

<b>TEN MARKS OF NEW CONSCIOUSNESS</b>
<b>1</b>
Living in ways that allow other people to live as well; satisfying one's needs without detracting from the chances of other people to satisfy theirs.
<b>2</b>
Living in ways that respect the right to life and to economic and cultural development of all people, wherever they live and whatever their ethnic origin, sex, citizenship, station in life, or belief system.
<b>3</b>
Living in ways that safeguard the intrinsic right to life and to a life-supportive environment of all the creatures that live and grow on Earth.
<b>4</b>
Pursuing happiness, freedom, and personal fulfillment in harmony with the integrity of nature and with consideration for the similar pursuits of others in society.
<b>5</b>
Requiring one's government to relate to other nations and peoples peacefully and in a spirit of cooperation, recognizing the legitimate aspirations for a better life and a healthy environment for all the people in the human family.
<b>6</b>
Requiring business enterprises to accept responsibility for all their stakeholders as well as for the sustainability of their environment, producing goods and offering services that satisfy legitimate demand without impairing nature and reducing the opportunities of local enterprises and developing economies to compete in the marketplace.
<b>7</b>
Requiring the public media to provide a constant stream of reliable information on basic trends and crucial processes, in order to enable citizens and consumers to reach informed decisions on issues that affect their health, prosperity, and future.
<b>8</b>
Making room in one's life to help those less economically privileged than oneself to live a life of dignity, free from the struggles and humiliations of abject poverty.
<b>9</b>
Working with likeminded people to preserve or restore the essential balances of the environment, whether in one's neighborhood, in one's country or region, or the world over.
<b>10</b>
Encouraging young people, and open-minded people of all ages, to evolve the spirit that could empower them to make ethical decisions on their own on issues that decide their future, and the future of their children.

Beware of images.  
Do not run or fly in order to get free,  
Rather dig in the narrow place  
Which has been given to you.  
You will find God and everything else  
God does not float on your horizon  
He sleeps in your very substance.  
Vanity runs, love digs  
If you fly away from yourself,  
Your prison will run with you and close you in  
From the very wind of your own flight.  
If you go deep into yourself,  
You will disappear into paradise

Gustav Thibou

The Window:

The Window...A great note for all to read. It will  
Take just a few seconds to read this and it might change  
The way you think.

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same  
Hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his  
Bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid.

From his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only  
window. The other man had to spend all his time flat  
on his back.

The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their  
Wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their  
involvement in the military service, where they had  
been on vacation.

Every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window  
Could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to  
His roommate all the things he could see outside the  
Window.

The man in the other bed began to live for those  
One-hour periods where his world would be broadened  
And enlivened by all the activity and color of the  
World outside.

The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks  
And swans played on the water while children sailed  
Their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm  
Amidst flowers of every color and fine view of the  
City skyline could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in  
Exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the  
Room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque  
Scene.

One warm afternoon the man by the window described a  
Parade passing by. Although the other man couldn't hear

The band – he could see it. In his mind's eye as the

Gentleman by the window portrayed it with descriptive Words.

Days and weeks passed. One morning, the day nurse Arrived to bring water for their baths only to find The lifeless body of the man by the window, who had Died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and Called the hospital attendants to take the body away.

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked If he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was

Happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was Comfortable, she left him alone.

Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow To take his first look at the real world outside. He Strained to slowly turn to look out the window beside The bed. It faced a blank wall.

The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his Deceased roommate who had escribed such wonderful Things outside this window. The nurse responded that The man was blind and could not even see the wall. She

Said, "Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you."

Epilogue: There is tremendous happiness in making Others happy, despite our own situations. Shared grief

Is half the sorrow, but happiness when shared, is Doubled.

If you want to feel rich, just count all the things You have that money can't buy.

"Today is a gift, that's why it is called the present."

People will forget what you said...

People will forget what you did...  
But people will never forget how you made them feel.

St. Theresa's Prayer:

May there be peace within you today.

May you trust that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith.

May you use God's gifts that you have received, and pass on the love  
That has been given to you.

May you be content knowing you are a child of the universe.

Let this energy settle into your being and allow your soul the freedom to sing, dance, celebrate,  
create and love.

It is there, within, for each and every one of us.

Go Out to Play

*God plays with each of us as we are made,  
Silently in the fluid darkness that embraces everything.*

*And whispers to us quietly in the dimness;  
Don't forget what the immeasurable is.*

*Then from our liquid swaddling we are lavishly flung forth:  
I cannot think a place big enough for you.  
Go out to play beyond all boundaries,  
Go out to the limits of your longing,  
Where my wholeness cascades into life's myriad of forms  
And there embody me.*

*Play with all life has to offer: the beautiful and the terrible.  
Be fierce in your playing.  
No playground is final.*

*Here, give me your hand and  
Play beyond what limits you.*

*O. Fred Donaldson*

If the falling of a hoof...

If the falling of a hoof  
Ever rings the temple bell,

If a lonely man's final scream  
Before he hangs himself

And the nightingale's perfect lyric  
Of happiness,  
All become an equal cause to dance

Then the sun has at last parted  
Its curtain before you.

God has stopped playing child's games  
With your mind  
And dragged you backstage by the hair.

Shown to you the only possible reason  
For this bizarre and spectacular existence.

Go running through the streets  
Creating divine chaos,

Make everyone and yourself ecstatically mad  
For the friend's beautiful open arms.

Go running through the world  
Giving love, giving love,

If the falling of a hoof upon this earth  
Ever rings the temple bell.

Hafiz (1320 – 1389)

Therapy session

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you come to me with your pain  
it touches me  
and you know I know

I seek in you a mirror  
To my survival  
And speak to it  
From sonar-echoes  
Of remembrance

Until we float hand in hand  
Over the rough terrain  
Grieving/celebrating the loss  
Purple heart of scars  
New lightness of being  
Fullness of knowing

When you leave  
We are each less  
And so much more



When we open ourselves to exploring our creativity,  
We open ourselves  
To GOD:  
**Good Orderly Direction**

**S.O.B.E.R.**

**S**eeing  
**O**thers &  
**B**eing  
**E**quanimous in  
**R**eal-time

*No Adrenaline*  
*No Assumptions*  
*No Rationales*  
*No Projections*

Children will feed off your joy.

Be joyful.

Nourish your children.

Children need to know, feel, sense  
That you feel you deserve to be loved...  
Believe you are loveable and let your children love you.

“We were made to enjoy music, to enjoy beautiful sunsets, to enjoy looking at the billows of the sea and to be thrilled with a rose that is bedecked with dew ... Human beings are actually created for the transcendent, for the sublime, for the beautiful, for the truthful ... and all of us are given the task of trying to make this world a little more hospitable to these beautiful things.”

Desmond Tutu  
From the NPR Interviews 1994  
Edited by Robert Siegel

*As you ought not to attempt to  
Cure the eyes without the head,  
Or the head without the body,  
So neither ought you to attempt  
To cure the body without the  
Soul... For the part can never be  
Well unless the whole is  
Well... And therefore, if the  
Head and body are to be well,  
You must begin by curing the  
Soul.*

*-Plato*

Is it the TRUTH?

Is it FAIR  
To all concerned?

Will it build GOODWILL  
And BETTER FRIENDSHIPS?

Will it be BENEFICIAL  
To all concerned?

## SYMPTOMS OF INNER PEACE

Be on the lookout for the symptoms of inner peace. The hearts of a great many have already been exposed to inner peace and it is possible that people everywhere could come down with it in epidemic proportions. This could pose a serious threat to what has, up to now, been a fairly stable condition of conflict in the world.

Some signs and symptoms of inner peace.

- A tendency to think and act spontaneously rather than on fears based on past experiences.
- An unmistakable ability to enjoy each moment.
- A loss of interest in judging other people.
- A loss of interest in judging self.
- A loss of interest in interpreting the actions of others.
- A loss of interest in conflict.
- A loss of the ability to worry. (This is a very serious symptom.)
- Frequent, overwhelming episodes of appreciation.
- Contented feelings of connectedness with others and nature.
- Frequent attacks of smiling.
- An increasing tendency to let things happen rather than make them happen.
- An increased susceptibility to the love extended by others as well as the uncontrollable urge to extend it.



A group of professional people posed this question to a group of 4 to 8 year-olds, "What does love mean?" The answers they got were broader and deeper than anyone could have imagined. See what you think:

"When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore. So my grandfather does it for her all even when his hands got arthritis, too. That's Love.

Rebecca – age 8

When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know that your name is safe in their mouth."

Billy – age 4

"Love is when a girl put on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other."

Karl – age 5

"Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs."

Chrissy – age 6

"Love is what makes you smile when you're tired."

Terri – age 4

"Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK."

Danny – age 7

"Love is when you kiss all the time. Then when you get tired of kissing, you still want to be together and you talk more. My Mommy and Daddy are like that. They look gross when they kiss."

Emily – age 8

"Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and listen."

Bobby – age 7 (Wow!)

"If you want to learn to love better, you should start with a friend who you hate."

Nikka –

age 6

"Love is when you tell a guy you like his shirt, then he wears it everyday."

Noelle – age 7

"Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other so well."

Tommy – age 6

"During my piano recital, I was on a stage and I was scared. I looked at all the people watching me and saw my daddy waving and smiling. He was the only one doing that. I wasn't scared anymore."

Cindy – age 8

"My mommy loves me more than anybody. You don't see anyone else kissing me to sleep at night."

Clare – age 6

“Love is when Mommy gives Daddy the best piece of chicken.” Elaine – age 5

“Love is when Mommy sees Daddy smelly and sweaty and still says he is handsomer than Robert Redford.” Chris – age 7

“Love is when your puppy licks your face even after you left him alone all day.” Mary Ann – age 4

“I know my older sister loves me because she gives me all her old clothes and has to go out and buy new ones.” Lauren – age 4

“When you love somebody, your eyelashes go up and down and little stars come out of you.” Karen – age 7

“Love is when Mommy sees Daddy on the toilet and she doesn’t think it’s gross.” Mark – age 6

“You really shouldn’t say ‘I love you’ unless you mean it. But if you mean it, you should say it a lot. People forget.” Jessica – age 8

And the final one – Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once talked about a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child. (now this will melt your heart.)

The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman’s yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his Mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, “Nothing, I just helped him cry.”

## PRIMAL LOVE

A mother discovers that her whole being is wired to bond with her child.

HIS EYES ARE LIKE A SEAL PUP'S, huge and round. He is swallowing the world with them. Drinking the images of my hair, the window frame, the branches I gathered and put in a jar on the dresser, their yellow buds swelling. His small, flannel-wrapped body fits into the crook of my bent knee as I sit hunched at my desk, trying to write. For a few brief moments he is quiet, watching me with his unguarded, two-month-old gaze. Late-afternoon light falls on us through the window, and outside, the first green signs of spring make the silhouettes of trees less stark.

Then he whimpers, and immediately his cries distract me, tugging at the very core of my being. I am startled to feel this maternal code vibrate my bones. Startled that my body responds with the same instinctive language of comfort and nuzzling spoken by kangaroos and sea lions, I move to curl around my baby, to kiss his hair and cup his squirming body against mine. His cries speak a curdling, abrupt language that pulls on all my nerves and forces me to reply.

It is the same language that makes my breasts fill suddenly with milk, or starts the frantic chorus of worry in my head when he begins to sob without reason, without ceasing. It is the cipher of motherhood: this endless sequence of need and comfort, first his crying and then my response, offered up unswervingly before thought or reason, again and again and again. It is the language of a thousand prayers whispered into the aching dark before morning, of begging for the crying to stop, for a few hours of uninterrupted sleep, for some small ladder of solace to be extended down into the well of hormones as they rise around me, drenching me with sweat, making me want to run. Yet even then, I hold him fiercely to my heart, shushing his wailing with murmured breath.

This is the narrative of new motherhood: half-finished sentences, everything interrupted, my days fitting together like the jagged edges of a broken cup. Nothing else makes me feel this way – so utterly split apart by anxiety and love and desperation. Becoming a mother has exposed a new subset in the language of my emotions. I know raw anguish now, and joy so intense it makes me gasp, my body covered in goose bumps.

He is crying, and I move to offer him a breast. As he nurses, his feet kick erratically, as though being in his body still surprises him. Then, with a sigh, he's asleep, milk running down his cheek, his breathing light and steady. I shift him back to my lap and watch his sleeping face. His lips move with the involuntary sweet memory of my breast, and his hands curl inward at the fingers, protecting his soft palms. Then, suddenly, like sunbeams, sleep smiles flutter across his face. I catch my breath.

I try to remember giving birth, but my memories are already like velvet, supple and dense. Though my mind goes back again and again to examine the fabric of that time, it remains somehow outside, touching only the edges. Something that was wide open in those moments

of birthing has since closed—part of the mystery of worlds colliding when life begins is accessible only then, in the immediacy of pushing and pain and exhaustion.

What I can remember is how my mind became like an animal's, locked entirely into the present. How my midwife was trying to tell me about my son's imminent birth, and how I could not be anywhere but in the contraction as in. I could not imagine what it would be like to actually hold my baby in my arms. I couldn't fathom touching his skin for the first time, couldn't know that it would feel so smooth—like touching warm water.

My entire being was occupied with the only thing it could know. Everything focused at the center of the pain I was in. That is what I remember of giving birth: the feeling of disbelief and frustration, my body so tired from lack of water, nourishment, and sleep—and then his little body rushing out, all of a slither, and after, when his tiny limbs curled on my deflated belly, soft and warm and red and new.

Even in those raw moments of labor I wasn't yet a mother, not in the way I would become one when I first pressed his cheek against my face. Up until his birth, I could still imagine my life without him. Even in labor, I still knew only my own experience; the words I'd used up to that point contained no trace of the fierce protectiveness I would feel towards this small being when I first held him in my arms. Then, as his otherworldly but mammalian scent was permanently imprinted on my brain, my linguistic map of self, too, was changed. No longer I, but we. No longer want, but need.

Being a mother is a lesson wonder. Every one of the six billion people in the world—every single person I encounter each day—spent dark, watery months inside a womb and was birthed by a woman. This has become my ultimate act of devotion: to remember, in each encounter, your mother birthed you.

Over and over again, this act of selflessness is given to the world. Over and over again, warm and wet, a new human being enters the world, awkward and uncomfortable in the small body he or she arrives in. Head large, legs curled like an amphibian's, eyes searching for the first blurry impressions of a mother's face. How remarkable this is—this act of birth. It unites us with all the other mammals of the world, gives us a shared language: the pup and the foal, too, were mothered.

I can no longer feel wholly separate from the world—I am of it, a part of the predetermined genetic map of procreation, a part of the spiritual trajectory of human evolution. I can no longer step outside my life and choose another, nor can I am longer act with only my own life in mind. Now I hold a piece of the cast world in my arms, a small sliver of the ocean and planets, this tiny bundle of perfect cells working in harmony to be in tiny fingers, a beating heart, a miracle of breath and dreams.

In the middle of the night, when I stumble to respond to his cries, I utter low murmuring noises like a mother cow or she=bear. I nudge my baby close, offer a breast, or stroke his cheek.my muscles and fleshy curves. I give and keep giving, even when the urge to run is greatest.

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Through this experience may you know your Self...

And may I know my Self as your witness.