

Veeraya Dejfeng

Power of Love Changes The World

Collection of Hope, Courage, Smile and Tear Drop,

Which you cannot bear to do something Different.

Inside Cover

“Love gives naught but itself
and takes naught but from itself,
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed:
For love is sufficient unto love.”

— Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet*

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Spread love everywhere you go:

First of all in your own home,

Give love to your children, to your wife or husband, to a next door neighbor.

Let no one ever come to you without leaving better and happier.

Be the living expression of God's kindness;

Kindness in your face, kindness in your eyes,

Kindness in your smile, kindness in your warm greeting.”

Mother Teresa

Praise

About over ten years ago, I decided to quit from the veterinarian field and headed to the path of conference which has mentor as a navigator tool and the conference room is the pinpoint for each step. Days passed by, more love and more passionate with this path as if it is a gorgeous lady. Being Proud of myself, especially the ability to plan every step carefully, conciseness, rigorous, and get the result as I expected. My reputation has been admitted and goes across the nationwide and also had many followers and students. While everything was going well, but in my mind felt resistance, opposition, and suspicious in what I have done. Started to feel bitter and strange hurt, when hopeful people brought them to extend the result and extravagantly use them so I knew what the end of those conferences were. It would end with the same answer as before when the participants will hand in hand and walk out and do the same thing to get the same result that they do not want it. Moreover, no one will do follow the resolution from their ideas in the conference that they were work hard to get them.

I was dying to tell them what I saw from them. But in the other hand, I thought “at least brain storming is better than the lecture, in the term that everyone comment and participate as owners”. Besides, I had no better thing to present to them. I still kept move forward as if looked for something. I suffered physically and mentally, but I cannot describe this suffer to anyone. The odd was not only made others understand me but also I did not know how to describe my feeling to understand myself. The day came; I could not act against my will any more. I admitted to myself sincerely that “it is the dead end!” It was the tough and worthless time before I decided to leave and disappear from the conference field.

Six years later or in 2008, I got invited to join one of the projects of **กลุ่มจิตตปัญญา**, Mahidol University. Under the condition that I requested for and I have never done it before, which is, a trip to meet the community leaders one by one at home or their work places, 1 hour each person. Without preparing questions, research questions, any study information, and not even the notebook. I didn't grab it with me and did not expect any result from the meeting. They accepted my condition but they required one officer from the project to go along with me for recording the tape. It appeared that all leaders spent time with me not less than a half day. At first, someone told me that they had no time but when had a conversation, turn out they asked me not to hurry back. They still had a lot of topics to discuss. Although, they are the one who talk and I was the listener most of the time. One day I went to meet a leader whom is the chief of sub district, we just started the conversation for less than 15 minutes, he said “Doctor, everyone who apply for the candidate of the chief pay to electors each person 500 bath, so do I. But the matter is who will win the electors' heart more....” I did not expect to hear this. Although a tape recorder was in front of him. Why he trusted the person who he has never known before like this. When I left there, I instantly knew that I found what I was looking for already. Even though I did not know what it is?

Later, I went to meet enough leaders and felt that it is the time for those leaders should meet each other. I held a conference for them to have conversation for a couple times. I did not prepare anything as usual. I just started the conversation then let them continued by themselves. The more interesting was the different results from the original. It was not the original answer which we already knew it but it was new fresh acknowledge at the same time. One of the new fresh that I would love to tell is they helped each other built front palace in front of the temple where the river there is dying. Just they started to do impossible thing happened. I was speechless by that. --But that front palace in those day lead to surrounding area development, adjusted the landscape turned to recreation area and made the careers for local people there. Recently I visited there, one career has existed, which I saw and can't hold my smile. It is fish feeding food vendor. You can imagine that how many fish here nowadays. They made impossible thing possible.

New fresh answer in those days, was enough, my heart gives a leap, and wanted to go back to the conference field again. A few months later, the opportunity ran into me. When Doctor **ทวิศักดิ์ นพเกษตร**, one of the pioneer of participation process to Thai society and he is my professor, asked me to help him as a

mentor in lesson learned process of love teeth club in Rachaburi Province. I did not sure how I accepted his invitation but the next thing I knew, I was already at the front of the stage in the conference which has some amount of participants. It was my officially return to the stage and here has revealed answer to me.

This answer was not from the knowledge information, participants, nor technique method. But from a staff of Professor **อรทัย อัจฉิภา** team, whom held the conference at that time. She is a young lady who nimbly, active, bright, joyful, and great in technology. I was very impressed by her. But what amazed me and made my eyes wide opened was how she can get along with everyone as if they were her aunt, uncle, father, mother, and best friends. As if, she blended in this meeting and in everyone's body. Although, she just met all those participants at the same time as I did. And these made the meeting atmosphere amazingly alive. People and everything linked homogenous as if dancing in the same rhythm with the rhythm of the world. Made all my work smooth quickly and everything seem to be easy. I knew immediately that what she did by did not recognize it and nature of her is the same thing as I did with each leader for a month. But this young lady, who did not graduate from her master degree yet, she did the same thing with me to the entire meeting just within a half day. Luck was on my side. After that conference, had many conferences followed. I am very glad to work with her and see the incredible from her in every conference. I think everyone in civil society and participants, who joined in the same conference with her, would be the great eyewitness.

I tried to solve the puzzle what is this thing? Until after two years, I figured out the puzzle and realize that "This thing is **Fellowman Love**". After contemplated and found out that this kind of love is our breath. It is the basic love of life. It is the love that crosses oneself. It is the love that supports people to overcome the obstacles. It is the love that sustains the society to overcome the bad crisis throughout the history.

Since that day, I feel fun and awake with every conference which waiting because it is equal as the opportunity to discover the new pattern and technique which reveal this kind of love in the conference. Including, follow up closely to see the power of **fellowman love** in each meeting. What will effect to each participant? Until today, I am developing the pattern of meeting called Mind Storming.

At that time, **สำนักงานเครือข่ายองค์กรงดเหล้า (สคล.)** is supported by Thai Health Promotion Foundation, was adapted to deal with the changing of social situation and good opportunity that the foundation gave me a chance to join and develop a project named **โครงการพัฒนาศักยภาพแกนนำเครือข่ายภาคีเชิงยุทธศาสตร์ควบคุมปัจจัยเสี่ยงเหล้าและยาเสพติด**. In order to connect the leaders who work in the project stop drinking with the leaders who work in the project of drug control together. I grabbed that opportunity to bring the mind storming form to use as a tool in this project. And asked them to publish three handbooks about the mind storming form which are **Talen the lumberjack**, handbook number zero, and **"ระดมจิตใจ การประชุมในยุคที่ 3"**, handbook number one, and Power of love changes the world, handbook number two.

The book "Power of love changes the world" present **fellowman love** which is exist already inside all of us but we just forget it. And intend to use the pure brain until it led the individual person and society to the dead end, same as, I confronted it before. This book will remind the reader of value of **fellowman love** including of many kind of love such as, love between parents and children, love between brothers and sisters, love among home town and races, etc. which store within oneself.

I hope we will help make all those love flooding flow as if the river nourish our life, mind, and society until there are changing in ourselves happen. For example, world view, yourself view, leaving the relationship from you to the world then every outside will change to the positive thing as follows.

The right person to write, edit, and compose this book it would be that young lady, Miss Veeraya Dejfeang, or called as Jorjie, even though she was not confidence enough because never wrote any pocket book

before. But I believe everyone can start together. When reading, I really believe that this book is new fresh, universal, timeless and will be useful for the reader more or less.

Congratulate to Jorjie that attempt to collected good stories which are impressed people in variety of career fields from all regions of the country and all over the world. Including, the poems, poetries, and quotes in this book come out perfect and into the brilliant achievement. Wish good of this book spread out and share to all human races and return back to Jorjie. Wish her success, fulfillment in whatever you desire.

Veterinarian

ปกรณ์ สุวรรณประภา

Prachacuen home, Bangkok

April 1st, 2014

Preface

If question that “what is the love?”

Answer would be millions definitions, depend on people who give the definition. They experienced and definite as they understand. Love depends on directly experience. Not involves with others’ judgment, either right or wrong. Not about any comments, only person who experienced it has the right to know that love exist. It is wonderful and beautiful. Nobody knows where it comes from. Actually we barely know it.

...But if question that “How much is the power of love?”

Answer would be in the same direction. We all, women, men, children or adults, rich or poor, used to experience power of love. For example, love between parents and children, love among siblings, love between teachers and students, love among colleagues, love among classmates, love between young men and young women, love that adults give to the little kids, love for home towns, love for races, love for the nation, religion, and the king, etc.

Power of love is very powerful. It can penetrate obstacles which obstruct, and nothing can resist. It has made the miracle happen again and again since the era of the first human originated.

This book collects stories of some amount of people that experience power of love in many forms and describe in the simple words, like telling to friends in the coffee shop. In order to, the beginning of exchanging the love experience to each other. Cause the courage to people who desperate, in the slough of despond and cannot find the way out, people who are creating new things among controvert from people around them, or even people who are happy from successful that just happened. Moreover, hopefully you will get some new ideas. I just recalled that “Um... maybe the words ‘Life’ might not be like I used to understand.” For example, love between parents to children. No matter it happens to anyone in the world, even thousands years ago or the next thousand years, they would feel the same. It is the same love. This shows that love is not ours but it is ‘universal’ which appears inside us.

Thus, life is not ours. It is not the thing that we can control or waste it as we want to but we might have the duty to take care, pamper, raise and always ready to welcome when love has come. Or maybe the duty of life might be to open the heart and perceive completely all forms of love that exist. And appreciate the power of love that will show the miracle in front of us.

This book even show the most important intend that want to convince about the other form of love which we had forgot for a long time. It is a basic love, is a source of all love links, sustains and holds the society together all along and it is called “**fellowman love**”.

The author hopes that “**fellowman love**” will pass on, give out, and share to each other every day that the heart still beating. Hopefully, readers will enjoy and get the benefit from this book more or less.

Veeraya Dejfeung,

April 1st, 2014

Chapter 1

Sharing

In helping others,
We shall help ourselves,
For whatever good we give out
Completes the circle and come back to us.

Flora Edwards

Pass On Love

When I studied for the bachelor's degree, I saved some money from the pocket money, part time job money, and others to have enough money to guarantee the study abroad life. I tried to do everything to go to United States, country of dream which is not too difficult to visit but not too easy to live. My aim for the big world is only to release the debt of my family.

I saved every penny, endured to live with my Thai-Chinese relatives whom opened the Thai restaurant in United States. It was not easy to live under the same roof with the relative that you just know them. I had to adjust myself under the pressure in exchange to survive. Everyday kept praying that I would get out of this circle that had to hurry wake up, having breakfast, serving food to others, having lunch, serving the food to others, having dinner, serving food to others, and then going to bed. I started to look for some short term class, and studied in the field that I was interested in. Just to get some fresh air outside the house and restaurant.

I started to have some society with the classmates. I started to know more Thai people who live here. We grouped, talked, and exchanged some information about the restaurants that make good money. Several months later, I was strong enough and decided to ask my relative to move out, and lived on my own. Even though, I had never been away from my parent or family before.

The freezing cold weather, I dragged my luggages to wait for the bus at the bus stop. I looked at the snowflake on the floor that just dropped down from the sky in the beginning of season. The tropical person like me touched the snow in the beginning of the season, my heart pounded from the freezing cold and afraid of step up by myself.

I applied as the server in the Korean restaurant, had a better wage-earning. But I forgot that I had to pay everything by myself, food, transportation, rental, water bill, electricity bill, and personal expense. Expenses in every month were more than my income that I earned. Saving money that I got from my parent before I left was running out. I just comforted myself that "it just a beginning, it will get better."

One afternoon almost the closing time, a middle age Indian lady came in and ordered. Other Korean waitresses were busy at the back. Only I was wiping tables, I looked her in the eyes and greeting her. She ordered food with me. The atmosphere in the restaurant was very quiet like only us there. She ordered Korean vegetarian food. I took order and hurry to manage all. I just worked there for a while. Although I studied English for communication but that did not guarantee that I understood well in English Indian accent. Most of the time, I had to check again from the number on the photo in the menu.

After finished her meal, Indian lady called me to pay for the bill. I took the bill and gave to her. She did not even look at the price on that bill. She just put her hand in her purse and took a 100 dollar bill and left it on the tray. And I said "Thank you for coming" before I went to the counter to get the change for her.

I went back to the table. Indian lady smile and made eyes contact with my shaking eyes and said "Keep this money, you need it. It will be a special gift that you will return to me. Just one day, you pass it on to others. One day when you meet someone that you can help. When you help others, I know that you will feel great like I do now." Then she left and gone from the front of the restaurant. I held the money while wiped my tear off my face and run out from the back of the restaurant.

I wanted to say thank you this incredible lady very much. I wanted to tell her that, five years later, I went back to Thailand and first thing I did, I was a volunteer to build the earth house as the library for kids at Pakchong, countryside in Thailand. And I still miss her. I want to tell her that every time I help foreigners in Thailand, help them translate, I always thinking of her. I miss her and want to promise her that I will never forget to pass it on.

I Will Be Part Of Their Love

Madame Blavatsky , Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Founder of Theosophical Society, used to carry two bags in her hands, always. Either going for a morning walk or travelling in a train - those two bags were always in her hands. And she was throwing something out of those bags - from the window while sitting in the train - onto the side of the train.

People would ask, "Why do you do this?"

She would say, "This has been my whole life's habit. These are seasonal flower seeds. I may not come back on this route again, but that does not matter. When the season comes and the flowers will blossom, thousands of people who pass every day in this line of railway trains will see those flowers, those colours. They will not know me. That does not matter.

"One thing is certain: I am making a few people happy somewhere. That much I know. It does not matter whether they know it or not. What matters is that I have been doing something which will make somebody happy. Some children may come and pluck a few flowers and go home. Some lovers may come and make garlands for each other. And without their knowing, I will be part of their love. And I will be part of the joy of children. And I will be part of those who will be simply passing by the path, seeing the beautiful flowers." (Satchitanand, 14)

Courtesy: Osho World Foundation, Delhi.

Quote from: August 23rd, 2014

Happy Smile

The quiet peaceful night, chill wind soft blow, the chill goes through the thick fluffy wool jacket, I just left the team from the life mission in Karnchanaburi province, Thailand. I go back home alone. The quiet night around Nawamin, at the same time in other side of Bangkok is chaos from people power mob situation.

I drag my old trolley luggage with backpack and camera bag. I look to the left and right before catch the bus number 60 that pass the intersection with high speed. Suddenly I wave for the bus, the bus was stop immediately pass by my spot that I stood a bit. I run to get on the bus and lifted up the black luggage to sit next to the window and closest to the door. My hair that covers my face is blown away by the wind as the speed of this bus. I take my ten baht coin prepare to pay for the fee. I wait for some time but no one comes to get the money. So today I take the ride free. I am very happy that I can sit quietly alone in the bus. Atmosphere is nice chill, even I feel a bit sleepy but I feel “happy” and smile because I take the free bus.

When get off to transfer to another bus to go home, I drag my trolley luggage and cross on the footbridge to find some place to charge my mobile phone. After look around to find some restaurant to sit, I just see the middle age man, tall, wear two shirts, one is dirty black jacket, long trouser that the end was destroyed, wear dirty slipper, and messy hair.

I slow down my walk to have more time to observe him and estimate assistance, like a social worker soul is in my body. This man walk to the trash can at the bus stop bend down and up for a while then grab the “bag of beverage” then shake it and grab “bag of 7/11” squeeze it then lift “ bottle of Mountain Dew” look at the bottom of it and swing it left to right.

I walk pass by him and look back then leave my stuffs at that stone seat at the Sala, small rest house build for people wait for the bus, then open zip of my backpack carefully. I grab a sunflower seeds cookie box that my network gave to every staff in the team to share. I leave everything on the seat for a while. Then walk to this man and give him a sunflower seeds cookie box to this stranger whom is seeking for food from the trash can. He looks up and stares at me. It is the eyes fulfill with hope and wonder what just happen. I gradually turn back and leave him but still look back to see him a bit. I find out that he smile and look at that box with happiness. He walks to his bag and pulls out some of his old stuffs out and hides this box in the deepest of his bag like it is his treasure...

I walk away and never look back. Then my tear drop rolled down on my cheek again...

Fifteen Cents

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less,

A 10-year old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?"

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied a number of coins in it.

"How much is a dish of plain ice cream?" he inquired. Some people were now waiting for a table and the waitress was a bit impatient.

"Thirty-five cents," she said brusquely.

The little boy again counted the coins.

"I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table, and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and departed.

When the waitress came back, she began wiping down the table and then swallowed hard at what she saw. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies - her tip.

Original titled: Two Nickels and Five Pennies

By The Best of Bits & Pieces from A 3rd Serving of Chicken Soup for the Soul

Copyright 1996 by Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen

A Kilogram of Meat

Once upon a time, a rich man announces that “If any lady can bring a kilogram of meat to keep it for the meal for the longest time, she will be my daughter in law.”

Many women interested, some dry the meat, grill, fry, and preserve it for the longest time. At that time, an old lady heard that announcement so she tells the rich man that “I heard there is a young lady can keep a kilogram of meat for the lifetime.”

The rich man heard that he go to visit that young lady. He sees that she cook a kilogram of meat and share to her neighbors. After that, the neighbors bring food, fruits, and meat back to share with her again.

So she cooks those foods that she received from them and continues sharing until these days.

Chapter 2

Give an

Opportunity

Everyone should admire love
And live life in the path of love
And convince others to follow this path
And worship the power of love

Adapted from Plato's quote

Children

Spell the word love

As T-I-M-E

Adapted from John Gruwell

Ordinary thing

Once, group of fifth grade youth athlete from three provinces in South of Thailand, are on the way back home after finished from the friendly match in “Simila Games”, which held in Simila beach, Hat Yai, Sonkla province. I work as a staff to take care of children.

Kids run straight to the seat in the train, arrange their bags on the shelf. They sit up straight and well behaved before the train move. The train does not move out from the platform much, windblown to their face, they enjoy it and laugh. Some stand up, some sit down, some stand and walk from their seat to stand at the window to book the nice place for the hard windblown on their face and giggling.

Among their giggling, there is a big round clear eyes Muslim boy ask me that “BUNG, BUNG*, Shall we ride the train again?”

The scene of fun and enjoy, suddenly, quiet, pause for a while when this question is out from a boy thinking.

“Yes, we will come to ride it again.” I answered with shivering voice. It is such an innocent question of a boy who just ever takes the train for the first time in his life.

A boy has a very big smile. We take the train to our destination. When that boy is going to leave to his home, he has a very big smile and turn to me and said “Bung Bung*, Please take me to ride the train again.”

Ten years later, I’m driving to the meeting there and here. I take the airplane and train to the place on the invitations letter and phone call invitations. Every door that opens, they connect between kids community with the outside world. Whatever you called that, I will go for it.

I don’t care that anyone will call this ordinary thing that I am doing as NGOs, or civil society, or social development, or whatever. It is just a normal thing that I can do to give opportunities flow in and out in the community and to kids as it is normal for them. So I will do everything and whatever it takes to open those door of opportunities, light of hope to give to the kids in my home town.

“To ride the train often.”

*BUNG means brother in Muslim Thai language.

Mother Loan Fund

Late harvest sugarcane season, I enjoy the role of the committee of **the Mother of the Land Loan Fund** มีชื่อจริงก็เปลี่ยนนะคะ , Phon district, Khon Kaen Province, for the member in the village. My priority duty is strengthening the community with the healing suffering and support basic happiness by integration group power.

One morning, while doing daily routine work in the village, I receive the urgent meeting subject from other committees about assist “Mrs. Chawewan”. This woman walks straight to us and ask “How to get the help from this loan fund?” She heard there is a loan fund that helps people in this community which is **the Mother of the Land Loan Fund**.

Although I have not seen her for a long time, but I still recognize her. She was the labor in sugarcane field last season. She was cheated her wage and nearly penniless. She only had 15 baht left in her pocket, hitchhiked some truck to come home. But most of the trucks just stop at Saraburee province, just half way to her home. She had to wait and spend last 15 baht to live. She said that took her 2 days to get home. She ate the noodle soup that left over from other people to relief the hungry.

I know clearly about the rules of this loan fund. I keep thinking repeatedly in my head how to help Chawewan? The rule of this loan fund is she must apply for a member and pay minimum fee 100 baht. It is too difficult for her. I still keep thinking, “How to help her? She has no money, and she asked for help, how should I help her?”

This topic was in the meeting, 15 committees listened to her story and feel sympathy and compassion. One of the committee brave enough to offer an opinion that he willing to help her 50 baht and for the rest she has to bring it. Then there was 1 person started to share his own money for her, the others followed him and collected within that day up to 1,500 baht and gave to her.

From that day, she took that small amount of money to apply for a member of **the Mother of the Land Loan Fund**. The loan fund is approved and gives some money to help Mrs. Chawewan. She feel very thankful for this loan, after that she get back up on her feet and start selling cold beverage in the bucket at the bus station at Phon district, Khonkaen province. First day she spent 300 baht for plastic bucket and beverage, and sold 500 baht. She get 200 baht profit, first thing that she do after get the profit is return money to the mother loan fund because she hopes that others people who have no chance like her, can get the same chance that she got too.

I feel that love among fellowman doesn't need anything much, just start from few people who give love to each other, then it surely expand more.

Some call Street Teacher
Street Teacher is no different
From classroom teacher
Street Teacher or volunteer Teacher is Teacher too
Teacher is Giver
Teacher is giving opportunities to people.

Chao teacher, Street Teacher

Small people, big heart award, Khon Kon Khon Award 2011

One day at the soccer field

I throw the ball back to the field in front of school where group of boys enjoy playing.

“Principal’s hereeee.....” A voice from a boy flows.

“Good morning, Principal” All kids greet one by one before they put their shirt in the pants quickly and walk in to their classroom.

Among those boys, there is a boy that his class teacher comes to consult with me because he is not pay attention in the class. The teachers in each subject asked the class teacher to warn and teach him to pay attention in class more. When often warning, the boy starts to absent school often too.

One evening, at the field where is called “all purpose field”. Small school in the rural always uses the open wide land adjust for every activity for kids’ learning and for held school activities.

It can be running track when there is the running match.

It can be a field for lineup when there is the time for pay respect for the national anthem or any formal procedures.

It can be soccer field when there are kids want to play soccer.

I walk around the school for regular routine and I am the last person to go home. I heard the kicking ball sound from the field in front of the school. That boy kicks the ball in and out the goal, some are goal, some are out to the back. I have never seen this boy look very happy and enjoy anything this much before. It is the happiness that even I still envy. As if here is his heaven. I walk to him. He startles a bit, his eyes shaking, afraid of the mistake.

“Hey! Why don’t you go home? Ah! These are school balls, right?” I asked

“Yes.” He bends down his head like he is guilty and takes the ball to hold in his hands and going to put it back.

“Hold on! I have an idea. I am looking for someone to take care of these balls. So from now on, you are a care giver for all school balls. You can play whenever you want and can put it back whenever you want but you have to take very good care of them and do not lose them, ok?” I told him.

“Really, principal!!!” He has a big smile on his face which I have never seen on his face before.

“Yes really.” I smile back.

After that day, this boy comes to school in the early morning and goes home the latest than anybody. The class teacher surprises then comes to ask me, why this boy has changes his behavior a lot.

I don’t say anything more than just that “It is because of one day at the soccer field.”

Full support!

It is 6 o'clock at an office. I feel exhausted and tired from all comments in the office. When we stand in different positions, we see different things, understand different ways, different points of view, different statuses. I work as an accountant in the office. My job is quite busy and a lot of details to manage. I made many fund contracts to support the work of many members. I take care of many projects especially when time for closing the financial statement or when the auditor randomly checks the financial documents, it would be very busy. Specifically, the day before the auditor visit, I have to prepare all financial documents. I check it again and again to have fewer mistakes as possible. But it will be ok, just a few seconds everything will pass.

I look at Tommy, our manager. I see he smiles to encourage me. It recalls me that every time that he has to leave the office and go to meetings around Bangkok, and other provinces, since early morning till evening. At night he still comes to clear all documents and check the office. All management, manage people, manage members in the network, account and financial reports and more, only him that do all that and because of him, I still have the patient to work here for all along. He made stressful work become challenge work. Instead of threaten employee to have good discipline, he use the technique of encourage and support each person follow by their abilities and with his warm smile on his face.

Once, I was misunderstanding. It came from my good intention about the financial documents. Everyone in the office looked at me like I'm too strict more than nature of network member should do. I started to hear something about my bad work. I felt down, disappointed and blamed myself. I knew only it is the time that I have to take a long break. I always say physically tried which I can deal with it, just take a rest, and get back up again but mentally tried is difficult to recovery and fight again soon.

I thought and decided quietly to myself that if too many troubles, I will take a long break.

At that time, still many piles of documents at the corner of my table which wait for me to take care of them. But I can't bare it any more. I went to meet the manager to ask for a vacation break with my heart that not beat properly.

"Mr. Tommy, may I get the vacation at this time?" I told him

The manager still kept calm on his face as usual before he said "Yes, you may, Miss Emmy."

He was fine and understood without any words. He even gave me full support in any of my choice. I thought in advance that he might be strict and force to use the rules of the organization about the long vacation or give me the blame eyes, but nothing at all.

"OK. Whenever you are ready, you can come back."

Searching yourself must

Explore yourself first

Likewise searching for cloth in the closet,

Might find the box then misunderstand that,

Oh! I found it!!!

But that box might be empty.

However, taking a note of everything is revision

Help us explore deeper as if:

Crystal of Life

Veeraya Dejfeang

I also have wings to fly.

When I studied in fifth grade, there is a teacher. She is the first teacher that waked up the bad kid like me to spread my wings. Spread like I have never knew that I also have wing. The more I fly the more fun I get. At first met, she inspired idiot person like me very much. I started to look for good in myself. Until I knew that how much I love and fascinate in volleyball.

Not long before that, teacher Panee was a new physical class teacher and volleyball is one of basic learning subject which students must know. Whenever I studied this class, she always asked me to be her volleyball model, hit the ball, serve the ball or set the ball.

At that time, she taught me to bounce volleyball each person ten times. I started to bounce same time with other friends. I enjoyed bounce it. The ball was not drop to the floor yet until all friends encircled around me and cheers me up. Everyone counted out loud together.

After finished the class, teacher came to me and said

“Woraluck, you can bounce the ball for long time.” I still remember her face; look like she was amazed by me.

Teacher Panee continued “Well done, come! I will teach you more.”

In the volleyball class, when each student practiced, she taught me extra. Even though she was not good in volleyball but she tried hard. I could feel it that she want me go further than this.

She is not a talkative person, sometime shy when she talked. Although, her compliment did not show as her speech but it always show through her caring teaching. She asked me that “Woraluck can you do this, do that?”

Do you believe that! From then, the girl who never said anything at all in the classroom, not well in study, never done any homework, no attention in the class; look like sleepy head all the time, became an active girl. I broke my piggy bank to buy volleyball by myself because I like when friends encircle around me and watched me bounce bounce bounce...

Until I went to high school, I decided to get in the volleyball athlete club and became the best athlete of the school. Although it was just a match in school but at the volleyball field is the happiest place for me. It feels like I can spread my wings here in my volleyball field.

Chapter 3

View and Opinion

“Humankind has not woven the web of life.

We are but one thread within it.

Whatever we do to the web, we do to
ourselves.

All things are bound together.

All things connect.

Chief Si'ahl (Seattle)

Feeling of Rich

I was a single parent of four small children, working at a minimum-wage job. Money was always tight, but we had a roof over our heads, food on the table, clothes on our backs and, if not a lot, always enough. My kids told me that in those days they didn't know we were poor. They just thought Mom was cheap. I've always been glad about that.

It was Christmas time, and although there wasn't money for a lot of gifts, we planned to celebrate with church and family, parties and friends, drives downtown to see the Christmas lights, special dinners, and by decorating our home.

But the big excitement for the kids was the fun of Christmas shopping at the mall. They talked and planned for weeks ahead of time, asking each other and their grandparents what they wanted for Christmas. I dreaded it. I had saved \$120 for presents to be shared by all five of us.

The big day arrived and we started out early. I gave each of the four kids a twenty-dollar bill and reminded them to look for gifts that cost about four dollars each. Then everyone scattered. We had two hours to shop; then we would meet back at the "Santa's workshop" display.

Back in the car driving home, everyone was in high Christmas spirits, laughing and teasing each other with hints and clues about what they had bought. My younger daughter, Ginger, who was about eight years old, was unusually quiet. I noted she had only one small, flat bag with her after her shopping spree. I could see enough through the plastic bag to tell that she had bought candy bars—fifty-cent candy bars!

I was so angry. What did you do with that twenty dollar bill I gave you? I wanted to yell at her, but I didn't say anything until we got home. I called her into my bedroom and closed the door, ready to be angry again when I asked her what she had done with the money. This is what she told me:

"I was looking around, thinking of what to buy, and I stopped to read the little cards on one of the Salvation Army's 'Giving Trees.' One of the cards was for a little girl, four years old, and all she wanted for Christmas was a doll with clothes and a hairbrush. So I took the card off the tree and bought the doll and the hairbrush for her and took it to the Salvation Army booth.

"I only had enough money left to buy candy bars for us," Ginger continued. "But we have so much and she doesn't have anything."

I never felt so rich as I did that day.

Kathleen Dixon

A 5th Portion of Chicken Soup for the Soul

Original Title: The Giving Trees

From Chicken Soup for the Soul: Christmas Cheer

The Ugly Corns

I have been assigned to work follow my professional skill which I studied in as a hill tribes social worker and was sent to the welfare and development center in Chiang Dao District, in Chiang Mai. Those days, the luxury food on the mountain is pork and vegetable from farm.

Dried foods, spices, chili sauce, fish sauce, oil, drinking water was transported to the high mountain village by truck in order to carry many of supplies.

The route is steep valleys, some high, some low, in descending order. It is not very convenient to go up and down many rounds in one day to the mountain. The route to the forest and up to the mountain is even more difficult, rougher, each step that touch the ground can cause slipping to downhill at any second.

The distance from my lodge is not far from the tribe neighborhood. As a stranger came to live and not used to this living conditions, food, cold weather and very strong wind. I chose to stay quietly and peacefully in my place throughout the weekend.

One day, a mountaineer started to notice the serenity in my lodge that I didn't go out at all. "Knock, knock, knock." The sound from my door.

I greeted with my voice first. "Who are you looking for?" in the sense of fear, who came to see me at this time?

The mountaineer man smile, and answer with his unique accent "It's Lahu."

I feel familiar with that voice. "Yes, what can I do for you?" and reach the knob gradually open the door and look to see his face with caution.

The middle-aged mountaineer in his traditional cloth buckled his head with the cloth string from the vegetable basket. He gave the wrap of warm boiled corns to me

"Thank you, Lahu." I said. "You're welcome", he answered with his original accent.

Then he walks away while I was closing the door. I open that wrap to see what inside. They are corns, some is small, some are big, and none of them look good, in total 3 corns.

Just only 3 corns!!! I frown; felt bad with the tribal and bad attitude with all.

After a few days, I met Lahu, his wife and his children. They were going to the cornfield. I love to travel so I asked them to go there too. I have a small backpack, which has bread and flask of water. I thought that was enough for me to eat alone. I walked and sometime run followed them very close at first. It was fun, but after a while began to tired and feel the backpack is heavier more and more, even though water in the flask has been gone for a long time. I wanted to leave the backpack and walk. Actually, I want to go home and take a rest now. I complained myself that shouldn't have come here and pray to reach to the field sooner. I kept walking behind them a bit far and take a rest some time. I crossed several mountains until reached the mountain which is their field. I sit gasp for breath with pale face, and thought, why it is very far!!! Lahu brought some water from the spring around there. It's cool. I drank from the bamboo flask to relieve fatigue.

I wiped off the sweat and turned to look at Lahu's face as ashamed to judge him wrong. If I were him, I wouldn't bring any corn to share with anyone because I can't even take care of my own yet.

Do not judge your neighbor
Until you walk two moons in his moccasins*

*moccasins are American Indian traditional shoes

Cheyenne
Native American Quote

One Meter Long Spoon

A Danish is sleeping in his home at night.

... An angel comes to him and invites him to go see heaven and hell.
He agrees to follow her.

The angel took him to a place and told him that "Here is hell".
There is a big room with a long table.
On that table, there are plenty of all types of fine delicious healthy food.

... There are many people sit there and the angel said 'they are the beast in hell'.
They looked at the most delicious food in the world but look at them; they are skinny, yellow and pitiful.

..... Angel said here allowed to eat all those food.
But the rule is DO NOT eat with your hands.
When they want to put the food in their mouths, they must use one meter spoon only
So people in hell still can't bring the food to their mouth yet.

..... All delicious food spills on the floor all the time. They are suffered and a lot of chaos. They try to bring food to their mouth but never reach their mouth yet.

..... They are very skinny because of starving even they are close to delicious and high nutritive food.

..... But why can't they put food in their mouth?

Angel took him to another room and said, 'Here is heaven'.

... This second room is look exactly like the first room, there is a long table fulls of fine delicious food same as in the hell room.

... There are many people sitting on the chair around that table and angel said 'they are angel in the heaven'.

... But strangely the people in heaven smile and in the healthy shape and how can they eat those food? Even though they must use one meter long spoon same as in hell.

... Umm... why are they not like in hell?'

Why these people enjoy, happy, and strong?

After take a closer look, oh I see the way of heaven angels!!!

... ... The one at the end of the table put the food in that long spoon and put in the mouth of person who sits opposite with him.

..... Another side brings food into mouth of the other side person so everyone can eat and live happily.

Because of a Teacher

I asked myself which teacher that I remember the most? Why do I remember her/him? After, think for a bit, the scene in my head pop up with the scenes of teacher Ruttana, my class teacher when I was in twelfth grader.

I didn't feel nervous when I talked to her. I didn't feel that she is majestically person and she didn't make me afraid to talk to her. When I made mistake, she always asked "why you did that, tell me?" She didn't judge me from her point of view because I'm quite good girl so she barely asked me. But I like to observe every teachers especially, teacher Ruttana.

Teacher Rut, always called nickname of her students informally. Other teachers called real name of their students which make us feel formal and some distance between students and teacher.

I remembered when Christmas party, we argued about the staffs shirts for almost whole day until we tried and lowed our voice down.

Teacher Rut came and asked us "Do you tired of arguing?"

We were quiet, and thought in our head, she were there with us what was she talking about? "Confused!!!"

She continued "Seriously, do we have other issues that more hurry than this shirt issue?"

That's it. Everyone realized, Right! We wasted our time to arguing about shirt but the game planning which more important, we didn't do it yet.

Teacher Rut always teaches us to join each other and help others.

I remembered, in mathematic class in twelfth grade, she always had questions to let us try to solve them. I studied in Arts-Match, which mean mathematic is our challenger. As a class teacher she asked us this question "how to make all of you understand mathematic more?"

Teacher Rut, didn't give us a time to think and turned to me and consulted me as I'm the best in mathematic in this class.

"Moo, as you are the only one that got A for this class. What would you do to get other friends understand more?" Teacher Rut asked.

"Umm.... Practice together, do the tutorial." I just answered it without thinking. At that time I was confuse with the question, but I did answer without thinking. In the past, the studying for me is studying for myself. I had never thought that my friends had to understand it with me. Even to understand it myself is difficult and how I am going to make other friends understand that?

I thought a lot about that and studied double times. Serious searching for the match questions and method of solved them to teach all friends in the class. Every morning, one question, I knew I wasn't good in teaching because I was shy that I had to teach other friends in front of the class which was opposite with my neat character. But all those were no matter; the fun part was I had to think everyday how I was going to teach friends and how to make them understand. That was the part that makes me love mathematic many times more. And that love was enough for me to teach for the rest of my life.

Teacher Rut, Ruttana...teacher who changed my life to become a teacher too.

With love and thankful to teacher Rut and all teachers

Open your eye once again and
Try to look steadily with
Concentration heart

Adapted from Edwin Abbott quote

อันนี้เนื้อความจริงคือ

"it is Knowledge; it is Three Dimensions: open your eye once again and try to look steadily."

http://en.wikiquote.org/wiki/Edwin_Abbott_Abbott

B-Boy

Professor สุวิษ วัฒนารมย์ the retired administration teacher, one of the most important leaders in Stop Drinking Network, western region, recalled first memory about meeting first campaign group of kids, they wore the oversize clothes and sloppy look, danced and looked dirty.

“Frankly, when I was teenager, I called these people as bastard or trash. Look at them; they have stupid tattoos all over their body and arms. I told them why you do this, you want to show off, and you want someone to admire you or what? I was anti them for all along”

Then one day, I knew the true because I had to work with B-Boy group. Professor continued telling “I asked my co-workers that why we need these kids for? Co- workers said for dance. They dance very good, professor. I was so stress because I used to work as an administration teacher. I knew those people, even we worked with them very hard, and they won’t get better. At that time, I really thought only that.”

But when the time came, I told them with no intention that “Let show me what you can do!”

B-Boy group didn’t wait, turned on the song from mobile phone that linked to the speaker and showed their move for one song.

I was amazed. After the show, I said their stupid, crazy dance seem to be fine. Dance like this need a lot of energy. Even I can’t dance like that. I was admire them in my mind then told them that “Ok. Next time, if there is any campaign, I will ask you to join us.” Then we left the office.

One day, the team in a province asked me to talk to this group to join them for opening their campaign in their province.

She asked that “I want the B-Boy group for opening my project, professor.”

I answered immediately as remind her “Opening the project really? Are you sure? They dressed look dirty.”

“Just try, professor.” She answered.

In my mind was nervous, sometime brave, and sometime afraid. I still had conflict in my mind. Then a voice in my head answered me back that give them an opportunity and give myself an opportunity too.

“Then, Let do it!”

I didn’t believe my eyes after the opening project finished...

“The audiences love it very much and want to see them again and request for more more more...” That lady told me excitedly.

After that, I asked the B-Boy group to join us by showing their dance and promote their dance to every province in western region which I am a coordinator. Especially, Safe Songkran campaign last year, audiences gather around in big group to watch the B-Boy did the campaign on the street, made all the audience also see our advertising board for stop drinking also when they stopped and watch the B-Boy dance.

As I had never known them in person, then I started to meet them and talk. I asked them that how are their family, they were quiet and told me smoothly voice that.

“We don’t live with our family any more. We live on our own and my father dead already.”

“Oh....”

We were talking about many things and I understood that actually they are not bad kids. They are quite neat, respect others, and good manner, but not noisy like I thought. These kids are just lonely children and something missing in their lives and want to have friend and to stay in the group and do what they want to. But something that they want to do, it is not something that adult like us want it. Seriously, when I saw those kids dance, I thought that they can have place in our society and they can convince others who almost lost to drug, get back to the normal track.

“I was wrong.” That was the thinking when I judged people when I first saw them. Think that they could be this, they could be that. It already judged. When judged, the mind gone to that way already.

I knew at that time that “I was wrong.” Professor said it twice, his eyes was the eyes of the professor who has an opened mind and relief smile.

The story of Teddy Stoddard

Mrs. Jean Thompson stood in front of her 5th grade class on the very first day of school in the fall and told the children a lie. Like most teachers, she looked at her pupils and said that she loved them all the same. And that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard. Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he didn't play well with other children, that his clothes were messy, and that he constantly needed a bath. And, Teddy was unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then marking the "F" at the top of the paper, biggest of all. Because Teddy was a sullen little boy, no one else seemed to enjoy him, either.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's records and put Teddy's off until last. When she opened his file, she was in for a surprise.

His first grade teacher wrote:

"Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners. He is such a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher wrote:

"Teddy is an excellent student, well liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness, and life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote:

"Teddy continues to work hard, but his mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest, and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote:

"Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and sometimes sleeps in class. He is tardy and could become a problem."

By now Mrs. Thompson realized the problem but Christmas was coming fast. It was all she could do, with the school play and all, until the day before the holidays began and she was suddenly forced to focus on Teddy Stoddard. Her children brought her presents, all in beautiful ribbon and bright paper, except for Teddy's, which was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper of a scissored grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one quarter full of cologne.

She stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume behind the other wrist. Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say,

"Mrs. Thompson, today you smell just like my Mom used to."

After the children left she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing and speaking. Instead, she began to teach children.

Mrs. Jean Thompson paid particular attention to one they all called "Teddy." As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded. On days there would be an important test, Mrs. Thompson would remember that cologne. By the end of the year he had become one of the smartest children in the class and... well, he had also become the pet of the teacher who had once vowed to love all of her children exactly the same.

A year later she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that of all the teachers he'd had in elementary school, she was his favourite.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class, and she was still his favourite teacher of all time.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he'd stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would graduate from college with the highest of honors. He assured Mrs. Thompson she was still his favourite teacher.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still his favourite teacher but that now his name was a little longer. The letter was signed:
Theodore F. Stoddard, M.D.

The story doesn't end there. You see, there was yet another letter that Spring. Teddy said he'd met this girl and was to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering... well, if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the *pew* usually reserved for the mother of the groom. And guess what, she wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. And I bet on that special day, Jean Thompson smelled just like... well, just like the way Teddy remembered his mother smelling on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other, and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear:
"Thank you, Mrs Thompson, for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference."

Mrs Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, *"Teddy you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you!"*

Elizabeth Silance Ballard published in Home Life magazine (1974 or 1976)

Same girl

When an old lady died in the geriatric ward of a small hospital near Dundee, Scotland, it was felt that she had nothing left of any value. Later, when the nurses were going through her meager possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

Crabby old woman

What do you see, nurses, what do you see?
What are you thinking when you're looking at me?
A crabby old woman, not very wise,
Uncertain of habit, with faraway eyes?
Who dribbles her food and makes no reply
When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try!"

Who seems not to notice the things that you do,
And forever is missing a stocking or shoe.....
Who, resisting or not, lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill....
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse; you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of ten ... with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters, who love one another.

A young girl of sixteen, with wings on her feet,
Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet.
A bride soon at twenty -- my heart gives a leap,
Remembering the vows that I promised to keep.

At twenty-five now, I have young of my own,
Who need me to guide and a secure happy home.
A woman of thirty, my young now grown fast,
Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,
But my man's beside me to see I don't mourn.
At fifty once more, babies play round my knee,
Again we know children, my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead;
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing young of their own,
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old woman ... and nature is cruel;
'Tis jest to make old age look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles, grace and vigor depart,
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.
But inside this old carcass a young girl still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart swells.

I remember the joys, I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years all too few, gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, nurses, open and see,
Not a crabby old woman; look closer ... see ME!!

By Phyllis Mabel McCormack, originally entitled "Look Closer"

She wrote it in the early 1960s for publication in the *Sunnyside Chronicle*

Two Buckets

A Chinese man carries two buckets of water on his shoulder to take some water at the creek.

A bucket has a crack.

And another has no any damage and can contain full bucket of water.

But because of long distance from the creek to home,

Water in the bucket which has the crack, there is only half left.

This incident happens for full two years.

The man carries one and a half bucket of water back home.

Of course, the bucket which not has any damage must be proud in his achievement very much.

At the same time, the bucket which has a crack is embarrassing for its error.

It is sad with its half ability of the target that it is built for.

After two years of serving, a cracked bucket thinks it is painful failed.

One day at the creek, it talk to the man with sad sound that,

“I am embarrassing because of my crack in the side that makes the water leak out all the way back to your home.”

The man gentle answered that,

“Have you ever notice that flowers are blossom all the way on your side?”

But another side doesn't have any flowers at all.

I knew that you have a crack.

So I threw the seeds on the path at your side.

And every day we have walked home.... You are the one who watering those seeds.

For two years, I can collect those beautiful flowers back to decorate my dining table.

If without you, as what you are....

We would not have all those beautiful.

Everyone has their weakness that unique,

But that weakness or error which each of us has,

Might helps make the coexistence of us be more interesting.

And become a reward of life.

Thing that must do, just accept each person as what they are.

And look for only the best in those people.

Look at the world in many aspects because we do not have only bad side. In every flaw always have it own value and beautiful in itself.

Good news

Robert De Vincenzo, the great Argentine golfer, once won a tournament and, after receiving the check and smiling for the cameras, he went to the clubhouse and prepared to leave. Sometime later, he walked alone to his car in the parking lot and was approached by a young woman. She congratulated him on his victory and then told him that her child was seriously ill and near death. She did not know how she could pay the doctor's bills and hospital expenses.

De Vincenzo was touched by her story, and he took out a pen and endorsed his winning check for payment to the woman. "Make some good days for the baby," he said as he pressed the check into her hand.

The next week he was having lunch in a country club when a Professional Golf Association official came to his table. "Some of the boys in the parking lot last week told me you met a young woman there after you won that tournament." De Vincenzo nodded. "Well," said the official, "I have news for you. She's a phony. She has no sick baby. She's not even married. She fleeced you, my friend."

"You mean there is no baby who is dying?" said De Vincenzo.

"That's right," said the official.

"That's the best news I've heard all week," De Vincenzo said.

The Best of Bits & Pieces

From A 3rd Serving of Chicken Soup for the Soul

MISTER BOFFO

by Joe Martin

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None of my business

A rat saw the farmer brought the trap and left there.

So it asks a chicken to help it. The chicken said "It is none of my business."

So it asks a pig to help it. The pig said "It is none of my business."

So it asks a cow to help it. The cow said "It is none of my business."

The next night, sneak trapped in that trap.

The farmer's wife thought it was a rat so she is bitten and almost die.

So the farmer kills the chicken to keep his wife fit.

Then when neighbors come to visit the wife, the farmer kills the pig for sharing.

When the wife get well, the farmer is very happy so he kills the cow for celebrate.

Resurrect Medicine

One day, Mrs. Kesa Kotame, cried and went to meet the Buddha and moaned that,

“Oh Sir who has merit, my only son passed away. I asked everyone that ‘do you have any medicine to resurrect him?’ All answered the same thing that ‘No such a medicine can do that.’ But they told me to meet you. You might help. Please help do you have any medicine to help my son?”

Buddha looked at her with mercy and answered that,

“You did it very well done. You shall go to collect the turnip seed from every house where never have any member in the house dead, neither father, mother, child, relative, sibling, or servants, then I will make the medicine for you.”

Mrs. Kesa Kotame was very happy. She went to ask from door to door but none of them ever have anyone not dead. Finally, she understood that and moaned.

“My lovely son, I thought you are the one who face the thing that people called ‘DEAD’. Now I understood that you are not the only one. But every human has to face it.

If I Had My Life to Live Over

I'd dare to make more mistakes next time.
I'd relax. I would limber up.
I would be sillier than I have been this trip.
I would take fewer things seriously.
I would take more chances.
I would take more trips.
I would climb more mountains and swim more rivers.
I would eat more ice cream and less beans.

I would perhaps have more actual troubles but I'd have fewer imaginary ones.
You see, I'm one of those people who live sensibly and sanely hour after hour, day after day.
Oh, I've had my moments and if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them.
In fact, I'd try to have nothing else. Just moments.

One after another, instead of living so many years ahead of each day.

I've been one of those people who never go anywhere
without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a raincoat
and a parachute.

If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot
earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall.

If I had it to do again, I would travel lighter next time.
I would go to more dances.
I would ride more merry-go-rounds.
I would pick more daisies.

*By Nadine Stair (age 85)
from Condensed Chicken Soup for the Soul
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It is as it is

The village chief has 2 daughters, the oldest one has M.D. Bangkokien husband but the younger one has country farmer husband. One day, while in the boat, the village chief wants to embarrass the country farmer son in law, he see the duck swim pass by then asked "Hey Doctor, why duck can float?" "Because of the fur is oily, so the fur not absorbs water and it can float." Before turn to farmer son in law and asked "What about your answer?" "It is normal of it. It is as it is."

Then he sees a goose is honking very loud then the village chief asked "Hey Doctor, why the goose can honk very loud?" "Because of it has long neck so it can honk a lot of voice out loud." Before turn to farmer son in law and asked "What about your answer?" "It is normal of it. It is as it is."

Then he sees bamboo shoot on the river bank, so he asked "Hey Doctor, why the bamboo shoot can push the soil up to the surface?" "Because of the top of it is sharp so it can push the soil up." Before turn to farmer son in law and asked "What about your answer?" "It is normal of it. It is as it is."

The village chief is confident that the education makes people clever. And uneducated person like farmer son in law is very stupid. The village chief wants to test for the last time. When he sees a hole on the river bank then he asked "Hey Doctor, why that hole is very shiny?" "Because of sneak always creep at the front of the hole so it is very shiny."

Before turn to farmer son in law and asked "What about your answer?" "It is normal of it. It is as it is." When they arrived home, he called farmer son in law to complain.

"You have no knowledge at all. You should go to study instead of just only work in the farm." He sighed before question him. "And you said it is normal of it. It is as it is. What is that mean?" "Let me explain, floating duck because of the fur is oily but why dry dung of buffalo can float? The goose honk very loud because of long neck but why bullfrog has short neck can make the loud voice? The bamboo shoot has a sharp top so can push the soil up to the surface but what about the mushroom has curve soft top but it still can push the soil up to the surface too?" The village chief stuns and nods. "Um...you are right. What about the hole that shiny, what will you explains?" The farmer son in law points at bold shiny head of his father in law and said "look at your head, there is nothing creep on it, why is it very shiny?"

See as it is

Chinese philosopher Zhuang Zhou said.

“A person, who must use the curved wooden ruler, ruler, and dividers to create the correct shape, is the person who destroys the real structure of nature. A person, who has to use the rope to tie and use glue to adhere, is a person who involve in distorting the natural conditions. Things are an absolute perfect truth already. Which mean, all things are curved without using the curved wood, straight without using ruler, round without using dividers, be square without measure any angle... With this truth things are created themselves from deepest down reflection that cannot reach and no one can tell how they have occurred.”

“It is the feeling of impatient when
Seeing others people or creatures must suffering
Before we feel like that
We must perceive the severely suffering of others
The more we perceive the deeper mercy level we got.

Adapted from Dalai Lama's quote

Chapter 4
Winning over
Obstacles

The Voiceless Thank

A night that I'll never forget as a nurse on duty was called to deliver a child, which took 3 hours to reach the Kareang Village on top of the mountain.

When I arrived there, it was unexpected scene. The villagers are carried the dead body of the mother, went to the cemetery outside the village. Next to mother dead body was a baby screamed with its umbilical cord still connected to the mother dead body on a stretcher. The father of the baby was frustrating, bended down his head and walk without any words from his mouth.

I recalled that they have a superstitious that was believed from generation to generation. If mother died during childbirth, they must get rid of both mother and infant body then let them die along together because it was considered as an inauspicious, and must finish them within one day.

I rushed to talk to the shaman to explain the cause of death.

In that second, the shaman looked at me and seriously said with no hesitate disrespectful voice that "NO!!!"

I snapped and unconsciously yell back. "Listen to me first, Shaman!!!" Screaming with high tone roared out from the throat of the young woman, it was deeply hurt Shaman's ears, forced him to open up his eyes to make eye contact to begging eyes from this nonlocal lady.

"The baby has problems during it turn its head upside down and it cause dead of the mother from hemorrhaged. Look at this infant, it is healthy and normal. Would you kill this innocent infant, wouldn't you? Please I'm begging you. "

Entreaty for the infant life who was born only a few hours touched shaman's heart. Shaman was quiet for a while, was thinking, but could not solve the rule which he has to break it.

From the aggressive eyes start to yielded, shaman looked up at me like guilty man and said, "What shall we do next?" with a question that "How to clear the superstitious?"

I rush to the dead body stretcher and used medical instruments which I have prepared, cut the umbilical cord and tied the umbilicus and spanked the infant's bottom and it cried out loud. The infant's voice as if the voice of hope. Every eye there was wide opened. Then I glanced at the shaman that I communicated with the child's mother already. And the mother of the child pleaded that her son didn't have to go with her and the baby must take care of his father.

The Shaman told the crowd that, they began to agree with him. But also the fear of mystery and curse, so some insisted to bury infant with dead mother body. While I was cleaning the baby boy, I was very excited and wanted to get up to explain them myself but I can do only encourage the shaman. Finally the shaman could successfully convince them.

When I wrapped the infant with clothes then handed to the father, he took his baby in his arms. Then he engaged in funeral of the mother until done.

20 years later, the baby grew up as a young man who graduated from the most popular universities and work in the government and came back to help the village and be one of the leader of this hill tribe village, develop community, for a better quality of life and take care of his father and his family.

I am thankful for myself and thanks for the shaman who taught me to give myself a chance, even a little one, it may save one person and society around that person sustainable.

The Neighbor

While I am enjoying plant the acacia along my house's fence, I was startled by shouting "Help Help!!!" from the next house. I hurry left gardening tools, jumped up, and run while took off my gloves, shook off the dirt from my feet and went to the source of that voice at the next house.

I pushed the door, and saw an old lady, her eyelids, hands, arms; legs are edema, dusky yellow skin, red and green bruises spread all over her skin, having seizures, hands, arms, legs spasm in bed.

As the other old woman is screaming, shaking and stood there. She did not know what to do. I touched the seizure old lady's, feet. What a cold foot!!! I massaged her feet softly and get the willies. Oh my god!!! What should I do now? I think about an ambulance then I told the other older lady call the ambulance.

I just knew that two old sisters live in this house together. The older one over seventy years old and other over sixty years old. I have never known that the younger one has the last stage of chronic kidney disease. After we took the patient to the hospital, which is the one under social security department. But the hospital did not diagnose with acute renal failure. Thus they just cure follow by the symptoms, cannot be operated kidney transplant if it would, they will have to pay high cost.

As if to jeer at something, these neighbors have no income, both do not have enough money to pay for it. Even if the two ever work in private companies, but that was a long time ago. Present both do not have any income at all. Except the elderly welfare pension every month which is a few hundred baht. The poor financial condition, finally, they have to do the treatment at home.

After leaving the hospital a few days, the symptoms become worse. The patient was unconscious, this time we must take her to the ICU, intensive care unit, in the same hospital. The doctor said need 40,000 baht for surgery. The kidney dialysis in the ICU 5,000-6,000 baht per a time and minimum 3 consecutive times, then will be in better condition and can leave from the ICU room.

What should I do? I called, contact via LINE application online chat in the phone, told this story over and over again to people who I know. A lot of recommendations, until I knew about medical social security rights clearly.

The hospital, they told us that the social security department can help for the surgery 15,000 baht and the kidney dialysis 1,500 baht per a time. I searched that there are any other private hospital provides cheaper cost, aren't they? Thus, I consult with the older sister old woman to move the younger sister to the cheaper hospital. She agreed. Then I informed the doctor to transfer this case to other hospital.

The doctor looked at me with do not understanding eyes, and then asked with wonder "Why do you transfer to other hospital?"

I stunned before sincerely answered "We can't afford it."

I decided to tell the whole story to the doctor. When the doctor knew what I did for them, just because I want to help an old woman who is not even my relative. I am just her neighbor. I feel very sympathy for them. They are in trouble and need someone to step in and help in this moment like this, and it is me. How could I pretend like do not know about it? I can't hold myself to help them but I am not rich person. I am just an office worker.

The doctor with fewer attitudes and said.

"If 25,000 baht, can you pay?" "Dialysis time 3,000 baht, can you pay?"

I immediately thought that at least still have some money from the medical care compensation from social security.

I appreciated the consideration of this doctor so I nodded and answered the doctor right away. "Yes, I can pay, please do it now."

I'm sure that I'm doing what I should do.

LaungPe*, what does parent mean?

Monk named Mark is a new monk who is plump, sun tanned skin, big lips, bulge eyes, and a son of prosecutor. He is well raised. He chose to stay in the temple where far from the Kewlom barrage, Lumpang province.

Abbot sees that he is the city man, well education, so he asked him to help teaching kids in the far away village from the temple. LaungPe* was unwilling to go teach there. First day, he almost discouraged because of the rough road, hot weather, but had to sit in the old bus which crowded by villagers. It took long time to arrive there.

“I just taught and thought, maybe just once or twice was enough.” LaungPe confessed later.

Until one day, a boy who is going to graduate from grade 6 run and gasped, in his hand was a high school application form, stopped in front of him and asked “LaungPe, what does parent mean?”

LaungPe stunned before answered “father and mother”

At that time, in his mind had many questions “this is grade 6 kid, and he is still doesn’t know what the word parent mean, what is happening?”

LaungPe spent time before leaving the Buddhist monkhood, went to teach those kids there every day. Even some day, he had some errands to join with abbot, Mark monk still hitchhiked to go teach those kids.

His big body was not a problem for his strong heart. Mark monk’s motto is late better than absent.

LaungPe told us after left the Buddhist monkhood that “I had never thought that I can do it. Look at my body!” he laughed before finished his conversation that “It was a happiness from helping a group of kids, that happiness can pass on. Do good thing, do not be shy.”

*LaungPe means a young monk.

Are you brave enough?

A fascinate of journey is meeting new friends and the deepest attraction is when you meet “good person” who have an amazing life.

The above message from anonymous author matches my feeling in this journey the most.

About three years ago, my family and I are facing the thing that called life crisis. Some reason, we had to move out from our land. The land of our ancestors was walked in and out to offer price continuously by strangers.

There used to be rental houses, each house was built by tenants and pay for land rental monthly or annually depend on the agreement. When the rumor about the landlord would sell the land, each tenant scattered, and looked for new place to live. Some house was demolished and left only fallow and trash that they could not sell on this land.

I am the one who had to walk pass by those trash yard every morning and night. I looked around and could not bear it. It looked messy and dirty. So I did something that was the beginning of change. From the wide field filled of trash, pieces of furniture, nails, hooks which are curved sharp and looked scary, I was afraid that someone might step on it, and then I started to do it.

I asked some teenagers who hang around there or drinking in group to join and do something useful together. First I was not dare enough, looked at their attitudes. They looked at me the same. We were both afraid and nervous of each other. So I went to my relative who was respected from these kids.

Then, as if magic began, we did only 3 days, collected, cleaned, separated trash, and threw away. Then that wide field backed to empty useful field. While I was delighted with a small changing in my heart, the other part of my heart still hesitated, worried and some day felt that what I did, could be nothing.

And one day, I am as an assistant researcher project, was in duty at Kukan: sufficient agriculture, recovery land, stories of “good people” **of farmer research institute**, Kukan district, Srisakate province. Here was recovery my bravery in myself back.

Form of the meeting was the process of exchanging the experiences about the activities in plantation. I was wonder, who said barren north eastern!!!

Mixed plantation in each field where I stepped, was profundity. I can see the heart of those real people, especially, the way of thinking, acting and receiving the result of this **farmer research network**.

The yellow skin slim old man, wore the loose folded sleeves shirt with the regular straight trousers; father Poonsawad, a man who went out from dead end by folk wisdom of mixed plantation. In his land was managed systematically. The dependence among creatures and among different species plants supports the perfect ecology in that area.

First time when I visited his place, I could feel immediately the different of temperature. First step touched on father Poonsawad’s ground ‘Wow! It is cool and shady... want to relax in the hammock.’ My imagination was blown away in the air.

Father Poonsawad exchanged with members about miscellaneous of what happened in front of him, such as Nile Tilapia fish pond, vegetable, and gourd and everywhere filled with food which can just take it and happily cook them without any poison. What a plentiful! I thought to myself but the story of this good person doesn’t end here.

At the twilight evening after finished visiting the places, was the process of exchange what we learn from visited his place in free style groups. It means choosing any group which you want to join, **โสดกับเพื่อน** **กัลยาณมิตร**. Called ‘**enjoying with the good friends activity**’. This great opportunity was the beginning of knowing each other more. I looked for a while which group that I want to join. Then I saw a small group; there was a man who is the president of this network, brother Kunchit, was talking to father Poonsawad. I eager joined their group. I proudly talked to them like pouring rain, every feeling, hesitation, frustration, and the difficulty

expectation which going on in my land that time. My description with some photos was presented, made them understood and see the pictures clearly. The father and brother as if they were city people before. The indication looked alive like those two used to visit this place before.

The advices from these two were valuable and useful to this young dreaming girl. My voice was shaky as if could not hold delightful, could not explain how much that I was grateful and appreciate that!

“If I have time, I will help you plant...” The voice of over seventy years old man told me like a promise. My heart beat very fast and I got goose bump on my back with the shortly and simply answer from this old man. His powerful eyes contact was sending some message to me as a young girl who just turn to be adult perceive some power from father.

Then, my tear filled my eyes but I calmed myself to just quiet, peaceful and some energy from me was spread all over my body and face.

And still more set of questions to test my craziness level.

“Don’t you think anyone will think you are crazy?”

I answered immediately “I don’t care.”

Then father said “Brave enough!”

After I arrived home, carried too many things; full with 20 Garjan plants from father Poonsawad and brother Kunchit . With a question in my mind,

“Am I brave enough?”

Kindness is a language
The dumb can speak
And the deaf can hear
And understand.”

Christian Nestell Bovee

Not only being “a teacher”

The apprehension covered heart of teachers who teach children that their parent passed away from fatal contagious disease. When I saw Maliwan who is forties years old passed away because of blood stream infection disease, if she can choose, she might not want to leave this world so sudden and left four children up to fate like this.

Few months before, Bunjerd, her husband passed away from the same disease. Actually, I knew about the illness of Maliwan at intervals from asking some of her children who are our students in the small school, from listening to some other teachers in the school talked about them. I heard a teacher said didn't even want to touch homework book of Maliwan's children, afraid to get infected.

Every time I got information from teachers about the kids, I always upset, confuse and wanted to jump in front of those kids to protect them from those stories that hurt their little innocent hearts; didn't notice our hateful reaction from the adults like us. I felt sad with the scene that their classmates made fun of them. I wanted to hold them and care their heart more but I felt that might be too much for the duty of teacher, didn't it? I should cross my line or not?

But finally, I can't stop myself from just being a “teacher” when I saw something went wrong with the situation that was getting worse and worse. Malison, one of her children who separate herself from group of friend, withdrawn, quiet, not joined with anyone and started to absent and disappear from the classroom. My wife is another teacher in school noticed that abnormal and told me.

My wife and I decided to step from the house and did something that we had never dared to do it before. That was visiting Malison girl at her home. When I saw her house, I was just speechless the lump in my throat and looked in the eyes of my wife. Actually, it couldn't call home, it was just a shanty, patched everywhere and not up straight, not livable condition. Four kids lived poverty situation. They was left alone, took care of each other as best they could. The oldest one, fifteen must take care of the youngest one who is one year old all the time. My wife and I were very sorrowful to see this. I used to see many bad scenes but nothing like this, but the sorrowful we faced not the worst yet. The worst was my wife and I as teachers had never knew before that Malison absented because she must take care of all her young siblings to find food to the table every meal.

Although, their house was not far from the community but no one care, no one look at them at all. In my heart was also angry and disappointed and began to ask in the air that neighbors, sub district administrative organization, and even people around here where they were? But when I calmed down, I thought why not begin from myself? Then my wife and I started to find some food, commodity, and bicycles for them so they can use for playing or ride to school. I smiled with our small action. We didn't want anything in return. I knew that what we can do for them and it was not cross the line of teacher duty at all. Actually it is the duty of the teacher. Then I started to do it more by campaigned and convinced others to help. We did fund raising for some amount of money. We hope that they will survive until they can work on their own.

But the thing that we didn't expect was everyone in the school and in the community when they knew that “children' parent passed away cause of AIDS.” The rumor used to be faintly, now back to louder until it shown by the hateful acting of surrounded people more than before because they believe with all their heart that those kids must have AIDS also. The children must face with the friction from the community more than ever. I did ask myself, if I were them, could I handle this? I couldn't.

I confused, and went to consult with **ศูนย์พระมหาไถ่ของพ่อเซ**. Here accepted all four kids to treat and rehabilitate their wounded hearts from courant social.

From that day, our helping without any thinking spread to all over the sub district Tarae. The small incident in that day became a beginning of “friends love friends group” which now there are seven-eighty people came by to help, visit and encourage underprivileged people and fatigue mind to get back up again.

For me, the brave that I go through my believe of limit and start to do my privilege, the decision to open my arm to help those kids in that time was not just make me feel happy to see their life better, proud to see the group that team up, but the most important was it made me learn the meaning of living my life.

Heart Door

The gentle dentist picked up us in the early morning and took us to the Jompra hospital, Surin province where was our work place. We put our tools in the trunk and went to the sub district administrative organization meeting room. I blended in to the participants which were community leaders, health teacher from sub district schools and some amount of villagers. I looked at the newest mentor working actively and laughed about clumsily stuffs. That recalled myself when I was just started my mentor career.

That day made other days happen, past the time that I thought I knew well enough about the conferences and mentors. Nothing was more than that any more so I published a book. I past the time of taking a break from deeply wound until got back to the same place but looked at it from different angle and it seem to be long endless movie.

I come back to the present, absorb and learn with them. I am using the opportunity that society gave me to discover something; however what I discover is not at the conference but at Doctor Jinda's house.

It's strange that in the morning on the way to the hospital, we talked like we had known each other for long time. Wide opened heart of doctor Jinda helped my heart door wide opened. We both talked about our private life and family. The more I listened to her, the more I amazed about her great love.

The doctor is a daughter in Chinese family at Paknam, Samutprakarn province. When she studied in faculty of dentistry at Mahidol University, she was in love with kids' activities and interesting in dharma, so she joined every activities of priest from many temples until fallen in love with north eastern blood lieutenant young man who was sent to train behavior at the temple.

After graduated, doctor chose to go to hospital around north eastern of Thailand to be close with him; both met each other every weekend until they decided to married. At that night, while young lieutenant was riding the motorcycle back to his based on the mountain, unexpected incident occurred; he had accident and caused him half body paralyze. But both are still in love while the parent of woman tried hard to do whatever to move her daughter back to the hospital closed to the house around Samutprakarn province.

But that can't hold her for a long time, doctor moved back to Surin province; where is the hometown of her boyfriend. Then they both got married and live happily ever after until nowadays.

For me, doctor Jinda's love story is drama more than the drama series on TV. That evening, the doctor took me to her home and met that lucky guy. We had dinner together.

When I went back to Bangkok, I hurried sent the email to inform about the story that I just experience including a very romantic story to Professor Oratahi, who is the sponsor of the project. I wrote at the end of the message that "At the narrow period of time that the heart absolutely wide opened, I can feel that truly I'm very happy to experience it because it used to happen long time ago. Thank you for professor that allowed two stubborn kids met each other in our narrow period of time."

Professor Orathai kept it moving by sent me back to work for the lesson learnt project with the doctor Jinda and her team again two months later; to let everyone exchanged experience and find the way to make it better.

At the evening before the meeting day, I had dinner with two ladies who are doctor Jinda and professor Orathai. Both didn't directly teaching like a man same as I used to experience it in the past but taught that "To access the real great perception must use heart to feel it."

How far can you go?

"How did you do it, Dad? How have you managed to not take a drink for almost 20 years?" It took me almost 20 years to have the courage to even ask my father this very personal question.

When Dad first quit drinking, the whole family was on pins and needles every time he got into a situation that, in the past, would have started him drinking again. For a few years we were afraid to bring it up for fear the drinking would begin again.

"I had this little poem that I would recite to myself at least four to five times a day," was Dad's reply to my 18-year-old unasked question. "The words were an instant relief and constant reminder to me that things were never so tough that I could not handle them," Dad said. And then he shared the poem with me. The poem's simple, yet profound words immediately became part of my daily routine as well.

About a month after this talk with my father, I received a gift in the mail from a friend of mine. It was a book of daily affirmations with one affirmation listed for each day of the year.

It has been my experience that when you get something with days of the year on it, you automatically turn to the page that lists your own birthday.

I hurriedly opened the book to November 10 to see what words of wisdom this book had in store for me. I did a double-take and tears of disbelief and appreciation rolled down my face.

There, on my birthday, was the exact same poem that had helped my father for all these years!

Always concentrate on how far you've come,

Rather than how far you have to let go.

Adapted from

Original titled: Breaking the Silence
by: Barry Spilchuk, A Cup of Chicken Soup for the Soul

Love me, Love you, Love the World

I came from the rural to the capital city for study in high school in Bangkok. Although it is not the famous school but the most different from the countryside that I left is atmosphere from easy going turn to competition, consumerism society; classmates from perfect family and from incomplete family, friends who are clever and good quality of living and friends that called “kids at the back of the classroom” or kids in the risk, in the adults’ point of view.

And group of kids at the back of the classroom friends try to expand the group to the girls. I am the one who was convinced by this group to try some drug with many reasons;

“Hey you, wanna try some?”

“No, I don’t want it.”

“It’s good, try it.”

“No, I don’t need it.”

“If you want to be my friend, you should try it.”

“...”

I still insist on deny but the intensive convince, by motivation and forcing, are more serious. The rural girl has little social immune system, new to the place and confused like me, how I can handle and away from this danger. Lucky, I can count on the love and warm from my family and make me stronger and dare to do the right thing.

But the question for me more is I am safe but what about my friends how can they survive in this big society?

Finally, Country girl in big city like me can’t leave friends behind. From the strong denial attitude turn to attitude of kind caring.

“Did you finish your homework yet?”

“Not yet? Let me do it for you.”

“Can you help me, if do this then what to do next?”

“Who do you live with at home?”

“Mom doesn’t love you? No, it is not true.”

“Today, my family post something from the rural, I brought for your mom too.”

“Can I visit your mom at home?”

I gradually move step by step close to them until accept power of friends including the love power of mother within 2 years. I can return dearly children back to family, return students who are the hope of school, and return good people back to society.

From that day until today is 30 years that everyone happy with this friend and we are still friends. Every year still have the words from friends said, I love you the most. You make me the way I am today and have a nice future and certain career, have a warm family, if at that time of my life, I didn’t have you. Today I am not sure what would happen with me?

It is the bravery of this country girl, dare to be a part of friends’ life changing with only a tool that she has; it is “Believe in power of love”, power of love that I received from my family and spread to cover my friends to live in the society safely.

Love dad and mom so much.....

We Never Told Him He Couldn't Do It

When my son Joey was born, his feet were twisted upward with the bottoms resting on his tummy. As a first-time mother, I thought this looked odd, but I didn't really know what it meant. It meant that Joey had been born with club feet. The doctors assured us that with treatment he would be able to walk normally, but would probably never run very well. The first three years of his life, Joey spent in surgery, casts and braces. His legs were massaged, worked and exercised and, yes, by the time he was seven or eight you wouldn't even know he'd had a problem if you watched him walk.

If he walked great distances, like at the amusement parks or on a visit to the zoo, he complained that his legs were tired and that they hurt. We would stop walking, take a break with a soda or ice cream cone and talk about what we had seen and what we had to see. We didn't tell him why his legs hurt and why they were weak. We didn't tell him this was expected due to his deformity at birth. We didn't tell him, so he didn't know.

The children in our neighborhood ran around as most children do during play. Joey would watch them play and, of course, would jump right in and run and play too. We never told him that he probably wouldn't be able to run as well as the other children. We didn't tell him he was different. We didn't tell him. So he didn't know.

In seventh grade he decided to go out for the cross-country team. Every day he trained with the team. He seemed to work harder and run more than any of the others. Perhaps he sensed that the abilities that seemed to come naturally to so many others did not come naturally to him. We didn't tell him that although he could run, he probably would always remain in the back of the pack. We didn't tell him that he shouldn't expect to make the "team." The team runners are the top seven runners of the school. Although the entire team runs, it is only these seven who will have potential to score points for the school. We didn't tell him he probably would never make the "team," so he didn't know.

He continued to run four to five miles a day, every day. I'll never forget the time he had a 103-degree fever. He couldn't stay home because he had cross-country practice. I worried about him all day. I expected to get a call from the school asking me to come get him and take him home. No one called.

I went out to the cross-country training area after school, thinking that if I were there, he might decide to skip practice that evening. When I got to the school, he was running along the side of a long tree-lined street, all alone. I pulled up alongside of him and drove slowly to keep pace with him as he ran. I asked how he felt. "Okay," he said. He only had two more miles to go. As the sweat rolled down his face, his eyes were glassy from his fever. Yet he looked straight ahead and kept running. We never told him he couldn't run four miles with a 103-degree fever. We never told him. So he didn't know.

Two weeks later, the day before the second to last race of the season, the names of the "team" runners were called. Joey was number 6 on the list. Joey had made the "team." He was in seventh grade. The other six team members were all eight-graders. We never told him he probably shouldn't expect to make the "team." We never told him he couldn't do it. We never told him he couldn't do it...so he didn't know. He just did it.

by Kathy Lamancusa

Chapter 5

Fellowman

To Love and be loved
Is to feel the sun
From both sides

David Viscott

I love those kids

A college professor had his sociology class go into the Baltimore slums to get case histories of 200 young boys. They were asked to write an evaluation of each boy's future. In every case the students wrote, "He hasn't got a chance."

Twenty-five years later another sociology professor came across the earlier study. He had his students follow up on the project to see what had happened to these boys. With the exception of 20 boys who had moved away or died, the students learned that 176 of the remaining 180 had achieved more than ordinary success as lawyers, doctors and businessmen.

The professor was astounded and decided to pursue the matter further. Fortunately, all the men were in the area and he was able to ask each one, "How do you account for your success?" In each case the reply came with feeling, "There was a teacher."

The teacher was still alive, so he sought her out and asked the old but still alert lady what magic formula she had used to pull these boys out of the slums into successful achievement.

The teacher's eyes sparkled and her lips broke into a gentle smile. "It's really very simple," she said. "I loved those boys."

Original Titled:

Love: The One Creative Force

by: Eric Butterworth, Chicken Soup for the Soul

Death penalty prisoner story

'Round clean stone yard, want to take off my shoes and walk on them a bit.' My idea always quietly appear when I walked past this empty, shady, and filled with bright colourful of dry leaves that fall, which I had to walk past every meals, morning, late in the morning, afternoon, evening and night.

At the dining room of Krishnamurti Study Center, Sahyadri Pune India, I came here to learn Dialogue with the group of Krishnamurti. Dr.Parchure; on mind duty called "Mentor" like the doctor who wisdom inductance by questions us to find out and search into stories of ourselves which we must concentrate and use our knowledge and cognition of our own.

Dialogue group came to the final then the group moves on to learn in the school in the valley named Rishi Valley School. Before the group started, and before the participants arrived, I sneaked out to do as my previous idea by took off my shoes and stepped on those round clear stone, happily. To the right and left joyfully and I didn't care anyone 'Come on, before leaving' I thought to myself. Leaves fall as their time, was bright and colourful mixed with the sparkle of the round clear stones perfectly.

The enjoyment while I am alone, have to stop from the preparing of dialogue conversation group. The chairs passed in the line, I jumped in to that line to lifted, held, rearranged and managed them to the circle. Actually, I don't know how many people would join this group? But the chairs still continued passed in until the chairs are all over the yard 'how many people will come? All I saw just twenties people.' I thought.

When the first person sit there, others follow nice and quietly. Then I started to see new faces participants who are the parents of the students that study here. People fulfilled the group with warm. And the person who invited others to start the conversation was Dr.Parchure or people around there familiar with "Dr.P".

In the group fulfilled with stories; no topic of conversation, no leader to lead anything, and no judgment that who can talk or who can't, depended on inner elements of each person who wanted to learn, exchange or share. Whoever wanted to start, can do. I didn't focus on the content which is English-Indian accent much, just looked at the face, action, happy expression from eyes and those big rounded eyes of him or her. 'It is strange, why the circle seats make us feel like know each other for a long time? Even many people just came in or just met first time.' My thinking popped up.

The group conversation continued, questions, exchanging, and sharing to everyone. Everyone talked but didn't feel it was the duty to talk but feel "connected". I used to be....and I used to experience....

Dr.P listen carefully, every accent and every vocal before told his experience that,

"When Dr.P just graduated and had to return the government loan by work as a doctor in the prison. Every week, he had to check up the inmates' health in each cells. Each inmate normally queued up to the examination room. Each person depresses, sad, and their faces are sad and no feeling, not care about questions of Dr.P. Their eyes are absent-minded, did what the order was and shortly answered to the doctor. As the new doctor, it was unexpected situation.

"Then one day, a male inmate under the care of Dr.P, waited in the line and check up as usual. After finished check up, Dr.P walked out to get the fresh air around the basketball field in the prison. He glanced at the male inmate who he just met at the late morning; he looked on the floor with the absent-minded. When Dr.P closed to him, he tried to avoid but it was too late. Dr.P greeted him first 'Today is nice weather. How are you? Are you ok?' He looked up with wide opened eyes and stunned then walked away without any answer.

"Three days later, same man walked to Dr.P and it was the first time that he greeted first 'Hello Dr....Um... that day that Dr. greeted me, it made me feel that I'm still a human. Thank you.'

"Few weeks before his execution, he asked for something to warder."

"Poem, Love poem and family's photo."

Panacea

No moving parts, no batteries.
No monthly payments and no fees;
Inflation proof, non-taxable,
In fact, it's quite relaxable;

It can't be stolen, won't pollute,
One size fits all, do not dilute.
It uses little energy,
But yields results enormously.

Relieves your tension and your stress,
Invigorates your happiness;
Combats depression, makes you beam,
And elevates your self esteem!

Your circulation it corrects
Without unpleasant side effects,
It is, I think, the perfect drug:
May I prescribe, my friend,...the hug!

(and, of course, fully returnable!)

Original titled:

Universal Rx: The Hug

By Henry Matthew Ward

Lincoln's story

President Abraham Lincoln often visited hospitals to talk with wounded soldiers during the Civil War. Once, doctors pointed out a young soldier who was near death and Lincoln went over to his bedside.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the President.

The soldier obviously didn't recognize Lincoln, and with some effort he was able to whisper,

"Would you please write a letter to my mother?"

A pen and paper were provided and the President carefully began writing down what the young man was able to say:

"My dearest mother, I was badly hurt while doing my duty. I'm afraid I'm not going to recover. Don't grieve too much for me, please. Kiss Mary and John for me. May God bless you and father."

The soldier was too weak to continue, so Lincoln signed the letter for him and added,

"Written for your son by Abraham Lincoln."

The young man asked to see the note and was astonished when he discovered who had written it.

"Are you really the President?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," Lincoln replied quietly. Then he asked if there was anything else he could do.

"Would you please hold my hand?" the soldier asked.

"It will help to see me through to the end."

In the hushed room, the tall gaunt President took the boy's hand in his and spoke warm words of encouragement until death came.

The Best of Bits & Pieces

The original titled:

An Act of Kindness

From [A 3rd Serving of Chicken Soup for the Soul](#)

To Remember Me

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face or love in the eyes of a woman. Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain. Give my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play. Give my kidneys to one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week. Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that someday, a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses and all prejudice against my fellow man.

Give my sins to the devil. Give my soul to God.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.

Robert N. Test

From Chicken Soup for the Grieving Soul

Chapter 6

Boundless

One should treat others
As one would like others to treat oneself.

Jesus

Free Repair!

“Hey....!!!” Bung* Lo; strong, dark skin and average body shouted from the pickup truck which contained fresh vegetables. His tire got ahead of his truck on the way to the city that he had to deliver the vegetables to the market. Bang Bang....Boom!!!! The tire got ahead of the truck crashed to the Alloys gate of the big fine house Bang!!!!

In a second, big tall man, blonde hair and blue eyes walked from that big house and came out to see. Bung Lo’s face was pale and thought to himself ‘Foreigners who live in Thailand, these people have more right than Thai people, brag, take advantage from Thai, this time he might got in the big deal.’

Then the foreigner just went back inside. He thought maybe he went to call the police. The more Bung Lo hurried the more wasting time and money he did. For a while, the same foreigner came back out with the tools box in his hand, looked at that truck. He walked straight to the truck. He brought the wrench to lift up the truck and repaired here and there, changed this knots that knots actively. He went under the truck in and out until finished.

“Um.....Koobkhun*” I’m not good in English so I said in Thai.

“Yin Dee Krub*...” This foreigner spoke Thai strange accent while waved his dirty black hand with the willing before went in to his big house and left I stood with confusing alone.

I smiled all that day along the way to the city ‘if I didn’t get help from this foreigner, what would it be???’

*Bung means brother in Muslim Thai language.

*Koobkhun means Thank you in Thai language.

*Yin Dee Krub means you’re welcome for a man in Thai language.

Friendship is bracelet
Which hold both giver and receiver.

Veeraya Dejeung

For it is in giving
That we receive

Saint Francis of Assisi

God blessing time

Once, during the journey in India, the place that in my imagination was plenty of people like the warms in the bird food tray, dirty rough road, people are worship and ritualize some ceremony to perform the respect to the Gods.

This journey started by train in India, it was the test for the rumor that, crowded people in the train and people hanged on the door train to use this cheap transportation to many towns. Food, drink and everything is dirty, not well cooking, disgusting and is it the fact or just a rumor?

I tried to lose this voice of stereotype from my head first or at least let it stay in the deepest of my thinking, if I can't lose it. It always in my head the border between real situation and imagination, believe and stereotype are close to each other.

Finally, my two older friends and I started to venture to the India train with gasp and lacked of knowledge, three of us hurried half run and walked to wait at the platform of the train follow the train ticket. Because of this is new experience for us made us afraid to miss the train.

When we got on the train already, we found the fellow traveler in the same cabin was the Indian couple aged around fifty helped us arrange our belonging put under the seats.

Then I started the question that who they are, where they come from and asked about the henna tattoo on the old lady's hand with interesting. When the conversation stopped, we went to each person bed cabin.

First hour past slowly, slept, listened to the music, read the book, and looked at the view. For me, to lie on the train for the first time was so excited like a child. I turned myself over and over again before got up and thought that 'do not sleep any more, let do something.' Then I climbed down from the bed to talk and had some snack with my friends and shared my snack with that couple.

The trains almost stop every station because it is in the town area and out skirt so made us want to get off and shopping. I asked the old man, who later we called "Papa", that if we wanted to get off and shopping what we can do. Papa didn't say anything just took us to shopping and took us back to the train safely. Then we got carry on, got off every station, enjoyed buying snack, ice cream, and fruits by Papa got off with us every station.

Until the dinner, the train officer asked that we wanted to get dinner. We decided to choose the food that least cook which is rice and boiled eggs. The dinner turned to be night meal when the same officer came to informed us that food served at 8pm. We were hungry a bit.

Look like Papa and Mama can felt that. Both brought something from their big luggage. There was a big loaf of bread, butter that started to melt, a bag of salt, paper plate coated with foil, fresh tomatoes, fresh cucumbers, red onions, and green sauce in the square box. Then Papa took the tomatoes and cucumbers to wash and Mama cut onions neatly and Papa came back to cut the cucumbers and tomatoes. Three of us sit there and watched them like the children looked at the parent cooked the food carefully.

While we paid attention with the scene in front of us, I was thinking of love and warm from my parent. The power of pure love as if I was feeling here while I let the feeling touched inside my heart, my tear filled my eyes but not flow yet.

I started to feel myself after in the trance of stories in my head, then helped them grabbed some peels to the trash bag. I bended down to the cooking place of Papa and Mama and started to help as much as I could because I often help my parent cook.

From the seat and bed turned to small kitchen that the couple elaborate made sandwiches after the preparation of mixed, peeled, cut as a ring done, process of put the love sandwich together began, Mama started from spread the butter all 6 pairs of bread, added vegetable and asked us that do we like spicy?, we nodded. Actually, we just wanted to try the thing that Papa pointed.

Mama added the green sauce spread all over the bread same amount as the butter then added tomato, cucumber, red onion and a bit sprinkle of salt then put the other bread on top and finished 1 sandwich. The first

one finished, she gave to us first but we deny and an older friend of mine said, 'Party: start together, Finish together.'

Papa and Mama then put all the rest of the sandwiches into the foiled plate. The party in the bogy started; I ate only half piece and felt full and was delighted that I can't explain. While I ate sandwich with the tear in my eyes, time of cognition as if everything moving slowly. Everyone can feel it, what a happiness!

Dinner time was over and time for celebrating with the local song.

As India culture with the dancing style called "Stick Dance"

Papa took a small transistor search for the signal and turn up the volume of the song style Stick Dance, we couldn't wait, just jumped in and enjoyed the dance.

We knew that they have their own business, selling the water pipes, and direct sell. Both are rich in this society. They are Jainism. But that's not the greater than the love in their heart and the kindness, they do to other fellow men that they had never knew before as we are their relative like this. There is something that hiding and moving inside of them.

Before we separate, Papa talked about "GOD". Actually, Jainism doesn't believe in Gods but the words that Papa was going to say, was thankful for something. It might call God, who sent us here today. Papa talked to an older friend of mine and looked to us that sit separately while I gave Mama Thai massage. He said "God wrote your all name in the food and fruits that we brought to share all of you. We might have some bound from the previous life and it pulls us to meet and spend happy time like this together."

With this phrase spelled me like a magic while Papa who have big bulge, green mixed with brown eyes couldn't hold the happiness, the tear over flow around his eyes before looked me in the eyes. I saw that clearly.

After that matter just past, one of older friend who came together said about this incident that "I studied in Christian school for years since I was little until grown up, I still didn't understand the word 'GOD' clearly like I do today." I have learn among the people in the small area that width and length only two people spread arms, within 24 hours on the route that I don't know, with the people that I don't familiar with and the language that I don't understand....I feel the giving when I am a receiver.

No Nationality, No religion interfere

After the Christmas in 2004, in the morning of 26th December, it was the nice morning, quiet sea, the beach fulfilled with Thai and foreigner tourists that relaxed after the Christmas night celebration. There are many tourists enjoyed swimming and beach in the quiet sea along Andaman coast in many provinces of Thailand, Phuket, Phang nga, Ranong, Krabi, Trang, and Satun. No one expected the giant Tsunami super waves slammed and swept bodies scattered. Some lost and a few survived.

After I heard the news, I left the house at Kongra, Pattaloong province and went to help disaster victims around there. When I arrived at the mosque, I heard screaming and crying around from the little kids who lost from their parent. The wail and screaming from the pain of victims were around the mosque. All were dehydrated, starved, coiled up and waited for help. I looked to the left and right, everyone was busy. I asked someone that "Where is the worst place?" That person answered "Bann Bon Rai, Tai Mung, Phuket province."

I went there, talked, hug, and encouraged the waiting people who had absent-minded. I went to mosque and As-Salah, worship to Allaah kindness, to protect and help all those people.

I went back home and told everything that I saw, every feeling that I touched to the meeting. Islamic headman then announced all over the community and accepted the donation, food, drinking water, appliances and fund to help the victims. Within just the blink of the eyes, every donation goods flooded to gather in front of the mosque more than 2 pickup trucks. The journey to the route that the waves swept was rough. Finally we arrive at Bann Bon Rai mosque. I carried, passed in and helped the victims without thinking about nationality or religion.

I left the group and walked around to talk to this person, that person. Most of them looked at me speechless, just the clear water in their eyes rolled down to their face. My heart was shivering as soon as I looked into their eyes of hope and thankful. I didn't even know that he or she believe in the same God like me or not. I didn't even know that she or he knew me before or not. I didn't even know that they are strictly or well Muslim or not. I didn't care. I knew only we lived together whatever, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, or any other religions in this world, the most important is we are human. We are no different.

Four things to learn in life:
To think clearly without hurry or confusion;
To love everybody sincerely;
To act in everything with the highest motives;
To trust God unhesitatingly.

Helen Keller

Chapter 7

Value of Life

Not much people can see with eyes
And can feel with their heart

Adapted from David Viscott quote

Wealth, Success, and Love

A woman came out of her house and saw three old men with white beard sit at the lawn in front of the house. She does not know who they are, so she asked them.

"I don't think I know you. But you must be hungry. Please come in my house and have some food."

"Is your husband inside the house?" he asked.

"No, he isn't." she replied. "He's out".

"In that case, we cannot get it there." he replied.

In the evening when her husband came home and she told him what had happened. "Go tell them, I am home, and invite them to come in."

She went out and asked the old men to come in the house.

"We can't get in a house together," he replied, "why?" she asked.

An old man explained that "his name is Wealth," he said and pointed to his friends and pointed to another one, "he is Success, and I am Love," he continued.

"Now, go and discuss with your husband which one of us you want to invite into your home".

She came in and told her husband, her husband is very happy.

"Wonderful," he said. "Then, we will invite Wealth when he is with us. Our home is full of wealth".

His wife disagreed. "Honey, why don't we invite success?"

At that time, their daughter-in-law heard both were discussing from the corner of the house. She suggested that "Wouldn't it be nice if we choose Love? Our home will full of love."

"We should listen to what our daughter-in-law recommended." Husband told his wife.

"Go out and invite the love to be our guest."

His wife went out and asked the three old men. "Who is Love please come in and be our guest?"

Love got up and walked to the house.

Two old men rose up and followed him. With the surprise, wife asked Wealth and Success, "I invited only Love".

"Why do you come?" Old men replied together, "If you invited Wealth or Success, one of us, the other two are waiting outside but when you invited Love, wherever he goes, we go with him. "Where there is love, there is wealth and success."

Love is not something you do

Love is not something you do,
Love is a way of being.
And more than that.
It is simply being,
Being with another person, however they may be.
Holding no judgment, having no agendas,
No desire to control,
No need to prove your love,
No intrusion upon their soul.
Nothing but a total acceptance of their being,
Born of your acceptance of yours.

Original titled:

Love – The gift of peace
From Waking up in time book
Author: Peter Russell

The word “Love” does not said by father voice.

Father not often said “I love you.”

Even there is the love.

However small three words,

It is the most difficult to share.

And father not often said “I love you.”

In the incompatible way with the action,

To drop me at the school and pick me up to go home in the evening

Or every show that I perform, father has never missed them.

I see the word “I love you.”

Reflected in your eyes, Caring, Adorability, pass through that thick eye glasses.

Holding my hand crosses the small wood bridge together to our home.

When I am telling you the new story that I just met,

Father’s eyes look at me with adorability and shaking his head.

The word “I love you” is said through,

Strong hands that handle me gently when I cry,

When I get in trouble,

Father comfort with the way that he understands

Although the word “I love you”

Barely out from the vocal in the larynx that is shaking

But “Love” overflow cover my heart.

Father talks about love in his own style.

Unconditional Love, without selfishness

With giving whatever he can afford

To continue secret dream of children become truth

The word “Love” does not said by father voice

It is still resound for years

Sometime resound as the word *Did you eat yet?*

Sometime resound as *The happiness tear*

Maybe all fathers

Might speak about their love

In their styles in the heaven

Because Love that the father feel, is greater beyond description

“ Your Child”

Kids, do you know what you are?

Every second in our life, is the new unique of the universe period.

Which will not be like that again

And what we teach to our kids?

Only Two plus two equal four, Paris is the capital city of France, doesn't it?

We should tell each kid that

Kids....Do you know what you are?

You are a miracle. You are unique.

Years after years past, none of any children are the same you.

Your legs, your arms, your fast fingers, and your movement

You might become Shakespeare, Michelangelo or Beethoven

You have ability to do anything

Yes, you are a miracle

And when you grow up

Will you hurt others which is the miracle same as you, won't you?

We all must help each other for the value world that worthy for children of the world.

God of Love

A man asked his professor that “I want to be rich what do I have to do?”

Professor answered “In us, there are two Gods, the first one is God of love and other is God of Wealthy. Everyone worship both Gods very much. But most of us prefer God of wealthy that makes God of wealthy arrogant more and more. Finally they have never got neither wealthy or love. The secret is you have to worship God of love then when you take the best care for this God, the God of wealth will get jealous and put all attention to you everywhere. Then the wealth will be with you forever.”

At the End, your destiny
Is always in your heart

Adapted from quote of

อเล็ก โรบิมา เซลมา

Alex Robima Celma

Alex Rovirar Celma

Alex Robina Selma

หาในเน็ตไม่เจอค่ะ

เลยไม่แน่ใจว่าจะสะกดชื่อถูกหรือเปล่า

You've got to find what you love

This is a prepared text of the Commencement address delivered by Steve Jobs, CEO of Apple Computer and of Pixar Animation Studios, on June 12, 2005.

I am honored to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. I never graduated from college. Truth be told, this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation. Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories.

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed College after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: "We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said: "Of course." My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college.

And 17 years later I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out I could stop taking the required classes that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting.

It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms, I returned coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and san serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But ten years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But it was very, very clear looking backwards ten years later.

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.

My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky — I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz, Steve Wozniak, and I started Apple in my parents garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in 10 years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4000 employees. We had just released our finest creation — the Macintosh — a year earlier, and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30 I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

I really didn't know what to do for a few months. I felt that I had let the previous generation of entrepreneurs down - that I had dropped the baton as it was being passed to me. I met with David Packard and Bob Noyce and tried to apologize for screwing up so badly. I was a very public failure, and I even thought about running away from the valley. But something slowly began to dawn on me — I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected, but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.

I didn't see it then, but it turned out that getting fired from Apple was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. The heaviness of being successful was replaced by the lightness of being a beginner again, less sure about everything. It freed me to enter one of the most creative periods of my life.

During the next five years, I started a company named NeXT, another company named Pixar, and fell in love with an amazing woman who would become my wife. Pixar went on to create the worlds first computer animated feature film, *Toy Story*, and is now the most successful animation studio in the world. In a remarkable turn of events, Apple bought NeXT, I returned to Apple, and the technology we developed at NeXT is at the heart of Apple's current renaissance. And Laurene and I have a wonderful family together.

I'm pretty sure none of this would have happened if I hadn't been fired from Apple. It was awful tasting medicine, but I guess the patient needed it. Sometimes life hits you in the head with a brick. Don't lose faith. I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me going was that I loved what I did. You've got to find what you love. And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on. So keep looking until you find it. Don't settle.

My third story is about death.

When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: "If you live each day as if it was your last, someday you'll most certainly be right." It made an impression on me, and since then, for the past 33 years, I have looked in the mirror every morning and asked myself: "If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?" And whenever the answer has been "No" for too many days in a row, I know I need to change something.

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything — all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure - these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning, and it clearly showed a tumor on my pancreas. I didn't even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable, and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor's code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next 10 years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells

from the tumor. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a microscope the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I'm fine now.

This was the closest I've been to facing death, and I hope it's the closest I get for a few more decades. Having lived through it, I can now say this to you with a bit more certainty than when death was a useful but purely intellectual concept:

No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new. Right now the new is you, but someday not too long from now, you will gradually become the old and be cleared away. Sorry to be so dramatic, but it is quite true.

Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma — which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.

When I was young, there was an amazing publication called *The Whole Earth Catalog*, which was one of the bibles of my generation. It was created by a fellow named Stewart Brand not far from here in Menlo Park, and he brought it to life with his poetic touch. This was in the late 1960's, before personal computers and desktop publishing, so it was all made with typewriters, scissors, and polaroid cameras. It was sort of like Google in paperback form, 35 years before Google came along: it was idealistic, and overflowing with neat tools and great notions.

Stewart and his team put out several issues of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, and then when it had run its course, they put out a final issue. It was the mid-1970s, and I was your age. On the back cover of their final issue was a photograph of an early morning country road, the kind you might find yourself hitchhiking on if you were so adventurous. Beneath it were the words: "Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish." It was their farewell message as they signed off. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish. And I have always wished that for myself. And now, as you graduate to begin anew, I wish that for you.

Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.

Thank you all very much.

Nature of Life

To let the lotus seed live on

The lotus opens its paddles in order to benefit insects

The actual changing is the giving a chance to life

To let the life perfectly as the purpose of it for

Banana tree give a bunch of bananas, even at the end it is cut down

The actual changing lives by sincerely and extremely brave

To let the butterfly fly in the flower garden

The caterpillar must weave the cocoon to cover itself

The actual changing is the natural way of life

To let the chick learn how to take care itself

Mother chicken peck the chick in the day that they can live by their own

The actual changing is being with love

Which is an unlimited form

To let a bean turn to beanstalk

Nutshell must get softer and let the root come out

The actual changing is changing you for others

What do dying people think!

Bronnie Ware is a writer and songwriter from Australia who spent several years caring for dying people in their homes. For many years I worked in palliative care. My patients were those who had gone home to die. Some incredibly special times were shared. I was with them for the last 3 to 12 weeks of their lives. In that time, she had a chance to talk and listen to the thoughts in their minds. When questioned about any regrets they had or anything they would do differently, common themes surfaced again and again. Here are the most common five:

The first issue

These patients wish **they'd had the courage to live a life true to myself, not the life others expected of me.** This was the most common regret of all. When people realise that their life is almost over and look back clearly on it, it is easy to see how many dreams have gone unfulfilled. Most people had not honored even a half of their dreams and had to die knowing that it was due to choices they had made, or not made.

It is very important to try and honour at least some of your dreams along the way. If there is a chance and choice, we should follow our dreams because people cannot escape from birth, grow old, illness and death. From the moment that you lose your health, it is too late. Health brings a freedom very few realise, until they no longer have it.

The second issue

Those patients, who are dying, regretted that they should not work so hard like in the past. This came from every male patient that I nursed. They missed their children's youth and their partner's companionship. All of the men I nursed deeply regretted spending so much of their lives on the treadmill of a work existence.

This notice is considerable. Nowadays, we focus on work too much, don't we?. We want to earn income, reputation, and honor too much, don't we? Finally, when we are dying, we regret that we missed the great opportunities in our lives which will never return, don't we? By simplifying your lifestyle and making conscious choices along the way, it is possible to not need the income that you think you do. And by creating more space in your life, you become happier and when we are dying, we will not regret what we missed.

The third issue

The patients **wish they'd had the courage to express my feelings.** Many people suppressed their feelings in order to keep peace with others. As a result, they settled for a mediocre existence and never became who they were truly capable of becoming.

The fourth issue

The dying patients are often regret about not to contact their old friends because often they would not truly realise the full benefits of old friends until their dying weeks. It is common for anyone in a busy lifestyle to let friendships slip. But when you are faced with your approaching death, the physical details of life fall away. People do want to get their financial affairs in order if possible. But it is not money or status that holds the true importance for them. They want to get things in order more for the benefit of those they love. Usually though, they are too ill and weary to ever manage this task. It is all comes down to love and relationships in the end. That is all that remains in the final weeks, love and relationships.

The last issue, which quite surprising is;

These patients regret that they did not make their lives happy as they should be. Many did not realise until the end that happiness is a choice. They had stayed stuck in old patterns and habits. The so-called 'comfort' of familiarity overflowed into their emotions, as well as their physical lives. Fear of change had them pretending

to others, and to their selves, that they were content. When deep within, they longed to laugh properly and have silliness in their life again.

The reader can see that when a person is dying, we often think back to the past and begin to regret what you have done or not done in the past. And we found that money, reputation, status, honors, means nothing for us when we are waiting for the death. The matter to us when we are dying is love, relationship between people. We are often ignore or neglect while we still alive.

Furthermore, when dying, we will see our life in the past that we have the right to choose but we chose what doesn't make us happy or chose what makes us have to regret. Thus, while we are still alive and still strong, we must choose consciously, choose wisely, choose honestly, and choose happiness.

รศ.ดร.พสุ เดชะรินทร์

Adapted from Top 5 Regret of the Dying

This post was originally published on [Inspiration and Chai](#).

Opening the heart

Gesture of Balance : Tarthang Tulku

อันนี้ขออนุญาตให้เจ้าหน้าที่ฉบับน้อยนะคะน่าจะมีที่เป็นภาษาอังกฤษค่ะ

เพื่อนพยายามลงในหน้าเน็ตแล้วค่ะ แต่ต้องดาวน์โหลดดูฟรีต้องมีบัตรเครดิต บัตรเพื่อนใช้นั้นไม่ได้อะ
ค่ะ

ขอไม่แปลนะคะ เพราะต้นฉบับภาษาสวยงามมากขอให้เกียรติผู้เขียน โดยไม่ดัดแปลงคำของเขานะคะ

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/86672731/Tarthang-Tulku-Gesture-of-Balance>

ลองเข้าไปดูเผื่อจี้เคยมีusername อาจจะอ่านได้ จี้เก่งอยู่แว้วเราเชื่อ เรื่องเทคโนโลยีจี้เก่งกว่าเราเยอะ

...Thank you very much for every big hearts,
Which are the resources of Power of love changes the world stories,
That allowed me to share and pass on Love...

Chapter 1 Sharing

Pass on Love	A
I will be part of their love	Helena Petrovna Blavatsky
Happy smile	Veeraya Dejfeung
Fifteen Cents	Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen
A kilogram of meat	Anonymous

Chapter 2 Gives an opportunity

Ordinary thing	มุตตอฟา สุขมาศ
Mother Loan Fund	กิจไพลวงศ์ ดุรงค์คำรงค์ชัย
One day at the soccer field	เปรมศักดิ์ สุวรรณประภา
Full support!	ธัญญาพัฒน์ เอมประดิษฐ์
I also have wings to fly.	วรลักษณ์ ชูกำเนิด

Chapter 3 View and Opinion

Feeling of rich	Kathleen Dixon
The Ugly corns	เพ็ญศรี น้อยบางยาง
One meter long spoon	-
Because of A teacher	วรลักษณ์ ชูกำเนิด
B-Boy	ศุวิทย์ วัฒนารมย์
The story of Teddy Stoddard	Elizabeth Silance Ballard
Same girl	Phyllis Mabel McCormack
Two Buckets	Suan Kulab Kids Group
Good news	Joe Martin
None of my business	-

Resurrect Medicine

Buddhism story

If I had my life to live over

Nadine Stair

It is as it is

-

See as it is

Zhuang Zhou

Chapter 4 Winning over obstacles

The Voiceless Thank

พงศภา สุริวรรณ

The Neighbor

ลัดดาวัลย์ เชื้อวิทิตา

LaungPe, what does parent mean?

มลวรรณ ศรีอมะลิลา

Are you brave enough?

Bunjong Prakanong Volunteer Group

Not only being “a teacher”

อคุลย์ ตระกูลมา

Heart Door

ทพญ. จินดา พรหมทา

How far can you go?

Adapted from Barry Spilchuk

Love me, Love you, Love the World

Angel of เด็กแวนซ์; แสงนภา สุทธิภาค

We never told him He couldn't do it

Kathy Lamancusa

Chapter 5 Fellowman

I love those kids

Eric Butterworth

Death penalty prisoner story

Dr.Parchure

Panacea

Henry Matthew Ward

Lincoln's story

From Book;

A 3rd Serving of Chicken Soup for the Soul

To Remember Me

Robert N. Test

Chapter 6 Boundless

Free Repair!

มานะนที สีขานแก้ว

God blessing time

Papa Mama Galage

No Nationality, No religion interfere

มานะนที สีขานแก้ว

Chapter 7 Value of Life

Wealth, Success, and Love

-

Love is not something you do

Peter Russell

The word “Love” does not said by father voice.

Adapted from A cup of chicken soup for the soul(อันนี้เราว่า

ไม่ต้องเขียนว่าadaptedหรือ เพราะเราว่านี่แค่ inspired by that book มากกว่าที่เหลื่ออะसानวนและเรื่องราวของจี๋ล้วน รn my opinion write your name better, baby)

Kids, do you know what you are?

โพล กาชัลส์

God of Love

-

You've got to find what you love

Steve Jobs

Nature of Life

-

What do dying people think!

รศ.ดร.พสุ เดชะรินทร์

Opening the heart

Tarthang Tulku

Back Inner Cover

Verraya Dejfeung or Jie is Prakanong kid, Bangkok.

Studied high school at Sainampeung School

Graduated bachelor's degree from Faculty of Social Administration, Thammasat University

Learnt the life through variety of work follow by my interesting

Used to be a Nanny for foreigner kids in Thailand

Used to be a teacher in Sriayudhya School

Used to be an officer in Department of Social Development and Welfare

Used to be an assistant researcher in many projects;

Such as residential development plan research, faculty of architecture, Silpakorn University,

Agriculturist debt; customers of Bank for Agriculture and Agricultural Cooperatives, management research, Rural and Social Management Institute (RASMI),

Follow-up and evaluation external Team; Health Human resources development plan group, Thai health promotion Foundation,

Study and develop Social Assistance system in crisis Research, Department of Social Development and Welfare, etc.

Love and enjoy note stories of people and delight in Note taker in the conference.

Nowadays roles as project coordinator such as leader member potential development strategic; control risk factor of alcohol and drug project, of Stop drink network office.

Present coordinate for Connection of Leader Strength; control risk factor project of Social Might Connection Foundation.

To follow Jie's work at

www.facebook.com/mindstormingpoint

jorjie007@hotmail.com

www.mindstormingpoint.com