

Of Seeds and Flowers

Volume 40 Issue 1 - Founded in 1982

January 2023

William R. Pfeiffer - Director

Mary's Field, Ltd. - PO Box 99 - Hebron, CT 06248 - 860.530.1253 - wisdom@marysfield.org

A HEAVENLY VALENTINES DAY

Ancient philosophers and Mystics used to say that, before being born, each soul was kissed and caressed by God and then goes through life always remembering that beautiful kiss and measuring everything that happens in life in relation to its original sweetness.

Inside each of us, there is a wonderful but distant memory of having once been touched and caressed by hands far gentler than our own. That caress has left a permanent imprint inside of us; one so tender and good that its memory becomes **a prism through which we see everything else in our life**. Our hearts have been caressed by Infinite Love.

And so, we recognize Love and Truth **outside of us** precisely because they resonate with something that is already **inside us**. Things "touch our hearts" **because they awaken a memory of that original kiss**. Moreover, because we have a memory of once having been perfectly kissed, touched, and loved every experience in life falls a little short. We have already enjoyed something much deeper. **OUR SPIRITUALITY IS ABOUT WHAT WE DO WITH THIS UNREST!!** Some people eat. Some people shop. Some people buy clothes. Some people collect friends or money. Some people pray. Everyone worships at some temple!

Maybe this special heavenly kiss is the reason why the human heart is not a perfectly shaped heart like the valentine's heart: - a piece is missing and is being kept in heaven to be reunited with us when we "come home".

I think that when we get to heaven God is going to ask us three questions:



First: "WHO ARE YOU?" - not, what initials did you have behind your name, how much was your house worth, did you have a corner office, etc., etc .. **You are who you are before God, nothing more, nothing less.**

Second: "HOW DID YOU LOVE?" Especially the members of your family, the people you work with, the poor and needy.

Third: "WHY WEREN'T YOU HAPPY?" I gave you so much, why weren't you happy? *"There are in the end three things that last: faith, hope and love, and the greatest of these is love."* **Love is the categorical imperative.** Happy Valentine's Day!!

The Bike Ride: At first, I saw God as an observer, like my judge, keeping track of things I did wrong. This way, God would know whether I merited heaven or hell when I died. He was always out there, sort of like the President. I recognized His picture when I saw it, but I didn't really know Him at all. Later, when I recognized my Higher Power better, it seemed as though life was rather like a bike ride, on a tandem bike, and I noticed God was in the back helping me pedal. I don't know when it was that He suggested we change places, but life has not been the same since life with my Higher Power, that is, making life much more exciting.

When I had control, I knew the way. It was rather boring but predictable. It was always the shortest distance between the points. But when He took the lead, He knew delightful cuts, up mountains, and through rocky places and at breakneck speeds; it was all I could do to hang on! Even though it looked like madness, He kept saying, "Pedal, pedal!"

I worried and became anxious, asking, "Where are you taking me?" He just laughed and didn't answer, and I found myself starting to trust. I soon forgot my boring life and entered into the adventure, and when I'd say, "I'm scared," He'd lean back and touch my hand.

He took me to people with gifts that I needed, gifts of healing, acceptance and joy. They gave me their gifts to take on my journey. Our journey, that is, God's and mine.

And we were off again. He said, "Give the gifts away, they're extra baggage, too much weight." So I did, to the people we met, and I found that in giving I received, and still our burden was light. I did not trust Him at first, in control of my life. I thought He'd wreck it. But He knew bike secrets, knew how to make it bend to take sharp corners, jump to clear places filled with rocks, fly to shorten scary passages.

And I'm learning to shut up and pedal in the strangest places, and I'm beginning to enjoy the view and the cool breeze on my face with my delightful constant companion, my higher power. And when I'm sure I can't go on anymore, He just smiles and says, "Pedal ... " **Author Unknown**

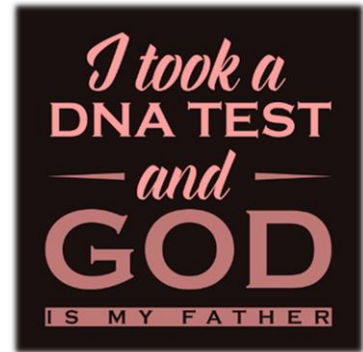
Father John O'Brien was a well-known retreat-master in the 1940's and 50's. One day an alcoholic came to him begging for help to stop the drinking that was ruining his life and marriage. Fr. O'Brien said here is the solution: "Pray for 20 minutes a day for the next month and come back to see me. At the end of the month, one of two things will happen, either you will either have stopped drinking or stopped praying." He stopped drinking! -not always the full solution but certainly a serious part of it. Good advice also for people addicted to porn! Porn is addictive, progressive and deadly!

**IF YOU'RE TOO BUSY
TO PRAY... YOU'RE
TOO BUSY**

MOTHER TERESA

A list of some things that people have eliminated to make time for prayer: Turned a vegetable plot into a rose garden. Planted grass over a flower bed. Quit the choir. Quit the bereavement group. Gave up sewing. Quit using nail polish and makeup. Quit reading popular fiction and magazines. Quit the RENEW group. Quit the Bible study group. Quit the gourmet group. Quit watching TV (well almost completely). Gave up

ham radio. Resigned from the school board. Withdrew from a "prayer discussion" group. Learned to live with cobwebs. Declined a promotion.



**BE STILL (NOT
BUSY) AND
KNOW THAT
I AM GOD.**

Cindy, my wife, has just finished reading the Bible in 365 days with Father Michael Schmitz of Ascension Press and has begun to do the full Catechism of the Catholic Church in the next 365 days. - A BEAUTIFUL THING!!! KUDOS!!



And Jesus, at the Last Supper, said, "Sanctify them in TRUTH, **YOUR WORD IS TRUTH**".

And St. Paul: "Do not conform yourself to this age but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, so that you may judge what is **God's will, what is good, pleasing and perfect.**" Romans 12:2.

Too often we are like the blind man touching the side of an elephant describing the tiny portion he feels with all of the pre-programmed emotion and conviction he can muster up. - And not be **close to the truth.**



All biases and prejudices are the attitudes of a child from ages four to eight. If they are present in us, we are still functioning at the level of a pre-adolescent.

DAILY NEWS

World - Business - Finance - Lifestyle - Travel - Sport - Weather

Issue: 240104

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

Est - 1965

First Edition

Monday 5th June

VISION AND REALITY

The Obituary for Mr. Common Sense - *Used in "Of Seeds and Flowers" in 2016 and is more relevant today!*

Today, we mourn the passing of an old friend and great institution, by the name of Common Sense. Common Sense lived a long life but died in the United States because of heart failure brought on by years and years of poor life decisions and community neglect.

No one really knows how old he was, some say he was born during the Enlightenment still others say during the age of the Founding Fathers - his birth records were lost long ago, lost in bureaucratic red tape and revisionist history where even the statues of the Blessed Mother and Jesus weren't safe.

Common Sense selflessly devoted his life to service in schools, hospitals, homes, factories, families, helping folks get jobs, all done without fanfare, or foolishness or acts of Congress.

For countless decades, petty rules, silly laws and frivolous lawsuits held no power over Common Sense. He was credited with cultivating such valued lessons as to know when one should come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm, that life isn't always fair, not to marry on the rebound and one bad apple can ruin the whole barrel.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial principles - don't spend more than you earn, reliable parenting strategies - the adults are in charge, not the kids, raise your own children and it's okay to come in second and keep score.

A veteran of the Industrial Revolution, the Great Depression and the Technological Revolution, Common Sense survived cultural and educational trends including the "Social Justice Math Problems", student directed classrooms where the only ones working harder were the teachers, and a report from Australia that a school accommodated a girl who thought she was a cat by getting her a litter box.

However, his health declined when he became

infected with the "who is the parent" virus, the "my body, my choice" bacteria, "my truth" flu, "I'm a victim" infection and the "I can't recall cough" with a severe case of "I mis-spoke but didn't lie," and "what is a woman?" cramps.

In recent decades, his waning strength proved no match for the ravages of well-intentioned but suffocating regulations.

He watched in pain as good people became ruled by self-seeking politicians, psychologists and sociologists who have an excuse for every bad behavior but are short on solutions.

Mr. Common Sense had to go to the emergency room when he saw politicians, lie, steal, cheat, peddle influence for huge sums of money. He vomited when he discovered people were selling baby body parts with the majority of public outrage directed towards those who expose such acts.

He needed CPR when schools endlessly implemented zero-tolerance policies. Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate, a teen suspended for taking a swig of mouthwash after lunch and teachers being reprimanded for not allowing students to plagiarize.

He declined even further when schools mandated parental consent to administer aspirin to a student, but could not inform the mom and dad when their child was pregnant and wanted an abortion or wanted to change their gender - or the biggest change in education, "Who owns the child?"

Finally, Common Sense lost his will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband, churches became purveyors of psychology and good feelings, criminals received better treatment than victims and federal judges stuck their noses in everything but common sense, and people who paid into Medicare

their whole lives couldn't afford dental care when people who didn't work at all got full coverage -plus cell phones.

Finally, when a woman was arrested while silently praying on the sidewalk across the street from an abortion clinic, Common Sense threw in the towel.

As the end neared, Common Sense drifted in and out of logic, but was kept informed of developments regarding questionable regulations such as those for gas can caps and the warning not to fold up strollers with a child inside. The death blow came when the Supreme Court discovered new rights previously hidden in the Constitution that not even the framers of

the Constitution knew about, while also ruling that words and phrases can mean whatever we want them to mean, as long as we get what we want.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Honesty; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by three stepsiblings: Mya Feelings, Ima Whiner, and Nomor Principle and their other son in college, Ima Snoflake. Not many attended his funeral because few people realized he was gone.

On his grave stone were the words of Mark Twain: *"It is easy to fool the people but difficult to convince the people they have been fooled."*

2000 - 2019 Student growth = 7.6%.
Teachers Growth= 8.7%. **Administrators' growth = 87.6%**. U.S. Dept. of Ed. I follow developments like this in education because I was in education for 40 years. Not a good trend!



Good to note that Pope Benedict XVI wrote in his will that Mr. Biden was not to be invited to his funeral. I am sure, a decision to reprimand him for his overt promotion and paying for abortions, and probably to reprimand Pope Francis, as well, for his, INCOMPREHENSIBLE, not reprimanding President Biden and Ms. Pelosi on their recent visit to the Vatican.



NONPROFIT ORG.
U S POSTAGE PAID
WILLIMANTIC, CT
PERMIT NO. 430

Return Service
Requested.

Mary's Field, LTD
P.O. Box 99
Hebron, CT 06248