



Of Seeds and Flowers

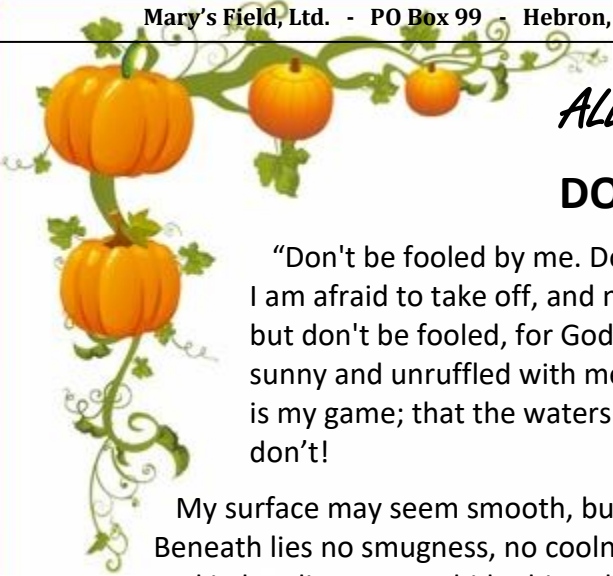


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ALL HALLOW'S EVE - A TIME FOR MASKS, OR NOT!!!

DON'T BE FOOLED BY ME.

"Don't be fooled by me. Don't be fooled by the mask I wear. For I wear dozens of masks, masks that I am afraid to take off, and none of them are me. Pretending is an art that's second nature with me, but don't be fooled, for God's sake don't be fooled. I give the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny and unruffled with me, within me as well as without; that confidence is my name and coolness is my game; that the waters are calm and I'm in command and I need no one. Don't believe it! Please don't!

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask; my ever varying and ever concealing mask. Beneath lies no smugness, no coolness, no complacency. Beneath, dwells the REAL ME in confusion, in fear and in loneliness. But I hide this. I don't want anybody to know it. I panic at the thought of my weakness and fear of being exposed.

That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant sophisticated facade, to help me pretend, to shield me from the GLANCE THAT KNOWS. But such a glance is precisely my salvation, my only salvation and I KNOW IT. It's the only thing that can liberate me from myself, from the self-built prison walls, from the barriers that I so painstakingly erect. But I won't tell you this. I don't dare. I'm afraid to. **I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by acceptance and love.** I'm afraid you'll think less of me, that you'll laugh at me, and your laugh would kill me. I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm no good, so I play my game, my desperate game with a facade of assurance without, and a trembling child within.



And so, I begin a parade of masks and my life becomes a front. I idly chatter to you in the suave tones of surface talk. I tell you everything that is really nothing, and nothing that is really everything, of what's crying within me. So, when I'm going through my routine do not be fooled by what I am saying. Please listen very carefully and try to hear what I'm not saying, what I'd like to be able to say, what, for survival I NEED to say but what I CAN'T say.



I dislike hiding, honestly, I do! I dislike the superficial game I'm playing, the phony game. I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous and me, but you've got to help me. You've got to hold out your hand, even when it's the last thing I seem to want or need. Each time you're kind and gentle, and encouraging, each time you try to understand because you really care, my heart begins to grow wings. -very small wings, very feeble wings, **but WINGS.**

With your sensitivity and sympathy, and your power of understanding, you can breathe life into me. I want you to know that. I want you to know how important you are to me, how you can be the creator of a person that is me if you choose to. **Please choose to.**

It will not be easy for you. A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong walls. The nearer you approach me, the blinder I strike back. I fight against the very thing I cry out for, but I am told that love is stronger than walls and in this lies my hope. Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands, but with gentle hands - for a child is very sensitive **and I am a child.**

Who am I you may wonder. I am someone you know very well, for ***I am every man, every woman, every child you meet.***" - adapted from a poem by Charles C. Finn

Think of how the masks worn by married people cause problems in their marriages. Politicians have masks for all occasions. Can you identify the ego of people with position, power, titles?



THE DREAM ME AND THE REAL ME – another way of looking at the false self.

Have you ever thought about the fact that you are TWO PEOPLE? -the **dream you** and the **real you**. The dream you doesn't really exist but, I'll bet, you live most of your life with the dream you. The dream you is perfect in every way. **ONLY THE REAL YOU** is the real you; the you IN TRUTH.

My dream me is the perfect teacher, the perfect husband, the perfect father, the perfect counselor, the perfect writer, the perfect grass cutter (I always cut the grass perfectly), the perfect book reader (I only read significant books), the perfect house painter and on and on it goes. **This me doesn't exist.** It is like a gas. Even God can't love this me. However, this dream me is always pushing me around. It is always pushing me to be more and more perfect; to do more and more and **this me is never happy.** It is like a monkey on my back. So much so I even named the dream me Alexander, after Alexander the Great. –riding on a great white horse conquering all things. Alexander is never happy! He can make my life miserable.



Alexander and I regularly have some tough conversations. "Get off my back; stop pushing me around; let me alone; you are a brute; get out of my life, etc. etc..

The truth about me is: sometimes I'm a good teacher and sometimes I'm not, sometimes I'm the perfect father and sometimes I'm not, sometimes I cut the grass perfectly and sometimes not, sometimes I'm the perfect husband and sometimes I'm not etc. The more I pray the more I find out about my selfishness, my pride, my need to control and be right about everything, my need for security and affirmation. The Holy Spirit is the revealer. The Spirit lets me know about the real me. The Holy Spirit is always trying to keep me honest, humble, and grounded in truth. Too often, the logic of worldly success rests on the fallacy that our perfection depends on the thoughts and applause of other people!

The only me that is real is the real me. **The only me that even God can love is the real me.** Centering prayer/contemplation is what keeps me honest. One hour a day and I am able to hug and like the real me. The WORK of prayer convinces us that we are not some idealized image of ourselves based on immature, pre-programmed emotional programs - or preconditioned ideas.

EVERYONE WORSHIPS AT SOME TEMPLE.

Check out Centering Prayer in our library of podcasts. It is the source of true freedom. The Divine Therapist will touch and heal your beautiful heart and soul and help you to awaken to the reality in which you are swimming. "Lead me forth from prison, O Lord, that I may give thanks and praise to your name." Psalm 142:7

If we would only consult the monk, the hermit, the contemplative nun, the recluse living in a cave or the mountain top. PROPHETS! They have the wisdom and solutions.

"All of humanity's problems stem from man's inability to sit quietly in a room alone."

There is a God shaped vacuum in the heart of every man which cannot be filled by any created thing, but only by God, the Creator, made known through Jesus.

Blaise Pascal





WHO IS THAT MASK MAN?



“Once there was a man who lived in a small Russian village. He was not a particularly good man, prone to drinking and womanizing, a man the other villagers didn't care too much for. One day he was trapped inside his home as it caught fire. Breaking through a window he barely managed to escape with his life, but his face had become horribly disfigured by the flames. The town folk, who had once treated him with indignation, now avoided this grotesque creature with horror. Finally, not being able to stand it any longer, the man went to a carpenter and asked him to make him a mask he could wear with the face of saint painted upon it to hide his burns.

With his new face the man tried to return to the life he once led before the fire, but the villagers still reacted to him with the same terrified expressions as they rushed to avoid him in the streets. Devastated, the man contemplated ending his life as he sat by a fountain in the center of town. A little girl was there too, she had dropped her doll in the water and couldn't reach it. Seeing the little girl's teary-eyed face, the man reached into the water and retrieved the doll giving it back to the girl. The girl, absolutely thrilled with the safe return of her toy, hugged, and thanked the man with a smile.

That day, a simple act of gratitude from a small child changed the man's life forever. From that moment on he dedicated himself to helping others as best he could. He started with the children, but gradually after much determination and many years, the rest of the villagers soon came to respect and admire the man for his loving nature, kindness, and wisdom.

After many, many years the man finally passed away. The entire village attended his funeral. All were present when the man's mask was finally removed and his face was shown for all to see, so they could pay their last respects. No one was surprised to see that the man's true face looked exactly like that which was painted upon the wooden mask he wore.” SLOWLY, WE BECOME THE MASKS THAT WE WEAR!!! HAPPY ALL HALLOWS EVE!!

Jesus to St. Maria Faustina: “At three o’clock implore my mercy especially for sinners; and if only for a brief moment, immerse yourself in my passion, particularly in MY abandonment at the at this time of agony. This is the hour of great mercy for the whole world... In this hour, I will refuse nothing to the soul that makes a request of Me in virtue of My passion. (Diary, 1320)



THE LAW OF SPIRITUAL PHYSICS: Have you ever noticed how the “WEAKER” person almost always pulls the “STRONGER” person down rather than the stronger person pulling up the weaker person? In marriages, the SPIRITUALLY WEAKER of the spouses typically pulls the stronger down rather than the other way around. I have seen it happen over and over in the past 60 years. The “weaker” spouse, not always intentionally but slowly, brings down the inner life of the stronger person in the marriage. –and in most relationships. This also happens in church groups, offices, institutions, government, classrooms! –put three or four “bad kids” in with an otherwise great group of students and they will ruin the class. As a teacher, I have had this happen eight or ten times, and contrary to what all the educators and psychologists or administrators say or believe, the bad kids always win. The idea was to raise the weaker students to be better students but it never happened. **The Law of Spiritual Physics. Are you’re the strong one or the weak one??**



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