



Perceptions

or projections?

RoberT
Book Nine

*Read consecutively
but written separately,
the recurring nature of the
foregoing themes,
ideas
and even words
attests to their persistence,
pertinence,
and patience.*

*Sent in appreciation
for memories
yet to be made,
good music
yet to be played
and a family of friends
yet to be properly thanked.*

*earlier editions @
<http://www.robertvtobin-mpa.com/personal.html>*

6/13/13
Opening a
New Journal

Blank pages staring back
I wondering what will fill them
and when.

They patiently await their fulfillment of purpose.

And the trees that made them possible,
the sun and rain that drenched their seed,
the inexorable powers that rotate their Earth
and the galaxies that bore it,
all combining to create this page
that gets ever less blank.

It's not like they were waiting for me
or now,
but they were totally prepared and
uniquely positioned to make all of these possibilities
into just one thing:
whatever (I think) it is.

All the time and energy devoted
to uncomplicating this simple thing
might better be spent pondering
what makes such a simple thing
so complicated.

6/13/13

The presence and influence of miracles
are not a function of faith or feeling
but rather a matter-of-fact.

Surrounded are we by evidence
of their existence and impact.
In the deck they are already stacked.

There all the time
and more arriving daily.
It's never been something we've lacked.

And yet we wander and wonder,
lamenting aloud
as if someone violated a pact.

We look but don't see.
Hear but don't listen.
It's something we've never knacked:

to see things as they are,
advancing the great(er) good for all;
we don't think so 'cause our hard drive's been hacked.

7/19/13

The hardest thing to decide
is not what to do
but what not to

To reject options
excludes possibilities
and all their benefits therein

Limiting ourselves
to the finite and finality of
of The One Path instead of The Many

When in fact, it's The Only Path
though our minds tell us differently
deceptive in effect if not intent

Misleading us to think
instead of feel
inclining us toward the many instead of the few.

Opting to appreciate what we have
instead of lamenting what we don't
is the choice that determines all others.

out and about
such a lovely night
among people enjoying an artwalk
specifically intending
to connect with something of beauty

saw someone
for whom I thought
I had not a chance
and merely walked on
heading for home
but feeling drawn out again
thinking: maybe ... perhaps
some other opportunity would arise

so sat on a bench
to listen to the jazz
when who should come by
and sit on the bench
but one and the same opportunity
that passed by when I bypassed

Could have been nothing
or everything
it did not matter
for I
- unprepared for such moments -
could not think of
one thing to say.
Many things since
now that it's too late.
Next time ... maybe ... perhaps.

8/10/13

Another day rises
with its chasms and charms,
revealing itself as we go
forward or backward,
open or closed,
willing or resistant,
happy or sad.

Full of chances
to make choices
about who we are,
where we are going,
how we will get there,
when we start and stop,
what we want to accomplish,
and why.

Another day to
accept rather than understand,
have faith rather than doubt,
focus on strengths rather than weakness,
the positive rather than negative, and to be
here rather than there.

Today is the only gift we don't get twice
yet receive it daily.

8/17/14

The evidence is clear,
the facts undeniable,
but the truth ignored.

The miraculous occurs so frequently
it would be commonplace
were it not so fantastic with its
gorgeous flowers
endless oceans
enduring friendships
family bonds.

How could something so obvious
be so easy to miss?

Whatever we call "it" -
Life Force
Higher Power
Yaweh
Allah
God -

these words describe
the indescribable
the unfathomable
and also
the undeniable.

8/18/13

The morning quiet
gives a glimpse
of one way to pass the day

In peace and gratitude
observing its wonders
each one new until its through

Experiencing instead of doing
seeing rather than looking
staying here and clear for those most dear

Carrying us forward
without imposing our will

Our part is where we start

Appreciating each moment
as much as this one

All we need to do is begin

9/6/13
Morning Before

Not a time for goodbye
but for a brand new hello
to new lives and experiences
and whole new point-of-view
that results from the courageous choice
to change one's position,
orientation and disposition.

To leave the safety of the harbor
for the challenges of the open sea,
so noted Van Gough
- who knew something about vulnerability -
is no small feat,
yet whole new worlds were discovered
by those who did,
and new wonder drugs
theological insights
mechanical and medical breakthroughs
entire new universes
learnings of every kind.

And, in the grandest
and most harrowing
adventure of them all,
such courage not only makes
parenthood possible
but also civilization itself, which
- for all its tumult and trivia -
is the grandest expression
of what love makes possible.



9/7/13

Wedding Day Toast

So here all we are,
and now off you two go.
Such adventures you'll have (!!)
'though of what we can't know.
His curiosity about life
on our planet and others
makes us appreciate their wonders,
and those of our sisters' and brothers'.
Her exuberance about living
gives new definition to passion,
combining smart, sweet and sharp,
bringing joy back into fashion.
Together you'll proceed
but you won't go alone.
Those standing here hold the light
by which your pathway is shown.
And the love we all share
will make us always remember
why we so happily gathered
on this 7th day of September.

9/11/13
Back to Basics

People gathered
to discover what they can't find out alone
committed to learning
sensing their yearning
making sure they've constantly grown.

People engaged
in the most real part of life
and continually finding
how to get released from the binding
and thus avoid most of the strife.

People involved
in lessening their demanding
becoming more strong
better telling right from wrong
focusing on the jump instead of the landing.

People enriched
in this place and time
connecting to the flame of Spirit
and with those who are near it
that conflagration is the cause of this rhyme.

9/24/13

There are times and places
when the prose of life turns poetic,
when Real Life gets really real,
its light more bright,
experiences more vibrant,
relationships closer and more conscious,
and the world becomes a more hospitable place.

Plenty of other times too, of course,
more and more if that's what you are looking for -
making the gift of prophecy self-fulfilling
as what we believe
shapes what we perceive
and defines - ultimately - what we receive
in ever-widening circles
rippling throughout our world
reflecting and resonating their influence.

It is in this way that our
reputation precedes us,
projecting outward our own reality
until it literally becomes all-encompassing,
self-selecting that which we wish to know,
telling us what we want to hear,
touching and being touched
by what we expect to feel
and seeing what we think is there,
unless ...

9/25/13

Even if you came
to the top of the hill
it can be a place where winds blow cold

Because, when you get there
there's a tendency to stare
when in fact it is time to be bold.

That's the time to breathe deep,
enjoy the view from the heap,
and appreciate the good that's been done

And take the next step ahead.
Just keep following the thread,
knowing each star we reach for is a sun.

Yet as we move toward the darkness
in all of its starkness
it is oh! so easy to forget

That life goes on
with no conclusion fore drawn.
The gods are not through with us yet.

9/28/13
Yosemite Valley

My neighbor says we're not given a cure
but a prescription for that which we've ailed.

Not something we receive,
but go out and get, if we are to relieve
conditions by which otherwise we're jailed.

It is by getting out of ourselves, and into action
that freedom from repression is found.

We move into The Now,
or at least start learning how,
hearing the call that makes not a sound.

Shifting not only where we look for happiness
but also how it is defined.

Seeking it inside rather than out,
ignoring gnawing feelings of doubt,
our experience of life is continually refined.

We plant within us good seeds or grow weeds,
discovering we get back what we give.

Staying right where we're at,
not running this way or that,
it's these choices that define how we live.

9/28/13
Yosemite Valley

Drying flowers in a field soon covered with snow.
Swaying trees that continue to grow.
Granite walls tell all that they know.
It's all just part of an incredible show.

As it has been unfolding for ages,
as for eons we've been told by all the great sages
that it's our own doing that sticks us in our cages
while blaming others for the cause of our rages.

These moments are ours for the taking
but only if for them time we are making.
If so, our experience is earth-shaking
or otherwise we're mostly just faking.

There is no way to get here from there
and yet that's no cause for despair.
All the more reason to loudly declare
being here is preferable to nowhere.

It matters not how we arrived,
but only whether we've thrived.
If to the ends of the earth we had driven,
we'd be no nearer to a moment deprived.

9/29/13
Yosemite Valley

Again looking down at these blank pages
and out to the trees in the meadow beyond
absorbing what's in and around me
opening up to whatever the hell is next
letting go of what's already gone.

A passer-by sees this contemplating
and says simply, calmly, quietly as she goes by:
"It will come."

Just in case I might have missed it,
this declaration of fact was given clear voice
a brief-but-timely - and audible-no-less! -
expression of assurance.

Then stepping back from my roost
I discover my view was narrowed
inadvertently and unconsciously.

Those lovely swaying trees
obscured the grandest view in the park
of a dome cut half by unyielding forces
yet left intact its grandeur and dignity,
making more impressive its tenacity of purpose.

And so it is with us,
for not by our size but strength are we measured.
Not by others but by ourselves,
and not just by what can be seen at the moment
but by the place we hold over time,
sometimes by changing our perspective.

We know "it will come" because it is already here.

9/29/13
Yosemite Valley

Sat below this same tree
nearly three decades past
admiring exactly the same view.

Not old enough to see
it all wasn't going to last
unless we tried something new.

Quickly becoming three,
and another thereafter;
proceeding without a clue.

Going from two Me's to one We
while placing new sails on the mast;
I realize only now: Who knew?

But we found out 'long the way
and expanded the cast.
Only by living do we learn what to do.

So it is upon bended knee,
in thanks for kick-assed and ass-kicking
experiences we made it through.

10/4/13
Projections

Sometimes we say what we see
but more often we see what we say
projecting the perceptions
generated by our illusions
about past and future,
fear and frustration,
sooner and later,
life and love,
thereby narrowing our possibilities
to self-fulfilling expectations.

What if we embrace what is
instead of what we want it to be
(or wish it wasn't)?

Directing our energy toward
life's appreciation and acceptance
instead of trying to change what it looks like
or how we feel about it,
how much more at peace we would be!

And could be.

Now.

10/5/13
Sunrise on Tamarak Lake

How far must one go
to be somewhere special?
And how difficult the journey
along the way?
To get someplace
we have never been
and see things
we would not otherwise.
To hear things
and think thoughts
and experience feelings
as different as each new day.

Some travel far and wide
and never get there,
taking themselves
wherever they go.
For others, it is
in the next minute or moment
wherever they stand,
experiencing life as never before.

We are never so ready as now
for whatever happens next,
learning from everything
that got us to Here.
By living and learning,
going and growing,
we find ourselves
right where we wished we were -
if we only knew.

10/17/13

Keeping it both real AND relevant
- like being both here AND now -
is both simple and not.
Like maintaining purpose AND presence,
or remaining both curious AND content -
it takes pretty much everything we've got.

Like staying apart AND a part of,
advancing your joy but others too.
these are life's greatest talents.
Achieving either one would be great
but to experience both ...
it's all a matter of balance.

It's different from feelings
of one kind or another
that we experience in the moment they're there;
opposites like joy or sadness,
pleasure or pain
take us as far as we dare.

These co-exist
like a simultaneous equation
but not the kind we can solve.
More like a capability we acquire,
it's only with practice
that mind, body and soul evolve.

10/18/13

It's said* that vulnerability
is at the core
of shame/blame
and our struggle for worthiness,
but it is also the birthplace
of joy, creativity, belonging and love.

So easy is it,
when our expectations are confounded,
to respond with embarrassment or pain
driven by pride, ego
or the fear that underlies all such things.

We're told the normal reaction to vulnerability
- to numb, ignore/deny, or avoid it -
makes us the most overmedicated, in debt
and obese country on earth
but even those misdirected retorts don't explain
why we would impose on others such pain.

To make them pay for our suffering
positions us as a victim
when we are, at best, a co-conspirator.
It fails to treat others as we wish to be treated,
pushing into their eye a splinter
from the log in our own.

As John E. says: Only hurt people hurt people.

*Brene Brown

10/21/13

It's not whether we're told
what we need to know,
but whether or not we hear.

Distorted by an agenda
carried wherever we go,
its no wonder we are so unclear.

To avoid, deny or ignore
what we wish did not show
exposes that which we fear

Reminding us how long is
that row we hoe,
and oh! how many a tear.

To listen and accept
from above or down low
makes everything clear.

Not good news or bad,
just new chances to grow;
making this moment more dear.

11/6/13

The launch of a fresh new adventure,
each daunting in its own way as the last.
Where faith and fear collide
we find out what's inside
and if our tenuous grip will hold fast.

It's not as if there's a choice;
we go onward because we cannot go back
Proceeding ahead,
we blend confidence with dread
whether in front or behind the pack.

Accepting the worst possibility
is an odd way to prepare for the best.
But if we get held back by fear
then we lose all we hold dear
and thereby have flunked the Great Test.

It's not just in these, but all times
that men's souls are sorely tried.
Each day we rise like the sun,
do our work, then have fun.
Only those who don't live regret having died.

11/1/13

The question is not if our future
is bright or bleak.
It is our present action
that makes it so be.

And in that we have more
than two choices, for
in addition to “fight” or flight”
there is “freeze” or “free”.

The most scary thing is not so much
putting all our eggs in one basket;
rather it is making the choice
to put them all in our own.

But that’s frightening only when
(and because) we forget
that when doing so
we do not go it alone.

Connected as we are
to all here and above,
it’s a well-worn pathway
we’ve been shown.

11/16/13

We anticipate the times
after life’s honeymoons pass
and we readjust to “real” life,

bracing our selves
for when happiness fades,
replaced by the normality of strife.

But what if that idea
masks an even scarier thought
we would scarcely dare entertain?

What if, instead,
it just got better and better?
Bringing joy we could not restrain?

Neither possibility
is more inevitable than the other,
reminding us that we never really know

what happens next
but our expectations matter,
helping decide which way things go.

12/15/13

Just because they see it differently
doesn't mean they're wrong.
Just because no one likes it,
that doesn't make it a bad song.

Everyone gets to decide for themselves
who they choose to be.
No one gets to tell them how -
it's up to she or he.

If we are doing the best we can,
we must let others do the same;
then there would be no scolding judge
assigning guilt or blame.

Oh what a lovely world it would be
when we see "it's a wonderful life,"
when we see the value each of us brings
unfettered by resentment or strife.

Freedom of choice is our gift from the gods,
as is the ego that messes with our minds.
How we handle both defines our level of joy,
as whatever we seek do we find.

12/17/13
Dad's B-Day

Eighty ninth year now underway.
Plenty of songs and smiles,
traveling millions of miles,
enduring plenty of trials,
and yet always a kind word to say.

Exuding good example throughout.
Quick to help any in need,
plant an encouragement seed,
commend a good deed,
or tell you what life's all about.

Proud of his family and friends.
Would not hurt a mouse.
Loved painting his house.
Easily spots any louse.
Always sees beginnings in ends.

A great husband and father.
Official softball pitcher.
Could not have been richer.
(musta been a great kisser!-)
We're lucky to be his son or daughter.

12/21/13
Winter Solstice

When overcome by escapist tendencies
to seek moments of temporary respite,
it's not just the allure of ecstatic
and the adrenaline that accompanies it.

All of those are cause-in-themselves,
but are also the consequence
of a lost of faith and trust
in ourselves, first of all
and in a Higher Power as well.

We lose faith in ourselves by selective forgetting
of those habits in mind and body
that help us stay centered and present.

We lose contact with the God
by forgetting to remember where we are,
who got us here,
and why we are never really alone.

We come into this world
with two great gifts:
the power of choice
- the free will to do whatever we think best -
and, just to make it interesting,
a powerful ego
that tries to twist and turn those decisions
toward our seemingly most immediate self-interest,
thus further fueling to our interest in escaping this dilemma.

12/24/13
Christmas Eve

It's not like we need
to place our life in the God's hands,
because it's already there

But we do need to put
our wanting and willfulness
with He/She/It that provides for our care

And do so again
and again and again
as it is our nature to take control back

As if we ever had it
- it's part of our delusion -
thinking we possess that which we lack

Which keeps us from focusing
on gifts we already have
and putting them to best/highest use

No time like The Present
- our greatest gift from the gods-
to delay further, there's no good excuse.

1/1/14
New Year's Day

We are asked to carry the message
and let go of the mess,
learn the lesson
and accept the guidance
that is un-ignorable but eminently avoidable.

People tell us all that we need to know
if we are listening to them
instead of ourselves,
or interpret suggestively and selectively
to conjure a world literally of our own making.

Plato says we all live in caves
looking at our shadows projecting
from the fire to the wall.
The challenge, he said,
lies in getting ourselves out of this cove and
into a far more powerful source of light

Which requires not just motion
but movement
from there to here,
then to now,
and from how we see it
to how it is.

1/4/14

We know a tree, we're told,
not by its fruits
but its roots.

Perhaps also people, then,
who we know not by their trials
but their smiles.

Or situations and circumstances,
whose "good" or "bad"
need not determine our level of glad.

Or our experiences,
whose value derives not from their earnings
but in our learnings.

And all our relationships,
where what we give
shapes how we live.

As it is with our journey,
which matters neither how fast
nor whom we have passed.

So it is with life,
which we only learn how
by doing it now.

1/9/14

Historians* describe fame
as fashion
worn prominently if not lavishly,
as embraced by those who wear it
as it is admired by those who don't,
neither realizing how quickly
removed and relocated it is
and how necessarily so,
turning like a weathervane
in one direction and then another,
forestalling fatigue and boredom,
justifying and thereby reinforcing
our own vanities,
distracting us from the call to
look and see beyond
appearances of our own projection
to a world beyond things and thinking.

Where Real Life begins
- indeed began -
is a New World
awaiting our (re)discovery.

*Will & Ariel Durant

1/10/14
G & C's Betrothal

And one more time
two becomes one.
Combining their lights
to illuminate their future
just as our world is lit by the sun.

Feeling the imperative,
and responding to its call
biologic and otherwise,
Old enough to know better. Young enough to do it anyway,
knowing full well the order is tall.

More than just duty,
but one of heart-felt desire
while taking the ultimate risk:
giving what we want to get.
There is nothing more than that we require.

1/16/14
Questions

Why are we drawn to the short route
when we know the best way is long?

Why do we always want “more” and “better”
when “good” is enough, and never wrong?

It’s a powerful tug that pulls us
toward that place we’ll never get,

one full of illusions and delusions
with promises unfulfilled still yet.

But back we go, again and again,
like a bucket into a well

seeking pleasures, answers, and all in rest.
Who needs a map when going to hell?

It’s all a trick, a trap and a joke,
testing us to see if we take the bait

or instead stay awake, alert and right here,
discovering that “good” is indeed “great”!

1/18/14
More Questions

What if we didn’t wonder why,
or when or where or how?

What if there wasn’t anything to fear
except *not* living in The Now?

What if we saw there’s no place else
for us to be but where we are?

What if where ever we think we’re going
wasn’t away nearly as far?

What if we ignored the illusion of time
and our delusion of separation?

What if our journey *was* the destination,
and we felt no need for reformation?

What if where we are going
cannot be marked by years or miles?

What if all we think or say
was conveyed by just our smiles?

1/19/14

Quantum physicists say all is connected
to everything else
and is affected thereby
in equal, though opposite, reaction
which means that what we
think of as coincidence
or perhaps serendipity
is really a matter of synchronicity
purposeful in its occurrence
if only to remind us to
stay awake
remain aware
and be more appreciative
of the wondrous
- indeed miraculous -
experiences and interactions
that bring us a deeper sense of
who we are,
why we are here,
and how our engagements with others
are as real as we make them
and not just some coincidence,
happy or otherwise.

1/19/14
Gardnerville, Nevada

Old friends, it's been said,
are like bookends,
balancing each other off
and sometimes holding each other up
always opening each other's eyes
and sometimes shutting their mouths.

A friend might be the one thing
that money cannot buy,
that time doesn't change,
and distance won't separate.

A friend make loss easier to endure,
and gain more joyfully celebrated.
They make life more meaningful
and death less foreboding.
They bring continuity to our existence,
and depth to our being.

Few things are better than a true friend.

1/23/14

If you know that you can do it
it's probably already been done,
having the benefit of the familiar
but not nearly as much fun.

But if we already know the answer,
the wrong question is being asked.
Solutions are always available;
it's our insight that gets masked.

By perceptions and projections
hopes and fears get misled,
taking us everywhere except
where our essence gets fed.

It's when we don't know, oddly,
what the hell's happening next
that the messages come clearer
than any email or text,

and that's where solutions emerge
'though how and why we don't know.

We get all that we need
when we are a part of the flow.

1/27/14

The same historians* noted
poverty exists
partly due to war, pestilence and taxes
and partly because
the natural inequality of ability
amid the general equality of greed ensures that,
in each generation,
the majority of goods
will be absorbed
by a minority of people.

Which makes usual,
and seemingly inevitable
an outcome totally man-made
rather than God-given;
not just self-fulfilling,
but self-propelling.

It also heightens the importance
of the principles and values
by which life is lived,
making who articulates this vision
all the more critical choice,
and all the more understandable
why changes in the status quo
are opposed sooooo vociferously.

*Will & Ariel Duran

2/1/14

We don't need to know
exactly where we're going,
but only really
where not to.

We don't have to wait
till the obvious is showing
to see we must do
what we've got to.

We don't need to feel
the cold wind blowing
to know change is coming
when it ought to.

We don't spin the world
- it does that on its own -
but must do what's needed
and not just what we want to.

2/4/14

Cat waits
outside my door
for its daily sip of milk
and bit of kibble
as friendly as could be
vocalizing its interest
rubbing against your leg as you sit
yet runs from any attempted petting.

What must have happened
to cause such a scare
and scar
that repeated gestures of kindness
won't penetrate?

What sort of evil
would impose such effects,
securing whatever temporary benefit
at such lasting cost?

What sort of seed
plants such terrible
- and terrifying -
fruits that so affect
both the "giver" and "receiver"
of such "gifts"?

But there she sits, patiently,
and so its milk I give
and a bit of kibble.

2/8/14

When it (finally!) rains
it pours,
relieving and renewing
our lease on life,
temporary and fleeting
though it is,
so tenuous in its grip
yet so persistent
and consistent
in manifesting
indeed glorifying
itself by
daily demonstrations
of indescribable beauty
and awesome power
perfect in its imperfections
wonderful and wondrous
even in its uncertainty
and unpredictability.

But only if seen from a perspective
born in the centeredness
that gives birth to twins:
strength and serenity,
whose gifts we spread
by sharing
and thus multiplying
joy and love
by the same degree
these are sought.

2/13/14

Leave it to a jailbird
to say that
people who need mercy the most
are the ones who deserve it least.

And so could be said of so many things,
the irony of which abounds and astounds.

For if we indeed get back what we give
then it is the receiver rather than giver
that must change the pattern,
thus breaking the chain
and shattering their self-serving perception
of the innocent bystander,
wounded warrior,
and blameless victim.

It is not that we are masters of our own destiny,
but rather are responsible for our own experience
and held accountable for our presence
by its influence
radiating outward
like a mirror that
instantaneously reflects
the very projections being emitted.

2/20/14
The One

It is easy to be in
the wrong place
at the wrong time
because there are so many
when compared to
the one and only
Right Place/Right Time
in which we hold ourselves
when connected to our purpose
centered in this life
this body
this destiny.

Of all the places in the world
this is The One
where I am safe and secure
- albeit vulnerable and uncertain -
and in no other place am I
so grounded and empowered.

It is a place not hard to find
yet it is easy to miss
as it hides in plain sight
among all the other choices
disguising themselves as
The One.

2/22/14

Don't depend on the weatherman for your sunshine.
Don't expect your bank teller to provide your balance.
Or a waiter to feed your soul.
Don't rely on the doctor for your healing.
Don't expect the TV to provide your entertainment.
Or wait for the priest to give you redemption
... or forgiveness.
Don't let the easy chair be your source of comfort.
Don't rely on an electrician for your source of power
Or self-help alone to get you out of all the holes
you get yourself into.

2/26/14
25 Years

Which snowflake triggers the avalanche?

Which rain drop launches the flood?

Which smiling "hello" begins a relationship?

Which experiment stimulates a new invention?

Which prayer sparks inspiration?

Which stop begins a new start?

Which commitment will finally stick?

Which breath will be our last?

Which moment(s) are we actually here?

3/5/14

We are always on the right track
for we never leave our own
but may not be going in the right direction.
Of this much evidence is shown.

Our path is sometimes wide
leaving us broad latitude
taking us along a gentle downhill slope
providing more blessings than a Beatitude.

But this path can quickly and suddenly narrow
leaving us with only one choice
we sometimes resist as a bitter foe,
screaming "HELL NO!" in our mind's loudest voice.

The most important thing about this path is that there is one.
The second most is that it's undisputedly ours.
The third is that it has gotten us this far.
Fourth: it's not always lined with flowers.

It's not as much a matter of pre-destination
as it is about doing the very next right thing
without looking too far forward to backward
or waste time deciding which note to sing.

All paths reach the same destination.
It's the journey itself that makes it unique.
Neither road nor weather determines its enjoyability.
Ultimately, it brings us whatever we seek.

3/10/14

Brother's Remembrance

Are you there? Here?
So it seems, both alive and well.
Exuding positive influence.
Hovering, as always.
Not pushing, but prompting.
Bringing out our best through yours.

Soooo much time has passed since then,
and water under the bridge as well.
Knowing so much more than we knew then
but still not what will happen next,
or how much further our own road extends.

Your departure was a benchmark,
the first of so many.
Alerting us to life's most really real truth:
the finite finality of it all.
Reminders should we all take notice & heed

The indelible aspect of your influence
is reflected in spontaneous recollections
of your smile, wit and sensitivity
that arise at the oddest moments
but especially today.

3/24/14

George points out that
the closer we get,
the less we see
which is the exact opposite
of what we expect
even though it is perfectly understandable
since the nearer we come
to something or someone
the more our perspective narrows
and the more disturbed our perceptions
even though we **THINK** we are seeing better
and believe that we know more thereby.

Self-deception is more than dangerous
than any other kind,
yet least recognizable
as our mind is telling us one thing
even as it is being told another,
taking us further away from the truth
as we get closer to the mark.

3/28/14

Those baseball fans in their partisan uniforms
signal more than another spring
but also the renewal of hope,
the projection of possibility,
the beginning of another chapter in our continuing story.

Untarnished by defeats
unswelled by victories
unaffected by injuries to body or pride,
all being with the same batting average,
same errorless fielding percentage,
and the same vision of ultimate achievement.

Yet only one team finishes on top,
and just one player can be most valuable.
Only one can bat clean-up.
Just one can bring in the winning run,
and only one can be the biggest star.

Or so we're told, and so it seems,
but what if we are all winners?
What if it's every contribution that makes the difference?
What if it's not just a game?
And what if the season never ends?

4/24/14

The new Pope
- who one expects knows about such things -
says that faith
is more about hearing than seeing,
and perhaps more about feeling as well
as our instincts and intuition
- two of our supposedly unreliable companions -
convey to us messages and meanings
we will not otherwise receive
when caught up
in the non-belief of day-to-day living
looking for signs instead of signals.

To hear and feel rather than see
leads us toward that which is less tangible
yet more real, and
into the less obvious instead of oblivious world
where it is our own discernment
- rather than any imposed didactic or dialectic -
that gives meaning to life
and brings life to meaning.