

Passageways

by Kim Shaffer

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C o n t e n t s

TEXT ONE

Being and Becoming

Passages

one	Being in Harmony	8
two	From the Inside Out	13
three	Eternal Life	17
four	Guidance	22
five	Generosity	27
six	Love of Life	33
seven	A Vision	38
eight	My Religion	42
nine	Everyday Life	46

TEXT TWO

Openings

Passages

one	Appreciation	51
two	Perfection	53
three	Transition	56
four	Foundations	59
five	My Fear	64
six	Healing	68
seven	My Successes	72
eight	Appreciation and Oblivion	75
nine	Realization	79
ten	Walking on Water	83
eleven	My Confession	85
twelve	A Promise	87

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TEXT FOUR

A Mother's Blessings

Passages

- one** In the Company of Angels 134
- two** Cradled in Light 139
- three** A Caring for Us 143
- four** Place to Place 146
- five** Prodigal Sons and Daughters .. 148
- six** Seeking Balance 150
- seven** Blessings in Your Life 152
- eight** Being of Service 155
- nine** Prayer Without Ceasing 158
- ten** Being Christlike 161
- eleven** Wanting What Is Best 164
- twelve** Eternal Progression 168

TEXT FIVE

For the Good of All

Passages

one	In the Midst	171
two	All We Have to Lose	179
three	Being Observant	183
four	What We Value	188
five	What I Have Learned	195
six	Being Fruitful	201
seven	On the Level	205
eight	Who Am I to Say?	209
nine	Imbued with the Divine	213

TEXT
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Being and Becoming

Passage

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Being in Harmony

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING
8

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I do not attempt
To lord over my world.

I do not attempt
To lord over myself.

I do not
Order things about.

I ask
That I might be.

PART TWO
Discernment

There are ways which lead
To growth and development.

There are ways which lead
To sickness of the spirit.

No one can tell you
Which are which.

You must learn
Discernment
For yourself.

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Coordination

Any attempt
To rid oneself
Of impatience

Is an expression
Of it.

Having patience
With your impatience,

Things will be no different,
But you will be.

TEXT ONE BEING AND BECOMING

Passage

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From the Inside Out

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PART TWO

Growth

Growth
Is not a getting
Of knowledge or understanding.

Growth
Is an unfoldment
Of being and becoming.

Growth
Cannot be hurried,

But it can be slowed
By impatience.

Learn to be
Patient with yourself
As you are,

And in so doing,
You will nurture growth.

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PART THREE
States of Being

A person
Who is impatient
With others

Is a person
Who is impatient
With himself.

You are to others
As you are to yourself.

This is your state
Of being.

Kindness
In your dealings
With yourself and others

Will work wonders
In your life.

Much more so

Than rightness
In your thinking.

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Passage

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Eternal Life

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING

Ask that you might be
In harmony.

Ask that you might be
Of service.

Ask that you might be
A source.

And you will become

More than you could know
To ask for.

PART TWO

Loving

You are given life,

And life is given
Into your care.

To those
Who love life,

Life is given
Abundantly.

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PART THREE
Sons and Daughters

Many times
I have expected
Reproach,

And have deserved
Reproach.

All I have been shown
Is complete compassion.

I am encouraged
At such times,

And inspired.

My prayer
Is that I might
Someday become

So loving.

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Passage

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Abilities

Will come to you.

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING
23

Gifts

There are ways which lead
To growth and development.

There are ways which lead
To sickness of the spirit.

All anyone can tell you

Can be misunderstood
Or misunderstandings.

Ask that you might be
Discerning,

Not of others' words,
But of their ways.

So you might learn
Which ways are which

From the examples
Of others.

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Passage

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Generosity

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING

PART ONE

Recognition

You are to others
As you are to yourself.

This is your state
Of being.

You cannot
Care for others

More than you care
For yourself,

Or less.

When you recognize
A higher state of being,

Where you are not,
But want to be,

That is a moment
To celebrate.

TEXT ONE

BEING AND BECOMING

TEXT
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It takes character to find
 Kindness and respect
 Within yourself,

 When kindness and respect
 Have not been shown to you.

Recognizing and wanting
 A higher state of being

Is only possible
 Because of what
 You really are.

PART THREE

Patience

Out of ignorance
 We do many wrongs
 To one another

And many things
 We later regret,

Unless we remain
 In ignorance.

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There is no escaping
The past.

There is only accepting
And not accepting
In the present.

Accepting yourself
As you were,

Makes it possible
For you to accept yourself
As you are.

Accepting yourself
As you are,

Makes it possible
For you to accept others
As they are.

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Growth takes time.

And patience
Takes patience
To learn.

Forgiveness
Is patience
With the past.

Patience
Is forgiveness
Of the present.

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Passage

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Love of Life

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Caring is complicated
To put into words.

It is simple
To put into practice.

Caring is not a question
Of ability.

It is a question
Of character.

PART TWO
Participating

Trying to get,
Everything gets away from you.

Trying to hold on,
Everything escapes your grasp.

Trying to be certain,
Everything is doubtful.

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As you become a participant
In the nurturing of life,

You become more than whole
And more than secure.

You become a source.

PART THREE

The Light

There is a light

Which is the light
Of truth and life.

This light is not
Some distant place away.

You are in the midst of it,
And it is in the midst of you.

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Life nurtures life,

As life expands

And realizes its possibilities.

Light nurtures light,

As light emerges from darkness

And realizes its nature.

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Passage

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A Vision

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING

PART TWO

Expectations

I have a sense

That nothing will be
As expected.

That light will not
Come down upon us,

But will emerge
From within our midst.

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING

My Best

But I do my best
To keep my foolishness
Out of this.

TEXT ONE BEING AND BECOMING

Passage

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My Religion

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PART ONE
A Way of Being

I believe
Christ came
To provide a way

For those who love life
To receive life
Everlasting.

He showed the way
By example.

Not a way of believing.
A way of being.

Christ provided his example,
Not for us to believe in only,

But for us to aspire
To become.

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Passage

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Everyday Life

TEXT ONE
BEING AND BECOMING

PART ONE

Caring

You cannot care about
The large and overall

If you do not care about
The small and everyday.

Caring is about
Each and every one.

Caring is about
Every word and action.

PART TWO

What You Can

You cannot
Do for others

What they must do
For themselves.

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You cannot
Be for others

What they must be
Themselves.

Nevertheless,
You are moved by compassion,

As all who love life
Are moved by compassion.

And you pray
That you might be of service,

And miraculous things
Happen.

PART THREE
Here and Now

You have
Unlimited possibilities

To look forward to.

You grow
From where you are.

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TEXT
TWO

Openings

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Appreciation

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Appreciation
Is the recognition
Of meaning and value.

The more we appreciate,

The more meaning and value
We recognize.

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Passage

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Perfection

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There is a temptation
To attempt perfection
Of oneself.

This leads
To expecting perfection,

And to being critical
Of oneself and others.

Aspire, instead,
To accept yourself,

With all of your frailties
And failings.

This leads
To a compassionate appreciation
Of yourself and others.

Your direction is determined,
Not by one big choice,

But by a thousand little choices
Made every day.

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By a thousand little instances
In which you choose to care
Or not.

By a thousand little opportunities
To choose to be generous
Or not.

You have a thousand chances every day,
In speech and thought,

To choose between
Forgiving and condemning.

Forgive others their failings
And forgive your failures
To do so,

And you will find this leads
To that compassionate appreciation
You are aspiring to.

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Transition

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Passage

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Foundations

TEXT TWO
OPENINGS

The foundation upon which
All else is built
Is caring.

All else is secondary.
All else is transitory.

Our understandings will change.
Our conceptions will evolve.

All manifestations and all creations
Will pass away in time.

The one constant

Is the caring of beings
For one another.

There is no other motivation
For Divine activity.

There is no other state of being
That makes anything
Meaningful.

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That one thing, caring,
Gives rise to all other things
Wonderful,

Inspires creativity
And endeavor.

Without that one thing,

There is no purpose or meaning
To anything.

Caring is often painful
And difficult.

Caring is wonderful
And it is priceless.

Where there is caring,
There is life.

Where there is no caring,
There is no life.

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Passage

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My Fear

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Not somewhere else.
Not something else.
Not some other time.

It is right here
And right now
And this

That I care about.

It is with this feeling
I am feeling
Right now,

That I begin to accept
Or not.

I hear whispers of doubt,
And I am afraid,

But I choose
Not to run this time.

Though if I do,
I will forgive myself,

And I will give myself
A thousand other chances.

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But this time,
I choose not to run.

I choose not to flee
From my fear.

I choose to go ahead
And feel my fear,

And feel the fear
Of feeling my fear.

I tremble
From the feeling of it,

But this time
I choose not to flee
In the face of it,

For fear of the feeling
Of feeling it.

I feel it, as it is.
Fear.

Nothing less
And nothing more.

And I find
I do not perish
After all,

In the midst of it.

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TEXT TWO
OPENINGS

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Passage

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Healing

TEXT TWO

OPENINGS

The desire for control
Is born of fear

And a lack
Of appreciation.

Those aspects of ourselves
That are sick and ineffectual,
That are disruptive and disharmonious,

Are the parts of ourselves most in need
Of our patience and understanding,
Most in need of our nurturing.

Gaining understanding
Is not the ultimate.

Being understanding is.

There are many tangles of confusion
That do not need to be sorted out.

They do not make sense,

And there is no need
To try to make sense out of them.

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The healing power is caring.

Caring does not dismiss pain,
Try to hide, stop, or control pain.

Caring appreciates the reality
And the actuality of pain.

The wonder and the irony

Is how often caring about, alone,
Is all that is needed
To cure these ills.

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Passage

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My Successes

TEXT TWO
OPENINGS

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I see that adversity
Has served to make me
More compassionate.

I see that
Many kinds of growth are nurtured
By discouraging circumstances.

These insights
Can be difficult to recall
When in the midst of the struggle.

It does not matter.

They do not need to be
Remembered.

Certain kinds of calamities
Appear to be inherent
In having physical bodies.

Is our growth achieved
In spite of these calamities?
Or, in part, as a result of them?

One can speculate,

But there are perspectives
On our struggles

That can only be realized
After the fact.

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Passage

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Appreciation and Oblivion

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I have been a person
Who loved things.

The things I loved
Were words and ideas.

I have been a person
Who did not appreciate

The life around me
Or the life within me.

I was a person who

Did not hear others,
Did not feel others,
Did not know others.

Did not care about

What others said,
What others felt,
What others were.

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I was a person who

Did not listen to myself,
Did not feel myself,
Did not know myself.

Did not care about

What I thought,
What I felt,
What I was.

I have learned

That what you care about,
You become sensitive to,

And what you do not care about,
You will be oblivious to.

What you care about,
You come to appreciate.

What you do not care about,

You never recognize
The meaning and value of.

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One does not start
With understanding.

Understanding
Comes last.

One starts
With caring about.

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Realization

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The farther you go
In a direction,

The easier it becomes
To continue in that direction,

Whatever that direction
Might be.

We do not learn to love
All at once.

We learn to love
Little by little

And step by step.

We are inspired
To love

And we aspire
To love

And when we fail
To love,

We must simply
Try again.

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Walking on Water

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My Confession

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My failures
Have been many.

My failings
Are many still.

I wish that I were better,
So I could better
Be of service,

But I present myself, as I am,
Before my Heavenly Father
And before you.

I cannot be
An example of perfection,

But perhaps I can be
An example to others who have failed
And to others who have failings.

To them I can speak words of hope,
Born of personal experience.

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A Promise

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I will do my best
To keep this promise
To myself,

And to forgive
My failures
To do so.

I will not try to be
What I am not.

I will not try to be
More than I am.

I will be what I am
And what I become

And have faith
It will be enough.

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TEXT
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Ways from Here

TEXT THREE

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Being determined
Is deciding

That no matter
How long it takes

And no matter
How faltering your steps,

You will never
Give up.

Because it is so powerful,
You must choose carefully

What you set
Your determination upon.

There are ways which lead
To growth and development.

There are ways which do not.

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Getting things,

Even things

Like knowledge

And understanding,

Is not the same

As growth and development.

Set yourself upon becoming

More appreciative.

Knowledge

And understanding

Will then follow.

PART THREE

The Way

The most inspiring words,

The best examples,

And even the answers

To your prayers,

Can do no more

Than point the way.

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The way is one
Of being and becoming,

With guidance,
Inspiration,

And determination.

It is a way
That has little to do
With getting for oneself,

And everything to do
With learning how to give.

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Searching

TEXT THREE FRUITION

PART ONE

The Truth

The truth is not
Some information.

The truth is not
Some explanation.

Not even
A perfect explanation.

The truth
Is a living reality

Which is a part
Of each of us,

And of which,
Each of us is part.

PART TWO

Testing and Trying

The search for truth
Is not a search
For answers.

It is a search
For access.

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Giving and Receiving

TEXT THREE

PART ONE

Accepting

Those who will not receive,
Cannot be made to receive

What can only be received
With love and appreciation.

PART TWO

Perspective

As you give unto others
As you would receive,

You become
A source.

As a source,
You know the truth

From a perspective
You cannot know
In any other way.

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You know the truth

From the perspective
Of the inside out.

PART THREE

In Service

For those who grasp and cling,
Fearing for themselves,

For those who try to get and get
To fill the emptiness inside,

There is little hope.

Those who learn to give,

Discover life abundantly
Welling from within them.

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The Kingdom of Heaven

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The Living Light

Through you
The Source of Sources
Can radiate.

TEXT THREE
FRUITI ON

Ask that you might be
In harmony.

Ask that you might be
Of service.

Ask that you might be
A source.

And you will become

More than you could know
Is possible.

PART TWO

Rewards and Punishments

Christ said
That we will be forgiven
To the extent that we forgive,

And that we will be condemned
To the extent that we condemn.

Perhaps this is because
Not even God can spare us

From being
What we become.

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Perhaps our *rewards*
And our *punishments*
Will be this:

To be what we become,

And to be with others
Like ourselves.

If we reap as we have sown,
What could be more just?

But justice
Is not the end of it.

Justice
Is not the point of it.

Forgiveness is His to grant,
To whom all owe everything.

We do not possess
The wisdom or the right
To judge one another.

To us it is given to forgive,
For our own good.

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PART THREE

Reaching

There are places
We can only reach
With prayer

And with patience.

There is nothing
To be gotten

And no place
To be gotten to.

It is not *here* or *there*
Or *this* or *that*.

It is you becoming
What you can be,

With guidance, inspiration,
And determination.

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Manifestations

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PART ONE
Time in Eternity

Growth takes time.

And patience
Takes patience
To learn.

Forgiveness
Is patience
With the past.

Patience
Is forgiveness
Of the present.

PART TWO
Revelations

All that can be shown you
Of the truth

Can be illusion.

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The only truth
That is truly yours

Is the truth made manifest
In you.

The truth in you is life
Nurturing life,

As the life in you expands
And you realize your possibilities.

The truth in you is light
Nurturing light,

As the light in you
Emerges from darkness

And you realize your nature.

PART THREE

Step by Step

Our Heavenly Father
Does not reveal Himself to us.

He reveals Himself through us.

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Our Opportunities

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FRUITION

PART ONE
More and More

You cannot
Care for others

More than you care
For yourself,

Or less.

PART TWO
Placing Importance

The value of time
Is such

That it is best spent
Generously.

Hurry and haste
Are contrary

To nurturing and growth.

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Being impatient
Is caring more about
Ideas of should and shouldn't

Than the nurturing
Of living beings.

When you place the importance
Of nurturing

Over the importance
Of things,

You will find your patience
Is endless.

When you find yourself
Being impatient,

You must remember
That you are a living being too.

The nurturing of yourself
Is more important

Than any ideas
Of should and shouldn't.

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PART THREE

An Instance

One day in a first-grade class

A little girl was reprimanded
For taking other children's crayons.

She was reprimanded sternly,
Though not unkindly,

But she was poor,
And everyone heard it.

The next day,
Another little girl

Brought this girl
A new box of crayons.

I will never forget the example
That was set for me

By that little girl
Who could look past
The *shoulds* and *shouldn'ts*

To the feelings and the needs
Of another.

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I will never forget
That moment.

It seemed as if
The world stood still,

As the light within
That little girl
Shone.

Our lives are made
Of little instances

And of little opportunities.

We can make much
Or little of them,

As we choose.

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Acting on Faith

TEXT THREE
FRUITION

PART ONE
The Emergence of Light

I have a sense

That nothing will be
As expected.

That light will not
Come down upon us,

But will emerge
From within our midst.

PART TWO
Commitment

The question is not
What are you worthy of?

The question is
What is worthy of you?

What is worthy
Of your devotion?

What is worthy
Of your time?

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Some pursuits are empty
From beginning to end.

Some pursuits are fulfilling.

We harvest from what
We devote ourselves to.

We reap from what we sow.

No one can tell you
What you want,

But many people try,

And many believe
What they are told.

PART THREE

The Journey

It is easy to lose track
Of how far one has come

When there are no markers
Along the way,

Because the journey is one
Of being and becoming.

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The Giver of Gifts

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In honoring the gifts
I have been given,

I must risk the appearance
Of thinking much of myself.

But I do none of this
By myself.

All is with Him,
Who is the giver of gifts.

In spite of my fears,
I will not shrink or hide

From the responsibility
That is mine

By virtue of the gifts
I have been given.

It is for you to judge
The value of these gifts to you.

It is for my Heavenly Father to judge
What is in my heart.

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What Really Matters

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There is no appearance
That could be made,

No manifestation,
No demonstration,

That could not be
Misinterpreted.

There is nothing
That can be shown

Which is at the heart
Of what really matters.

The truth
Cannot be shown
Or told.

We must grow
Into the truth,

Because we are the children
Of a Heavenly Father.

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PART THREE
A Quest Story

One summer
I headed west.

I felt that I
Was guided.

I felt that I
Was on a quest.

At summer's end,
I was puzzled.

I had felt guided
All along the way,

But I ended up
Back where I had started,

And I had not found
Anything.

Then I realized

That I had not returned
From my journey

The same person I had been
When I embarked upon it.

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I had not *found*
Anything,

But I had become
More than I had been before.

In the midst of my travails,
The journey has often seemed
Long and hard.

Looking back,
It seems as if the way
Was paved for me.

My mistakes
Have all been my own,

But I believe I have been guided,
Along my winding path,

Through ways from which
I would emerge

More understanding
And more compassionate,

And so, better prepared to serve.

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My hope for you
Is that your quest

Will lead you to that place
Within yourself

Where there resides
That understanding and compassion,

Which is at the heart of what really matters.

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A Mother's Blessings

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In the Company of Angels

TEXT FOUR A MOTHER'S BLESSINGS

I was first taught
We are accompanied by angels

And how to communicate
With mine

Thirty years ago.

It took me ten years

To begin to get a sense
Of why they are there.

At first I thought

They were there
To answer my questions.

Gradually I learned

That asking them questions
And getting answers

Did not lead to anything.

Gradually I learned

That letting them
Ask me the questions

Could lead to all kinds
Of discoveries.

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Cradled in Light

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Passage

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A Caring for Us

TEXT FOUR: A MONTH'S BLISSING

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TEXT FOUR: A MONTH'S BLISSING

Passage

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Place to Place

TEXT FOUR: A MONTH'S BLISSING

We grow from place to place.

There are ways we can grow
That lead to greater freedom.

There are ways we can grow
That lead to ever more
Confining places.

The farther one goes
In a direction,

The easier it becomes
To continue in that direction,

Until there is no turning back.

The light of life in some
Will grow to be a light of life eternal.

The light of life in some
May not.

Some wander aimlessly,
Drifting ever further
From the light.

Some are born
Into the darkness
To help others find their way.

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Passage

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Prodigal Sons and Daughters

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Your home
Is your place
Of belonging.

The way home
Is not away from here.

It is a way of finding
Your sense of belonging here.

What you care about
Belongs to you,

Is loved by you
And is healed by you.

You can come
To care about everything

And to be
Considerate of all.

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Seeking Balance

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Blessings in Your Life

TEXT FOUR A MOTHER'S BLISSING

The light of life in you
Is Divine.

Through you
The Source of Sources
Can radiate.

Because of where you are
And because of where you've been,

You will be able to reach others
And to help others

Who are in those places.

When you find yourself
In the midst of difficulties,

It may be because
You are needed there by others.

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Being of Service

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Passage

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Being Christlike

TEXT FOUR: A MONTH'S BLISSING

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Wanting What Is Best

TEXT FOUR: A MONTH'S BLISSING

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Which path is which
And where each leads

Is for you to discern.

Caring more and more,

You will want to help others
To learn to care.

There is no one way
Of doing this.

By your example,

You will do this
In countless ways.

You will want what is best
And to do what is best

For yourself and others.

You will ask that you might be
What is best,

And in that moment,
Your prayer will be answered.

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Eternal Progression

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TEXT
FIVE

For the Good of All

Passage

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In the Midst

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

PART ONE

What You Have

What have you made Of what you have?

You can only make the same
Of more.

Make the most
Of what you have,

And there you will find
Unlimited resources.

Those who do not appreciate
What they have

Are ever impoverished,
No matter how much.

Those who do appreciate
What they have

Are ever enriched,
No matter how little.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

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Passage

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All We Have to Lose

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

PART ONE

An Example

A young woman,
Whose name was Amy,

Was killed senselessly
In a sandwich-shop robbery.

Her killer was soon apprehended,

And in the midst of their grief,
Amy's parents reached out to comfort
This young man's family,

And spoke out publicly
For compassion, forgiveness,
And their hopes for his redemption.

Thousands were inspired and uplifted
By her parent's example.

Their caring for all concerned
Helped hearts to heal,

Including their own.

The seeds they sowed
By these good works

Will bear fruit
For generations to come.

THE TEXT FILE FOR THE GOOD DOCTOR OF ALL

What Is Kept

The generous of spirit
Are enlarged by their giving.

The miserly, diminished
By their clutching.

In the spirit
What is kept is lost,

And what is given
Is a joy for all.

We give or we withhold
In every interaction.

All are made poorer
By what is withheld.

All are made richer
By what is given.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Deprivation

To ask for and aspire to.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Passage

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Being Observant

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

THE TEXT FILE FOR THE GOOD DOCTOR OF ALL

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PART THREE
A Critical Eye

As long as you are looking
With a critical eye

At your looking
With a critical eye,

You are looking
With a critical eye.

As long as you are trying

To stop looking
With a critical eye,

It is just more of the same.

As soon as you start

To look at what
You are doing to yourself
And your inability to stop,

With compassion and caring,
You will have stopped.

Not once and for all,
But over and over again.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Passage

f o u r

What We Value

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

PART ONE
A Kindness

When I was thirteen
I was given a copy of *Walden*.

To this day I do not know
If Mrs. Hodell gave me the book

Because she thought I would
Appreciate its message

Or because of all her students,
I needed it most desperately.

I had grown up
Without feelings of self-worth.

I was the kid
That other kids abused.

I was short, had freckles
And big ears,

And I was desperate
For acceptance.

TEXT FILE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

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We discard so much
That we could value

And that others
Would value too.

Learning to value
What one has

Is an ongoing process
Of clarifying for oneself

And sharing with others.

PART THREE

Without a Doubt

It is easy to think,

Who do you think you are?
What do you know about anything?

Those are my thoughts too,

But I am no longer paralyzed
By such thoughts.

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What I Have Learned

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

PART ONE
Just the Opposite

Not somewhere else.
Not something else.
Not some other time.

It is right here
And right now
And this

That we have
To care about.

I am not going to tell you
That you should feel
Other than you do.

Just the opposite.

Feel exactly
As you feel.

Think exactly
As you think.

Be exactly
As you are.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

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The Choice

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Being Fruitful

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Growing

Only then to realize
There was not much left.

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Weeding

The wheat and the tares
Grow side by side within you

And without you.

Attempting to pull up the tares,
You not only uproot the wheat,

But those tares that could become
The most fruitful plants of all.

These weeds are your misfortunes
That you will one day treasure.

Fortunately, there is no
Getting rid of them.

No sooner do you pull them up
Than they reappear,

Calling for your attention.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

THE TEXT FILE FOR THE GOOD DOCTOR ALL

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Passage

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On the Level

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

PART ONE
Condescending

Those who are Condescending

Do not value what they are
Or what others are.

There is always
Something else they want.

Such are ever impoverished,
No matter how much,

Because they do not care
About anything.

They can know no joy,
No appreciation,

No gifts given,
And none received.

I remember
What that was like.

TEXT FILE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Asking

I am a part of.

I ask that I might be.

In harmony.

Of service.

A source.

The more I come to care,

The more I find
There is to care about,

And the more there is to me.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Passage

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Who Am I to Say?

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

PART ONE
Deception and Error

Many clever deceptions
Are nine-tenths truth.

There is no deception
In any of this,

But there is bound to be
At least one-tenth error.

I have not asked you
To believe me.

I do not want you to.

I want you to test
And try these words,

Even to a proof
That they are wrong.

One day you will set
All such words aside,

As one does
The playthings of childhood
That one has outgrown,

As one does
The ideas and understandings
Of childhood.

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Riches

My grandfather,
Ward Shaffer,

Was the kindest,
Most gentle man
I have ever known.

When my grandfather was a child,

His mother and father
Would bring the bundled buckwheat

From the field to the barn,
Where they had a threshing machine.

The wheat was fed
Into one end of the machine

And the straw would be ejected
From the other.

The grain collected underneath.

TEXT FIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

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THE GOOD OF ALL

A Visitation

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I have decided to set down an accounting of a recent experience. It was a momentous one for me. I hope in setting it down in writing to perhaps recognize, even further, the significance.

We left Wichita for a family vacation Saturday night, August 8, to drive to Denver. I had worked very late in the office the previous three nights and had not gotten much sleep. So it was not surprising that Saturday, by noon, I was coming down with a migraine headache. I have been plagued by migraines, sometimes daily, for the last twenty-five years. So I am somewhat used to them.

I took a nap in the early afternoon, and that helped some, but my headache persisted as we packed and started driving. I was able to drive for about two hours, until the pain forced me to stop. Cindy had to drive us the rest of the way to her brother's house in Castle Rock. We arrived at about 10 a.m. I went to bed.

I lay in bed awake for hours. I had taken my medications, but they had not helped, and I knew from experience there was no point in taking more. I had never had a migraine that had lasted that long. It had been about thirty hours, at that point. I had begun to feel rather desperate, and I prayed for a healing—for relief from the pain. What then occurred is the point of my writing this account.

Anyone familiar with my writing knows that I believe I communicate with angels. It is actually beyond believing for me. It has been my experience for thirty years. I have been through the process, repeatedly, of questioning why I believe they are actually beings apart from me—and not just manifestations of a higher part of myself. It has been the nature of their companionship that has most convinced me—the way they comfort and convey—and their sense of

humor.

All of that having been said about my angels (I call them “mine” because they are my constant companions), I never envision them with human form, though I believe they have been human. I just don’t envision them with form. But on this occasion, they came to me in a way I had not experienced before.

My eyes were closed, but I saw them. They came and stood around me. This was remarkable to me in several respects. In part, because I do not normally experience them with human form; in part, because those who stood immediately around me were males. I could both see and sense a multitude surrounding me, but those who stood immediately around me (ten or so) were all male. I wondered at this, because I had always felt and understood that my angels are mostly, if not all, female.

They laid their hands upon me, though I did not feel this on my physical body, and blessed me with a healing that was, in part, a teaching. I was encompassed and infused with a light that I cannot describe as white or golden, but somehow both. I was encompassed and infused with a love that was the essence of the healing and the teaching I received.

One spoke to me—not with words that I heard with my physical ears, but heard quite clearly, just as I saw quite clearly, in the spirit. I knew where I was throughout the experience. There was such an intensity of light that it seemed as if the room would have been illuminated, if someone had entered.

For some reason, I can recall few of the words that were spoken, but I remember the essence of what was said. I have decided to set this experience down in writing, in the hope that in so doing I will be able to further recall and clarify what was said.

What was said had to do with my feelings of responsibility, and my feelings of being alone in that responsibility. I have been more than willing to “accept the responsibility that is mine by virtue of the gifts I

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have been given.” I have a desire to be of service that goes to the very core of what I am. I have been willing to endure almost anything for the sake of that service. I have been willing to accept an immense responsibility—without an inkling of how I was to go about fulfilling that responsibility. I have just had to have faith that the means would either be provided or made clear, when it was time.

Beyond that, I have done what I could see to do—taken each next step that I could see to take. Only in the past two years, with the writing of *Being and Becoming*, *Openings*, *Fruition*, *A Mother’s Blessings*, and, now, *For the Good of All*, which collectively I now call *Passageways*, had it begun to seem that, perhaps, I did have a message that could, somehow, serve to meet the need, to provide the service, and to fulfill the responsibility.

This seeming process of fulfillment had served to further intensify my feelings of solitary responsibility and the inevitable questioning of my worthiness and adequacy. As alone as I have felt, and as inadequate, I have had faith and have not ever asked to be relieved of the responsibility, which I have always regarded as a privilege and a blessing. I have often wondered, however, if my persistent migraines might be a manifestation of feeling overwhelmed.

I have recognized, in recent years, a difficulty I have with accepting expressions of appreciation from others. I have been able to accept almost any kind of abuse, but not praise and appreciation. I have always wanted to answer with a “Yes, but . . .” or some kind of self-deprecating remark. I know I have done this, in part, out of a fear of pride, but I have recognized that in doing so, in not accepting expressions of appreciation from others gracefully, that I deny others a kind of satisfaction I understand very well—the satisfaction of offering such expressions.

All of this was somehow spoken to. I was somehow given to understand that I was not alone and that

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the work to be done was not to be done single-handed. I can't say if I was given to understand that I had been cutting myself off from my support or simply had not recognized its extent. Either way, the healing and the teaching I received was an experience of love and support and appreciation that was unlike anything I had ever known before.

My headache was gone—and I was left in an emotional state, such that I could not think or speak of what I had just experienced without weeping. Cindy came in to check on me, and I recounted to her all of what I have just described, and discussed with her some of the surrounding issues I have made reference to.

Everything now seems to have to do with appreciation. The more I appreciate, the more I discover there is to appreciate—and it goes on and on. This experience may, in part, serve to underscore a dimension of appreciation that has to do with accepting or receiving that I am just beginning to realize.

While we have been camping here in the Silverthorne area, one of the things my angels have said to me that has given me most pause, as I have endeavored to sort out the meanings of this experience, is this. They have said that the nature of my service is not to be so much one of doing, as one of being and becoming.

I have not been granted special powers or abilities, except the power and ability of caring. I have long believed that if I would nurture the truth in myself, if it should come to pass that I came to possess sufficient wisdom to exercise powers and abilities for the good of all, I would be given those at that time. I have avoided many pitfalls by following this course. I still hold to those beliefs that have guided me on this course. It now seems to me that, perhaps, my angels are saying that no exercise of power is required—that all is being brought to pass by the power of love, alone. (8/14/98)

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I have been given to understand more of what I experienced with my healing. This understanding clarifies some things for me that had puzzled me about the experience. In so doing, however, I have come to regard it as even more remarkable.

The male figures who came to me and surrounded me were not my angels. That is why they seemed so unlike my angels. Who they were and what they were, I am still sorting out. Suffice it to say that I now regard them as divine personages—and the experience, as a visitation.

(8/16/98)

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Dear Reader,

I am preparing *Passageways* for publication seven years after having begun work on it. What began as one book, in the past seven years, has become a series of books. If you have found this book meaningful, I hope you will continue reading on with me. If it is not already available, the second book in this series, *Going Ahead*, soon will be. The entire series will be distributed through our website, www.amidst.org.

If you purchased this copy of *Passageways*, I thank you for your support. If you did not purchase your copy, I am happy that one has found its way into your hands. If this book has been meaningful to you, please show your appreciation by going to our website and purchasing your own copy. Many thanks.

Best Regards,

Kim Shaffer
May 2003