

**Title: Conversations**

**Subtitle: The Rose and The Bee**

**Second Subtitle: Re: The Rose and The Bee**

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Keep in mind free will is available to all who seek it and living life unen  
philosophy, my understanding.

Truly living ones perception begins with a deeper understanding of the  
own emotions and thoughts. Indeed the bee does see the rose differently  
experiences tell a new story from a different perspective. Meditation upon  
emotions allowing one the ability to connect the pieces together or to let  
liberation, the freeing and rest attained from surrendering struggle for a  
awakens in self a desire for acceptance and brings riches greater than a  
experience or rather perception of living, observing, participating, and b

Many do not see the grieving process also attached to the art of living a  
there. Living in a sense is actually more difficult than the letting go in d  
wake up and find joy and even bliss in their very existence. Each day we  
perceptions until the day we realize we must also live for the moment an  
Could we not also lose self in the rose and discover a deeper connectio  
distractions along the way, the ego reminds one regularly there is always  
ideas only prevent one from seeing that the only true living is what is ha  
past, nor the future. It is in embracing the breath of the moment, taking  
is all too simple to get caught up in the winds and not fly freely among th  
there, alighting upon a single rose it carefully chose.

I would have chosen the easier path of ignorant bliss in my youth had it  
until the day of death to catch me off guard, yet for me other options did  
became clear sooner. I choose differently. I have had the privilege in th  
with many who are dying and know they reached the end and yet strive to  
live each of the days they have now to the fullest. They learned each in  
and smell the roses, to notice their unique nuances. It is not enough to c  
Of greater importance is conveying spiritual knowledge from within the d  
awaken it within them. In the acceptance of the dying process and in dea  
process is born. In compassionate service to the other, I actually learned  
Death is neither an experience of deperation or one of heightened eupho  
as is living. Neither version of death or living is depressing or exciting a  
of the experience, the grey area does exist for those who seek to unders  
find beauty in the rose petals turned to potpourri, a dried rose who sits  
the one still blooming upon the vine, even in the one yet to open to its f  
indeed a matter of perspective and acceptance of each cycle, arriving in

I have beheld both the living and the dying within my hands and found jo  
judging with my mind one to be more desirable than the other. Living my

opportunities to embrace such a philosophy as this. I created a living will and asked my doctors to let me go and not to cling to what I once was, the beautiful result of choosing in my process to also let go and live fully. I was allowing the spirit to go. Letting go was the most liberating experience of living thus far. In the process, my profound health had returned to me. Pondering dying and living has awakened new perspectives, allowed me to search out true meaning for my life and a deeper purpose within the greater scope of things. I have delved into the zeal of faith and strive to be in service to others and to a more globally conscious state of being, accepting self first.

May many thoughts add unto the continuing story of life as it is created. I hope to bring humanity from this moment forth. Living is an opportunity to embrace who we are and transforming my own consciousness, I will have an influence on society beyond what is known to be true of science and have faith that as each individual takes responsibility for living, our world will be restored with a sense of interconnectedness and about remaining in Presence. The changes we seek in our world begin with us and in every direction infinitely. Holding this state of conscious thought and using it as a vehicle for transference from one self to the other.

David, thank you...you stretched my box this morning!