

# thought for today

## nuts

I went to Dad's house yesterday to pick up the mail, and check the house. I am the caretaker until probate of Dad's will.

Vandals! The curtains had been pulled down in the dining room and kitchen. Fragments of porcelain, pieces of mail and nuts were all over the floor. What in the world? Who would do such damage?

Some of Mom's favorite little porcelain figurines had been knocked off shelves and shattered. The African Violet in the kitchen window had been mangled.

Electronics like the television were not touched. The damage was only at the windows, and up high.

I started cleaning up the mess, and worrying about how it had happened. Then, a squirrel jumped up on the window, grabbing at the blinds, and started making crazy noises. Woah!

I quickly opened the back door and headed toward the front door to open it. Just as I started to open the storm door the squirrel jumped at the top glass, ran a crazy circle around the top, and landed on the floor. How in the world did he keep his footing? He made a circle and ran back into the dining room. I left the doors open for a few minutes to give him time to escape. A blast of

30-degree wind blew through the house. He got out.

I was left to clean up his mess and think about things from his perspective.

I wondered how he got inside, and then why he went so nuts? It was a nice, warm place. We even had two bushels of pecans from Dad's trees sitting near the dining room windows. Nuts (we'll call him that) had evidently either played in them, or scrambled in them in fear. Pecans were all over the floor. Had he enjoyed the pecans before he realized he was trapped?

From the looks of the damage he had tried getting out in every place there was a window. The curtains were torn down in three rooms. He must have jumped at the windows to try to jump out, and then found the invisible glass barrier between himself and the light.

By the time I got there he had become a crazed banshee beating at any window he could reach.

I told the little fellow, "You need to relax and sing "HU." (This is an ancient name for God that can help you relax and connect with the Holy Spirit.) Instead he chattered, "Chee, chee, chee!" which is squirrel for "Leave me alone or I will bite you!" as he hung from the partially downed curtain rod.

When I let him out, he didn't even say "Thank you!" just ran out the door.

I thought about something I said in my last letter, "Until

you can stop the human reactions. Soul has to stand by and wait for an opening to give you guidance. When you become a clear vessel, the creative force inside you is unleashed in your life. You become spirit lead and spirit-ful, spiritual.”

Poor Nuts, he had a long way to go. Even so, God gave him some help, in the form of myself, a kind of spiritual master to him. I understood why he was so afraid and so wild. I gave him a way out and then cleaned up his mess.

We are so loved that even at our worst, the Grace of the Holy Spirit can blow through our lives and help us.

Miracles can still happen.

He was such an immature Soul he knew he needed to go to the Light, but not how to get past the invisible barrier of his own fear.

Blessings,  
Kathy