

WEEKLY WHISPER SCRIPT

May 3, 2010

A few days ago while driving home from Starbucks a thought popped into mind. The thought was about a pastrami sandwich. I used to eat those occasionally. There is a deli here that has the most wonderful pastrami, lean with just enough fat for flavor. And they make their own rye bread. So here I am thinking about this sandwich, I could taste it, the mustard, and even the pickle.

It wasn't a craving. I was remembering how much I enjoyed pastrami sandwiches. When I arrived home the phone rang and it was my husband calling. He told me he had just finished lunch, a delicious pastrami sandwich.

Now although these kinds of events happen often, I squealed like a child. The wonder of it always amazes me and fills me with such giddy glee. How does this happen? Oh I could go on about how thought is energy with very particular kinds of frequency, blah blah, blah. But do we really know?

Ten years ago, while visiting my brother in law, Sheldon and his wife Alexandra in California, we were having just that conversation. I was explaining to them that thought is an actual thing and travels, just like air travels. Seeing they really didn't understand I said, okay I'll show you.

I sat face to face with Sheldon putting my hands out in front of me palms up. I had him place his hands over mine without touching with his palms down. I told him to think of a color, to make the color vivid in his mind, to picture it. And I would tell him the color he is thinking. Being a bit skeptical Sheldon wrote the color down and gave the paper to his wife, so there would be no question. Then he began thinking of his color.

After a few moments I said Brown. Alexandra gasped and then quickly slapped her hand to her mouth. We both looked at her. I looked back at Sheldon and immediately I felt Black, so I said, oh its Black. It indeed was Black. Alexandra told us that as she tried to imagine black ...she began imagining a chocolate cake. She began craving piece of chocolate cake. She could taste it. Then suddenly she realized that chocolate wasn't black it was brown, and in that moment I said Brown, that's why she gasped. Her vision was so clear I picked up the energy of that color first.

We went on and did it ten more times. I told him the correct color all ten times. This week I printed off an old piece of correspondence for my friend Nancy. I had come across it and felt an urge to bring it to her for our meeting at Starbucks. She was amazed. She had just had the thought to see if she could locate that very same correspondence.

I felt to tell you these stories this week. The Whisper message is to keep yourself in wonder; to notice the wonder of it all, the simple joyful glee of your life, and to notice that it is all wondrous; every bit of it.
Bye for now.