

conceiving. The finished product, when it emerges, seems hardly to have begun – a tentative prototype. Well, okay; so now it's up to us to coax it along, bring it to fullness. It, this twitching doll, this cute little milk-processing machine, will soon be looking and acting a lot like us. So we do that; we fill it full of love... and so much else that is lesser than love: impatience, imprudence, projection, resentment, prejudice, prattling, poor nutrition, misplaced ambition, bald conjecture, and raw fear.

The pendulum swings of parenthood evinced by my little history can be tracked on a macro scale in the books that succeeding generations have turned to for orientation and comfort. Talk to them; no, command them. Discipline them; no, give them free reign. Teach them love and compassion; no, punish them and let the slings and arrows do the teaching. Nature makes the child; no, nurture. Genetics sets the course; no, moral authority. Now, in middle age, I've stopped trying to keep score. I keep coming back, instead, to something my Grandma (never shy in the advice department) used to remind us: "Imitation is not the best teacher, it's the only teacher."

What I learned from mom and dad, my kids from me, has had mostly to do with the examples that were set. My parents clearly knew this better than I. To the extent I lived out the drama of my own truth in front of my kids, they have learned from that. And what was my drama? Mainly, it had to do with inner conflict.

I am a man who has never known if he is a doctor who writes or a writer whom everyone calls Doc. Mom was a writer of some repute by the time she had me, so even if the literary itch wasn't in my genes, it was certainly tapping the typewriter keys within earshot of my crib.

I spent my fourteenth summer taking a "creative writing" course at an old-guard prep school. In that hallowed realm, some shocking news was imparted: to be a writer you had to "write what you know." Oh, dear. Did I know anything? Anything, that is, besides how to imitate Poe and Salinger?

I dragged myself home in a funk and compounded that fall by the mental breakdown, as it was called in those days, of an older brother. I visited him at the institute to which he had been consigned. It was depressing to see him in that dreary place. I went home and, as a sort of cleansing, put pen to paper.

I submitted the resulting short story to the high school literary magazine, which selected it for the winter issue. Promptly, the high school principal called me in and recommended I pull it; such a frankly personal piece would embarrass the family, he said. I went ahead despite. If I was to be a writer, I had to write – and publish – what I knew or else what was I worth? Only years later, reflecting with more compassion, did I take pause in the publishing of that story.

I completed freshman year at Harvard College and nary a book with my name on it. Balls-zac! I was a disappointment to myself, to the muses, and to the great writers of all ages and continents.

That summer, a charismatic painter and philosopher from Fordham University invited me to join in the making of that counter-culture shibboleth, *An Underground Movie*. It was to be unscripted, a cinematic version of abstract expressionism. I was the screenwriter; in other words, my job was NOT to produce a script. This was a relief, because I had no idea what the beast looked like.

Nevertheless, being a “screenwriter” for a summer did wonders for my self-esteem; no, let’s call it my self-swaggering. I had the part and I acted the part. *Seventeen* magazine even anointed me by commissioning a piece on the experience entitled, “Five Thousand Feet of Film.” Finally! A real writer! And what had I written? A very nice, nationally published piece about not being a writer.

Sophomore year, I took another “creative writing” course, this time from an author of recognized merit. More shock from academia. “I can’t teach you how to write,” he told us, day one. “If you really want to write, leave college and go out and live. Only when you have lived can you write.” His model was Hemingway.

For a while, Papa became mine too and I read his canon. This led to the sad realization that all that could be written, and written well, about men and war and women and men and drink and war and killing animals and men and getting tight and sleeping around and feeling damn bad about it already *had* been written, and with unmatched skill. I would have to scavenge in other precincts. In short, I would have to “live.”

Thus primed, junior year could not contain me. I dropped out of college and headed west with a portable Remington typewriter in my duffle. Young love was the theme of my first novel. Passion

recollected in tranquility. First, the passion; six months later, the tranquility. But, I didn't feel tranquil at all writing about that broken love affair; I felt *bummed*. She left me.

Besides ouch, what else was there to say? After 249 pages of ouch, I put aside that manuscript and never brought it out again. Maybe this reflected the precocious wisdom – at that time I still had a little – that comes with being 21 and living on roasted potatoes and spring water.

Along came a kindly believer who gave me \$300 to write a book he would turn into a movie he liked to refer to, eyeballs spinning with dollar signs, as “the next *Easy Rider*.” This was 1970. By living in boarding houses and washing dishes in restaurants, I stretched that stipend over 12 months, at the end of which I submitted the book and never heard from the man again. At least I had lived something. Lived what? Well, the supreme frustration of trying to “become” a writer.

Here life – unplotted, unpremeditated, real-live life – mercifully intervened. I fell in love. We were married within six months. At twenty-two, I had half of all I ever dreamed of: love. Could the other half, success as a writer, be far behind?

We moved to a small town in Arkansas. The rent on our shack was \$20/month. To support ourselves, we opened a bookstore and stocked it only with those titles we enjoyed. Besides the predictable novels and poetry, an altogether different category crept in: health, yoga, diet, herbology, reflexology, organic gardening, fasting, etc. What did such fascinating stuff have to do with becoming a writer? I let this question sink unacknowledged into the yeasty mash of my subconscious and set about getting as healthy as Dr. Jethro Kloss.

A bout of hepatitis landed me in quarantine at the regional hospital. Was it a “healing crisis?” Liver detoxification provoked by my new and, it says here, healthier diet? No matter, I was sick as a stray dog. The M.D. in attendance, a truly holistic practitioner – though at the time the word had yet to be coined – began to pepper me with questions. What was I going to do with my life? Sell books? Nothing more? Why didn't I become a doctor? Helping people feel better was a great life.

I knew he was right, which made me angry. I loved helping people. Looking back on my life, when not “becoming” a writer, that was

what I had spent my time doing. Helping people made me feel useful, purposeful and happily quiet inside. All right, then, I would do it! I would become a doctor. But not an M.D. like him; others had a better knack for that. No, I would learn how to heal with plants and food and my own hands.

Chiropractic college was a revelation, a blossoming of instincts and talents I never knew I had. Once graduated and practicing in the field, the rewards were as satisfying as that Arkansas medic had promised. On the side, I fed the beast of my old ambition with the writing of poems and short prose, but the focus now was people. Being with them and for them. Every person was a story, a flesh-and-blood novel with all the humor, pathos, drama and surprise found in the best of Dickens, Dostoevsky, Garcia Marquez. I was in the thick of life, and life was great literature.

But, no, the worm was not so easily purged. One day my wife and I went to see a film. It was well made and wonderful. I walked out and wept. I could create something like that. I had it in me; I knew I did. So why was I holding back? Certainly, the reason was not doctorly responsibility. There have been a lot of doctors who also wrote – Chekhov, W.C. Williams, Walker Percy. I had stopped writing because....because....

Resolved to resuscitate my secret sharer, I reordered my weekly schedule: three days caring for patients, two days courting the muse with pen and paper. For twenty-four years, then 'til now, that has been my schedule. My kids have grown up with this example of professional schizophrenia lived out deliberately. Living my dream, while dreaming my life.

This dualism, this peace pact between need and ambition, compassion and artifact ion, is not what I set out to teach them; it's simply been what my inner workings obliged me to live. What they've learned from it all, or suffered, only they can say. Something valuable, I hope. Certainly on this end, there has been a price.

So I write and I doctor, doctor and write. Like the riding of a bicycle, this round-and-round has gradually taken me places. A few things published. A number of screenplays optioned. Some plays work shopped. I've never had 'The Big Break,' nor do I have any regrets about my chosen m.o. It's taught me some worthwhile lessons.

Lesson One: I am not “becoming” a writer, I *am* a writer. No one needs to crown me; I crown myself and get back all that energy I expended all those early years while waiting for exultation. The shift has been from incipience to initiation, from becoming to being.

Lesson Two: If I write to please others, to see my name in lights or on the bestseller list, I am a buffoon, an organ grinder’s monkey at the end of his own rope.

Lesson Three: What doctors and writers have in common – well, what *I* have in common with both pursuits – is the urge to be present to beauty and truth. Every sick person is wanting – sometimes dying – to reconnect with his/her truth. So is every blank page that stares back at me from the glowing monitor.

Lesson Four: People before things. Myself, my wife, my children, my friends, and my patients – they ALWAYS come before my wordsmithing. One is a reflective pursuit and the other, a full-bore, heart-rending, mind-expanding action-adventure.

Lesson Five: If you write long enough, the themes closest to your soul (for me: healing, perseverance, personal and cultural rapprochement) will rise to the surface, make a funny face at you and ask: “Are you living me? Because if you’re only writing me, what’s the point?” I like to think of my scripts and poems as meditations for this lifetime, not the next.

Lesson Six: “If you are not writing about the most important moment in this character’s life, why bother writing about it?” This plum, proffered in so many texts and seminars, applies equally to life. The corollary to it is found in the words of that incomparable sketch artist, the late Max Hersfeld. Whenever asked which of his drawings was his favorite, he would always reply without a trace of irony, “Why, the one I just finished!”

Lesson Seven: Everything a writer ever writes will eventually fall into silence. Sometimes – oh humility, thy name is rejection letter – this happens in a matter of days. Health and disease, thoughts and deeds, failure and success will likewise fade away. This is good news, not bad. It frees self-expression into the realm of play and experimentation.

Lesson Eight: Any writer who thinks he has fully come to know himself/herself had better stop writing because the fun is over.

This is why I will stop my spouting right here. I'm up against the wall of my own ignorance... a word that rhymes with arrogance.

Thank you for accompanying me this far, dear reader. See you in the next chapter.

* * *

SINGLE MOMS

By Dr. Cara McComish

Sister
Woman Sister Friend
Don't Stop
Moving to your rhythms.

Your energy
Emanates
Clear Powerful Bright.
I see you
Emerging
From your cocoon.
It's time
Now
Open your damp, fresh wings.
Sister, they will take you
Wherever you want to go.
You are strong,
Woman.

* * *

I have a very unusual disability. I can't sit or stand for any length of time without moving or putting up my feet. I don't have valves in my leg veins that can pump the blood back up to my heart. Therefore, I literally have to keep my legs elevated or moving or my legs swell up. This condition is called *venous vein insufficiency* – a chronic, degenerating, and inoperable condition brought on by the deep vein thrombophlebitis that I have had since I was 23.

So how do I keep moving? My husband and I love to go hiking up at the Sequoia National Park in Three Rivers, CA, the home of redwoods – ancient beings that are the oldest and biggest trees are on the planet. There is a very remote section called King's Canyon, up a very steep, curvy drive. Hardly anyone bothers to go there. In September 2004, we decided to meet the challenge. As we drove up the road, a deer popped out in front of us. When we stopped, the deer began to speak to me. I told my husband that we needed to drive into the next campground area and park. We were to take a path winding down into a gulley-like area. My first husband would have said, at a time like this: "You are softer than a sneaker full of shit. I ain't goin' down no path and if you do you will be hitchhiking home." (Not an idle threat, by the way.) Thank God my present husband is a true companion in spirit. The deer dove back into the bushes and we found the campground shortly up the road.

We parked the car and I clairvoyantly began to see the spirit of the deer guiding our way. As we silently walked down the path, the deer telepathically informed me that we would soon need to get off the path and go down into the forest in an extremely remote area. My husband still agreed. We gingerly made our way down a steep embankment. We found a *huge* redwood, so large that the roots had risen to form an arch up over the ground. I followed the deer and stood under the tree's roots. Bob took my picture. We thought this incredible tree was the gift from the deer spirit. But then I looked up and saw a small piece of paper stuck to the underside of the bark.

For two years this note from a mother about her dead infant had been nestled in the roots of this great tree. For us to find it was nothing short of a miracle. Coping with grief is an astonishing challenge. What an incredible parent to know how to express her grief so powerfully! Bob and I prayed for this parent and child. We gave thanks to the spirit of the deer who led us to this sacred spot for this sacred purpose. I hope this child's soul purpose has been fulfilled. Her parent is a role model for us all.

For Baby Zoe

9/23/02-9/28/02

Here I am leaving my sadness.
Here I am leaving my sadness.
Here I am leaving all of my shame and anguish.
Here at the feet of this mother
I am leaving all my shame and anguish.
Here at the roots of my mother
I lay down my grief.
Cold shadow.

I lay down this grief
in her blessed shadow.
I will not carry this burden any longer.
My small, heavy burden
I lay here and with empty hands
take up this seed.
Now in my empty hands
I take up her seed,
Tiny and closed
not yet open.
Mother's seed comes with me
As a promise.
My promise
to grow as grand and sure
to withstand the forest fires that await
to cultivate tenderness in myself
so that I may comfort others
in their sorrow and loss.
All these things I will do
For one who cannot grow any bigger
in this world
Tiny and closed
not yet open.
I carry with me
Her light
Her courage
Her future

October 6, 2002

* * *

In September 2000, while on a trip to Ireland with author Carolyn Myss, I met Bob Bordonaro. I could see he was struggling with a past life issue and I offered him assistance. Bob readily accepted my offer. When he had recovered from his emotional trauma, he said, “An astrologer told me 28 years ago that I would meet a psychic like you and that I was to introduce you into the media.” I looked at him stunned, not realizing that I had just helped out a Beverly Hills media executive, and replied, “When I was 2, I drowned and Jesus told me that in the second half of my life I would move to the place where movies are made and have a career in the media teaching the truth about spirituality.”

Two months after we met, Bob sent me a plane ticket to Los Angeles. Although we got along well, I did not fare well on the radio. I went back to New Hampshire feeling like a real hillbilly. We continued to get to know each other over the telephone, however, and discovered that we had a lot in common. We felt that our meeting had occurred with divine intervention and that we should not ignore the intrigue of getting to know each other better. After all, Jesus Christ and an astrologer can't be wrong. The following March, I moved to Tinsel Town.

The following story is written by a friend of Bob's. It's about a man's moment with a parent that affected his life. Through the intense synchronicity and abundance of his life circumstances, David saw the value in accepting the promptings of the inner voice. David created a life not only for himself, but also for thousands of televisions viewers.

* * *

REMEMBER THAT YOU MATTER

By David Isaacs

For the past thirty years, I've made my living as a comedy writer. I've had the privilege of working on some of the best sitcoms of the past few decades, including *MASH*, *Cheers*, and *Frasier*. To participate in any one of those hits would be a lucky stroke for a writer; to take part in all three makes me pretty sure that someone up there must be on my side. A gift for writing is obviously part of my success, but I can't help feeling that fate has been especially kind to me. My career has been a series of fortunate chances that I've had the good sense, sometimes in spite of my fears and misgivings, to take.

I've never been what you would call a confident or self-assured person. Never had the kind of ego it usually takes to make it in Hollywood, that mythic town that chews up psyches far stronger than my own. I've had serious bouts of depression that might be termed clinical. But somehow, despite feeling ill equipped to break in, let alone make it in 'the business,' I've had a career that's lasted longer than most. I can only attribute that to some vague sense of my purpose in this world. A feeling that I was meant to be doing the work I do, living the life I am. As simple and as unsophisticated as it sounds, that thought has had a profound effect on me at the most crucial times in my life.

I'd always been attracted to the absurd worldview of comics, such as Woody Allen, Bill Cosby, Jonathan Winters, and Robert Klein. They were my idols growing up. I listened to their albums, stayed up late when they were on "The Tonight Show," watched their movies, and read everything I could about them. Most importantly, I identified with them, their separateness and their ability to observe some incongruity and turn it around until it was funny. I recognized that talent in myself and the genuine reward of getting a laugh and how it immediately gave you an audience and, with that, acceptance.

I grew up in Miami as an only child in what is probably a typical only-child's dysfunctional family. My parents had what most

people would call a long successful marriage, but there were great stresses and times when things looked pretty bleak. As the sole child I felt their love, but also their day-to-day frustrations with their life and each other. In many ways, I was the bridge between them. The reason they stayed together. I think my lifelong aversion to any kind of conflict comes from trying to keep a steady balance in the house and making sure never to stir things up.

Needless to say, I couldn't wait to get away from that pressure, but at the same time we become comfortable with what we're used to and it was hard to pull away from being their child. My dreams were to leave Miami and make my way to New York or L.A., where I would become a comedy name. They were wonderful dreams (many featured me out on the town or in the bedroom with hot women who were dazzled by my quick wit), but they didn't prepare me for the reality ahead.

I attended college close to home. For me, it was a blur of uncertainty. I took film and TV as a major, but I found little that inspired me and, even when it did, I underachieved. I got a 'C' in my only screenwriting class, and if that's not personal irony, I don't know what is. I graduated with a mediocre GPA and faced the real world with only the assurance that I had to be out there eventually. I still had my dream, but New York and L.A. were far away and the idea that it was time to go made actually going a lot scarier. What used to be the 'Emerald Cities' became dark and foreboding places.

Lucky for me (that phrase pops up a lot), I had a good friend named Bob Bordonaro, who had already moved out to L.A. Bob has been like an angel on my shoulder, always there at a critical juncture, as if he were around to guide me. Maybe we all play those parts at some time in our friends' lives, but Bob's timing in mine has been uncanny. You might even say heaven sent.

He began to call from L.A., telling me how great it was out there. It was everything we'd talked about and more. He told me I should pack up my few things and drive out. It sounded great and I wanted to go. I'd get all pumped up, but in the middle of the night at about 2 a.m. (which to this day I call my 'hour of doubt'); I'd chillingly review all the reasons not to go. No money. The loneliness of a big city. All sorts of unsavory people preying on you. (The last one I was right about. It is, after all, L.A.)

My parents weren't particularly encouraging. "What are you going to do there?" is one of those bigger existential questions that can get under your skin. So, I kept putting it off. I had a job in Miami that was at least putting some walking-around money in my pocket. Why give that up? Still, I had a nagging feeling that I belonged in L.A. and that my life almost depended on me going. Not in any dangerous sense, but more that I had no purpose remaining where I was. That soon I would be lost, even living near my own home. My destiny was calling me. Not real loud, but enough to get my attention. I decided to heed the call. I packed up my things and said a very emotional goodbye to my father. Suddenly, we had to deal with a farewell we had both put off.

I drove to California and found it tougher than I ever imagined. L.A. is an exciting town at first sight. It is a bright city full of young, good-looking people. But, it's also as sprawling and lonely as the songs say – I'm thinking of "It Never Rains in Southern California," not "I Love L.A."

Six hundred dollars in life savings didn't last long, even in the early seventies. I lived on Bob's couch for weeks and made the rounds looking for jobs in 'the business,' of which there were none. I wanted to get involved right away in comedy, but was not confident enough to try stand-up. Avoidance of conflict being a big theme for me, putting myself up on stage in front of hecklers never seemed to be a wise choice. I believe we all need the courage to overcome the fears that cripple us, but I also believe we're entitled to one free pass in life and I took mine when it came to stand-up.

I got odd jobs and made enough to move into a one-room efficiency. That's my lyrical way of describing a sink, a toilet, and a bed. Like a thousand other young people who had come to L.A. to find themselves, I started running out of hope. I talked to my parents about returning to Miami and I was sure my father would immediately lay out the 'Welcome Back Home' mat. Instead, he told me to stay put. There was nothing for me in Miami.

His words surprised me. Not so much the advice, which was sound, but that he had echoed my earlier instinct. I had never said anything to him about my future not lying at home. I felt it would have hurt his feelings at a sensitive time. But there he was saying the same thing I'd been thinking. I knew that in his heart my father wanted me nearby, but he was telling me to stick it out. His selflessness inspired me and I was more determined than ever to

make a name for myself in comedy, even if I had no idea how to do it.

Once again, “my guide” Bob appeared with a means to my end. Bob and I had both joined the Army Reserves during college. A great many draft-eligible men had taken the same route during the Vietnam War. When Bob moved to L.A., he transferred to a new unit, a public information detachment. It was made up of some very talented soldiers (and I use the word soldier very loosely here), who had day jobs as reporters, on-air newsmen, and disc jockeys.

When I arrived in town, Bob got me into the unit and it was a turning point in my life. During a reserve camp in Colorado, I met Ken Levine, a very funny guy who was a Top 40 jock in San Bernadino, California. He spotted me reading a biography of George S. Kaufman, the famous playwright and a hero of his. Needless to say, we hit it right off and found that we had a lot of comic icons in common. We both talked about wanting to write comedy screenplays or TV shows like “*MASH*,” which had just premiered. The problem was both of us were a little unsure of ourselves when it came to the craft of writing.

A good screenplay seemed like a daunting task (we weren’t wrong about that), especially working alone. We decided to team up and tackle something together. The thought was a good one, but the logistics made it tough. We both had day jobs and Ken’s was out of town. We had to meet nights and Sundays. It was tough going and our first works, of course, were rejected.

We had no contacts to speak of, but we did have each other. Even when the days without rest piled up, we knew we could rely on the other person for motivation. With a few years of hard work, we sold our first script. It was an episode of “The Jeffersons” that was completely re-written by the show’s story editors, but we had a sale. We were on our way . . . to the unemployment office.

After our first script, we found an agent to represent us. We quit our day jobs to write full time, but no more assignments came for six months. The initial high had long worn off and we found ourselves desperate for work to the point where Ken was ready to take a radio job that would move him far enough away that writing together would be impractical. But then, out of the blue, our agent called with one of those big break Hollywood stories (a little hyperbole).

The agency that represented us also handled the producer of “*MASH*.” As a favor to the agency, he read one of our scripts and liked it enough to bring us in for a pitch. *MASH* was a show I could only dream of writing. He filled our arms with research about the Korean War and we returned with scores of ideas, one of which he liked. Still, he had his doubts about us. Whether it was our age or lack of professional experience, I guess our eagerness overcame him and he gave us a shot to turn our idea into an episode. We came through and he gave us another assignment. We were full-on writers.

No doubt, we worked our butts off to take advantage of our opportunity. To this day, I don’t think Ken or I would have had the chance to write “*MASH*” if either of us had gone it alone. Nor would we have been as proficient had we not spent time in the military, not in combat thank God, but experiencing Army life firsthand.

In that sense, we were ahead of other comedy writers our age. We were lucky to have found each other, but I’ve never believed it was just dumb luck. We were guided there by the actions of friends and family, but also by the faith, however weak at times, that we were on a path to our own true destinies.

But, there are always stumbling blocks. “*MASH*” gave me a good career foothold, but it also brought me new insecurities. I started to wrap my self-worth in my success as a writer. I began to enjoy the writing less and less and worried all the time about the work not being good enough. I stopped feeling funny. Generally, this is a bad condition for a comedy writer.

I put such pressure on myself that I eventually crashed and fell into a crisis of spirit. A fancy way of saying I was deeply depressed. I’d been in these periods before, but never like this. I could not shake the feelings of hopelessness. Trying to write my way out of it only made it worse.

I went back to Miami for the first time in years, mainly because I couldn’t think of anything else to do. I was almost thirty years old and back with my parents. Not the healthiest of situations, and yet it was a side trip I needed to take.

My father and mother tried their best to understand what I was going through, but they had no background to help me. Their talks and pleas could not break through the darkness. When you’re in a depression nothing much makes sense.

One morning as I lay in bed, my father came into the room. He didn't ask how I was feeling for the hundredth time. He didn't try to give me a pep talk. He didn't try to impress on me again that worrying would ruin my health. He just sat down on the edge of my bed, looked at me and said, "*Everything is going to be okay. You matter.*" Just those words. No explanation. Nothing more. Then he got up and left the room.

My father was never a man of few words and rarely succinct in his thoughts. But at that moment, when it counted most, he summed up the problem in two short sentences. He was telling me it was all right to be who I was. Success, money, possessions, respect, fame, and accomplishment are all fine, if they don't get in the way of finding meaning in your life.

I first chose my path because it brought me joy and purpose. If I lost my way because I was too busy trying to prove my worth, then I had to go back to enjoying the writing for its own sake or I would stay lost. That's a lot to get from "*Everything is going to be okay. You matter.*" But it quickly became clear to me that's what he meant. Even if it wasn't what he meant (I never asked him), his words brought me the message. I've never forgotten that moment. When I lose my way (and it happens almost weekly), I can remember it and begin to center myself again.

I'm 53 now and I have a wonderful wife (Bob introduced us, if you can believe that) and children. Fifty-three is an age that's usually last call for comedy writers. But I'm still hanging in there and getting great enjoyment and blessings out of the work. The late nights in re-write rooms take a bigger toll than they did when I was in my thirties, but I still enjoy the company.

My greatest blessing is my children. No accomplishment, no award, no recognition can compare with the sense of peace they've given me. If the first half of life is career and making a reputation for oneself, the second half is about seeking meaning. My children have brought that and centered me in a way I never experienced before. In short, their very presence made me more selfless, and that I think speaks for itself.

Another joy and meaning I've discovered is teaching up-and-coming writers about the craft, guiding them along their own path. Not to get all *Lion King, circle of life* here, but I'd like to give back a little to young folks who remind me a whole lot of me. Not all of

them will be as lucky as I've been career-wise, but if I can help just a few follow their own dreams, then I'll know till the end of my life that my father was right... I matter.

* * *

Raising Humanity involves knowing what gives us as individuals our own personal sense of balance and harmony. It involves choosing to be with a partner who also knows how to create balance and then role modeling that peace and stability in our families. The goal is balance and harmony, within oneself and with each other, to create a joyful family, harmonious community, and peaceful world.

Do we want parents who are stressed and out of balance to have the sacred mission of raising humanity? We don't want the least tended vegetable garden to be the source of our nutrition, do we? Why aren't day care workers and teachers acknowledged as being as important as they are? They, along with parents, are the farmers of our most important natural resource, the future of the human race.

A farmer who is about to spend twenty years growing a particular crop is often more aware of his plants' needs than we are of the needs of our children. The farmer takes the time to research his investment. He wants to be certain that the kind of plant he chooses to raise in a certain environment will prosper there. He studies what a crop needs and makes sure he has the resources to provide for that plant's best development. He knows not to plant an orchid in a desert.

DID I MISS THE EXIT RAMP?

By Mary Elizabeth

Today I turned 45 years old, a pivotal point in a women's life. A mere breath away from turning the page to 50, a tearful, yet final farewell to youth.

For so many women, this is a joyous time. Their children are well on their way to being adults and they are able to capture more intimate moments alone with their husbands. Most women have homes they have nestled into that are both an expression of themselves and an accumulation of their family's memories. Financially stable, it is a time to plan those weekend escapes and leisurely vacations that have been put off between diapers and college tuition. But, what if?

What if you are still single and have yet to meet your soul mate? Is there such a thing? Every one talks about it, your friends have found them (not once, but twice), and songs are written about them. Where is mine? How is it possible for a friend to divorce, remarry, and have a baby, all in the time that you haven't even met a guy you would like to date more than twice?

What if your friends are starting to talk about their premenopausal symptoms and somewhere within you is still the yearning to have a child? What if you see that child in your mind's eye and continue to wonder where the father is and whether he can feel it too?

What if you have made a choice to leave your career and follow your purpose? A choice that leads to financial instability and your own parents worrying about what will happen to their 45-year old child?

What if deep inside beats the heart and spirit of a 25-year-old, but the mirror tells a much different story? America worships money

and loves youth. Both of which you no longer have. Where do you fit? Do you check “Miss” or “Ms” on the application? What does that even *mean*?

But, what if you change your mind? You defy the illusion of the so-called *American Dream* and create your own sense of belonging and participation in the world. Is it really imperative for a woman to have a man and a baby to attain happiness? Can I choose my own personal recipe for happiness without Mr. Right and a six-figure income?

Why not ask the pregnant woman who was killed in her sleep by her husband and thrown into a trash bin. Or the woman held captive for ten years and beaten by her husband, while her children silently watched, numb to the repetitive horror. What about the 50-year-old woman whose high school sweetheart divorces her for a 22-year-old trophy wife? What happened to their storybook endings? Their happiness?

Personally, I have refused to settle.

When men marry, not only are they marrying for love, but they are also thinking maid, cook, accountant, etc. Their life often gets easier, while the woman’s load gets heavier. Personally, I don’t like cleaning up my mess, much less someone else’s.

Now this might seem ridiculous, but why should I take on maid duty if I’m not crazily in love? He is not doing me any favors. I would rather deal with my own dishes and dust bunnies, thank you. This may sound bitter and it may sound harsh, but laundry comes in many forms – not just dirty jockey shorts.

Have you ever had your life threatened by the very man who was so desperate to marry you and father your babies? The harsh reality is that one-third of all relationships involve emotional abuse. For six months I was part of that ugly statistic and, for seven years afterwards, I was continually harassed and threatened, in spite of three protection orders and one guilty verdict for violating the order.

After I left, Psycho (my nickname for him) attempted to destroy every aspect of my life: he called my boss and posed as a customer to try to get me fired, fraudulently tried to obtain my personal records, anonymously called a credit card company accusing me of fraud, and put sugar in my gas tank. That was just one week....

Step by step, police reports were filed, but unless he actually shot me with the unregistered gun he owned, how could I prove any of this was him?

Then one night he provided the straw that broke the camel's back. He left a phone message from a movie trailer, "*Have you ever thought about committing the perfect murder?*" Combined with one pissed off Boulder detective, the harassment stopped. The trick? He couldn't find Psycho, but he found his dad and threatened to extradite his son to Colorado on a felony charge. The endless phone hang-ups (thousands), magazine subscriptions (92 in all), nails in the driveway, and the other nuisances to my parents and me finally stopped.

So, how does an intelligent, confident, and independent woman get into that kind of relationship? The answer is simple. The relationship doesn't start out abusive. In fact, for six months he treated me like a queen. Then gradually the calculative manipulator drops a condescending comment here and there, starts picking fights that he blames on you, and the downward slide into the "black hole" begins.

Unbelievably, you start making excuses that it was stress at work or an argument with his dad. You think the real guy was the one you dated the first six months and you hope and wait for that prince to return. He never does. Tragically, you start forgetting the boundaries of a normal relationship.

If I could rewrite history, would I wish Psycho had never been a part of my life? Absolutely not! That relationship defined who I am today. I allowed the abuse to continue because I did not stand up for myself. It was not until the end that I told him I would not tolerate his behavior. It was not until the end that I realized that I deserved so much more. Through the seven years of hell he put me through, I found my voice and I found myself and I will never allow anyone to take it from me again.

So, what's the deal? It has been ten years since that fateful relationship. Did I miss an exit ramp or make a wrong turn?

For seventeen years I worked in the male-dominated, manufacturing side of the fitness industry. Always *just one of the guys*, an endless number of them told me I intimidated the heck out of them.

Lets get this straight. I am 5'3", 125 pounds, and a size 4 (size 2 on a REALLY good day), and 6-foot-tall former athletes tell me that my confidence scares them.

First of all, I must commend myself on the academy-award performances that I have able to pull off in the "confidence" category. Second, I have to ask myself, are men really that insecure? Does a woman have to be needy and helpless (or act it) to find a man? Is this macho-crap all a ruse?

In my random, unscientific poll, the results were overwhelmingly *yes*. Cher recently said in an interview that no one is interested in being "Mr. Cher." So, I ask you, where are the real men? I mean the real men who aren't boasting phallic-powered Porsches and multiple prescriptions for sex-enhancement pharmaceuticals? The ones that aren't emotionally or physically abusing the women in their life because of their lack of self-worth? Where are the ones that my friends all seem to find?

Is it this pathetic state of insecurity that has resulted in such scandals as Enron and World Comm? Or the decision to go to war or ram fully loaded planes into fully loaded buildings? Isn't there a better way to test your manhood? Wouldn't it just be easier to drop your pants and get out a ruler?

The bottom line is that I have things to do. I can't worry that I am too confident, too old, too wrinkly, or too aggressive. If a man is insecure and feels unworthy, it is not my appointed role to be the peppy cheerleader pumping my pom-poms and telling him *you can do it*. I will just do it myself, minus the ticker-tape parade.

I've been told by many to lower my standards or else I am going to be alone. How do you lower standards on acceptance and respect? I already made the mistake of doing that once.

To be with me, it will take a man who is strong, who likes to be challenged, and who knows, if all else fails, that I can go out and get my own oil changed. He'll be able to call me on my crap and won't be offended when I call him on his. It will be a partnership based on love, passion, respect, and friendship. No games. No pretense. Just what is.

Maybe I will find him, maybe I won't. Maybe it's not meant to be this time around. At the end of the day, I'm okay alone. And if Mr.

Right does waltz into my life, I prefer to make him the yummy icing on an already perfectly delicious cake.

As for kids, single motherhood has never appealed to me. I don't have the yearning to pass on my biology to a child without a loving, nurturing father by my side. Am I missing out? Most mothers would say yes. But, maybe my purpose is different.

Every year for the last 27 years, I have had a gynecological exam. I have talked endlessly with male and female doctors, both young and old, and with nurses, while trying to ignore the latex fingers probing my uterus. During that time, not one ever asked me the proverbial question, *Are you planning on having children?*

Not to place blame, but my generation saw that crack in the glass ceiling and decided to blow through it. Getting married and having kids in your twenties became something that only non-educated women did. Granted, as I was approaching 40 years old, I knew my days were numbered, but I had taken phenomenal care of myself. My little eggs had to benefit from all the organic vegetables and leg presses, right?

I can't recall when the media blitz occurred, but I do remember the cold cock to the chin that floored me, along with millions of other ambushed women that week. The statistic:

By age 40, women have only a 5 percent chance of conceiving naturally.

All of a sudden that simple statistic was screaming from every newspaper, magazine and TV newscast across the country. Was I the only one left out of the loop for the last twenty years? Apparently not. Infertility treatment is now a *\$4 billion-a-year* business.

If I had known that statistic at 25, my life might have been different. The truth is that I did pass up opportunities to have children earlier in life. Psycho guy pushed and pushed for me to have a baby. But what kind of mother would I have been if I had brought a child into the world under those conditions? I had lost my own self-worth. How could I have been a role model in teaching my own child confidence and self-esteem? I would have perpetuated the cycle.

Maybe I have gone mad, but I still see myself with a little boy. Sometimes at night, I feel him patiently waiting for the proper moment to make his grand entrance. I could be selfish and give in to my desire not be alone and the need to have someone love me, but I just can't. I would rob him of the greatest gift of all – two parents who love each other and are united in bringing a miracle into this world. I love him too much to give him anything less than that.

So, my challenge to the women of the world is this: We are incredibly powerful beings, yet we do not see our own power. That is a choice that we consciously make and one that we can consciously change.

Before bringing a child into this world, ask yourself some important questions. Are you are happy? Are you complete? Are you fulfilled? If not, is this baby a means to fill a void? What about the father? Does he respect, accept, and love you? Does he support your dreams for yourself and your future? Would *you* want to be born into this family?

If you answered no to any of those questions, ask yourself one more. Do you want to be part of the solution or part of the problem?

In the frightening age of terrorism, war, and the escalating epidemic of emotional and physical domestic abuse, it is within your power to say NO. It is within your power to refuse to tolerate these conditions for your children and for yourself. It is time to take your power back and reacquaint yourself with the brilliant, fulfilled, and joyous woman inside of you. She is waiting to come out and she is more powerful than you could ever imagine.

* * *

Sacred Chalice
By Janet Heartson

The Holy grail, the Sacred Chalice is a woman's body.
A man can only fill it with Love.

This chalice waits for the knight
 Who reveres the Divine Feminine.
 Who kneels before great mysteries,
 And knows the Source of Wonder.

Are you the key to the holy grail within me?
 Are you ready to surrender to the mystery?
 Are you opening to the heart of the Divine?
 Then you may drink this cup of wine.

* * *

RAISING HUMANITY

By Diane Wall

My mom once gave me a plaque to hang in my kitchen that read, "Raising children is like being pecked to death by a chicken." My mom is the mother of eight children and I figure she has it pretty well figured out. Mom always wanted a big family. She was an only child until the age of 12 and dreamed of having a big dinner table with lots of children sitting around it. "Little House on the Prairie" we weren't, but my mom definitely had her dream come true.

She loves nothing more than her role in life – being a wonderful mother. I came to realize what makes my Mom so wonderful is her deep faith in God, which she always shared with us. *And Dad backed Mom one hundred percent.* With help from Catholic school and lessons learned the hard way (from our mistakes), they led by example, teaching us that God is in everyone's corner and to trust that He will guide us through.

I remember coming home from school one time and seeing her lying on the couch and the doctor leaving. We NEVER saw Mom sick! All of us thought she was going to die. We ran to get her very special statue of the Blessed Mother from her dresser. We set up flowers and her statue and all of us kneeled around her saying the rosary. The next day she was back in the kitchen as usual and we thought we had received a miracle. Mom never mentioned the antibiotic she was on. We kept thanking God and The Blessed Mother for sparing Mom's life.

I was my parents' first daughter, one of six. My aunt had just taken her vows as a nun, and I was offered up to the Blessed Mother in a special service when I was a few days old. I was to wear blue for the first two years of my life. I had almost no hair as a baby and, along with the blue attire, most people thought I was a little boy. Later, like most young girls in Catholic school, I was impressed beyond words by different saints and their journeys and I toyed with the idea of becoming a nun – until I realized nuns didn't wear lipstick. Then I wanted to be a model!

Well, things change; so do our belief systems. Trying to rid myself of the old "Catholic guilt" has not been easy, but in my search for spiritual enlightenment, I've come to know a much more understanding God. I've always known, but now I *understand*.

Throughout my life, I've found myself in situations where faith seemed to be all I had. After the attack of September 11th, it was hard to think of praying for each and every person on our planet. The thought of praying for people who brought so much pain to others was unbearable. My husband and I lost our best friend, Matty, a New York City Fire Department Battalion Chief. In his void stood his wife, Margaret, and their family. We had celebrated our children's births, communions, graduations, promotions, and anniversaries together for many years. When I looked at her face, I saw grief beyond measure. How could I handle this and help her? I pulled on one of the ribbons from my gift of faith. God said, "Ask, and you shall receive." I asked and received strength – pure, raw, unselfish strength for both of us.

Helping Margaret go through Matty's papers and other memorabilia from their life together, I was amazed at her quiet strength. I listened and hugged her at times as she came across special things of Matty's. If you don't have faith at a time like that, it would seem impossible to get through. In the first few weeks after September 11th, Matty was with us constantly. I know of many times he made known his unending love for Margaret and helped me with the love of his life and my best friend. Matty is here right now as I write this. He wants the whole world to know that "Love transcends death."

From my meditations where I've prayed to know my path, I know why I'm here: to help raise the consciousness on this planet. I have so many people helping me on my journey; Jesus Christ, the Blessed Mother, and Saint Theresa, my patron saint, is with me always. I start my day by saying "Good morning, God! Nothing is going to happen to me today that you and I can't handle." I have given the holy card with that saying on it to many people. My

children all have it in their rooms and we keep one in the kitchen, right next to the coffee pot where we start our day.

I've always felt that attending mass was another ribbon on my gift of faith. I go to church because it makes me feel wonderful. There are times I stop by church and I'm the only one there. It's like a spiritual cocoon. Being so close to God in his home, talking to all the angels and saints in the stillness and sanctity, I find it easier to reflect on what they are trying to tell me. Our Father is always there, ready to listen. The peace and joy of time shared with God remains with me for hours.

I had a tough time with one of my daughters, right before she went off to college. I was so frustrated that I had been attending Monday night novenas to the Blessed Mother. One night I came home and called my mom to tell her, "Well, Mary has answered my prayers." Mom asked if my daughter had finally relented and was going to do what I wanted her to. I said no, but I didn't care any more. Mary had given me the gift of being free of demanding anything of my daughter. I realized my daughter had to find her own way, no matter what I thought. She had to make her own choices, good or bad, just as my parents had let me follow my own path. Like Mom, my job is to keep my faith in God to help me be there for her as best as I can.

The secret to finding happiness that I have tried to teach my children is to be ALWAYS THANKFUL. Thank God every day, all day, for the abundance in your life. The more you thank him, the more abundant your life will be. Maybe it's the realization of how much you have to be thankful for. Start in the morning, thanking God for your safety and the safety of your loved ones through the night. As you go through your day, thank him for the simple things, such as heat, water, light. Thank him for the car that is getting you to work. Thank him for the work you do, and on and on. You'll soon realize how much abundance you have in your life.

When my sister was first married and wasn't working, her husband came home from his day at work and asked her, "What do you do all day?" Without blinking an eye, she looked at him and said, "Well, honey, as soon as I get up in the morning, I start counting my blessings. Before you know it, the whole darn day is shot." Well, she really wasn't far from the truth.

I've also taught my children the Law of Reversal. Always reverse a situation, and ask, "Is this is how *you* would want to be treated? Will what you are about to do hurt or help someone? Does it feel right? The answers come loud and clear. If you act on the law of karma – "what goes around, comes around" – you will act out of

love. You can't lose. People may not agree with your course of action. However, if you are making your decision based on love, knowing in your heart you're doing this for the best reasons possible, you can't go wrong.

In this life we are given free will. I've made decisions I've questioned. My answers at times leave a lot to be desired. It's an ongoing process. But it's good to remember that God has a tremendous sense of humor. Where do you think we got ours? I've laughed so hard at times as I wondered, "What's next?"

A little secret between you and me: Don't ask – you'll find out soon enough.

Thank You, Oh Wonderful God!

And so it is...

Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene appeared to me on a hot day in August 2005. I was standing in my backyard just behind the mint. As I smelled the mint, I could see Jesus on my left and Mary Magdalene on my right. She appeared with a full head of red hair, he was lean, with brown hair to his shoulders. Both taller than I. Jesus spoke, "We want to give you what is called a Twin Ray attunement – an energy that will clear out the entire akashic records of your lives as both male and female. These memories no longer serve you. This consecration will align your soul and your senses to the Divine within you. It will be a cleansing of light, so powerful that it could possibly kill you to receive it. Do you desire it?"

I immediately said yes. As a gold ball of light entered my third eye, a wave of love came over me. I fell to the ground like a leaf falling from a tree in the autumn air. I lay on the ground, fully cognizant of my surroundings. I felt like my spirit and my ability to create had become One. I was present. I knew my soul's purpose was now more refined.

Jesus spoke again, "Pass on this kind of Reiki attunement to people and places. Let them know the significance of this cleanse." I knew in those seconds that I would teach what I had learned in the most sacred moments when I was listening to my soul's parents. Years passed before I shared this SACRED ENERGY. Then for six months from May 2009 to October 2009 I was telepathically told by Mary Magdalene to lead virtual New Moon Twin Ray Reiki Master Attunements meditations. As of the New Moon on October 18, 2009 that Twin Ray Reiki Master Attunement energy is available to you at anytime you set intention to receive it. It is my honor to pass this Attunement to you.

As the ATTUNEMENT ENERGY passed into me to give to others, Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene then told me to write and publish this book.

I was left with this Gnostic Knowing about RAISING HUMANITY with the METAPHYSICAL MOTHERING® perspective.

KNOWING

You know you are helping to Raise Humanity with the Metaphysical Mothering® perspective when:

1. You realize the creation of a body is not the sole purpose of pregnancy.
2. You understand that pregnancy is an opportunity for a soul to create through you the 'body vehicle' that it needs to forge its way back to the awareness Source.
3. You know that the eternal soul is creating from the accumulations of all of its past life experiences.
4. You appreciate that each body created in each lifetime with its essential seven senses for the soul's enlightenment is being created through you. You are the temple for this divine experience to occur.
5. You know this soul intends to return to Mother Earth and has selected you as the physical vehicle for the best and highest potential for the fulfillment of its soul's purpose on earth at this time.
6. You understand that the body and soul select a spirit of supreme value for its purpose of Being.
7. Your baby's body and spirit have a connection to its own Higher Self and so do you. If you remember this, then your child will remember this. Each action both of you take will be based on reconnecting with the Divine. In your remembrance of this, your higher self will begin to have telepathic communication with your unborn child's Higher Self.
8. You believe that spiritual development or connection to this remembrance is achieved through your own inner knowing.
9. You are aware that your emotions and actions feed your child's soul and cellular memory.
10. Before you become pregnant, you make sure that you value your own independence and are responsible. Do not be dependent on someone else. Know that you are enough.
11. You are able to grow and generate your own strength and happiness. From this, good relationships can develop. You will then enjoy the process of having your own children.
12. When the going gets tough, you know that "this too shall pass."

13. You make a list of your strengths and weaknesses regarding parenting. Let go of the shame and guilt over weaknesses and then work around them.
14. You know the way to connect to this remembrance is through the senses and sensuality. You understand that your feelings and your senses are the gateway to your spirituality.
15. Your goal is to have an open heart and your seven major chakras are open and balanced.
16. Your personal path to motherhood engages inner preparation, introspection, and transformation.
17. You are not afraid of physical death. You know that your body will die, but your spirit won't.
18. You acknowledge that your child has his or her own soul purpose. If your child's soul purpose is achieved quickly, the body will leave, but do not feel you have failed as a mother. Acknowledge the presence of your child in your life, no matter how brief the encounter.
19. You understand that your job as a parent is to guide your children to fulfill their purpose.
20. You recognize that the merit of your child's soul is the goal of consciousness.
21. You know that raising consciousness through conscious parenting gives you a strong global political voice.
22. You recognize that you have two ears and one mouth, so you will listen twice as much as you talk.
23. You develop your attention to subtle perception, so that you can have telepathic communication with your child.
24. You orient your senses, emotions, and intelligences to the sacredness of the Divine. You know that the only sin is to forget to do that.
25. You do not betray your true self by desiring to be that which you are not.
26. You observe the pattern of cause and effect in your life and take responsibility for all that happens.
27. You know and teach your children that they are not victims, although they may be victimized.
28. You know that every experience is a learning experience for yourself and others.
29. You stop accusing yourself and others of making mistakes, but rather choose to "grow or go."
30. You know that "turning the other cheek" means to engage in not seeing evil, hearing evil, or speaking evil. JUST MOVE ON. Unless, of course, it

- is your soul's purpose to engage and teach. Know when to pick your battles. Are they serving your ego or the Divine Plan?
31. If you are not comfortable in a situation, you listen to your body and speak up instead of harboring resentment. Be part of the solution, not the problem.
 32. You know that you are the sum result of your attitudes and actions. You always ask yourself, "Is the choice I am making bringing me closer to the Divine?"
 33. You never preach any sort of belief system.
 34. You create harmony in your life by being in a loving and conscious relationship with divine self.
 35. You know that to harmonize with your own body, heart, and mind is the first step to that experience.
 36. You know that all psychic and bodily suffering is a lack of harmony with human nature, your divine nature, and the nature elements.
 37. You know that conversion means the return to 'what is' with nature, not against it. You know you are to be with nature, and respect it.
 38. You desire to experience wholeness for yourself and your child and you are a role model to this way of balance.
 39. You are content with giving and receiving, not exploiting and producing.
 40. You know the purpose of the universe is the production of love.
 41. You teach your children that when they pass over, the love they experience transcends death. Help them see love as the goal.
 42. You create time for yourself. Just because you are a mother doesn't mean you can't rest.
 43. You honor your parents just as they are, even if you do not love your mother and father. Make a decision not to live in your inner child's projections. Just see your parents as they truly are and let it go with a ritual conducted by yourself or with friends.
 44. After making peace with your perception of your parents, determine your own parenting goals. Create a mission statement for parenting. Type it, print it, and frame it!
 45. You do not raise your children from your accumulated memories. Teach your children to connect with the laws that Mother/Father, God /Goddess taught you about Universal laws.
 46. You do not allow your mental associations from the past, in this lifetime or others, to carve your relationship with your children.
 47. You know that the time to clear your children's path to their divinity begins prior to conception, during gestation, and in the first three years of

- their life. Therefore, clear your own genetic codes before pregnancy, so you don't pass them down in the pregnancy process itself.
48. You say a prayer to clear out any soul karma by releasing past lives with your child. This way any lingering drama and trauma from other lifetimes doesn't interfere with the alchemy of what you two can create in this present time/space continuum.
 49. You consciously request that all vows and contracts from other lifetimes be null and void. Intend that your relationship be based on unconditional love and true healing.
 50. You make certain that you and your partner invite this sacred soul into your hearts and homes. Acknowledge the significance of what is really taking place.
 51. You think about what kind of environment you intend to create for the conception to occur. What sights, smells, feelings, tastes, and sounds do you want the moment to be nourished by?
 52. You spend a minimum of sixteen seconds a day imagining and passionately feeling what it will feel like in that moment when your child's soul contract and you become one.
 53. You make parental decisions in total innocence that was created from this pure, strong and delicious moment of intimacy, rather than from the wounded child within you. The blueprint of your child's destiny has been created. You create a symbol of this sacred moment and give it to your child when they are born to remind them of your commitment to serve their Higher Purpose for being on the planet.
 54. You teach your children that the energy behind their decisions will determine the outcomes of their decisions.
 55. You don't buy your child's cooperation, unless you acknowledge that you are truly doing this.
 56. You teach your child about other family structures, cultures, and traditions.
 57. You teach your child about marketing and materialism.
 58. You teach your children to think and feel. That is their birthright.
 59. Every night, you have your children thank their hearts for beating and see their bodies as their best friends.
 60. You do not force your child to love. Awaken love in them by creating a desire in them to experience love.
 61. You know that the love your children experience with you is how they will perceive the God/Goddess. Your child will have the memory of your love and they will recall the deep love of the God/Goddess and then they will learn to love themselves

62. A child that loves itself, respects itself. A child that respects itself is compassionate and respectful of others.
63. From this platform, you build a strong inner self, a strong individual, and strong relationships based on love. We build families and communities and countries of loving individuals – one loving parent at a time. It really is that simple.
64. You make today your proudest moment of parenting.
65. You love the opportunities that problems offer for you to teach your child a way of Being.
66. You imagine your child all grown up, self-sufficient, and self-disciplined.
67. You be what you want your child to be. Lead by inspiration.
68. You don't have unprotected sex with a man with whom you are not willing to raise a child.
69. You practice the ritual of cleansing your sexual energy field after having recreational sex.
70. You realize that your baby's soul has chosen you and your partner to be his or her parents. You realize that you have agreed to be chosen.
71. Your priority is to maximize the opportunity for your child's soul to grow.
72. You do not give your parenting power away to those with "credentials."
73. You validate your mother's intuition.
74. You choose to be a vehicle for the best and highest good for all, including yourself.
75. You know that being a martyr is an antiquated parenting style.
76. You teach your child to say yes to joy. You observe what gives them joy and reward that choice for them.
77. You teach your children to become stewards of the earth.
78. You teach your children that sometimes the most productive thing they can do is nothing.
79. You wouldn't think of conceiving a child if you are smoking or drinking.
80. You don't make fun of your child's perceptions of things.
81. You don't let teachers and/or schools destroy your child's connection to the unseen world.
82. You teach the power of Universal Law, the Power of Intention and the Law of Attraction.
83. You teach wonder and love of learning.
84. You read, read, and read some more to your child.

85. You make messes with your child.
86. You vacation and teach relaxation skills.
87. You sing with your children.
88. You don't hate their father, no matter what. You don't destroy a potential relationship with their father.
89. You teach that love is not gender, race or culturally based.
90. You pace your teaching so your child is not overwhelmed.
91. You actively bless food and call in abundance as our divine birthright.
92. You love and adore the gift of free will.
93. You know poverty and hatred have no power over the power of LOVE.
94. You teach your child about their chakras.
95. You teach your child that not living up to their Divine Potential will make them ill.
96. You teach your child to persevere.
97. You apply the law of Quantum Physics, which states that if 51% of any energy is dominant that the rest of the energy will follow suit.
98. You teach your children that their thoughts, feelings, and actions have an impact on themselves and the well being of others.
99. You know you have achieved your parenting goal when your child has the self-confidence and courage to be his or her authentic self.
100. You teach your child that living in joy is giving back to God.

A Message from Archangel Gabriel

KNOW THIS

There is a force in the universe more powerful than hatred.

Appreciate your mother.

Think about how each object got into your hand.

Who made that book you are reading right now?

How many people did it take?

What are their stories?

Give yourself permission to experience the feeling of balance.

Make your own way.

Know your own heart.

Put your hands over your beating heart right now and thank it.

Put your ears to the chest of a loved one as soon as you can.

Begin now to appreciate.

About the Author



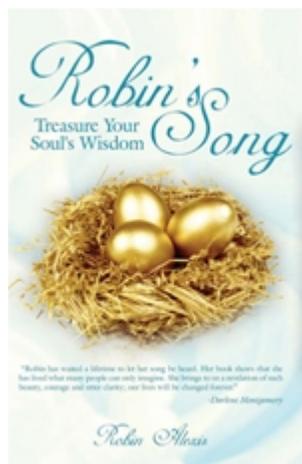
Robin Alexis

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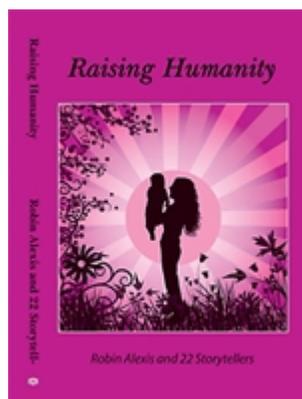
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