



Forgiveness for the Soul,
Gratitude for Vitamins

by Lori Jean

Photo by Prabhu

Solace

I wrote this book to help others find solace, give them direction and peace, and to help me follow my path to finishing a project that I feel is meant for me. By sharing with others the process of making your gifts, you can help others achieve theirs.

We all have gifts. Sometimes they are hard to find. Sometimes we have to sit so long in silence and so still to find them. But the magic is there, and the magic does come. Sometimes it comes when we aren't expecting it, sometimes it comes when we are. The most exciting is the feeling from it; you know when it is right.

It doesn't always come in the quiet of sitting, or the peace of meditation for these times are the preparation at most for most of us for the unexpected surprise with ecstasy. The ecstasy of our gifts and our life that shows before us from all the peace that we have given, shows in our future. For our gift is so deep inside of us, just sitting there waiting alongside of our subconscious, sometimes feeling of someone unknown to us. But if we get close enough, it shows itself. It is us. Be patient with yourself. The magic is worth it.

Section

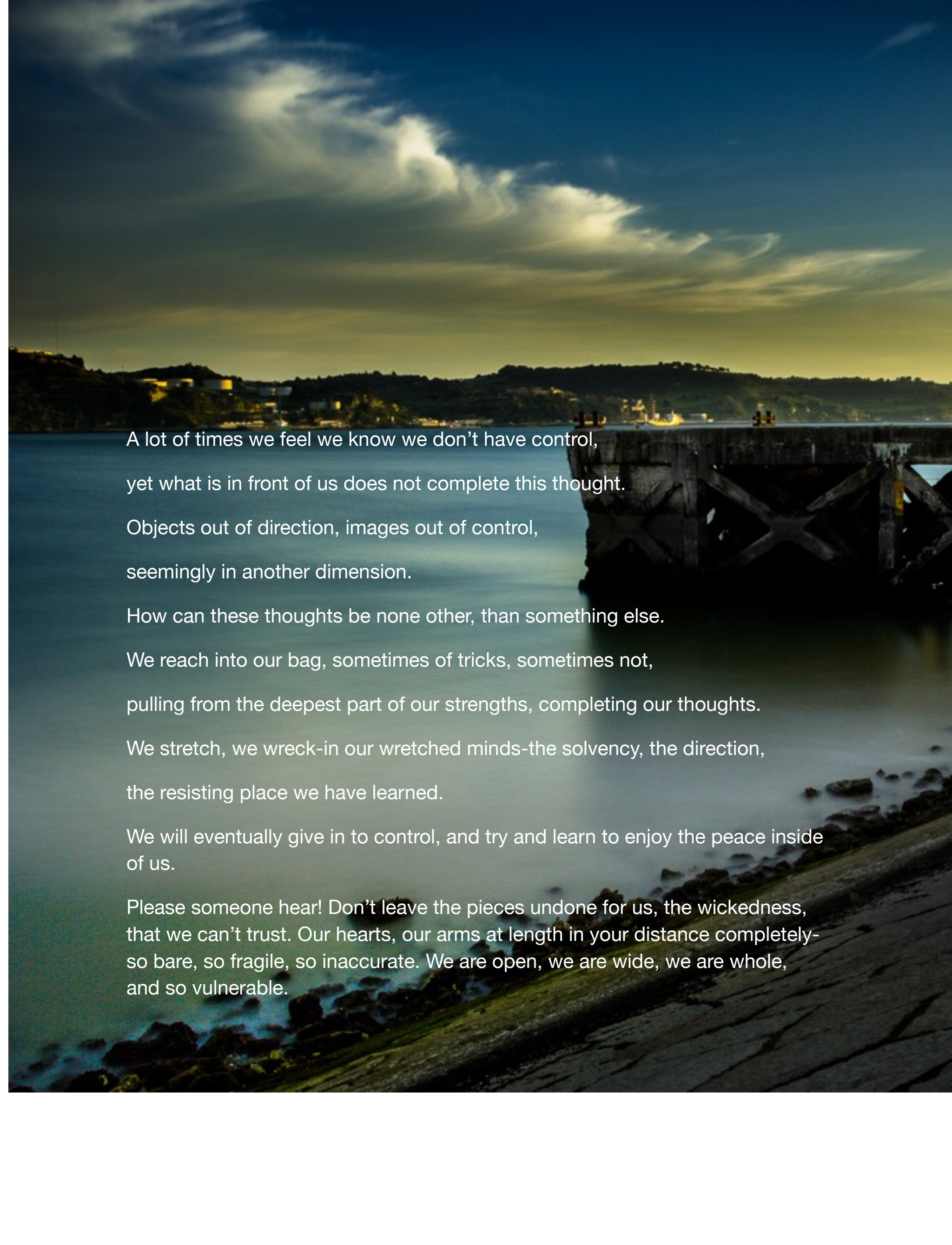
Why Are We Here?



Why we are here. Why are we not? We were put here for our inventions to share and be at the very best at no one's cost.

My book of love of my journey with poems, ideas, and messages.

Lori Jean



A lot of times we feel we know we don't have control,
yet what is in front of us does not complete this thought.

Objects out of direction, images out of control,
seemingly in another dimension.


How can these thoughts be none other, than something else.

We reach into our bag, sometimes of tricks, sometimes not,
pulling from the deepest part of our strengths, completing our thoughts.

We stretch, we wreck-in our wretched minds-the solvency, the direction,
the resisting place we have learned.

We will eventually give in to control, and try and learn to enjoy the peace inside
of us.

Please someone hear! Don't leave the pieces undone for us, the wickedness,
that we can't trust. Our hearts, our arms at length in your distance completely-
so bare, so fragile, so inaccurate. We are open, we are wide, we are whole,
and so vulnerable.



I have a few questions for you. My thoughts, my mind, it wanders. I know something so special, and only in my control. It sits there idle all on its own.

I watch it. I know it's mine. It is so divine. My hearts, my loves, my desires, all made of my own.

It is exciting. It is tantalizing. It is such a dream to me. So magical in its own essence. My cherubs that are carved so exquisitely. They may bring me some new feelings that are unborn. I can't wait to see!



Working on myself sometimes feels like little leprechauns sneaking around so carefully before they touch. The secrecy, the quiet and peace steps so quietly on puffy pads in the distance of my mind. I can almost feel them. I can almost hear them speak, or me to speak. It almost touches my head, my brain. It is so connected to me when I let it be, when I let my guard down and give it time to do what it needs to do for me.

I want to know them. I want to find out who they are. Are they here for me? Is it just for me? Will they like me? I'm scared. I don't know. What will I lose? What kind of chance will I be taking? I think it feels safe enough to try.



I know I need to connect with myself, my higher power. Whether it is God, Budha, Jesus Christ, Mother Mary, of Mother Theresa. Whatever God or higher power I have. I need to get there. It is inside of me.

We are light, we are love, we are very needed souls, if from anyone-ourselves. But we are not a waste, you need to know. Our soul is of many outside of us that are all connected to us. We are not sitting here of ourselves alone. We can conflict with this, this is known.

It is very important to reach out to our universe, the feeling inside of us that is found in the quiet. No matter how long it takes us to find, a long vacation of sitting, looking, watching, and waiting, it is worth the time to take to connect with yourself. It is yours, it is the universe. Connect to disconnect if needed into your own comfort zone. It still can be done and perceived with love, not with clamor.

Just say excuse me please, I need the time and space to be in my glamour. They will know, they will understand. For they have, or will be, or are looking for their own.



My favorite thing to do as a child was to dip my fingers into the holy water fonts at church. I could feel the spiritual energy come through me each time. I thought it was so magical. It still is.

Just to look at them brings such depth and meaning. The representation of feeling God each time I dipped, telling me to be a better person, or praise me for what I did. I could always feel this.



I think I found my soul through this, my own sense of unique expression. Everyone has their own way of showing their intervening with their soul-sometimes through visualization.



The lambs, for some reason, are so amazing to me. The other religious pictures on the wall of the church I grew up going to amazed me as well. But for some reason, the lambs always caught my eye. It could be because of their fragileness. It could be because they were signified and spoken of as holy so many times by the priests.

But I think mostly, because in a world where all animals live in peace, including ourselves being there, this species seemed to be the one that brought it all together.



The colors of paradise in the world above compare to the colors we have down here. To give us such a gift to look forward to, is a destiny of adventure and exploring in one's life so worth living.

The sense and anticipation of uniting with such a great world is the strength to enjoy what we have in front of us now.



To feel so grateful for all things, brings shining light and color to our hair and skin. Sparkles and sparks from angel dust can be seen around our eyes as we reach for the fortune that is ours called gratitude.

Gratitude brings many riches. Gratitude brings much love. Gratitude brings hope for tomorrow, I can feel it from above. Just think of three things each day before you go to bed. You will write them down, keep them in your mind, or pray by your bed.

When you awake in the morning you will see, a new day, a new beginning from me.



The biggest and largest of gifts will come to you. They will seem so large that they would never fit. But be yours, they are. We have such powerful gifts, all of us, with our name on it. It is just by using three thoughts each night before you go to bed.

I promise you it will happen for it has happened to me. I thought a thought too small would not be good enough to be. But the smallest of thoughts got larger each day, until I finally saw so much I almost didn't have to think again.

A drop of water, a cup of tea with a friend, a smile from a stranger, holding someone's hand. Nothing is too big or too small. You will see tomorrow.



Sometimes the person you're helping, it may seem like it is impossible to find a way to do this around you. But the angels have a way of working their ways. Your subconscious wants you to be patient and wait for that deep, down inside of you. It will be telling you that it is your time soon.

But don't look and wait like for Santa from above, for wishes and miracles to happen so beautifully from heaven like magic with love.

They will come, they will come, like holiday and cakes and candy canes. I promise you. But it is in the way we do. It is the way we were made and mean't to be here. There is no other way.



Our gifts call to us. They have a way of showing. To keep the circle of love and giving going. It is called upon us, we should know, even if we don't hear, to pass our gifts along once we've found them. Once we've known and come so far with our wishes and lists of gratitude, they will show, and show us how to.

Be careful to keep them gently, but lovingly by your side. Share them with faith, and a smile. Bring good fortune to your loved ones and all. God is watching over you and rewarding you everyday.



For the gifts with the strength will be called, watch for your name. They will show us the way. With their powers and their prayers, they will bring us a new day.

Learn a way to search for yourself, one that brings you comfort and hope. For there are many. Search online. Google meditations, find a book of rhymes. Whatever takes you to that place outside of everything else, so you can touch the greatest depths inside of you.

Hypnosis helps, especially where they have so many digital files. We can do them in the home. This is one great way to tap the subconscious to find those jewels!



Don't judge each of us for our gifts. For they were given to us to live. To serve a purpose in our higher power, to give everlasting strength to a unity that needs to grow.

Some are different in their communications, in their sounds, in their way of fortune or greeting grounds. But you must know, they are all the same. The richness of your dreams will come and live up to theirs.

You will know this when you feel the richness inside of you. You will know this when the rich smiles to the poor. We all have found our place not to ignore. They are all just as powerful as another, our gifts enstored.

My Prayer To You



Photo by Allerzielen

Forgiveness is important. It gives us the strength that we need to find our gifts. It is just matter of space and mind in our thoughts. It appears demons take our thoughts and scare us off. But it is just our scared subconscious mind that fights us so much.

Don't push or fight. Be gentle with this being, us. Forgive us, forgive the outside, forgive the matter, the soul that we mistrust. For it fights our demons alongside of us, that we don't trust. Leave it aside until you are strong enough yourself. Whatever your mind eventually tells you.

Gratitude gives us the beautiful hair and purest of skin, our soul as vitamins would, but... the purest that only we can give ourselves. This is the beautiful trick, the beautiful key to be the best in me. Say thank you everyday. Find so many ways to feel and list what simple things we have received as gifts. The sun that shines, the rain that clears all, the sky that opens up to us that we feel in the morning after a long meditation with our soul. The small fragments of food, the drinking water that most don't have, our warm sheets before we go to bed, our space to kneel to thank that one more day lay ahead.

We are blessed. We are blessed.

by Lori Jean

Read this everyday. Cherish this and watch your life grow. For you are the most special creature that you have made within yourself. Why we are here. Why are we not? We were put here for our inventions to share and be at the very best at no one's cost.



Aah, a new world awaits. It gives me something to look forward to. Anything that I am not knowledgeable about gives me excitement to get to know. It takes up all the hours, minutes, and days of my life that would be left alone. I have yearning to share now with others, and what I have found, and more to be learned in the future.

It brings freshness to the morning, a reason to be here. That bowl of cereal tastes better with the unknown in my mind that I am searching for. When found and explored, I look for another. Maybe this will bring me to a different brand of oats or flakes. One with reddish berries, or a nut that I like, or a certain grain.

Oops, it is out of my hands now. And boy, it feels good. Just the way it is supposed to be. I can't wait till tomorrow!



Night time brings the beauty in at its greatest. It is the resting time for the lambs. All God's creatures, good and bad, take rest from the weary day of the past. The new day that lies ahead brings us all together only at this time. This is the time when the change happens. This is the time for our thoughts to bring a new revolution. It has always been.

We do share common thoughts and grounds, as we may have thought we had not. It is amazing how our minds mesh so close together breathing the same air. The air of our enemies, the flesh eaters of the nights, the stars that signify a new born or a death that has just come-it is all our air that we breathe.

So we have to learn to live together, sometimes feeling as a vaccination is needed, or one that we have to make. It will be so strong that the bad will walk on by, or not even notice us. An invisible shield is possible to make from it, though it seems impossible. It is as hard to make at times as the scientists that spend hours in a lab. But meticulously it can be done, with much prayer, hope, and a plan.



We do get lost, us, others. We sometimes don't seem to see what we have done, or how lost we are. We doubt our strengths and take it out on others. We run and scurry like lost children not knowing where to cling. But God does not want us to fear. He does not want us to hurt ourselves or others.

Sometimes we get confused in our perception of how to get better. But that answer is where we feel so well inside of us, telling us. We always know. Our subconscious taps into us telling us. We were all armed with this, some being able to see it better than others. So if that one person that bothers you cannot see this, try to walk to the other side. We can't always change others, it is on their time.

Sadly, while this happens, others can get hurt. If we can't help to change someone, we need to ask God and our insides how to get away. It is there. And we need to help those that are not strong enough to do this, but with love, and strength, and forgiveness. For some of us have been taken down from our strength, physically and emotionally with that first shake and jerk of our body as of a baby's syndrome that we have not taken into account. Our brain cells damaged will tell, we will not judge for what we have to hear.



God gave us uniqueness to look upon. Sound to think to. A place to rest our weary head and body. These were our gifts from him.

We made them more unique, more beautiful, more usable to us. We lined up each row of timber to the horizon for the morning rise and the evening set. As he moves the water to keep our attention, we speak back to him with joys filled with laugh and questions.



Good morning, myself, my soul! Aah, someone has left the sun to my window. I heard the crickets the night before. They must be sound asleep for the light of the day. The angels dance in the sparkles as I smile at them. They love to play with me.

I see them in the air around me when I give a moment. I smile and show my gratitude and feel the excitement of what they will do for me for the smile I gave them. It is magic, it is magic!



Peaceful beings with a smile or a nod are meant for us. We will too learn to give this. The quiet moment that is shared from others, shows us strength that we can draw from. This is their gift to us.



The most beautiful of buildings hold messages to us. Art was a way of communicating at its greatest many years ago. If we look closer to the designs embedded into it we will find the meanings that are being told.

When we can't find a way to verbalize, or we're not allowed to speak, we find other ways of sharing the loving gifts inside of us.



When we have learned to open ourselves up, we can see how much we are connected with the rest of the world. It brings in comfort to know that we are a part of this whole world.

It can be scary and alarming to think outside of our realm that there is something larger than us that is unknown. This is something we need to know of. Our environment, our space that we share with others. We need to stretch and grow.

This will make us more productive and confident in ourselves. This will bring us that new job, boyfriend, or friend, that mission that we want so bad.



For so long I had a hard time finding feelings of gratitude. Why would I look to find something to feel grateful for when I couldn't find help for myself? But those feelings that I needed-and so do you-bring the exact warmth of the feelings that help to find a spirit that is filled with gold.

This gold feels so much like mine! It feels like a gift given to me. I could keep it to myself or I could share it. I could roll in bed wrapping myself around my clean sheets to feel it. Or, I could get on the phone and tell everyone about it.

But as it grew larger and larger, I found I had so much to share. Still scaring me, a baby step at a time, I would give one line of hope to someone else out there. The next morning my entire home, and the outside appeared to be wrapping me in love.

I love the ocean. I can feel it is mine now. I know how to share it, but my space in it is mine. It is unique and only I can hear the sounds of it the way it comes from me.



Forgiveness is the hardest part. The slight, small, invisible grains of our fault. For this is not for our sinners against us, but for ourselves. It sounds all so uncanny, but it works. I have tried myself, and it gets easier.

A guilt word spoken aloud comes so easy after it all. Conversations with everything in life seem to begin to flow. I am a person now entertaining with others, of something I might have never seen, or thought to ever have happened.

It almost at times seems as though it is happening around me on its own. But I know it is because of me that took that first step-alone. That baby cry, that arm and hand to reach out with perhaps a praise upon someone else. That walk I shouldn't have taken that I had to face when known in doubt. That selfishness of making others worry was not too smart of myself. I chose my path that day, I made it happen. Okay, now that we've done that, let's carry on, to the next day, and the next one, and so on...

I promise you, the joys you will feel will come on!



I think the comfort and overwhelming feeling of joy for me, is to know when I get up in the morning what I will be doing. To know a feeling of reassurance from dedicated work to find a routine that makes me feel enriched and whole to the core of my soul in its fullest.

To share my holiness with the sun, sky, and my soul in its richest where no one else would go, because it is mine, only I know.

I have found where I need to be, where I want to be, the feeling in sincerity that is mine to share my gifts of love that I have to bear.

It may have taken me time, with sometimes doubt, only when I get scared sometimes now though, which is much easier than before.

When I feel the sureness of the place I am supposed to feel before I rest for a lifetime with my soul, I feel the utmost of appreciation for the smallest feeling of joy when I feel it inside of me of what I'm supposed to feel to have received the most on this earth.



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stories with soul

It is astonishing to me that these tiny feelings, or spurts of an descanted air so small that sometimes appears to swirl is what we were all put here to feel. Who would give us such gifts, who would want us to feel this? That part of the amazement almost seems to overtake all of this.

I suppose love at its greatest is the equal, where the only places that can be touched by such strength has a magic to it. Something so transparent and so light, and also so unseen, can carry so much power to our hearts and minds that we can almost see mountains move.

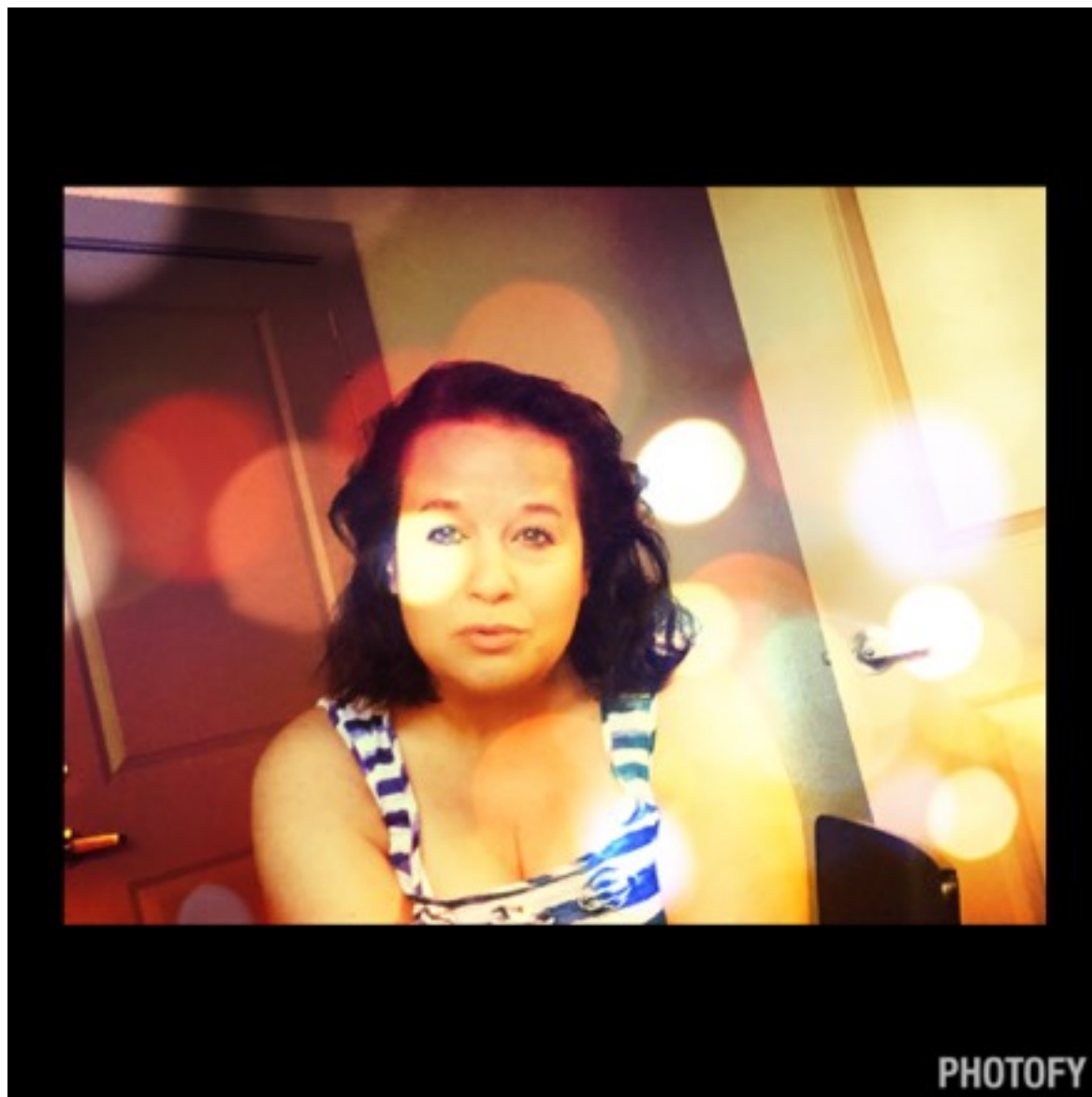
At these times, I am left with my own wonders in my mind at its greatest height. These wonders are our powers within us that I have found. It took time, and sometimes baby steps, but with as much soul that I searched, the powers, it almost seemed, burst out of me, not in my control.



It's funny how love comes into play when these times have happened. It's so natural in its state. It could be a love for animals we are meant, or a lover or wife or husband, or maybe traveling to that other country that you wished to make another or others feel well and blessed! To share your gifts, to share your gifts...

Traveling can take us to another dimension where our gifts lay. We don't always know until it is cued upon us. But the cues don't come without unburying them-they don't just tap us on the shoulder. But they do lay there awaiting for us to find them-and so happy when we do. It is almost like a dance of joy that we have found and re-birthed them inside of us-ourselves that we see now.

Sometimes they are harder to find than others. Sometimes we have to start with what is around us. Look into our atmosphere as we stand. Only use tools that bring the deepest of satisfaction, so you can find the true meaning of you.



Thank you so much for reading my book. I hope I have brought you joy like I thought I would!

Lori Jean

Recording Artist