



My Sister: Patrícia Murl Pinegar

Children -Lest Ye Be

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But Jesus called for them and said, "Let the little children come to me, and do not stop them; for it is to such as these that the Kingdom of God belongs. Truly I tell you, whoever does not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child will never enter it."

Luke 18:16

Preface

Dear Reader:

We are surrounded by help in this lifetime. My wish for you is knowledge of, and the realization about, our environment; one that has us as its main focus. The plants and animals are provided as our healers; they soften our hearts, warm our souls, and act as an ever-present force of love. But as Luke pointed out, all this and everything that goes with it, is not the key to the Kingdom.

The abundance of love and support our creator provides extends in our very midst and is evident all around. With our understanding of the guidance our living angels provide, we are daily shown the way and provided all the guidance we need to gain full and complete happiness. Yes, I am referring to the angels we call children. Each and every one of them comes with the total package. They show us and if we watch, look, and listen we will realize that it is all there. The truth that we need is provided in the wisdom they freely and uniquely share-they hold the key.

It is our journey to gain what the knowledge is that they possess and to apply it freely in our lives. Each instant, each exchange is a gem showing us all the myriad ways that life provides for us. They are living examples of the remarkable spirit that we all share and the spirit that grows in us and breathes in us every day.

Each story I have relayed in this booklet is true. These instances span more than a 20-year period; including the most recent happening on October of this year (2018). I have taken the liberty of applying what I perceive as a God-wisdom-a key principle of understanding-to each event in the hopes that you will be inspired to realize what might be a guiding message for you that would enhance your current way of living.

It is my belief that we are given grace from our observing and listening to the children. They are living examples of the gifts we are endowed with and reminders of the need to enjoy them and live our lives invested in them.

Story Contents

Being Fast at Something is Enough

When You Are a Princess

Thou Shalt Jitterbug

Rain Girl

Two Limes

What's Bright Got to do With It?

Racing Team

The Beach Tray

The Story of Elmo

The Little Welcome Wagon

Being Real at Breakfast

The Explanation

As Is

A Child of My Heart

Skip d-Doo

On Tour

What We Decide We Can Do

The Special Lawnmower

The Ice Cream Philosophy

It's Just How it Appears

A Child's Choice

Laughing Children

Being Fast at Something is Enough

In the store where I worked comes a six-year-old with parents who have a new baby. They are trying to talk to the toddler so she won't be left out, and she is quite busy 'fixing' the clothes on display. She is into the tops-folding and moving them and I tell her that she is doing such a good job and that she is so fast at it too.

She continues what she is doing, quite efficiently actually. She begins to tell me, as her face lights up, she is maybe fast at some things like this but she is not so fast at things like cleaning up her room!

So I say, "Oh well," that is another story, to which she quickly adds that she is very fast at eating pickles though because they are her favorites. She just loves pickles, she exclaims and we go off into a discussion about the types of pickles and the like—

The Guiding Principle Revealed:

Displaying the truth in a guileless way, regardless of its obvious intent and being thoroughly honest, upright, and genuine about it.

When You Are a Princess

As I enter the local bookstore, I see a rather harried young mom, with a beautiful daughter of perhaps four years of age. Blond hair in long pigtails and big blue eyes, a thin bit of a thing, a bit wiley, who is moving away from her mom to exploring other aisles in the store, although she comes when she is called. I view this interaction as I wait in line to sell/trade some CDs and a few DVDs.

Later, as I am waiting in the check-out line I find myself standing next to this same Mom and her daughter. AT this time, I see that the mom is holding a wiggly two and one-half-year-old little boy and the little girl I spotted previously is near her side. I smile at the mom who is busy trying to control her two little ones and complete her transaction at the register. Suddenly the little girl comes to the side of her mom that is nearest to me. I smile and say nodding to the mom, "Oh you have your helpers with you today," and I smile at the little boy who is busy at the counter and the little girl as I peer down at her. She in turn takes a moment and looks back at me, a bit

disgruntled, but in a polite but determined manner replies, "I am not a helper." Taken a bit aback, although I recognize that she has stated this news quite nicely, she moves a bit shyly behind her Mom. I think she is waiting for my adult reaction to her revealing description.

I think to myself-what they hey and go on to say, "Oh, you are not a helper," emphasizing the 'helping' word" to which she nods slightly a number of times, and I add (now that I am into this train of conversation),"Oh, then you are the leader..." pausing as the end of my sentence drifts off. At this point, she looks directly at me and exclaims "I am a princess!"

End of statement and she is back around on the other side of her mother. I smile back at her noticing that mom has not changed her expression but continues to try and keep her little girl under a semblance of her control. I catch myself as I am about to offer the advice that she might as well just hope this little one lasts somewhere near her for the few more minutes it will take for her to complete her purchase. Seems to me if you have a princess on hand the control part goes out the window.

But I resist the temptation to offer my two cents of parenting and instead continue smiling and focus on the little girl exclaiming, "Oh, a princess, so you tell people what to do and all?" My tone emphasizes the word 'tell' and the Little Princess nods vigorously up and down, seemingly relieved that finally someone has understood this scheme of things. I add, "Oh, and you direct people and lead," nodding more agreement she looks and notices that her mom is now ready to leave. Princess gives me a parting look and a smile. I smile back as mom wearily gathers her two wee ones together and her bag of books and out the front door they go.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

An important attribute in life is knowing who and what you are. This begins at an early age; it rather forms a critical portion of our When we listen to what we believe and express this to others it is a defining moment in the communication.

Thou Shalt Jitterbug

At the Farmer's Market in Sunnyvale there was a group of jumping jacks; all I could see were legs flying and arms waving, and bouncing. Yes—there they were- the kids bouncing. Up and down they went, all sizes and shapes, bouncing to the street music- a song that shouted out words to an energetic beat, "Jump, jump, jump."

So they did. This whole group of kids were laughing and shaking their bums and there in a circle around them were the adults; like stick figures not much if any movement at all.

As I watched, moving and smiling along, I thought-God needs movement and joy and music and jitterbuggin', yes jitterbuggin' on a Saturday morning in the street.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

When you get the urge to move and shake and wiggle especially with good music to motivate you, forget what everyone else is doing and use what God gave you to enjoy the moment. Each moment is honored when we let loose and let the environment feed us and our Spirit gets to be outside of our usual control.

Rain Girl

Naturally optimistic, I find myself driving to work one morning, bemoaning (actually bitching) about another gloomy grey day, a cold and rainy one. Suddenly a flash of bouncing red appears to the right up ahead of where I am driving. The red flash has two bouncing like ears or antenna on top of a bit of a bowl shape and it is moving, no bouncing in the air. Now, as I get closer, I see the form as it continues swinging and dipping low to the right and then left, all the while bouncing straight on ahead. I get closer and see that the red is attached and has a little human hand appearing which is instigating the movement, the bouncing and swinging, which is now moving upward where a small human head has appeared. The red has black spots on it and lo and behold I realize it is a ladybug patterned design. The vision is actually a small-sized umbrella that is shaped and colored to resemble a ladybug.

As I wait next to it at a traffic light a slow subtle grin starts on my face as I watch and see a wee little girl, legs skipping umbrella dipping. As I drive thru the light I have to laugh out loud as I glance in my rear view mirror and see the dancing, merry ladybug. There she is, happy to be dancing as she walks in the drizzle—she can use her red ladybug umbrella - yes it's a Red Ladybug Day alright and here I was grumbling about the weather, not anticipating a terribly fun day and there she is glad to be in the rain with her ladybug - the gloomy weather an opportunity for glee.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

What we come with in the way of attitude really shapes our daily a life. If we are mired in a feeling of gloom and our attitude is one of weariness we will not be able to experience other options or appreciate the good that is at hand. Once we give up our dedication to a poor outlook, we can move on and let all the ways the universe is cheery show up and bring our happy selves out.

Two Limes

I'm in Sunnyvale. It's a lazy week-end day and I am at work—outside = reading in the sun on the bench. A grandfather - tall, quiet, distinguished Asian gentleman comes along with a little two-year-old (grandson perhaps); out for a walk. Tall and Tiny I name them as I watch. Suddenly, Tiny the junior one who is a little bundle of life and energy haunches down all excited near one of the few live bushes between the roadway and the sidewalk. He squats all excited pointing out of breath with delight (we should all be out of breath because of our delight) and he reaches down and wraps his small but sure hand around a little green object. With object in hand, he looks up at Grandpa while holding the object tightly while jumping up and down.

Wow, I think as I watch and smile at the Grandfather who catches my look of delight, now aimed at his Grandson. I keep looking - what is it? A ball? No, a bit too solid for that. Meanwhile little delight is waving his little arms still holding the green object and jumping up and down with it. Now he rolls it and bounces up and down as he runs to pick it up again. "Ball," I think and speak out loud. He seems to agree as he tries to form the word "ball" as I hear noise like a sheep makes, "Bah, Bah" he shouts as he continues to

run and jump while pounding the object in glee full now of fascination at what all it can do and be.

He rarely has time to look up to his grandpa - he's wrapped up in his new found discovery and he forgets where the sidewalk ends and street begins and rolls and chases, and grandpa picks him up and back he goes to begin in glee again. Suddenly, what's this, he has found another green, round thing and he jumps and runs as he clutches one in each small chubby hand—two now, what are they?

Still wondering, I smile crouching to see Mr. Excitement himself. Oh, they're limes. A caterer had walked there and dropped a few. Here he is happy as a lark with two limes. He tries all things as he plays with them; bouncing, rolling, running, spreading his arms, now how many ways can you enjoy two limes?!

Guiding Principle Revealed:

What are we to make of our life full of interesting new things? This is the message that we need to remind ourselves of. Oftentimes we get too caught up to notice any new discoveries and then we become stale. Excitement at things we have not done before, said before, read before, seen before keeps us young and we have the opportunity to bounce with joy.

What's Bright Got to do With It?

While sitting in Clarks waiting for a burger I see a gorgeous little boy. He's happy to be there with his dad. As he skirts the table I am sitting at, I see the front of what I saw before, He is wearing a bright, and I mean bright, yellow slicker and rain boots (perhaps it will rain, perhaps not) and on it are cut outs in different (bright again) colors; blue, red, orange. I also realize that the cutouts are dinosaurs.

I lean around his dad who is covering his burger with the condiments and say, "Cool jacket." AT this, his Dad hears me and looks down at his shirt, and then at me, who is looking and smiling at the little boy. Oh, he smiles and looks at his son. Right then, the son looks straight at me beaming in the most beatific way that could light up a room. And he says, pointing, with his lisp, "Theth

are dinosaurs,” and he goes on to explain more, “And I did a puzzle and the puzzle is in dinosaurs . . . I say, “Oh, the jacket is like the puzzle,” to which he looks at me smiling and says, “No, this is dinosaurs,” running his hand over it as he says more about a puzzle. He is smiling and waving, His Dad has moved off to the pay line and turns and says, “Come on dinosaur boy,” as he waves him over toward him. With a smile back at me he runs off with dad.

I’m left smiling too and I think, “When is it that we are aware of what we are wearing, and who cares anyway? Where is our delight in colored dinosaurs and bright yellow slickers? Remember those days when we wore whatever we loved for whatever reason and we would not care what anyone thought!

Guiding Principle Revealed:

It is important to be who we are and love what we love regardless of who else might agree to our choice. Loving consciously and expressing that love is a wonderful thing that can delight us if we let it and delight is a marvelous gift.

Racing Team

While at work one Saturday in the downtown area, where there is a Farmer’s Market, I take note of the store way next to my work place which has a rather large and flat tiled entry way, I see my Chinese friend and her adorable little girl, Emily. It appears that Emily is practicing walking and does so while looking up at her Mom for support to pick her up when/if she falls.

Emily wobbles and wobbles moving in and out of the doorway with her mom by her side. Along comes another family with a little girl of maybe six or seven. She is a wee one with blond hair and she brings along with her a little cheruby (chubby) blond brother who is maybe two. They are running around and gently chasing each other while swirling around Emily and her mom; -oblivious to any protocol and happily chasing each other up the walkway and outside.

Emily’s mom puts her down at this point, to watch as she nears the two running happy children who continue to run back and forth and all around while being quite mindful of Emily’s path and perhaps her shaky balance. Off they all go now the three of them. The

two blond ones up and back and around and around and Emily shortly following.

Along comes a father and his little girl of maybe three or three and one-half years old and he sees the children and lifts his little one up out of her stroller and off she goes. She is dressed in a little skirt and tights and up the walkway she goes up and back running to her father's arms as the two blond children run up and back to their father. I can hear accents as the parents speak and deem the newest addition to the running group as of Russian descent and the blond brother and sister perhaps are with German parents.

Together this running playing group of toddlers forms an inclusive combination of the wide world's many distinct parts and they form a sort of team at the same time. Through the children's participation together the energy of play and gathering of varied parts shines out and everyone talks together and watches as the children set the example for being and having fun and doing it with whomever comes along. Here we had, all races and creeds together- running around together, all watching out for the littlest, Emily who is a bit slower and shakier than the rest. A grouping of joy that touched all who gathered together to while the children enjoyed their shared activity to the fullest.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

When we exist in a place that makes room for joy and we do it with abandon a certain kind of team mentality takes place. There is room enough for everyone. Each of us can have the outpouring of love and entertainment when we free ourselves from the bonds of only expressing what we feel is appropriate. We can include each other with ease when our attention is on the best of ourselves and we revel in the joy of our inner feelings.

The Beach Tray

At Fitzgerald's Marine Reserve one Sunday on my day off I gingerly walk among the crags and snags and rivers and streams there that form when the tide is low. I am feeling on the top of the world. It is a sunny, clear crisp day. I return to my car fingering the two whole, but empty, escargot shells I have squirreled away hoping a ranger

does not stop me (being a reserve nothing is to be taken). I guess two old shells left to rot are O.K. though.

I see a mother and grandmother and son, maybe age four heading towards me as I am making my way back to the entrance of the reserve ready to drive off. The child is a curious red-headed little boy that I had seen before when I was on the bogs and he was just digging away in the rocks on the beach.

On the way out I thought give a kid a beach and a shovel and he will be busy forever. I was remembering when my nephews were little ones (now they are high school graduates out on their own) they would be very entertained once they hit the beach. Nothing else mattered much, not food, or clothes or the cold or suntan lotion (ugh who wants to bring back a scalded two-year-old to his mother). Here was this little one all very busy digging- I suppose to China and then some.

As I pass his grandmother or at least come up even with her, she is talking to the boy and saying something to him as I look at him and see that he is carefully balancing two shells on the little plastic shovel he has which has a screen in it. He stops though and with glee points and says, "Oh a shell, and is immediately engrossed in it and in trying to pick it up and put it in the shovel with the other two. His grandmother is saying (now I can understand), "But honey we have lots of shells now, we have a whole bag full. No dice though, he is still so excited and focused on the shell and the discovery he has found and she says, "We need to come on now as the bag we already have is busting open from all the shells you have." No dice, "Shell," he says and he continues to load this one he has to have onto his balancing shovel. I glance at her and she at me and smile that smile that says, "Oh, boy we are into it now," and we both look down at the little one who is on his discovery like a beetle on rice.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

With interest that is allowed to be unfettered we are able to experience an overwhelming amount of intensely favorable feelings that fill our whole being with great happiness. The key is to allow whatever has our attention to flow as it is directed to from our satisfaction which bubbles up from deep inside ourselves. Gaining

the privilege to open up to the world of focus rewards us with a meaningful awareness that we can cling to and rely upon to guide our way and keep life enjoyable.

The Story of Elmo

Working with my graphic artist we came across a group of children that were waiting and waiting. We were at a toy store to purchase some adult-type toys that could be used for work at a trade show. Here were all these kids and they were so excited. Seems that we were all looking for the same thing, it was the talking Elmo doll, that big red Sesame Street thing that is the rage.

So there were with a group of screaming and excited little ones. We took the time, so we thought to investigate and figure out find out what all the major fuss was about with this Elmo. We began to ask this group, "Why do you like Elmo?" To which they gleefully responded with their usual "EEEELLLLMOW" at the top of their lungs.

O.K. it was time to try again. We looked at them more focused and determined to find the answer and asked, "Why do you like, (emphasis on the word like so they might deign to answer) him-Elmo so much?" They stopped the screaming for a short bit and looked at us confused as if to say, "What planet have you just dropped in from to ask such a stupid question,"—and they answered again, with the waving of their little hands all around and jumping up and down, "EEEELLLLLMOW," more screams.

We hunkered down and figured that we were the adults here and surely we can narrow this pandemonium down some. We turned our attention toward a few little girls, looked them right in the eye, and asked, "Well, we know you like Elmo," thinking (careful here just saying the name brings a major frenzy), "Why, why do you like him," pointing to the talking red doll. They looked quizzically at us again and said as they looked at each other and took a very deep breath, "Well," they were struggling now and we thought we were about to get somewhere. Anticipating the answer, we waited holding our breath. They raised their arms and just waved a bit and looked back at us clearly struggling, "Well, we just," and then they screamed out, "Love him!" Giggling now and jumping up and down like motorized jack in the boxes they appeared quite satisfied that they had let out

the secret, the answer to our pressing question. That's it, they just, well they just LOOOOOVVVE HIM. That's the answer!

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Sometimes just stating how you feel may have to be enough. When words won't come, sitting with what does is the way things are going to be. When we try to come up with a response that will have meaning, we can strain a good thing.

The Little Welcome Wagon

So there I was at the hospital waiting for my senior citizen and her daughter to complete an appointment. On Tuesdays, I visit and share lunch with a senior lady I'll call Al and sometimes she has to go to a doctor's appointment. This Tuesday I've picked her up and taken her to the appointment where we are met by her adult daughter. They go in to see the doctor of neurology and I wait outside.

Figuring the appointment will take a bit of time as this is Al's first visit and the doctor will need to take a complete history, I've planned to handle a few things I need to do as I was late getting ready this morning. I needed to get coffee, put on my makeup, finish a letter I started, some bills—a host of things. “Great,” I thought, I could put this free waiting time to good use. I leave the area only to discover that there is no coffee in the entire medical facility. OK, I'm back to the waiting area, not in my awake, happiest frame of mind. Time to finish my letter. That done, I feel a sense of accomplishment. Being a multi tasking Type A Personality, I'm moving right through my list quite intent on completing my tasks before my client comes out of the doctor's office.

I'm into the makeup bag now -focused on completing my face as I work an evening shift in a ladies' boutique and have to be presentable. As I am intent applying my eyebrows, etc., I detect a slight bird-like movement to my left. Oh no, I'm thinking as I vaguely see a small child. Yes, that is what it is. I can hear a parent discussing his care down the hall, something about ADD and a grandfather returning to India and there is no one to watch him now and/or take him to his appointments. The explanation goes on as I again see a bit of flash and then here it comes again. I can see

now that 'it' is a he, as he stops and looks - well stares a bit at me while I am applying eye makeup. I'm intent so I keep right on with my makeup application. I don't take too much notice of the child only that he is small and cute, real good looking cute.

He's moving back toward the parent who I hear call him back down the hall, out of my sight. I'm moving right along with my face project thinking, "I bet he thinks I'm a bit odd." Around the corner he is standing near the entrance to the waiting room shyly. It is only he and I. Finally, finished with my face and being done with my list of chores, I look at him. I smile now inviting him a bit. He immediately lights up and I see glory. He's an angel. Those big brown eyes and wide grin. It's all I can do to just smile and try not to laugh out loud as I am struck with a warm happy feeling. "Hi," he says so excitedly. I smile more, "Oh, hello there." He smiles again and races off back down the hall to his parent whose voice I hear explaining their situation to various medical personnel.

Back he comes. I smile and say, "Well, how old are you?" Quickly, he answers "Three years old," real fast like it was one word - threeyearsold. And there is that light up your life smile and bright eyes. You'd think he was greeting the Queen of England.

Now, I'm feeling lighter and smiling with a bit of a chuckle I can't help letting out. I've got some knitting out and I wait, hoping he'll return. I hear a loud voice down the hall, "Hi, Hi," as a person passes me walking in the hallway. I see that they're smiling and laughing. They've had it too; that charm, that awe, that little one's greeting. Strangers, I smile and chuckle and they look at me as we exchange laughter knowing we're both reacting to little Mr. Welcome Wagon.

Oops here he is again. "Hi," bright and loud to me. I smile and say "Hello." He looks and points to the door to the office which is closed up with a sign that reads, "Be back at 1:30," as the staff has gone to lunch. He points and looks at me and asks, "Who lives in that house?" I have to turn to my right and smile as the enclosure with a doorway and window does kind of look like the façade of a house-of sorts. "Oh," I say with authority, "The doctor lives there." He begins and says, "Oh," with a knowing nod, "The doctor."

Off he runs as another person is coming. "Hi," a shout goes out. It is one of the nurses coming into the "house". She smiles and we smile together laughing. I say, "Oh, that's the welcome wagon out there." She laughs and says, "Oh yes," as she nods and enters the closed door of the medical office. She comes out a minute later and as she is just leaving the waiting area we both laugh as the little one shouts out "Hi," to her as he nearly reaches the doorway. God forbid he misses a greeting (it does not seem to register to him whether he has already greeted someone). It is obvious that to him each encounter is new, exciting, and deserves his attention.

I notice that in front of the little guy, in the hallway, are two tall men in uniforms. Perhaps, I'm thinking, they are building inspectors, engineers, or maintenance personnel; each with the same dark blue cotton shirt with typed writing over the pocket and the same color matching pants. There it is again, "Hi, hello," loudly greets them both. They look down and smile as they laugh and look at me smiling. The little excited voice says, "Police." The still look at him smiling and nodding. "Oh police, hi, hello policemen," rings out loud and clear. They both bust up now as they walk by with my little welcoming friend trailing behind. We look again at each other as they pass, and those two strange men smile at me as I know the warmth is flowing out of them and I am full up with it too.

Right at this moment, I hear the voices of my client and her daughter who are exiting the visit through an adjoining doorway behind the waiting room. There they are. I'm still smiling and knitting as I stand and ready to depart the facility with them. But wait, there is the welcome wagon, excitedly having turned his attention from the departing "policemen" to the two new folks standing near us. Before he greets though I acknowledge him and point, "These are my friends." They look at me wondering who I am talking to and from right behind them cute brown eyes and that smile; "Hi," is beamed up at them. They look down and beam back while I continue to beam. We're all beaming. I chuckle and tell them that he is a little welcome wagon all to himself.

We turn to go and my friend is a few steps ahead of us heading in our direction as his parent is that way a few paces away also. I see

him next to us now and say, "Bye see ya." "OK, bye," and the big smile. "Be a good boy now," I say chuckling along as we walk toward the exit door; both of my friends smiling too. "He repeats "Be a good boy," and his voice trails us as we leave, all beamed up.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Be on the watch for the unexpected jolt of gladness that can come your way at any time. Being glad is our birthright. Glad about people, glad about happenings, just plain glad. If we take the time to notice, and not expect a certain outcome, we can revel in the show of kind happiness that abounds.

Being Real at Breakfast

There I sat at a local downtown café. I thought to day as I prepared for a vacation overseas and ran a lot of errands before work; I would treat myself to a nice breakfast out. A small café in a rather quaint part of upscale Palo Alto, California; actually right on California Street, seemed like just the place. It's rather on the small side with almost more chairs and tables outside on the sidewalk than inside so I shimmied past the inside front counter and down the short, narrow aisle to the right. What was that flash of pink I passed by? Was it fur on a seat?

Sitting, I can look up from my menu and catch the waiter's eye pretty quickly. A not-too-friendly response occurs as my order is taken. Oh no, I think there goes my once-in-a-while eat out treat morning. Coffee arrives now and again a not-too-happy waiter with it. Well, here I am anyway-having breakfast out and relaxing before I start my work day. I'll just enjoy the little paper I picked up outside, savor all the local news, catch up on politics, and preview the ads, home prices, and other local stuff. Slowly, I look now above my paper toward the counter. I'm curious as my mind flashes back to the color pink. What was it that I saw when I came in? Pink fuzz-fur? There it is. Oh, it's a hat on ---what is that?

And there she is. Little Miss Piggy. A cute, curly-headed little girl (perhaps three and one-half years-old) sitting opposite her mom having breakfast. She's animated and her curls are bopping up and down as she eats and talks to her mom. And there - plopped yes, plopped, is-well it is what I see quite a vision I would say. There is the

furry head and rather large furry nose-all pink and thick fur-like fabric. Here we are just coming up on June in California and the pink fur is brimming. I can't believe it as I burst into a chuckle, it's a Pig Hat! There's some eyes, the snout of course and some sort of tail. It appears to be a size or two large than she would wear but no matter.

I smile now determined to catch her eye as she is sitting with her back to me so I only see the pig's face and fur when she turns and bops a bit to the side. Slowly, she does turn her head so she is facing me and I wave and smile mouthing the words, "I love your hat!" She turns back to her mom who is also smiling at me and giggling over the hat as she tells the little one, "The lady is saying she likes your hat," as she points to me. So, there it is again, the little smiling imp with the curls and yes, the pink fur pig hat on her head looking and smiling at me. I still smile and chuckle as I think of her. Imagine just going out to breakfast in your favorite pink fur pig hat and eating and talking - all in a normal day's work.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

When you are in your element, be there! How often do we start to do something and stop ourselves because we are thinking of the reaction we will get from others? We love what we love and others will to if we are true to what is right for us, pig hat and all.

The Explanation

At breakfast in Half Moon Bay, a couple with two youngsters are seated. There is a little girl in a child's booster seat by her mother and opposite a boy of 4-4 1/2 years with curly brown hair and eyes, both so excited to be eating out on a Sunday morning. The kids appear ready to color, and have brought with them their games to keep them occupied. The little boy points behind Mommy to a large old fashioned metal box - out of which is playing music. The owner, also the cook, likes to sing to the blues and big band music, the great stuff, and this makes creates the happy place diner reputation with great food.

"What's that," the small boy chimes up and his mom says, "What?" as she follows his gaze and his finger pointing. She turns around and

sees what he is pointing to and tells him, "Oh that, well they call that a jukebox." To which he answers "Why?"

Guiding Principle Revealed:

It is so refreshing to find a response that is unexpected. The children speak their mind without worry about the exact meaning of what they are saying and they relate to information in a truly unique fashion. Seems like we can free ourselves from protocol with an open mind about language and letting our conversation follow our thoughts.

As Is

While waiting to get coffee at a local shop one Saturday morning before work, I happened to look up and there with his mother was a chubby little boy. He was perhaps 16-months-old and proud as punch as he walked around on his little legs. Well, proud I am thinking because his eyes were lit up and a wide smile was on his mouth, what you could see of it, as he had his pacifier in his mouth quite solidly as a matter of fact.

I smiled at him and said hello and he waddled right away and smiled as he looked back at me. He clutched at his mom's leg and she smiled too. I said how he was just the cutest, and smiled at him again as he dared to waddle a bit closer to me. Then I noticed that he was holding a lovely plastic case tightly in both hands. I thought at first that it was a favorite toy but I could then clearly see that it was goggles, like the adult swim type. I looked from her to him and said, "Oh, you're quite the little swimmer then huh?" She smiled and laughed out loud at that and said "No, he just loves goggles!" I laughed then and smiled and said, "Oh, its goggles then, they are quite, well quite something.." To which the little guy smiled and shook the case a little all the while clutching it in his tiny hands as if it were a bar of gold. I smiled at her and said, "Goggles?" and she smiled at me and then at him and said, "Yup, he just likes goggles."

I then walked home and remembered in the clothing shop I worked in when two little girls came in the same week. One was quite decked out and I say decked out with panache, as she had on these feather type wings, and a long silky skirt, and a crown and the whole bit. I had smiled at her and her mom and said "Well we needed a fairy

here in the store, how beautiful.” She smiled at me and her mom mouthed the quiet words to me that this is how she dressed, wings, necklaces, crown and all. I looked at the little one again, and said “You have quite a beautiful style of dressing.” She smiled at me and said, “Do you want to see what I have on my ears too?” and there they were two little diamond stud earrings. “Wow, I said, “Now that is so wonderful!”

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Who is to say what our favorite thing is? We are all vested in the knowing of what is right for us, what feels best for us, and what we want to be involved in. Why not just let it all be what we are happy for it to be and let others have their own say, their own way.

Child of my Heart

I work in a very busy place. At times the owner comes in and her very presence makes me alert and a bit nervous as I need to be doing everything as she has instructed me to and that is a bit of a tall order. I sell, organize, smile, and greet customers, etc., all the time under her watchful, well-meaning eye (if you get my drift). On this particular afternoon we are having many customers and people come to the shop to buy and look and they are needing assistance and asking for advice, etc. I am near the counter where the register is standing on the outside of the counter while my boss is completing an order-handling the money exchange and wrapping the items purchased.

Next to me I see a small boy of about eight-years-old and he is standing there hesitant, as I am facing the register. At this moment, my boss - the owner is in conversation with a customer and occupied, although aware of where I am and the happenings in the store.

Next to me the boy is still standing and he inches closer to me again as if he has something to ask. I am on alert to the surroundings, my boss, the customer, and all of this while, next to me is the young boy needing, well...something. I take charge and turn slightly to him and lean down as his eyes only come to my elbow (I am five feet six inches tall) and ask him in a nice, pleasant, well meaning but somewhat quieter voice, “Is there something I can help you with?” A

few seconds pass as he now tries to say what it is he needs/wants. I say tries to say as he is stuttering, well stumbling through his request but he does get out in haltingly shy English, "I, well, I am well looking for a present, well a ah present for my mom." As he says this, he is eyeing the shiny jeweled pins that are on a table in front of him and me (in front of the register and my boss too). I smile and say, "OK, what is it you would want to spend and I can help you," while still being very aware that I am not alone in this transaction and may have an audience deciding if I am doing the right thing, or am I ignoring customers, etc.

He then stumbles through a statement, "Well, uh, I have, would like to buy well I have four dollars." I wait a minute digesting this fact and my stock answer is ready that will send him away quickly and I can get back to the boss and my job - thinking I might still have one. But, the stumbling, the eyes, the sweetness, the shyness, all of it comes tumbling into me and my heart practically stops from being so full. I am taken apart to say the least. Whatever, I have to take care of this child, "Oh, great," I reply with all the enthusiasm warranted of a purchase if the buyer had said he had four thousand dollars to spend. "What do you think she would like?" He now is a bit excited by the prospect of being able to actually leave the store with the gift to surprise his mom and he says, "Well uh (the stammer is still there) I think, uh...", not much is coming out. I step in, "Does she like jewelry?" "Oh," he says and smiles a bit "yes, and do you have some with like moons on it like?" Now we are getting somewhere. Time stops and with it my worry or tension about my boss and anyone's reaction, I just have to help this boy. "I have pierced earrings in just that type. Does she wear pierced earrings?" "Yes."

Now we are really getting somewhere. I ask him, "Did you earn the money all yourself for the present?" He looks at me now for the first time, and says very clearly, "Yes I did." I reach for the sterling silver earrings and show them to him and he nods yes and I think we are really doing well. "O.K. then that will be exactly four dollars." Now comes the big part, as he has to reach deep, I mean deep into his jeans pocket and grab for the money. He does so and it is all folded and stuck together and as he clutches it, I am thinking I might really have to pry the dollars out of his hand which I do as I count slowly and nod to him.

"That is 1, 2, and 3, and 4 perfect." He looks at me and I realize I had better wrap this up as this is big, I mean b-i-g finance to him. So, I go behind the counter, well I inch there - drop the four dollars on the counter (I will make up the difference and explain this to the boss who is now completing her work and out of the corner of her eye watching me handle mine).

With such an open heart who can resist making the package the most beautiful ever and I put the earrings into a special silk purple box and bag. Around the counter I come and show him the wrapped gift and say confirming, soothing things, "This will make her so happy, now they are all wrapped nicely and you have a beautiful present for your mom." He nods and says "Oh yes, thank you." Then he starts to go out and I see his bicycle now parked next to our rack of clothing outside, all neatly parked there, and my heart is about to leap out of my chest. "Oh wait a minute, let me get you a bag with a handle so you can hold this and ride your bicycle easily." He is nodding yes as he waits for the package in the new bag. Out he goes and as I watch him leave on his bike with the bag I just want to cry. Such a boy, such a lesson, such a way to really do well.

Now to face the boss. I quickly explain to her that I need to make up the difference in the sale price of the earrings by adding my own \$10 to the \$4 lying on the counter near the register. She says to me, "No, you don't." I look at her in surprise. "We will just throw away this slip and the sale is completed," she says as she places the money into the cash drawer. I nod and say, "Ok - are you sure?" She nods back as if to say, "Of course." I think we were both changed at depth by this exchange. Later I clipped a note to those four dollars and left it for staff saying that this money is a sacred, given to us by a little boy for the birthday present for his mom - money he earned!

Guiding Principle Revealed:

What matters is the heart with which we do things. A kindness serves many purposes. It helps the receiver and surely blesses the giver. Once we are given a chance to share a kindness, we have a sacred opportunity to experience profound goodness and compassion, lessons that will remain with us and better our living condition in many unexpected ways.

Skip d-Doo

So here we are in Sunny California, except it ain't sunny-we are in the midst of the winter storms and it has been fairly steadily raining for a full week now with more to come. I am on my way out to work and one stop to return an item to a store during one of the not so often pauses in the rainfall. I am in the car with 14 layers of clothing, the heater on, an umbrella at my feet - the radio on. Too much noise all at once. I am stopped at a traffic light and it is mid-afternoon, so off with the radio. I am just sitting contemplating what will happen when I try to return this slightly used item without a store receipt. I have resolved to just tell what happened to the item and see what the store manager says.

Contemplating my next move, I am sitting at a rather long light, the first in line. At the stop light I look to my left and there I see a line of families, mothers and fathers walking their children home from school. It has started to rain again, not a sprinkle but more than what I would call a light rain. I marvel at all of the colors on the children's rain parkas and their shiny boots and umbrellas.

This is a working class neighborhood and there are a lot of mothers who are also handling other toddlers and baby carriages along the walk as they cross in front of me. To my left side I see a crossing guard in the covered vest of the bright shades that they wear to signify their position. The guard is holding one of those very visible stop signs so he can enable the children and families to cross in safety, even though there are stop lights here. He also has a wool hat with a baseball cap over it and looks to have a number of warm layers of clothing on as well.

I probably should have mentioned that it has also turned cold these last days in this rainy California weather and the temperature has dropped to around 50 degrees most days so the warm clothing is really a must and layers too with an outer jacket (which I also have in the car) to keep the clothing dry.

I next see a little boy who is waiting to cross. He is standing by the guard and looks to be six-or seven years of age and he has a little square backpack on. I notice, with a bit of sadness in my heart, that

he has no one to walk him home. I think to myself perhaps he is a latch-key kid and has to go home alone as he is the child of a single mother and she is working. I look closer and see that he also has no rain gear; no colorful boots, no slicker, and is wearing a light sweatshirt with no hat or hood on his head. He is cute, with brown straight hair cut in full bangs.

As the light changes, I think also that he is getting wet and has no umbrella. These thoughts sadden me as I send out a prayer of protection and love to the boy. Suddenly, he breaks into a major skip as he is crossing the roadway. A skip for sure; one that has his feet flying and his little back pack swinging up and down. The light changes and I have to pull ahead with a quick glance at the little boy. There he is still skipping, just skipping to the other side. And I think, here we are complaining about the weather, me in my warm car and clothes with rain gear and this little one that I feel sorry for is skipping as if his life depended on it...

Guiding Principle Revealed:

We are always given ways to be thankful. It is an apparent fact that we are always a bit ahead of where we think we are and if we but take a moment to think about this, we can place ourselves in a state of awareness that shows us our special appreciation for everything we are and all we have. Being alert to this knowledge keeps us balanced and gives us a chance to remain in a state of recognition for all that we have been awarded.

On Tour

Tours are given each day at my job and visitors greeted. This day, in comes a father and mother and a very spritely little one - a girl with round dark eyes, a short bob haircut (also dark in color) and she is like four feet tall. Up she bounces to the desk where I work with her parents and a very large smile. Her dad has to pick her up and let her reach into the bowl we keep on the desk with the messages in scrolls that are free for visitors to take and read. She's quite happy about that but shy about telling me her name. Finally, out comes a very long Anna Licia...

I reply that this is a very pretty name and she is quite the young lady, then asking how old she is. She looks at her dad and then at

me, smiling very broad and bright, and I find out that she is three (this comes with a bit of coaching from her dad). Tour time comes along and off I go to lead visitors around the three-floor visitor center and there is Anna Lisia with her mom and dad. She is at each stop on the tour and I cannot help but marvel that no matter what I say, what approach I take, what fact I spout, what artifact I point to, her head shakes very vigorously up and down, the bobbed hair with it and she smiles this very large smile.

I cannot help but be filled to the brim with my excellence, my excellent speaking skills, my presentation style, my approach and appearance. How could I not be? Each time I look over at her she is right there nodding her head in vigorous assent and smiling at me like God herself was standing there delivering the great news for the planet and all its occupants. I cannot imagine that she even knows what I am saying or referring to. But does it matter? I am filled up almost to the point of laughing out loud each time she and I connect. What a total pleasure it is to have this kind of feedback from so little a resource.

Tour over and Anna Lisia is still bouncing along with her parents, in the gift and bookstore, outside in the gardens, and back again. On one of her lively trips she is with her dad and he is leading her to the restroom as she is removing her little pink jacket and still smiling at me as I am now back at the front desk. I watch as off she goes on a very important assignment. Her dad looks my way and smiles at me and then smiles at her; you cannot help yourself, she's totally infectious.

Bathroom done and out she bounces putting on her coat to go run outside again. She looks at me to tell me something and I wait. She is quite the serious scientist at this point and she announces, "I peed!"

I don't know what to say as I look at her dad who is next to her just shaking his head. I say, "Well that is a very good thing," not sure if I heard her right. She nods to me as she goes to the door, handle on the door and with a backward look in my direction, she hesitates and then states, "Oh and I'm three!" and off she goes. What to do? It

is all I can do not to pee myself as I smile and remember her each time I think of being in the moment and living it free.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

At times we are so obviously reminded that being in the moment and appreciating all that goes with it is a very exciting thing. To realize that we are being vested in life's whole program, that we have everything at our disposal can bring a smile to our lips and our heart. A heart lit up is a very good thing indeed.

What we decide we can do

While working a front desk recently a young couple arrived bringing their two small children with them. One child was an excited preschooler who loved the children's bag of goodies and colored pencils that we hand out and the other was held in a front pack on his dad. A cute bundle of joy, chubby cheeks and all with the most colorful, attractive felt winter hat on his head. His feet were clothed in wool socks and he looked to be sleepy.

Walking over to say hello, I inquired if they were here for a visit. They were and dad told me he was stationed at Cape Henry teaching music (trumpet) to the military staff there. I looked and smiled at the little one he was holding and his sleepy eyes shown at me as he gave me a big, gorgeous smile. I found out that he was six months old and the wee one crawling on the floor, now heading to the library with his mom was three and one-half-years old.

Throughout their visit, the small toddler would come running back to see his dad and to color some more with our fun pack and I would say hello and he would run around very excited. On one of these check-in trips I looked at the dad and remarked that the little one he was carrying was much too interested in the varied surroundings here and, thusly, his sleepy little eyes remained sleepy although struggling to remain open!

At this moment the Mom and the toddler returned and I looked at the small boy and said, "Well is this your baby brother?" He nodded his very blond curly head as he crawled on the floor. I added, "And, he just will not sleep right now, right?" He nodded again, curls bouncing all around. I then focused on him, wanting to include him in my admiration and attention to the baby, "Maybe you could

sing him a lullaby....” Before I think I got to the “by” part of the word, he said right out, “No, cannadodat!” This exclamation, came out so clear and definite, all together in one phrase and his curly had shook right back to the carpet where his attention was focused. Both his mom and I just enclosed our smiles in fun looks at each other, and I quickly exclaimed, “Oh,” as a way of acknowledgement. I then tried, “Well then maybe you could read him a story?” and before the “ry” got out, he blurted out to all of us, “Nacannado dat, “just as emphatically as before. Such a hoot, I had to laugh out loud - all of us did and smiled at each other and the kids. I thought later, oh to be that clear about wants, desires, can and can’t do’s.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Knowing clearly what we are able to do in each situation is truly an art. It is an art that we are all well qualified for. Within each of us is a signal that lets us know when to agree and when to say, “No.” Truly, it is there. We just have to turn on the signal and then let it show us the way. Our part is to be firm in the news and be sure about expressing it.

The Special Lawnmower

Leaving my place this October day, a fine fall day, I spot a small boy at the end of my driveway He is stopped there looking down and in front of him is a toy-like creation on wheels. He appears to be quite small and as I walk a bit closer I see a mom standing in front of him about three feet waiting for him to catch up.

He is like I said small, a sandy-haired little one with this shy appearance. Me, I talk to trees. So I approach gleefully, “Hey there, Hi, I see you are out for a nice walk.” I smile at mom as the little one continues to look down while he carefully wheels, well tries to wheel his toy whatever in front of him.

Have I mentioned that he hasn’t moved but about two inches since I first saw him and started to walk his way I continue, “Wow, you sure are good with that, it is so wonderful. Look it has knobs, and music, and like a piano on front!” He begins to look up at me with a shy smile creeping to the corners of his mouth. At about this same time I smile and look at mom. She smiles as she takes in her little one with his wheeling toy. The toy I notice is like a stand up item, with two

medium wheels on bottom and a bar going round on top which just about reaches the top of the boy's head. He only stands maybe three feet tall and is slight of build and is surely taking his time pushing this item on the sidewalk that runs past my drive.

He smiles again, and peers more directly at me. I smile back. I point to the item and say, "You sure are good with that and making your way just fine," to which he appears a bit doubtful because he has now turned it toward the small strip of lawn that runs along the sidewalk and this has surely slowed his progress. Me again, "Gee, that sure is some item (struggling to describe the item he is pushing) you are pushing and doing real well!" He now smiles and says something that sounds a bit like the description of the item, which looks to be a toy carrying/pushing holder that has knobs, and piano keys and music looking apparatus. I look at his mother as usually the Mom knows what her child is saying even if it is not so good English. She mouths to me the words, "It is his lawnmower." Now, I truly am surprised as this wheel thing is not exactly -well is nothing like a lawnmower, but hey I can go with it. "You sure are good with that lawnmower." Mom, "He would like to be on your lawn." "Well, that is OK with me."

He begins to move that way talking all the time excitedly about the proposition of "mowing" my green lawn instead of the concrete sidewalk he has been relegated to. She explains that she told him he could push his lawnmower on their walk as long as he stayed on the sidewalk. "Oh, well it is OK with me for you to move on my lawn for a little bit if Mom says you can." I look at him and smile. She smiles and he begins to edge to the lawn (slowly for the wheels are not made for this action).

I continue, "You sure have a good mower there and you are good at it," I say as I look more closely at the front. "It even has music, and piano keys. And..." He interrupts me now and says another sentence of sorts about the lawnmower. I nod knowingly and look helplessly at his Mom for an interpretation. Mom tells me that this is a happy...and he cuts in more clearly nodding his head animatedly and he says for me to understand fully, "It is happy, a happy lawn mower," as if, well of course his lawnmower would have music and keys and all sorts of movable parts that make music. I smile so wide I

think my cheeks will split. Mom is looking at me with that 'of course' that's it and I should know that a happy lawnmower has music. I ask her how old he is through my chuckles and she tells me he is shy of two years old.

At this point, I think I should be moving right along, and say "well you two have fun today, beautiful day, and thanks for the fine mowing job on my lawn!" She smiles wide too and I walk off while the little guy is happily 'mowing' my little strip of lawn, pushing his musical 'happy' lawn mower. As I walk I think that I could not be or have a happier way to start my day if I had paid for it.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

It is so good to label life in a way that has meaning for us. With a profound knowledge of the good, we can reach for it in all situations and, indeed, let it come to us when and how it sees fit. All we have to do is be thankful that it is there and let it take care of us when we need it to.

The Ice Cream Philosophy

I was walking along a path one day and there crossing in front of me was a father and his little girl. She couldn't have been maybe three years old, maybe four, and she was quite interested in getting ice cream. Ice cream was the way she was going and that was what she knew and was insisting on having it.

She would stop and repeat to her father that she wanted ice cream. She was holding his hand and trying to get him to take her to get the ice cream as she saw a truck with people heading toward it and wanted him to walk there with her for the ice cream!

He was talking with her and said he knew that she wanted ice cream and that they would have to get it when they could. No, she wanted him to go and get the ice cream and she was pointing and heading toward the side where this food truck was. He was explaining to her that they would have to wait and that he knew she wanted ice cream. This was just not happening for her. When he tried to let her know that there was no ice cream available right now, she stretched out her little arm and said ice cream and pointed over there to the truck. Patiently, the dad leaned down and

explained to her that there was no ice cream there, that the truck was not an ice cream truck. To which, she looked up at him and as I was past them could hear her inquiring mind speak out and clearly plead, "Why?!"

I just could not release myself from the chuckle that rose within and then without of me. Did she just ask, why the truck was not an ice cream truck? Is that just the cutest thing possible? Now, as I looked back, I could see her father smile down at her as he crouched bent knees to the ground to look at her cherubic, questioning face and give her a big hug.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

When we least expect it, along comes a chance for us to stay divinely guided and question what we need to question in the way we need to question. Our hearts and souls do not need an editor.

It's just how it appears

While greeting visitors at work, I had the opportunity to conduct a film display for a young mom, her small son, and her brother and his wife. The small child was bouncing in the theatre seat and delighted to be out and about as his expression confirmed. I began a small conversation with the adults about where they were from and what plans they had and the brother and his wife headed off.

I turned my attention to the little one and his mother helped him tell me his name, "Aiden," he said and looked at me as he spoke, his large brown eyes focused and intent. I then found out that he was three and one-half-years old. He was looking at the chair and his handouts (a fun pack for children) and his mom and I continued talking about her school, how she had visited our building before, and now was moving out of state.

I told her a bit about my recent move from California and briefly mentioned that I came to this present location as I was retiring and settling into part-time work, etc. I must add that for most viewers, I do not look like a retiree, as I retired early and am fairly certain my dress, hair, and all keep me a young looking senior citizen. I was into my next sentence, after mentioning retirement with the mom, when my friend, Aiden, suddenly looked right up at me, his

brown hair bouncing, eyes gleaming, as he stares at me and says, "So, how old are you anyway?" That broke us up, his Mom and I laughing, startled us actually. His mom breathed deeply and said, "Aiden, we don't ask..." I jumped in and said, "Oh, that is a good question, how old do I look?" He stops moving around in the seat and gives me an intent, searching look, really assessing the situation and me, and I say, "How about like 30-something?" Brown hair moving side to side and another deep, intent look from Aiden without an answer.

At this point, I realize I have pushed this subject too far a-field from his imagination. So, I say, "OK, like forty-ish right?" To which he nods decidedly up and down and his mom and I exchange smiling looks trying to contain ourselves. Off I go to work, chuckling all day long about the honesty of a child. The questioning without filtering.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Don't argue with the honesty of a child. Our lesson is to follow along and learn from the guileless way they express themselves and in the fact that a lie is like a bottomless pit to a little one and should be way out of our comfort zone as well.

A Child's Choice

Walking a friend's dog through a beautiful Riverview historic neighborhood I was enjoying all the different house structures, the large-old trees and the various gardens (still coming to bud as winter had not yet moved to spring). Suddenly, I hear a voice I think is referencing me and my walking companion. My friend's dog is the kindest rescue, a rather large nearly eight-year-old lab-German shepherd mix, who thinks that anyone and everyone who crosses his path needs to be his best friend.

I continue down the street, actually trying to keep to the sidewalk as Brady-my dog companion is beside himself with happiness. He is happy to be running out among the trees and feeling the warmth of the sun breaking through the clouds. Again, I hear words that lend themselves to being directed toward me and when I look up and running off one of the large porches that wrap around these old Victorian houses, is a small nymph-like little girl. As she is running,

she announces in a loud, firm voice seemingly to her friends who are playing dolls on the porch that she is, "Going to pet a big dog!"

I'm still amazed at the statement that so defines what she is in the process of doing, that I am caught off guard. Sure enough she shows up right at my elbow and the focus of all her attention is on Brady. She is indeed in a trance and so is he. She barely looks at me but continues to wrap one of her small arms around him and run the other arm and hand over his head and down his back. He does not act as if this is anything unusual or that she is a complete stranger.

I am in the trance too; amazed at her aplomb, trying not to think that her mother may think I am some kind of child molester. I am rooted to my spot and am just enjoying the fact that this little one has no fear, is totally connected to the energy of Brady who she knows only as a "Big Dog," and is not apologetic or concerned about anything else; her friends on the porch, me being a stranger in the street, nothing.

It is as if she is in an all-encompassing, innocent space of her own, and yes, in this world and to me the adult who wonders and worries, a bit frightening as the world is not such a place that can honor and enjoy straightforward sincerity and trust which is charming in the least and amazing at the high end.

Today, as I think of this encounter, I still smile and chuckle, I can hear her voice announcing, "I am going to pet a Big Dog," as if she was announcing that she was going to a birthday party. To her, this was a special warranted experience and that was that. Oh, to be this assured and full of this much love and joy.

As I think back, it wasn't until she was departing after the pet love fest that I looked at her. She barely stood as high as Brady's head. She sported what I would call wispy blond hair and had eyes so blue they appeared to be from another planet. The epitome of sweetness in all its glory. She never looked at me at all as she recognized that the object of the love she sought, the love she knew was the greater resided in the dog. I realized that we should be leaving and thought of her Mother's angst should she see her daughter in the street with strangers. I sort of mumbled, "Well, Brady and I had

better be off,” and she gave him a squeeze and breezed back up to her house.

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Charm is an attribute that comes naturally. It will come this way to us when we let it be. Within our soul is the knowledge that we are beings that move gracefully toward the good when we go with what we know. When we are moved to experience, we go to that place knowing that all will be well.

Laughing Children

The laughing of the children. Actually it is the giggling that is so infectious. I thought about this recently watching a Steve Harvey special, Little Big Shots, on Sunday night television. On the program, he highlights little ones that are notable for their talent, ingeniousness, visions on UTube...After watching all the program and at each interview he had, I noticed that all of these children giggled. No matter what their talent, what country they resided in, what language they spoke, how they interacted with Steve, the host, they all, without exception, giggled. Who knew what they were giggling at-it could be anything. Steve was such a good host, he giggled right along with them- as did the entire TV audience and me at home.

The giggling just seemed to surround us all and stay in our hearts. Sometimes it was obvious what they were giggling about and sometimes it just burst forth from them, seemingly without instigation. They fell over on the couch next to him and giggled, leaned back and rolled their eyes and giggled, told stories about mom and dad and giggled, talked about their talent and how they got noticed and, you guessed it...giggled.

Now I thought, where did all the giggles go?

Guiding Principle Revealed:

Children have a way of showing us what is important. We all realize that they are growing and learning and young. What we do not always realize is that their wisdom runs deep and when we take note, it is infectious. When we are in our sweet awareness state we can simply take in the happenings and if we see something that

strikes us funny, we can go with it. Let that sweet sound of giggles spring forth and release us from our restrictive thinking, the thoughts that keep us evaluating how and who we are. We can simply be the opening for others to enjoy our spirits and those we profess loudly no matter what the situation.
