

Psychic Photography Art Therapy

"memories of my condo"

*Mind & Memory Relative Art Photography Series of Contemporary
Urban Energy Places & Spaces with Psychically Inspired
Motivational Writings & Messages*

by

Grace Divine



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The photography in this books constitutes Art. To view the art in this book as prints and to find out about other books by Grace Divine go to www.GraceDivine.com

DEDICATION

**I dedicate this book to everyone interested in the study of how the mind works, and
how human beings remember memories.**



PREFACE

I like images that spark my curiosity, that are whimsical, beautiful or fun. I also enjoy images that have unexpected things inside them. I enjoy it when orbs, or the like -unexpected lights- show on the image because typically these are not obvious to the photographer at the time the image was taken. Although fogs, mists and alternative feelings sometimes are evident to myself and other photographers.

One reason I enjoy photoshopping images is because I heard that the human eye can only pick up 1% of the electromagnetic light spectrum. And that makes me wonder. What if we, human beings, could experience more of this light? What would the world look like? Certainly, colors would be more vivid and more varied! Hence, I photoshop my work. This photography is artistic work because it delves into potentialities of human sight, perception and experience. As such, it engages the imagination and becomes a creative endeavor.

I also enjoy approaching photography from unlikely, and unexpected non-traditional focus points. I enjoy focusing on shadows, strange reflections, and odd angles. Also, I like to photograph images in terms of their impact on memory and experience. I ask, how will this experience be imprinted on my mind? How will this be remembered? How will I experience this moment, from the past, henceforth in the future?

Ultimately, there is much more to this photography.

I thank you.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

I am a survivor who believes in the inexorable power of the human spirit. I am a believer who has seen through tragedy into the eye of the setting sun knowing that the morrow can bring a new and brighter day. I am a compassionate human being who empathizes with the suffering of others and wants to be there for them. And I do this by writing transformational stories and creating art filled with characters and images that are imbued with passion and love.

I was born in California. When I was five, my parents divorced. Shortly after, my father abducted me. He put me in the trunk of a car where I held on to a plastic cane filled with candy as I lay spread eagle on my stomach. From Tijuana Mexico, I was flown to Torremolinos Spain where I was left in a dreary and secluded all girl catholic boarding school for several years. I remember this like a prison to which we were confined even during the holidays. Christmas, for instance, I and another child were the only children left. And throughout this time, I never saw my mother.

Some time later, when I became deadly ill from pneumonia, my paternal grandmother took pity on me and took me to Mexico City. There, I was exposed to the mysticism and magic of the native American Indian cultures. After, my father returned me to Spain. I finally came back to the United States. I was an American teenager who couldn't speak English. Happily, I saw my mother again. Sadly, several months after my return, she disappeared in a flood. 13 people disappeared in this flood in La Cañada Flintridge California. Her body was never found.

I went to ten schools in three countries for the first twelve years including four high schools. During this time, I had to contend with a father whose mental illness and drug and alcohol addictions caused him to be a dangerous sadist. I was barely eighteen years old when I ran away from home because he threatened to kill me with a 38 revolver.

As providence would have it, within a month, I found a job and bought a car. I moved into the dorms at the University of California at Irvine. From there, I graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Linguistics and the ability to speak several languages.

While at UCI, I met and married a medical student. My first pregnancy ended in stillbirth. Notwithstanding this and other hardships I enrolled and graduated from UCLA Law School in 1992.

We moved to Texas and while I was raising my children, I graduated from the University of Texas Dallas where I received a Masters Degree in Arts and Humanities. There I took several writing courses. At this time, I began a career as a visual/writing artist. My artwork, mostly surrealist, includes extensive writings, short stories and poetry. I've had shows at womens' centers and several commercial establishments. I also taught art in public access television. One of my paintings "The Kiss of Death," is featured adjacent to a Picasso in the acclaimed documentary by the BBC: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A MASTERPIECE: THE KISS BY GUSTAV KLIMT ICON OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

Then, after many years my husband and I grew apart and I filed for divorce. The next day I began to write. The writing was spontaneous and a year later I had a fully finished science fiction novel, APPLE TOWN, CALIFORNIA. I also drew and painted over eighty illustrations of the characters and story. When the movie agent asked me how I wrote it, I told him that I saw the images and "painted them on paper" with words.

Today, I engage my writing, photography and art in an effort to understand the nature of the human experience, the processes of the mind, the experience of memory, visual and mental perception and life in general. My art and writing also include queries into the nature of the universe as multidimensional and the existence of life after death.

Overall, my art constitutes a form of auto-biography. Historically, it could be seen to represent a glimpse into an American woman artists experience at the turn of the 20th century. And basically, I am glad to be able to share my artistic experience. And I figure, everyone is in some kind of quest to understand who and what they are. Perhaps, they will find my work useful.

Wishing the best to all,

Grace Divine

"Memories of my Condo"

How do we 'remember' places where we have lived in the past? As an artist who often works on the mental re-construction of scenes of all types, I am interested in learning how the mind 'sees' and remembers places. I even take this one step further. I often spend time 'seeing' or 'sensing' with my minds' eye and in the process, try to re-experience places and spaces that are relevant to my work.

This book is an attempt to combine an interest in the mental processes that take place when human beings 'remember' their past and how that ultimately defines the brain's capacity to experience life. It is an attempt to understand how human beings experience images from the past.

When I daydream or when I dream or meditate, I also experience images which I think of as other realities. These can expand and grow in intensity and sometimes be even more powerful and beautiful than physical reality.

I usually think of places where I have lived with nostalgia. Amongst the many questions that arise are: Do we leave something behind wherever we go? Are these 'things' we leave parts of ourselves? What parts are these? Can they be recaptured? And how can we more accurately re-experience the past and possibly change it by changing the present and future perception of it?

At times, when I am awake, I could make an analogy of my sense of memory experience to the viewing of an old film. The film, tattered and damaged by time, is similar to the images that I experience in my human mind as I 'remember' them.

In the images, (photo-paintings) in this book, I captured parts of a condo in which I once lived.

And yet, one could ask, why go to the past?

My answer is that the past is part of who we are today. The past is part of our present whether joyful or sad. To revisit the past when it is more drab or lonesome than jolly is difficult but to do so, I believe can bring joy to our lives. Here it is we find the worth of the exercises in this book.

In these pages, I revisit the past, by means of art, photography, writing, and psychic intuition. I get in touch with my memories of it in order to better understand it and perhaps, at instances change it. And the therapy in this book is aimed at exactly that, changing our perspective or perceptions of the past in order to improve our state of mind and mood in the present.

I hope this book will entice you to revisit your past and somehow, in those cases where there is darkness and sorrow, see it in a different light, with a better and brighter light.



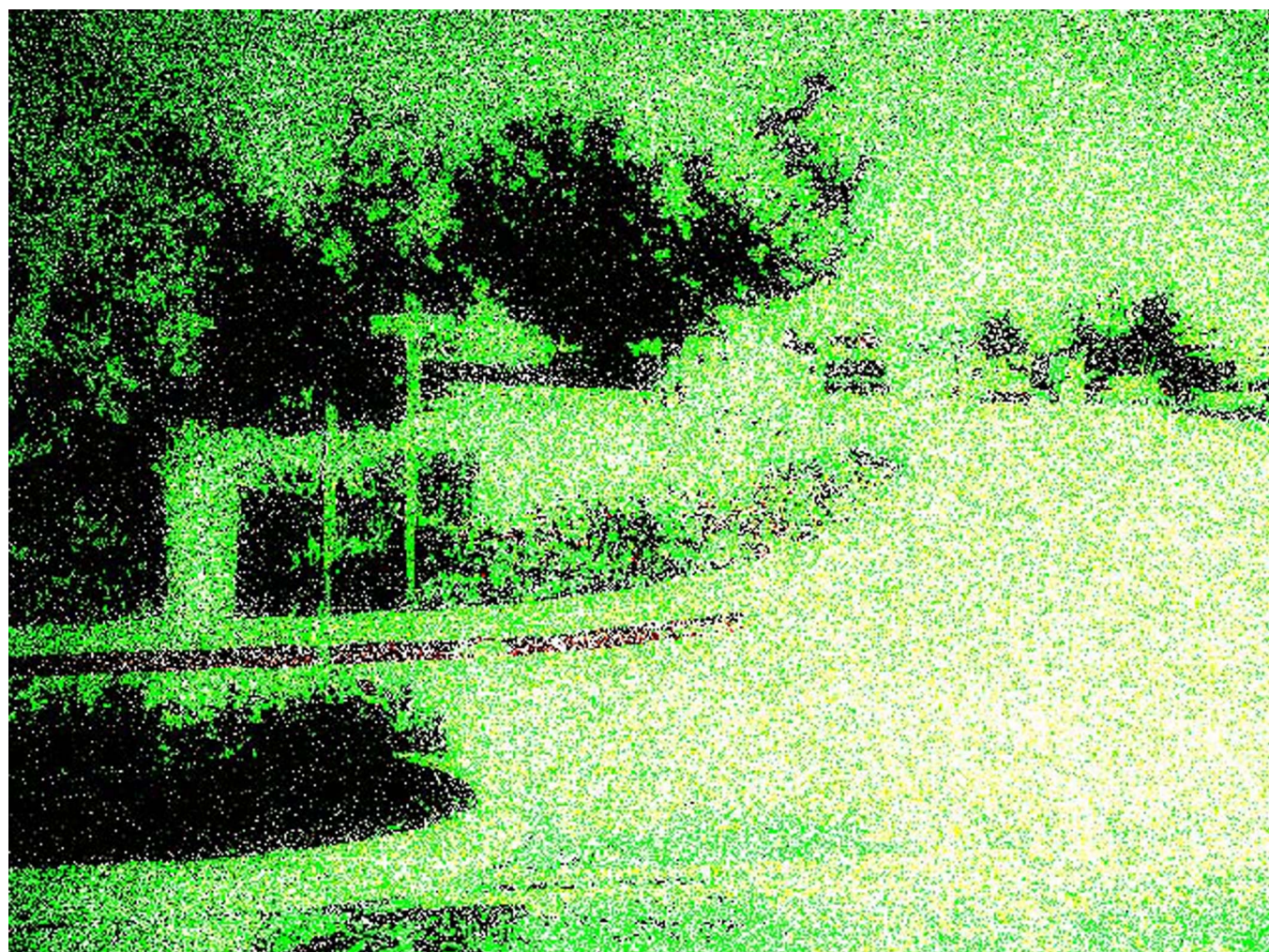
Memories of my past,
moments come
moments go.
The winds of change
take everything apart.
Mostly, all that is left of the past
are memories inside my mind
And then, these memories begin to fade.
Memories of my past,
moments come,
moments go.
And so it is,
the moments of my life.
And all that is left of me in the end, are
memories of my past...

title: "MEMORIES OF MY PAST"



There's a quiet sensual feel to your voice.
As I remember it.
If I had a choice of what to remember,
would I choose remember your face?
Or would I chose to remember the mellifluous sound of your voice?
Like this photo-painting, I remember things.
But mostly, I remember lights and shadows.
And I remember feelings.
But most of all, I hold on tightly to the memories of you.
I love you, what you were to me,
what you still are to me.
And what you still mean to me.
I wish I could hear your voice once more.
But nothing is left of it,
except for the quiet memories in my mind.
But now, numbed by time, these memories are changing.
But I still love to remember you, in spite of this.
Because you, as a concept of love and life,
will never fade.
I would rather hold on to the memory of our love,
no matter what.
I will always love you.

title: "I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU"



Do you remember "the street" that took you home?
Home is, in the abstract, and for many,
a concept of joy, comfort and relaxation.
I remember "the street" that took me home.
I remember every "street" to every place I have ever lived in.
Isn't it funny how we assign importance to places
that have been meaningful in our lives?
And we never forget them, the names...
Even as time passes, the feeling that we
got when we rode on those streets stays with us.
For me, that reflects the nature of my memories.
I feel my memories in my heart, my stomach, my head.
I feel as though my entire body is a memory receptacle.
Today, whether the memories of my past are good or bad,
I am aware of how I live them in my present.
I want to live a present free from past emotional encumbrance.
Today, I choose to live a life filled with love and joy.

title: "THE STREET WHERE I LIVED"



My mind is always busy!

I am always thinking.

This is a view from the front of the condo.

How many thoughts I had as I approached it.

Incredibly, when we think, those thoughts become associated with the places where we think them.

From now on, I choose to be aware of my thoughts and how they color my perception and the energy that I assign to a place and/or location.

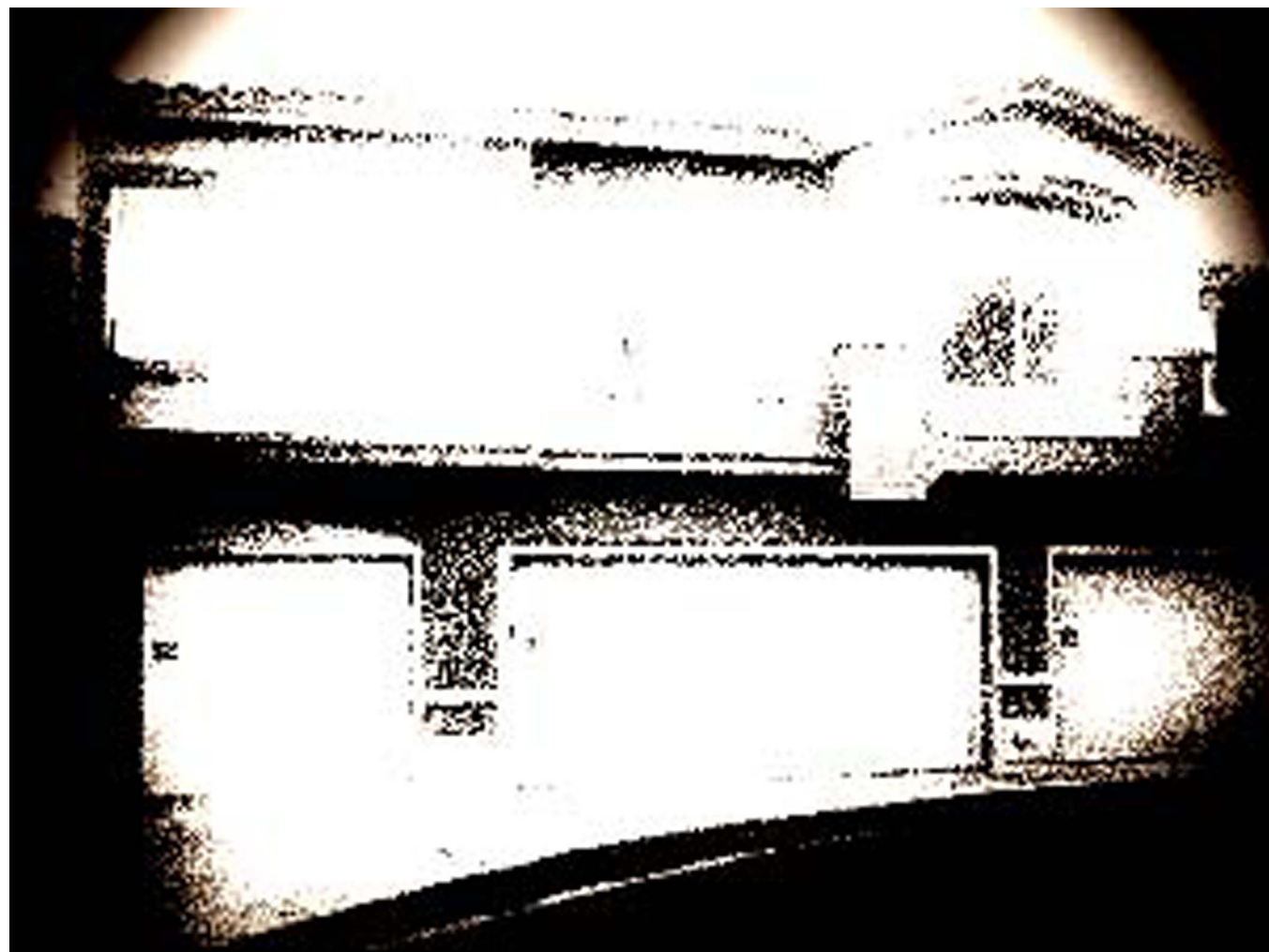
I will free my mind from restrictive constructs of existence.

title: "CONSCIOUSLY RECREATING MY EXPERIENCES"



*Any morning, I remember walking out of my home.
The day was fresh and new.
At that time, I had specific hopes and dreams.
My mind was filled with thoughts of things
that I had to do that day.
So many of these thoughts were superfluous and mundane.
Today, I choose to live in a state of gratitude.
Today, I give thanks everyday.
And I am happier.*

title: "LIVING IN A STATE OF GRATITUDE"



Memories can be like parts of photographs.
in my mind, I remember them
like pieces and bits of experiences.
Sometimes, I try to put this pieces of
experiences back together in my mind.
But then, I find that this can be an exercise in futility.
While doing this, it behooves me to ask, how does this process
make me feel? And what am I trying to recapture?
Memories are like ideas and can be associated and disassociated
from other ideas. I want to associate ideas of my past
with positive up-lifting concepts of life.

title: "UPLIFTING IDEAS"

As we drive past a parking space, we drive
fast and furious, and things zoom
next to us. I wonder, is this how I am living life?
Am I zooming through important and meaningful
life experiences without stopping to notice?
Today, I will resolve to be more present
in the present moment with everything I do.
That way, I will experience life differently.
And I wonder, how will that make me feel?
And how will that change my experience of existence.

title: "PAUSE TO THINK"



*Symbols of things are all around us.
Subconscious symbolism of signs that surround us.
How I react to the world is partly due to
subconscious reactions to the environment that
surrounds me.
Today, I will recognize those things that affect my
mind and moods without my conscious control.
And today, I will attempt to change how I
perceive the world.*

title: "SUBCONSCIOUS MEANDERINGS"



The number 7 has had special significance in my life.
Numbers overall, have brought special significance to
my life. And this has made me wonder.

There is so much that I don't know or understand
about the world around me.

There is so much that I would like to comprehend.

Where do I begin to learn about these things?
And how do I put together the puzzles of my life?

Some wise person once said,
"the journey of a thousand steps begins with one."
And I would like to take that step in the right
direction.

title: "THE JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND STEPS"



From night to day, as I walk to my parking space by my
condo complex, the environment is changed

With the missing light, the misty darkness
and emptiness of the streets around me, lend a different
feeling to the surrounding environment.

Everywhere I go, I associate pre-existing feelings and ideas
to places, times of day, strange people's faces, street
names, stores, etc...

This makes me wonder, am I experiencing life partly
from a past perspective, or am I really present today?
To be free, truly free, is to learn to experience the present
based on factually present elements in the environment.
Today, I choose to be free and will challenge thoughts and ideas
that don't belong in the present moment.

title: "THE PRESENT MOMENT"



*There is always something good and appealing
about the world we live in.*

*Every landscape, every scene has something of
beauty within it.*

*Do you remember something beautiful about the
places you have been. Close your eyes for a moment.
Think of this beautiful thing. In your mind, be there,
own it, feel it, sense it, smell it.*

*I honestly believe that once captured by the soul,
beautiful people, places and things can be
easily remembered.*

*Relax yourself and you will be able to
re-experience this.*

title: "BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES"



There is an analogy to be made between paths in our physical lives and paths we follow in our minds. Sometimes, the path to take is unclear and cloudy. Could it be that if we wait, for the right time of the day or night, to course that path again, we will gain a different and more enlightened view of things. Take a moment today, to revisit a path in your mind which up to now has been unclear and cloudy. What would happen if you revisit this path with a different light? What would happen if you transverse this path from a different mood? Life's journeys are affected by the light. Take a troubled path today and fill it with light. Then, re-think the process once again. In so doing, is there a difference in the clarity of the process?

title: "LIGHT THE PATH"



Unreasonable fear can hold us back.
Unreasonable fear can hurt our life's prospects.
But when I surround myself with light,
I feel stronger.

title: "THE LIGHT SURROUNDS ME"



*In many places, one can always find a garden,
or outdoor place where natural things
live and thrive.*

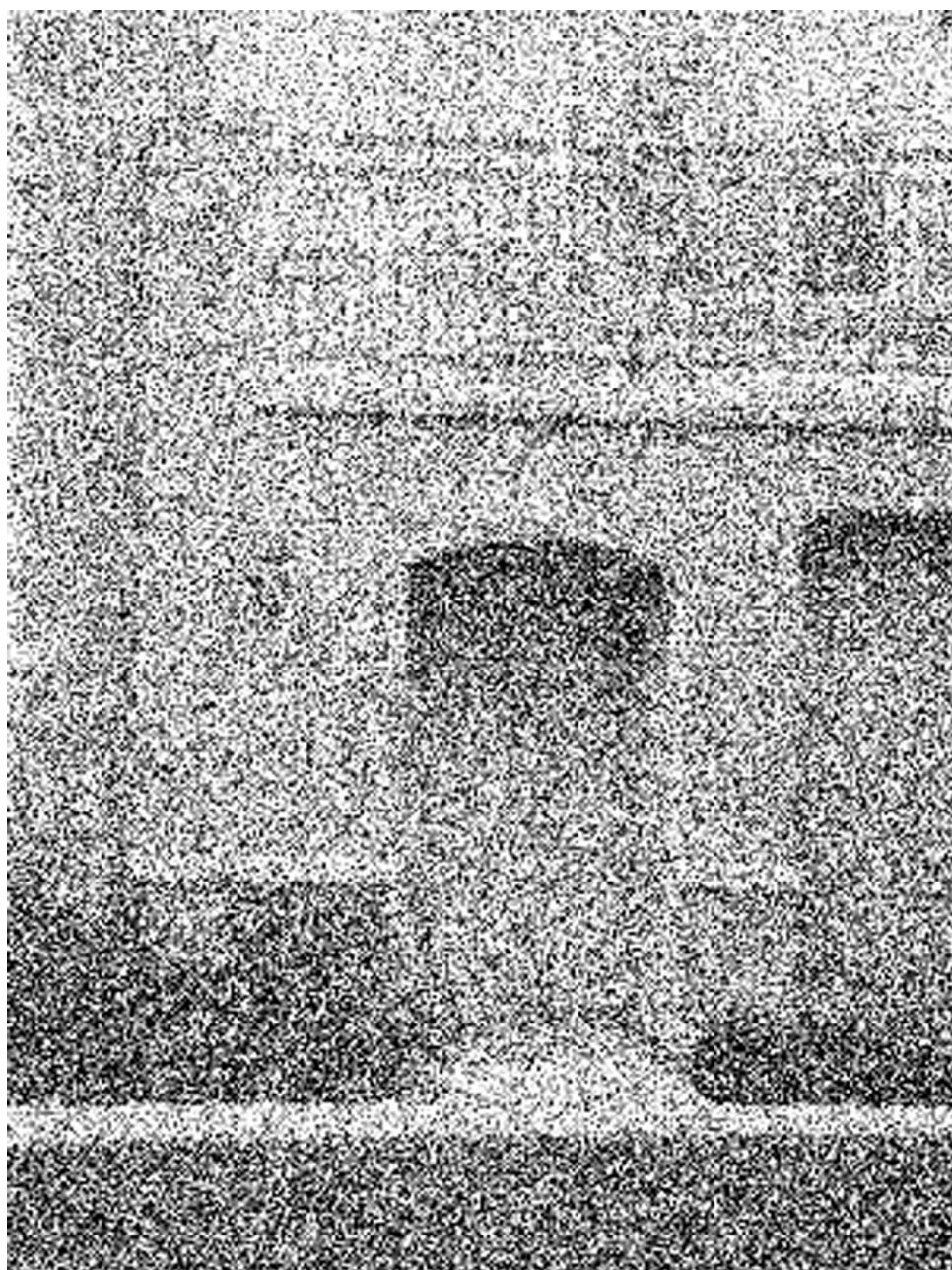
*Find that place of green earth around you
and cherish it.*

It can give you peace and respite.

*From this, I have learned that one can have
many places where one can go to experience different
feelings and emotions.*

*I seek to live a life filled with a wide range of
experiences and I accept that of beauty which
is freely given to me.*

title: "LIVE A FULL LIFE"



I believe that at every stage of my life, my body and mind are affected my ability to remember. For instance, when I was a child, I experienced everything from my small body and inexperienced mind. Sometimes, it is worth it to re-visit and re-think memories of the past that may be positively changed by my increased mental, physical and emotional maturity.

title: "IT TAKES COURAGE TO REVISIT THE PAST, BUT WE ARE STRONGER TODAY"



I pause, before I enter the door...

What awaits inside? I do not know.

The door of my childhood home holds many memories.

I wonder, what memory will this door open today?

*So much of what we think and feel is based on a past
that has no words or logical verbal definitions.*

*I have learned that everything I sense can and sometimes
should be questioned.*

There are secrets inside my feelings.

There are illogical conclusions that lead to darkness.

*I live one day at a time to understand the
narrow passages, dark caves and precipices of my mind.*

*I live with the love and hope of knowing
that negative concepts can be changed.*

title: "NEGATIVITY IS JUST THAT... A CONCEPT"



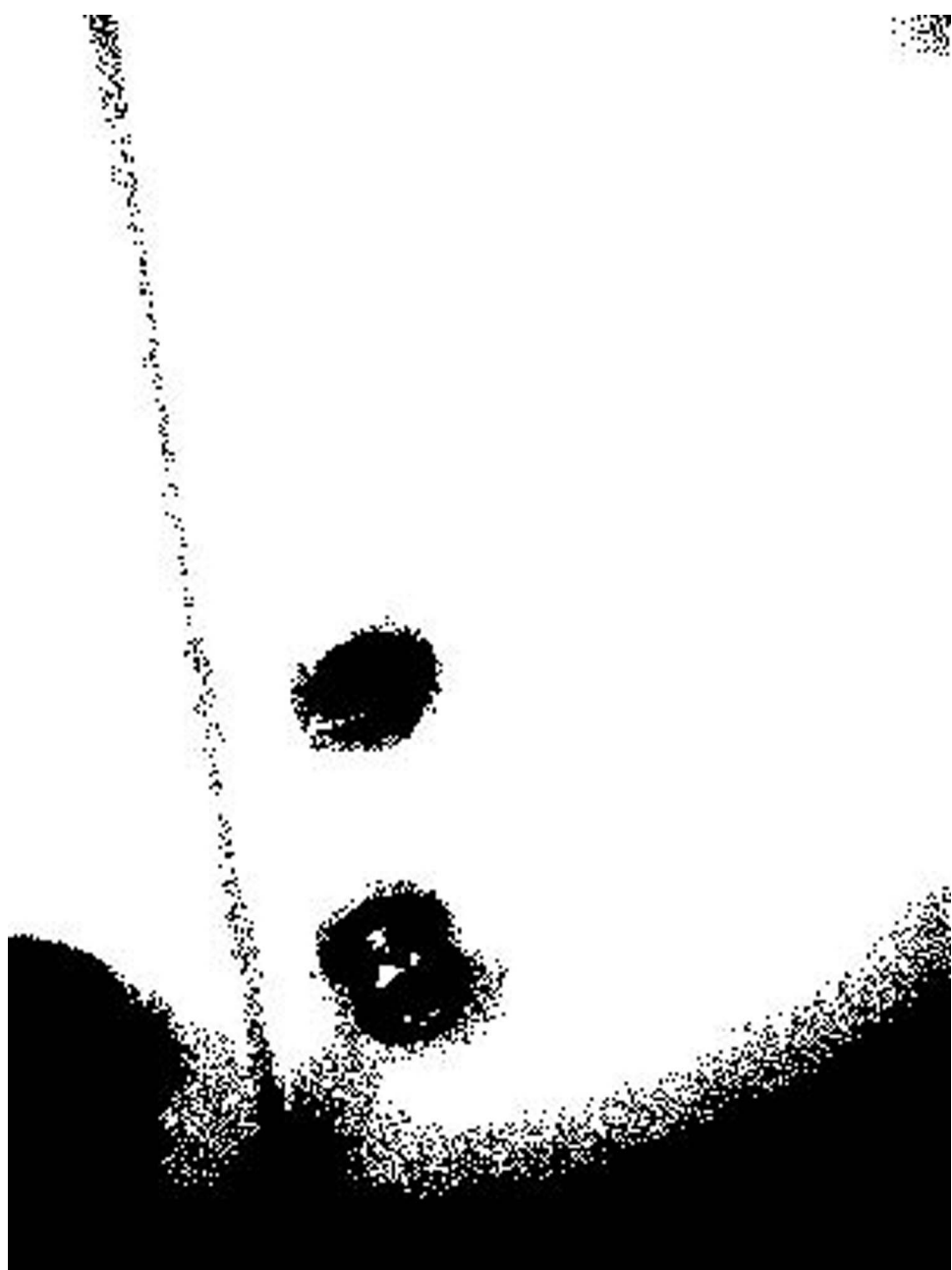
As I get closer to the door, I feel excitement.
I feel fluttering butterflies in my stomach.
Somehow, as I approach the door of my youth,
I become young again.

I am as a child, adolescent, teen, or young adult.
I feel awkward, and more powerless than I am today.
As I look at this door, I know not what awaits on the
other side.

But I know that I wish this doors to open.
And I know that after I enter, I will consciously approach
the past with the mind and knowledge that I possess
today.

Today, I am more prepared to face
whatever travails await me in my memories.

title: "I AM STRONGER TODAY BY THE VIRTUE OF MY EXPERIENCES"



The door knob!
In my hand, I hold the power to open and close doors.

title: "THE POWER IS IN MY HAND"



*Do you notice that once the door is open,
we never stop at the door?*

*Doors are meant to ingress and egress places.
For a moment, I notice how my mind quickly races
and my thoughts instantly change as I cross the door.
Then, I begin to organize my mind as to what I have
to do once I am inside.*

*Nothing is so important that I can't pause to
relax and take a deep and meaningful breath
anytime, anywhere I am.*

I wish to become the Master of my own thoughts.

I want to learn to understand myself better.

*Today, I will pause and ponder what is in
my mind at any one moment.*

*Today, I will begin to understand and get to know
myself better.*

title: "GETTING TO KNOW MY MIND"



*During the day, I pause to look out over
the balcony through the window. At that instant,
time stops. Even my breath becomes unrecognizable from
everything around me. I think that during this moments
of day dreaming, time stops and I linger in space.
I want to learn to enjoy my life and linger more.*

title: "LEARNING TO LINGER IS RELAXING"



Wouldn't it be nice to be able to remember
things in our past with a the peace that comes from a calm heart?
Like shadows in my mind, I live the slowly dissolving
memories of my past experiences.

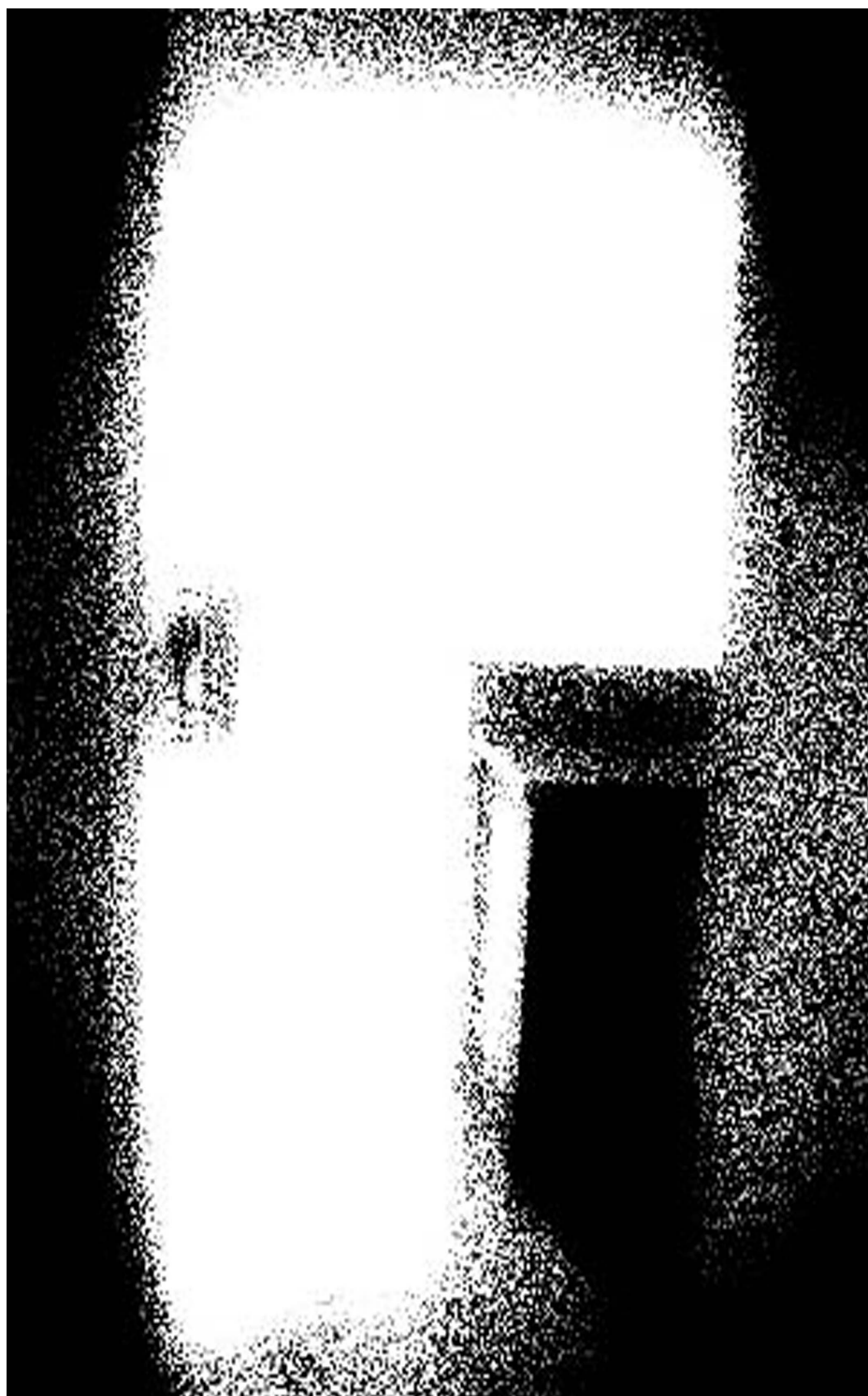
I want to look back and wonder at the person that I was.
I want to look back and remember without my heart skipping a beat.
I want to be the owner of my mind and own tranquility.
I want to know my present and what is in it.

title: "TO KNOW OUR PRESENT, WE MUST KNOW OUR PAST"



The fireplace... how often did we light it?
How often did we share 'family' moments?
And how often did I relax and just take in the moments
one by one?
To live life fully, it takes courage to contemplate it.
But in order to really live it, the rush of time must stop.
In this way we can take in the present and be calm once ore.

title: "LIVING THE PRESENT MOMENT"



We walked down the hallway...
What is the point of remembering?
If we could travel in time...
what would be so memorable about the past?
Wouldn't you want to remember mostly those moments
that were awesome. And yet, our mind works like a recorder.
And somewhere filed in those recordings are all of
our thoughts, our feelings, our ideas.
And I wonder, what is caught in the spider web of time
that can not clearly be remembered?
Is there something there that must
be released to be re-thought and understood once more,
under a different light?
The past is what makes us what and who we are.
To re-think a perspective can be miraculous and the act itself,
can be sublime.

title: "RETHINKING PERSPECTIVES OF LIFE"



Looking through a window, we sometimes wonder...
What lies out there? What is there beyond the view?
What does this day hold? What is going to happen... Today?
I wonder, I wonder all of the time.
I am working on 'feeling' better.
I am working on having a 'better sense of self.'
I am working on being present every moment.
And then, I will know what lies out there.
Once I have a hold of my feelings,
I will learn what to expect everyday of my life.
I will know what to expect even before the day starts.
And I will feel good, as I look forward to the day.
I will feel good.

title: "FEEL GOOD FOR EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE"

At night, the world changes.
At night, my world turns from light to darkness.
I await the quiet silence of the night.
A long time ago, I forgot how to live.
I somehow forgot how to be present... in the present.
I am re-learning how to live. I am learning how to be.
This feels good. We, as humans, never stop growing.
To grow, to change, to be, is to be human.
My promise to myself, is that as the veil of night comes on,
I will breath a sense of awe knowing that I will be all-right.
And all will be well with the world as I look yonder
into the massive starry night.

title: "BREATH EVERY NIGHT AND BREATH WELL"



Open a window... and see what lies in the distant view.

The eyes are the windows to the soul.

What does it mean to SEE with the SOUL'S EYES?

This query raises many questions.

*There is the shallow and then, there is what lies beyond
the obvious. The bush near us, the tree in the distance.*

And far and away, the distant mountains.

*The foreground, middle ground and background,
all of these lie within the grasp of our eyesight.*

But they define entirely different states of existence.

To be here, is not, to be there.

*Therefore, what one learns is that the mind too,
works like a peeling onion.*

*There are many layers to uncover as to
the essence of presence of being.*

*Most important though, is to keep in mind
the state of our presence in the present moment.*

Where is the mind located, at this very moment?

title: "MINDFULL PRESENCE"



Do you ever think about the past?
It is like looking from the outside in,
no longer there... in the past.
We look from the outside.
Does the place look different from the outside?
What if, instead of you, you had been someone else?
Then, how would that have changed
your perception of existence?
The past is no longer with us.
The past is gone... never to return.
Today, we can remember.
And that is all that is left,
the memories of the past.
But what if you had been someone else?
Then, one can ponder, wow would the past have been changed?

title: "HOW TO CHANGE OUR PERCEPTIONS OF THE PAST"



Memories can be fun, colorful, interesting.
Ironically, everything takes us on a path.
We are always 'going somewhere' and 'ending somewhere.'
And usually, these 'endings' are quite predictable.
What affects our choice of paths can many times be our 'moods,'
and how we perceive the potential ending of our choices.
I think back, I now know I wish, so many times,
that I had chosen a different path.
Regret can be a sorry emotion.
But also, it can give us a chance to ponder.
Today, I look back and accept all of my feelings
without feeling bad about who I am
and what choices I have made.
I accept my feelings without fear.
I accept myself.
And I laugh.
I sure did funny things,
and made untoward choices.
But that was then... and this is now.
Only tomorrow will tell.
But I feel okay today.

title: "I OWN MY CHOICES"



What is to remember the past
while wearing rose colored glasses?
I live my life always trying to make 'the best of it.'
I am always making 'lemonade,' 'orange juice,'
and every other imaginable thirst quenching drink I can think of.
After all, if life is not a process of education, what is it?
Some lessons have cost me quite a bit.
And some, not so much.
In the end, I know now, that it is I who chooses the value
that I assign to things.
Tell me, if that isn't freedom, then what is it?

title: "THE PRICE OF FREEDOM"



Wait a minute, I have to stop by the kitchen,
and get something.

I can't quite remember what.

Maybe I am hungry.

Maybe I need some cleaning supplies.

Maybe I need a utensil, a knife or something.

I don't know.

I don't remember.

The power inside the rooms of a house: the kitchen,

The living room, The Bedroom, the Bathroom...

How we compartmentalize 'the places' of our lives,
how we assign value to places much depends on the
value we assign to things we do in those places.

What if, just for fun, we changed
something of this formula?

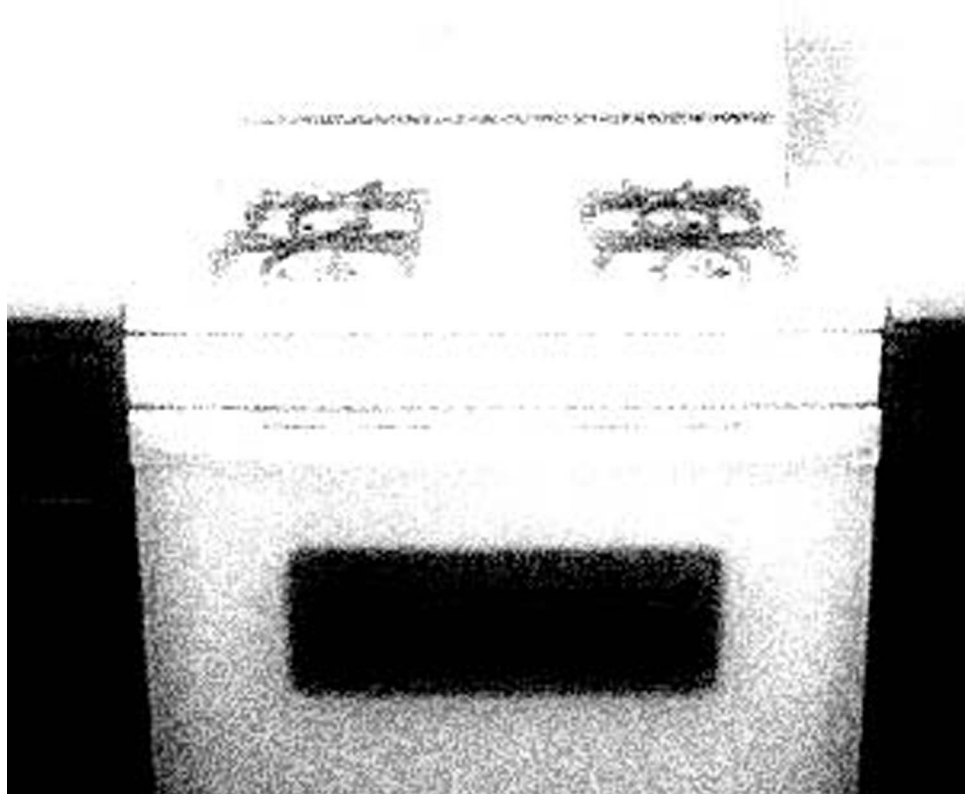
What if we learned to re-assign value to places?

Wouldn't that allow for greater flexibility?

If anything 'our memories' teach us,
is that nothing is permanent.

Hence, the definition of a 'memory.'

title: "REDEFINING OUR PAST GIVES US POWER OVER IT."



Lets eat, laugh and be merry!
Lets party, drink and be happy!
Let cook, lets bake, lets grill, lets microwave,
lets make some tea or coffee!
Lets sit, sit, sit.
And lets truly rejoice.
Don't just go through the motions
to convince yourself that you're alive.
You are alive for sure.
Because you're reading this,
and thinking about it.

title: "TRULY LIVE"



I can't imagine when there were no faucets.

Can you?

And did you ever ponder this?

*Like going camping, for instance,
you would have to walk to the stream, kneel
and somehow gather the water with something.*

*What ingenious contraptions
have been created by human kind!*

*There is so much that we have to be thankful for.
All around us, human ingenuity surrounds us with
intriguing and comfort giving products.*

*Life is truly wonderful,
and to awe at the products of the human mind.*

title: "GENIOUS ALL AROUND US"



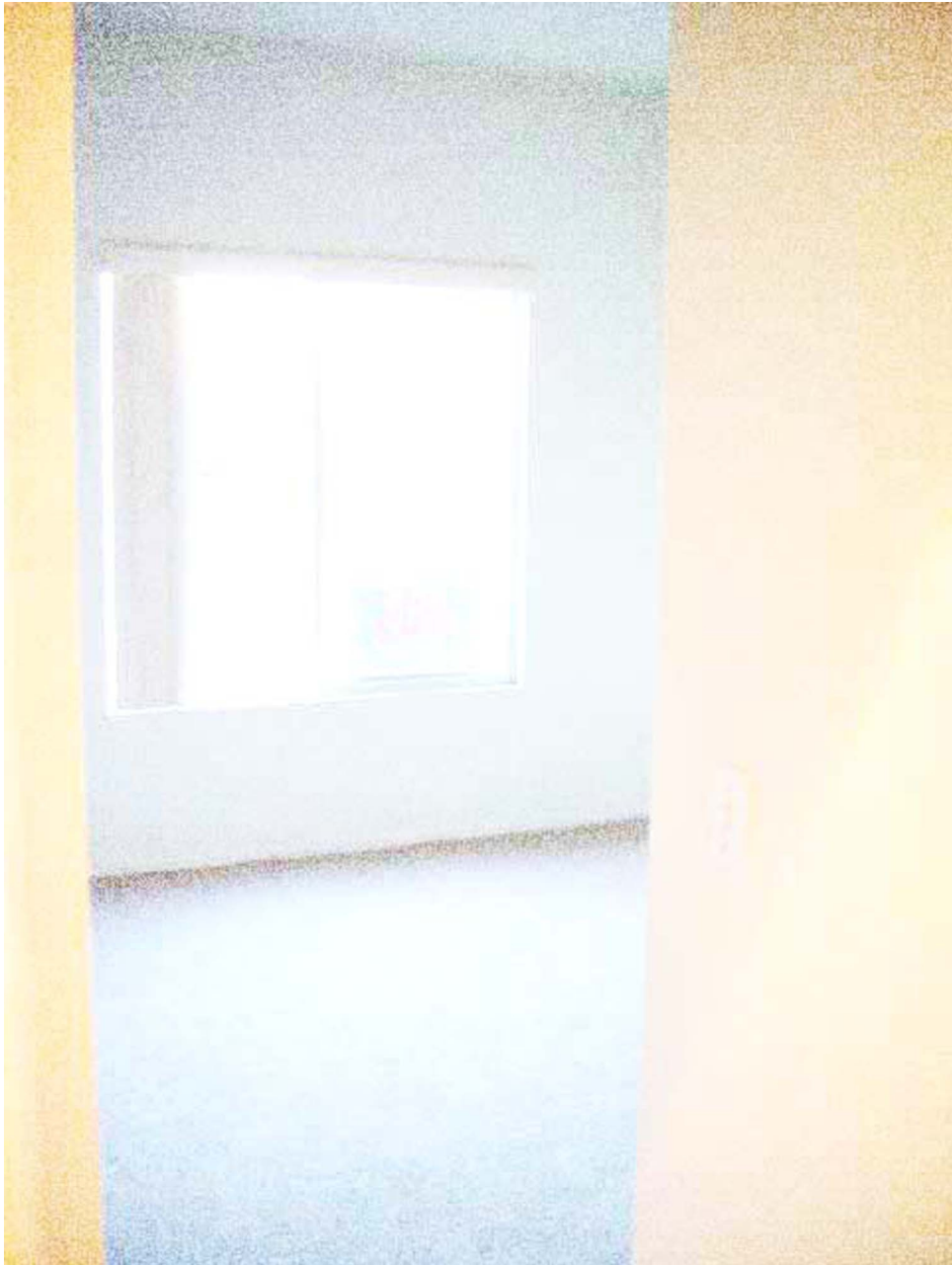
Hallways always take us places.
Corridors are catalysts to make things happen.
In the mind, everything is seen as symbolic.
The unconscious speaks a language unique unto itself.
In my journey, I seek to live life by understanding
all languages pertinent to living life and experience.
I believe that to truly understand life, one must learn
to speak the 'language' of life at every level.
A hallway is symbolic of a cross road.
Cross roads can be seen as passages
from one state of mind into another.
What I think affects my feelings.
What I feel affects my perceptions of the world.
And the world around me affects my thoughts and feelings.
This is akin to circular thinking.

title: "TO FREE THE MIND IS TO TAKE A PAUSE IN THE JOURNEY"



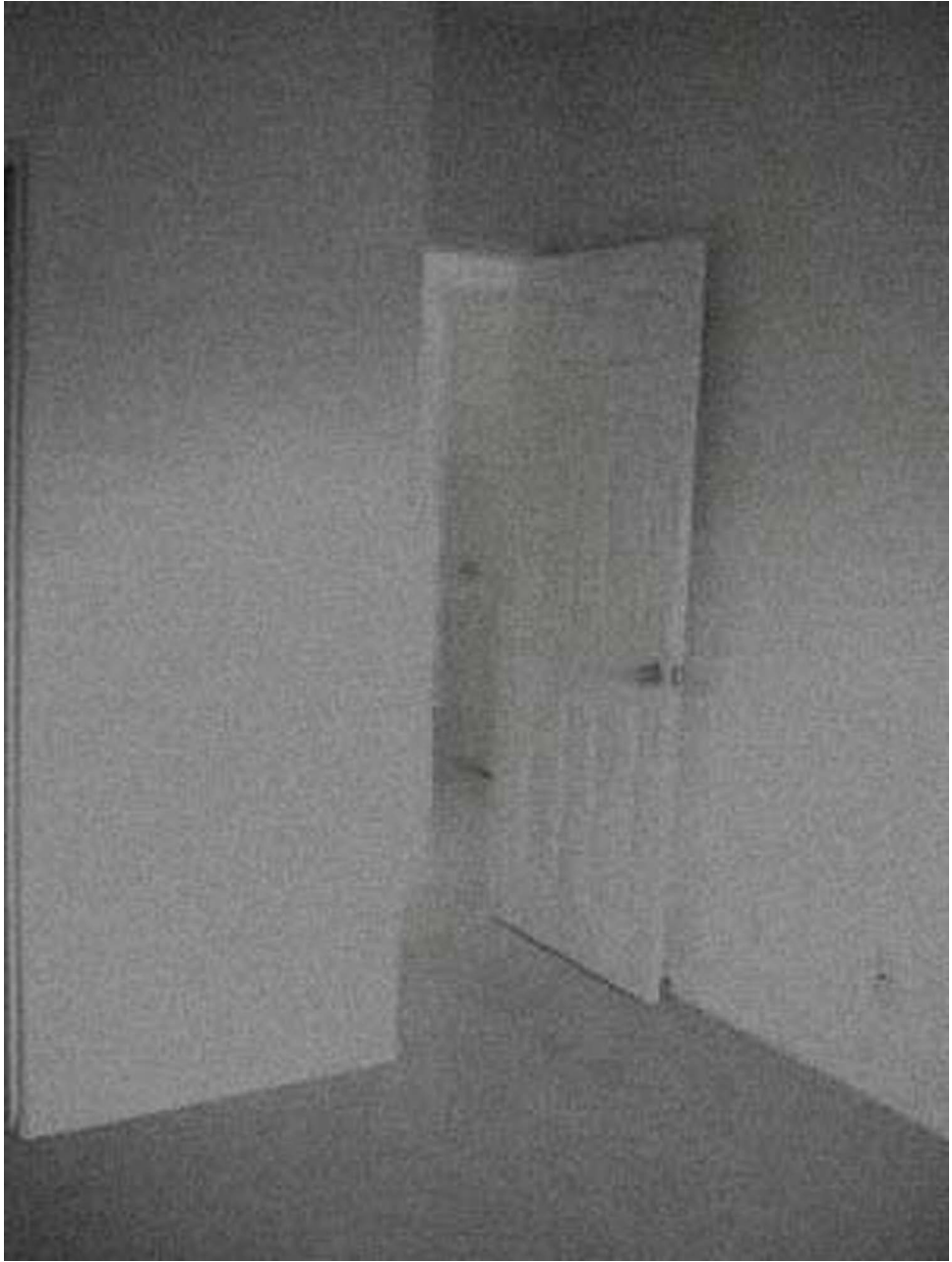
Closets are fascinating places.
In the realm of the mystic, closets
are like places where we store memories.
What do closets truly signify?
What do closets represent?
Closets are places where we keep 'things.'
Because of this, closets are places where we keep memories.
And in the end, doesn't everything
have a memory associated with it?
Isn't that the reason why we keep things?
Because they 'remind' us of something.
They remind us of a place, a time, or something else.
We are surrounded by memories not only in our minds,
but also all around our bodies.
The fact that we don't approach these 'memories'
in the same way is ironic.

title: "THE MIND IS IRONIC AND MULTI-LAYERED"



Come into the room. Please walk in.
Make yourself comfortable.
Sometimes, I wish I could go into the past.
I wish I could go back in time,
and just visit.
Then, I would enter these places as I am today,
a different human being.
A human being with more experience, and more age.
Then, I would calmly visit.
I would sit and smile
and I would want to return love in kind
as it had been given to me.
I think a wish like this can too be
considered a prayer.
I pray for my memories to become more
comforting, as I pray for the world.

title: "SENDING A PRAYER TO HEAVEN"



*Everything we do is with a purpose.
We enter a room with a purpose.
And at the end, we leave the room feeling
the success or failure of our actions.
I look to the door as I ready to leave,
wondering about what I wished for.
And now, I must smile at this.
For I have no other choice.*

title: "WHAT IS THE PURPOSE"



It's morning.

I get up.

After a visit to the bathroom,

I pause to look at myself in the mirror.

Boy, I look disheveled.

Then, I seek to create an image of myself.

I reach to the closet to change my look.

When I am not what I wish to be,

I reach into the closet for a different style.

I find all kinds of things in my closet

to match my mood an any moment.

These implements are a magic of sorts.

And when I use them,

sometimes am a magician.

title: "THE MAGIC IN THE CLOSET"



*This was the master bedroom of my condo.
The light filled the room in the morning.
Sometimes, I think it is all about the light.*

Don't you think?

*If a place fills up with light, it invites
laughter, happiness, joy and security.
Let there 'be light' in every place and every room
of my mental, spiritual and physical house.*

title: "LET THERE BE LIGHT"



Our moods can affect how we perceive our surroundings.

*If we are happy or sad, that colors our minds and
our perceptions of our surroundings.*

*Sometimes, my 'moods' blind me
and I can only feel certain feelings.*

*But sometimes, I can overcome
these 'moods' with my thoughts.*

*The way that I do this is that I focus on a
estate of mind and I stick to it.*

*To succeed at this it takes perseverance,
persistence and determination!*

I believe I can choose how I perceive my surroundings.

I want to be the captain of my ship.

*And I would like to someday, become free,
finally free of thoughts and moods
that cause me distress.*

title: "FREEDOM FROM SUFFERING"



I look towards the bathroom.
There, mirrors reflect the light
and make them look stronger.
When I enter the bathroom,
my mind begins to dance.
It is the rhythm of vanity.
And so many of us experience this.
The thought of looking at ourselves and
seeing our reflections on the mirror
fills our minds.
When I look at the mirror now,
I would like 'to see' be aware of my
thoughts as they cross my mind.
Is this a worthwhile endeavor?

title: "WHAT IS THE REFLECTION ON THE MIRROR THAT I SEE"



*It is night.
I must get up to go.
How annoying can that be?
But there it is... And it must be done.*

title: "AWAKEN"



*Early morning.
Feelings of evacuation.
I feel pretty good today.
It is a new day.*

title: "IT IS A NEW DAY"



Getting ready.
Rushing.
I have to get to work.
Or maybe, I have to get to school.
It is a new day... and the day is moving fast.
It is a new day.

title: "RUSHING THE MORNING."



*I look forward to quiet time.
I am seeking to be clean.
The bathroom offers respite.
And I take care of what must be.*

title: "BLUE BLUE BLUE CLEAN"



*Cleaning the house.
Cleaning each room.
The good feeling of a clean bathroom.*

title: "CLEAN ROOMS"



I head down the stairs.
I am going to the garage.
As I approach the door, I get nervous.
As I approach any door, I get nervous.
I pause, for a fraction of a second, I pause.
What if things are different... inside the room?
What if what I expect isn't what I will see?
How will I react to this, when things are not
what I expect them to be?
I am planning ahead. I realize now that things
will always present something unexpected.
And so, if I can learn to smile and laugh
at this, I will have succeeded.

title: "SMILE AND SUCCESS IS MINE"



Inside the garage, the mood changes.
There, there appears to be more 'movement.'
There, I feel a different type of energy around me.
The garage doors are large and somehow,
I feel that I must exit the room.
Open the garage door, I tell myself.
That's a place that prompts us to leave.
In the garage I feel this way.
I feel prompted... to leave.

title: "USE A SPACE TO SET THE PACE"



Corners in a room can be filled with pockets of energy.

As a psychic, I 'read' -sense- places and spaces.

It feels like the gentle ripple of trickling water.

There is a whisper in the shadows.

I can hear it.

Humans are never alone.

No one is ever alone.

There is energy all around us and the subtle

energy is dim and quiet.

I am learning to sense it more and more,

with every passing day.

title: "SUBTLE ENERGIES AROUND US"



Powerful feelings erupt from the silence.
They blend in and around me.
I live to experience everything around me,
even these subtle echoes.
Humans are never alone, I am convinced.
Energy always surrounds us.

title: "ENERGY ALWAYS SURROUNDS US"



*Light flowing through a window.
A window is equally an entrance
as it is an escape.
I want to breath this feeling of hope.*

title: "BREATH IN THE FEELING OF HOPE"



*How do you find anything in the darkness?
How do you hear anything in the silence?
How do you learn to keep calm when touched
by that which is cloaked in mystery.
To live fully is to understand
the nature of anticipation.
Calmness... is what I seek today.
Calmness.*

title: "I MEDITATE FOR FREEDOM"



Wake up to waves of energy.
Energy flows and moves.
My thoughts swim in these pools
of flashing encircling lights.
And after all, they are beautiful.
Aren't they?
Mesmerizingly beautiful.

title: "MESMERIZING LIGHTS"



A drain.

A drain.

A drain.

My memories are flowing...

away... away... away...

into a drain.

A drain.

A drain.

A drain.

title: "LOOSING LOST GONE CHANGED MEMORIES"



*Feelings color memories.
They are painting material on
the canvas of the mind.*

Title: "MY FEELINGS, MY EMOTIONS..."

*The psychic inside me says,
"Reach out and touch something."*

title: "CURIOSITY"



*Step outside for me moment.
Come out of the house and into the patio.
Take a step... outside.
I remember this place.*

title: "COME JOIN ME IN A MEMORY"



*In the garden inside my mind...
my memories thrive like flowers.
Let us visit those places that give us joy.
Let us meet in those places.*

title: "THOSE PLACES"



I am ready to go now.
I have visited the past.
Now I live in the present,
which is the past of tomorrow.
How my mind works to attach itself to
ideas is a predictably quandary.
In the end, it just seems as though
many of my feelings are irrelevant.
And I believe that how I feel
and see the world of the
past can be changed to create
a predictably better today.

Title: "I HAVE THE POWER TO CHANGE MY TODAYS"



*Good bye.
I feel better now.
Good bye.*

title: "GOOD BYE"



*Hello.
I feel better now.
Hello to a better present.*

title: "HELLO"