Something happened to me recently that reminded me of this.

This writing space, as much as I enjoy being here, gets stagnant often. Or at least I stagnate myself often. I am not actively seeking new followers — no real benefit in that since many follow you and never read your work, and I am guilty of the same. But there have been other goals I created for myself on this platform and have achieved, then I create another and achieve it, then another, then another, until I am left asking what else is there to desire in this place? I was feeling this way,

I have been asking my guides — the voices in my head, that I listen to now and again. What more? I'm getting bored. As per usual, they do not answer right away.

Today, I was scrolling through my feed when I saw a name that I thought I recognized. Always liking her pieces, I clicked on it. It was then that I realised that the names were similar, but this was a different writer, someone who's stories I have never read. Pressing the back arrow, the computer starting its slow circle dance and you cannot hurry a slow laptop. I sent out a desire for a new one, one that is powerful and fast and intuitive — laptop shopping.

With nothing left to do, I started reading the piece and it began to dawn on me why I clicked, why my guides encouraged me to click. It was the most refreshing article, the best that I have read for a long time. I continued reading a couple more from this writer. It was not until the third one that I noticed it, she had gotten a staff pick ribbon. I laughed. Those sneaky bastards....errr... those sneaky angels and guides!

I have never gotten such a ribbon, and the thought of earning one caused me to begin salivating. There was no envy of the writer, she simply inspired me to reach for more.

Then I remembered that I would not qualify to be selected. I was not a part of the writing club.

Bummer?

It wasn't.

It was a reminder.

That we will always have dreams, we will always have desires.

Listen, The Universe Offers Guidance

(It gives in an incremental way)



Listen. Image © Ilis Trudie Palmer

The Universe offers gains in an incremental way, it starts by offering you the small blessings, and the more you accept and appreciate them, the more it gives.

We all have grand dreams. I have dreams of going to Mars with those guys who are busy building rocket ships — well that is my first bet on getting to outer space. If, for some reason I do not have the money for the ticket when the first flight is ready, then I am hoping that our alien friends, the ones that we keep saying that we see spying on us, would take me back with them for a tour of outer space. But at the end of the day, we look for the small gains that build up, and lead to our big dreams being fulfilled. So, for me, I have started a *Mars or Bust Savings Plan* in the Bank of the Universe. Ticket money.

My friend wants to open a grand restaurant. He has already identified the space and to a certain extent, has a clear image of how this restaurant will be — the menu, the clientele, the money he will make, but the thing is, he has no money to begin; he will not qualify for a small business loan because he has no money (you know how it goes); no one will give him a grant, his family are not in a position to assist him, so he is sitting with his dream, messaging me at 2 am about these plans.

The pinging sound woke me, annoying me. I had forgotten to turn off the phone.

When I saw the message, my first reaction was, *“why is he messaging me before the cock begin to crow, telling me about this restaurant he wants to open?”*

After getting annoyed with him and realizing that it was not his fault that I allowed my space to be invaded, I responded. I was already awake; I might as well let him have it!

“Do you have the money to open this restaurant?”

“No.”

“Would you be able to get a loan, help from family, a grant from the government?”

“Government does not give grants to open restaurants, Ilis” he responded.

“Okay, so what is the plan?”

"I want to stop working for people, I want to stop being underpaid, I want to be independent, I want to make money."

"So, what is the plan?"

"I am fed up working for people...." He paused his furious typing.

I guess he realized what I was asking. What is the plan, you have these hopes and dreams, what are you doing to realise them?

what is the plan?

Was he doing the energy work to get in alignment with the Universal forces that will guide him to realizing his dreams? No.

And it is fine to have hopes, and dreams, and desires. The universe operates under the premise that we have hopes and dreams and desires.

I wrote a piece about it.

I ask all of us with grand dreams, what are we doing to answer the call of the Universe when it sends the small whisper? It would not be a shout, no trumpets, no angels walking up and down ladders to the heavens, no grand display, just a soft whisper of *"come this way, do this, here take this, enjoy it, I know you will like this."*

We have to be in that mind space to hear the call, and we have to be willing to heed the call when it comes.

"So, what is the plan? Are you asking the Universe for support and guidance? Are you listening for the advice?" I questioned.

It is now morning. I have written this piece. I am hearing the horn of the bread bus outside, telling people to wake up and get their freshly baked bread, my friend has not responded yet.

