
**A Weekend
With**

‘a’

**Drunken
Leprechaun**

From the Author of

Living on Love

“The Messenger”

Klaus J Joehle

Also by Klaus J Joehle

Living on Love “The Messenger”

Living on Love “The Shameful Secret”

Roberta’s Coffee Table Book of Love “Insights from Deep Meditations”

A Weekend With

‘a’

Drunken Leprechaun

“Finding Your Joy”

Klaus J Joehle

Copyright Page

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Dedication

To My Leprechaun Friend

*This is in memory to you
For showing me how to find my joy
For showing me it's good to be me*

Thank you

All My Love

Klaus J Joehle

Just a thought

*Sometimes there is nothing finer than breaking all the rules and reaching for the sky
Especially if those rules were meant to confine you, us instead of uplifting us*

*Then it becomes almost a heavenly act
As with everything, there is an art to breaking all the rules
It needs to be done in such a manner that it harms no one
But instead it lifts us and gives us a new horizon to reach for*

*Publishers, publishing houses, you got to love them; you can't do this!
It's never been done like this! O no not possible! You must do it like???
It's always been done . . .*

Excuse me please, it seems I left my bulldozer running, I'll be right back I promise

*What does all of this have to do with a leprechaun?
Everything is connected to everything.
O please feed me sweet nothings but don't make me face the truth again, not again*

Klaus J Joehle

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Readers' Comments

Leprechaun Cover Art

Created By

Anita Pichette

Anita Pichette was born in the mining town of Geraldton, Ontario.

She inherited her love and fascination with nature from her father, who was an old-time gold prospector. Her works are held in private collections on this continent and abroad.

Patrons of Art include Her Majesty the Queen Mother, The Honorable Jeanne Sauve' former Governor-General of Canada. Premier W.R. Bennett of British Columbia, Suzanne Blais-Grenier, Former Minister of State of Transport and F.C. Austin Pelton, Former Minister of the Environment for the province of British Columbia.

Anita is now a professional artist in Nanaimo, British Columbia

Thank you for your contribution to catching

The true essence of Joy and love

In my

Leprechaun Friend

All my love

Klaus J Joehle

*♥ You know art is beautiful when it is
Done so creatively that you can feel the love
Jump from the canvas in which it is placed*

♥

Roberta Joehle

Foreword

I wrote this book in my own words, left it somewhat un-spell checked and free of the imposed edited box of what some feel should be. Words and thoughts should not be edited by another anymore than we ourselves should be. Should we not be free to be what we are or wish to become unedited?

In days gone by when I was still young and impressionable was taking part in grade nine-art class at the beginning of the semester we were asked to draw something. I did it but in my form, in my expression; it was a beautiful moment because it just flowed effortlessly from within me. Upon completion I was told that it was not acceptable and should throw it out and start again this time staying within the set parameters. Within two weeks I was told that art was perhaps not my thing and that perhaps I would be more inclined taking another woodworking class. Thirty years later people stand in awe of this same style of art and ask how I do it. My answer is always the same; I do it when I feel uncensored and when the flow is open and I do it my way.

We cannot truly judge another's form of expression be it writing, painting, their work, gardening or a simple thing like laughing. To judge another's form of expression be it whatever the form may be; is the same as pounding a lump of clay into the form that you want.

So it is that at times I fear being judged. But what saddens me is what I may be judged for, and how, because I know that it's by someone who judges themselves unworthy of their own free flowing unbiased creativity and inner beauty flowing to the surface where again it can also be judged by another of the same.

Our written words are one of our largest forms of expression but at the same time we put the art of writing into the narrowest box we could find. Words must be spelled a certain way; words must follow each other in an acceptable manner and so on and on. But today's a new reign of freedom will flow.

So when does the rule breaking fool become a hero? I suppose when he, she dares to be! Somehow by daring to be, freely, joyfully lovingly allow the inner beauty to flow to the surface, which then allows us to be an un-judging witness and by that freeing us from our own assigned limitations and those of others?

So in with a few jittery words I guess in some way by daring too just write and leave it as it comes I secretly hope to inspire first myself; then maybe others to just be and perhaps to let go of the fear of being edited, judged and analyzed in the jungle of unproven theories. It's true that sometimes I wish my words were more colorful, more disciplined, more descriptive, more something? I guess sometimes I fear being the rebel even if it's only to being myself, being happy.

It can be scary, but so is staying in the box of norm because I know it's too small for us. As you read on in my heart I hope these words will do for you what they have done for me. I

think I will let my leprechaun friend explain the uncensored spelling and the wild broken English you are about to embark on.

Preface

The true source of experiencing enormous love and joy lies in one act: discovering and following what excites us the most in any given moment each day, all day.

Unfortunately for many of us, we spend much of our days following and doing what we have come to believe we need to do, rather than what truly excites us and what would, for that very reason, end up bringing us the joy and love we seek.

Can we truly expect to experience enormous joy, happiness, and love in our lives if the first concern we have in the morning upon waking is to be on time to a job that does not bring us joy and excitement?

If seventy percent of our days are filled with activities that do not bring us joy, excitement, and love, then the remaining thirty percent cannot compensate for that. All the seminars, books, meditation, and affirmations are not going to help.

Yet the more time we spend doing things that do not truly bring us joy and excitement, the more money we spend trying to compensate for our growing unhappiness, and this ends up bringing us more debt. So the end result is that we are tied even more into working at what we dislike. It is a self-defeating circle.

Doing the things that excite us is the only way that we will ever experience ourselves overflowing with joy and love.

Acknowledgements

To My Son

*Who has found his own strength, his own way and
Has become someone that I can look up to
You are my hero and my guiding Light*



To Amy
My Sweetheart's Daughter

You have impressed me with your open heart and understanding.



Most of all
To all the readers who struggle so hard to make a difference in this world

*I believe you already have made a difference
The fact you cared even when it was painful
Gives you the mark of love*

All My Love
To You All

Klaus J Joehle

Editorial Method

Spelling and Grammar?

Bad spelling is like a beautiful flower
On the side of the road
Where it should not be
But takes you away from where
You should not have been going



Missing punctuations
Are like angels you know
Should be there
But can't see them
That's why you think of them



The Baddest of the Baddest
I tried to be good
But the boots
Were too big
And kept falling off

Klaus J Joehle

Part Title Page

Weekend With “a” Drunken Leprechaun

“Finding Your Joy”

BRAVO!

Brave Soul

Bravo!

Move on brave soul abundance awaits
Put away the faces of fear and doubt
And Embrace the blessings given

Embrace the light

That leads you to your dreams
Embrace your dreams with faith

“Trust”

And

“Love”

Its time to embrace your life

And Live it!

For today

Your dreams are achieved

Bravo!

Brave soul

Bravo!

Roberta Joehle

Chapter One

This all started one Friday afternoon. I had dropped my wife off at the ferry; she was going to the mainland to spend the weekend with her daughter in Vancouver. Six months ago we moved from Calgary to a small island not far from Vancouver Island. Three miles wide ten miles long, six thousand people, 10 billion trees and I was bored out of my mind. Contemplating what I was going to do for the rest of my life I was sitting on the front porch over looking the ocean watching the seals play in the waves. The Eagles were playing in the up draft from the bluff that our house sits on.

Boredom in Paradise I thought to myself how bizarre is that?

It's not that I didn't enjoy where I was or my surroundings. Just that something was still missing in my life. But what? What was it?

What do you do when you just don't feel like doing anything? This love sending stuff has a severe side effect I didn't expect. I have kept myself busy most of my life with struggling but now that things we're coming easily and joyfully I was at ends as what to do with my time. I wanted something joyful to latch on to but what? Laying back in my chair, resting my feet on the table leading the warm sun cover me like a blanket I dosed off into a the dream.

Suddenly I woke to the loud thud and what seemed like muffled cussing. Still in a daze slowly turning my head towards where the stairs are at the far end of the deck I saw what looked like a leprechaun who had just tripped or fallen. There seemed what looked like a bottle in his hand. Even in my groggy state I could see that every ounce of dignity had been brushed aside in order of preserving that bottle and what might be in it.

"O" sweet dandy lions I almost spilled my wine." O sweet Mary how could I do such a thing. I heard him say while attempting standing up. If you can call that standing? More like a blade of grass fluttering in the wind.

I could see he was looking, or at least attempting to focus in my direction.

Instinctively I know that with every visit I get comes another book and writing is not something that I really enjoy and with that thought in mind I turned my head and looked over the ocean hoping he would go away. I knew there was a new lesson coming. Besides with all that I have seen over my life time having a drunken leprechaun fall on his face on my deck is as interesting to me as a leaf flowering from a tree in the fall time. It's nice but after a while it's just another leaf.

But then trying to ignore a drunk regardless of what they may be is a lot like closing the screen door on a submarine.

Well I hope your laughing because I would be if you were in my shoes.

*They say
If you so much as even
Observe what you don't want
You'll be entangled in what you don't want
Finding truth where there is none*

Chapter Two

Even while trying to ignore him I could see his staggering, zig zagging attempts to come in my direction.

I did everything I could to keep from cracking a smile but it was futile. Once the smile cracks free it washes over your face with victory. Smiles are contagious, even more so to a drunk. Despite my attempts, my face had turned to a glow of a smile and when it caught the leprechaun's eye his face turned to a twisted clown like smile of which I have never seen the likes of. Photographic memory or not once you see it; it sticks with you forever, unearthly yet harmless.

I shook my head thinking to myself. For most people if there is a lesson to be learned someone gives them a book or they receive an inspiration. But not for me no Sir I get a drunken leprechaun tossed on my porch.

"Well laddy where's your manners? Aren't you going to say have a seat old Buddy pal."

Whatever I answered sweeping my hand in the air towards the direction of the furthest chair on the other side of the deck.

He slightly turned towards the chair glancing at it. That was almost enough to knock him over; unfortunately he regained his balance and headed for the closest chair facing me.

His trip to the chair was comical enough on its own and his attempt to get in the chair was bizarre never mind the fact his breathe could have intoxicated an elephant.

"You know I really don't want to do anymore of this bizarre stuff. Actually "I'm tired and up to here with it, I said, so say what you came to say and then leave me alone."

There's a reason for my slight rudeness, which I have written about in another book but I have felt, that it is not time to publish it yet.

I wish I could describe the look on his face as he rolled his eyes and looked down at his bottle now with a sad expression. I felt a tinge of sorry coming over me but I know the game.

“I only want to come by and see ya for the last time and say good-bye laddy,” he said as a tear rolled down his cheek following some of the crevasses on his face.

See this is how they get ya. They say something that gives you no choice but to respond with Why? How? Where? What? And if that does not work they will hit you with another one and another until your hooked.

“See laddy I know you but you don't know me or perhaps I should say ya don't remember me.”

No response from me.

“Would you like some of my dandy dandelion elixir laddy?” he asked stretching his bottle towards me.

No response from me.

“Why I must not have been looking cause I did not see the cat get your tongue; do ya know sign language” he asked smirking.

Still no response from me but I couldn't help smile at the squished mushroom that was stuck to the bottom of his shoe.

“Well he smiles at last; Ya sure you don't want a swig?” He asked again. “Ya sure seemed to like my stuff out of the little Green bottle you had some time ago.”

Now he had me! I reached forward; he attempted to do the same. I managed to get the sticky bottle out of his sticky hands; leaning back in my chair I smelled the contents. But there was no hint of alcohol studying the bottle now and looking back towards the leprechaun I noticed that he seemed more smug than drunk. The bottle was clay brown the contents thick like syrup but not quite.

I've seen death, hunger, loneliness and pain I don't fear them and if you don't fear these there's nothing left to fear. So back the bottle went black berry tree syrup and maybe dandelions, hard to say exactly but that's sort of what it tasted like. It tasted very good so I took one more swig while noticing his crunched up face like I had just drank something awful. Shrugging my shoulders I gave him back his bottle.

“Very good” I said. “Not as good as the stuff of the green bottle but good.”

“Well that other stuff I made for ya special it was meant to be drunk” he answered “but this stuff I've never seen any one actually drink it.” But you say it's good then so maybe keeping in the spirit I should have some to.

Tilting back the bottle and keeping one eye on me he tried a sip or so it appeared.

See that's how they get ya even just by observing what you don't want you become entangled.

“Not bad But I think I like it better my way” he responded.

“ I see” Drawing the essence from it! I answered as I turned my attention towards the ocean.

*Observe only what you want
What you desire
To have
To be
To achieve
And
You'll only be entangled
In that
So they say*

Chapter Three

“Don’t you want to know why you have grown bored with your life?” He asked

“Maybe” I answered, “I’m not unhappy it just still feels like I’m missing something, excitement maybe, maybe a challenge.”

“Ya it’s something you know but don’t want to know because it means letting go of the old and letting go of that part of you”, he responded. It’s that part of you that is use to going to battle taking on impossible odds. Now that things are coming easier for you it’s necessary for you to find a new way of expressing yourself in your life. “Do you see what I mean?”

“I suppose,” I answered.

We sat in silence for some time.

I fell into deep thought looking inside me wondering why I was feeling rather irritable. Not really in a bad mood just a little frustrated with not knowing what to do. I have lots of ideas but nothing seems to really call out to me. At the same time the things I could be doing for some reason I don’t want to do them. It’s sort of like there is a whole new chapter to my life but it hasn’t been written yet and I really don’t know where to start. That’s rather odd I thought to myself because I give people advice often on how to find and follow their joy and excitement. But it seems easier because those people usually have something that they’re really interested in and all they needed was to see their starting point. Yet for myself for the first time in my life I have no idea what I want. Sort

of like looking through a catalog and not seeing anything that's really is of any interest to me.

I looked up towards where the leprechaun had been sitting and was about to verbalize what I had just been thinking but he had gone as quickly as he had come.

I had the feeling he would be back. For a moment I felt I should have been perhaps a little kinder to him but he caught me at, in an odd moment.

Sometimes people write me about my first book on the part of sending love because people feel that they will never have another difficult or moody day but that's not true. Life is a growing and expanding thing. We constantly grow beyond where we are constantly changing and sometimes change can be uncomfortable for certain periods of time but that is temporary. Life is also full of challenges the idea of creating your life by sending love is not to remove all challenges; sending love is there to make overcoming these challenges much easier and joyful rather than a painful struggle.

I'm someone who likes to constantly be doing something and or working on a project. I know that something will come up, there's no doubt in my mind just that my impatience is getting the better of me. That's how sometimes I turn an anthill into a mountain rather than sitting back relaxing, enjoying my quiet time; I'm fretting over it. I know it's unnecessary but yet I still do it. That's an old pattern that I have unnecessarily hung on to. I've known that it was time to change this for a long time just that I've changed so many things, so many of my old patterns that sometimes I hang on to something even though it no longer serves its purpose just to the point of perhaps fearing losing myself. Again I know that is not true but I do it anyway. I know that my impatience causes me discomfort and I could let go of it anytime but I feel a tiny bit of fear of becoming too patient. In other words I feel that I wouldn't quite be the go-getter I am or was.

Finding Joy

*It's not what you know
Of yourself
That makes you great
Nor what you have done
Seen or unseen
But always
Seeing the best of your self
In others
Is what makes you great*

Chapter Four

The next morning looked like it was going to be another beautiful day even though there were some fog patches hanging around in the low areas of the island. Our house sits on a high cliff and from here we have a clear view over a large stretch of the island. Even though the island is not very large there are times and certain areas that can be fogged in while others are totally sunny. I grabbed my note pad a couple of glasses of orange juice sat on the Porch and wrote the following notes.

There are many ways to create something, by visualizing or with the power of gratitude, with sending love, also with total expectancy. When I say expectancy it is as in something you know so well that it is going to happen that you can feel it as if it has already happened as in it is already a part of you. Before we can shift into that type of probable reality we must first develop an awareness of the possibility of it. Over time gradually as we begin to believe in that possibility we begin to build an expectancy of it. When the expectancy reaches one hundred percent then it becomes so. The difficult part is reaching that full expectancy without having proof already in our grasp. But the proof of its reality does not appear until we have reached that one hundred percent expectancy level. That's the irony of it. We think that we must first prove something at least to ourselves before we can believe it. But reality is created the other way around it's the minute we can prove something to ourselves regardless of what it might be it is because we already believe it.

You know that you have created a new world for yourself when what might have been strange becomes so the norm that sitting on the porch waiting for a leprechaun to appear seems as every day.

Perhaps pouring him a glass of orange juice even before he arrives could be for some too much but it could also be the lack of those actions, thoughts and beliefs that make what is possible for me impossible for another.

I wrote this waiting for my leprechaun friend to appear. This is what I mean by total expectancy I expected him to appear to the same degrees I expected the sun to come up. There are no degrees to expectancy; you either fully one hundred percent expect it or you doubt it, expectancy is black and white there are no grays. Combine expectancy with desire, gratitude and power of love as in sending love add to this the feeling of it as if it already happened and you have the ingredients to create anything.

Putting down my writing I reached for my cigarettes a habit that has long out lived its purpose. As I pulled a cigarette out of the pack I could see the bottom of my leprechaun's shoes. Considering the chair is much too large for him his feet stick straight out rather than folding to the floor.

"Thank you for the juice" he said already holding the glass of orange juice I had poured him moments earlier.

"I suppose if you are only going to suck the life energy out of the orange juice then I might as well have just given you the orange" I said making small talk.

"It's the thought that counts laddy, besides it does change it a bit" he responded

There was a long pause before he broke the silence with " I'm sure gonna miss ya you've been quite the source of entertainment."

"Can't really say the same I don't know you or why you're here maybe you could enlighten me while I still have interest."

"All right then where to start" he responded wiggling his fingers while rolling his eyes.

Looking at him it was not hard to be amused a picture would really say it all. He looked like he had been digging in the forest; his hands, elbows and knee's were stained or covered with rich forest soil. Some how he gives you the impression of someone that would stick his nose in every fox hole just to see what's there.

"While laddy see it's like this in a place of remembering were very best friends. Now see you don't know that cause your not in the place of remembering cause that's how it works. Any... O' holy cow would you look at that where are my manners, I am dropping healthy soil all over your fake rock deck."

While talking he was wiggling his feet, which caused some of the soil stuck to the bottom of them to fall off. I shrugged my shoulders to indicate I don't care and for him to continue.

"You see it's like this. When you decided to come to this life and deal with all the challenges, like we have done. I decided that I would come with ya and stick with ya through thick and thin. Cause we sure knew it was going to be a worthy adventure and we sure have had our thick and thin, haven't we?"

"Well it has for me, but I'm not sure how it would have been for you as you say", I answered" "It seems that I spent my mornings meditating, cooking breakfast, cleaning up, sending love and so on, and so on. Well it looks like you spent your morning digging up foxholes probably looking for treasure."

"Ya see that's it, your not doing what you love, your doing what you think you should be doing," he answered. And to my horror started to sing a jingle and wiggling in his chair with his hand waving in the air and his feet clicking together. Which caused even more dirt to fall on my fake stone deck as he calls it. They're seemed to be more dirt falling off his shoes then was actually on his shoes. I assumed that this was his idea of entertainment.

*Everything clicks for me
Cause I glow with love
Cause I do what I love
Everything clicks for me
Everything clicks for me
I glow with love
I do what I love
And everything clicks for me
I glow with love
I do what I love
And everything clicks for me....*

"O'my, O'me I forgot you're not into singing HO HO and a bottle of HO and I do what I love"... Holding his hand in the air like and opera singer.

It was hard not to laugh," That's a good jingle," I said.

*I glow with love
I do what I love
Everything clicks for me*

"I could use that for something", I said well writing it down. "It sticks with you!"

Got anymore-good ideas?" I asked a bit more interested now.

"O' I might have" he answered with a smirk and a wink.

"So for how long have you been around?" I asked avoiding the lecture I knew was coming.

"O' almost right from the beginning" he answered. "I remember when you were just a little tick running around the forest doing your sword fighting stuff. We had some great times together, some hard times too. Those hard times were hard for me to, ya know, I always did what I could for ya. Just too bad you couldn't see me."

"While I can see ya now, so why not before?" I asked.

"That was the agreement we made, it's also how you wanted it", he answered. "We agreed that for you I would be invisible until either you discovered me, or until the third part of your life starts."

"How many parts do I have set up?" I asked

"Four in total, two ya done, the third ya are just embarking on and the fourth will start later", he answered.

"I don't know if I can take much more of this world", I responded. "Sometimes it feels like I have lived ten lifetimes, I am just glad the hard part is over. I just don't know what to do next, same time I really don't feel like doing anything. It's sort of like completing a great adventure." "But now what, just can't seem to find anything that would hold my interest."

"I hear ya laddy, I hear ya. That's why I came to see ya before my time comes up. From here on it's all smooth sailing. But after all you've been through, smooth sailing can seem a little numbing or strange or different or scary orrrr...."

"OK OK I get it, BORING actually", I interrupted.

"So why do ya think that is Huh"

Shaking my head I answered with “I think I just feel frustrated because I don’t know what to do next. All my life I’ve been struggling and now things are coming easily I am all out of sorts. I am not even sure what I want, I think when I was struggling with life so much of me went into that it kept me busy, so busy in fact that I really never got down to what I really wanted to do with my life.”

“AHHH yes go on.”

“I think some of the things I wanted when I was struggling were in part more of an escape rather than totally following my joy.”

I paused for a minute to reflect.

“See now that I have overcome my sadness and struggle to survive, like working at jobs I don’t like and that are not really serving me in my search for joy. I am at a loss as what I really want to do.” Slowly I fell into deep thought.

Ya gotta admit it’s rather comical to be sitting here spilling my thoughts to some leprechaun therapist. At the same time I know this was going to end with me having to write another book, which is something “I really don’t want!” But then again this does not make sense because it would not be following my joy.

Looking up at the leprechaun sitting there now so content nothing undone nothing to be done. He gave the impression of joy, of someone with no regrets, no desires unfulfilled, content to smell the fragrances in the air with each breath. He seemed kind, gentle yet firm and strong despite his size. I’m sure he wasn’t perfect nor that his life was without challenges, just that his inner glow seemed unaffected by life and the world of circumstances.

Looking at him was like reading a book, you could see he did not internalize life or the world but radiated out, or you could say projected out his experiences from that inner glow. You could say the love from that inner glow was projecting out the world around him or maybe better said projected out the way he experienced the world. To me it looked like he had perfected what I have been playing with perfecting.

“Where do ya think I learned it from laddy, yea” he said interrupting my thoughts obviously having heard my thoughts. “I don’t get what your saying”, shaking my head.

“O’ sometimes your like a wet stick trying to float...ahhhhhh.”

“Well maybe I want to float!”

“Then you wouldn’t be a wet stick, you would have bin born as a dry stick.”

“Or perhaps I wanted to be a wet stick, with the challenge of looking like a dry stick.”

“Excellent, only one thing laddy, why are ya whining like a fiddle then?”

“Because I now float, but don’t know what to do now! What is it with you, you don’t hear well!”

“Can’t seem to make up my mind to what am I! A stick that don’t float or a nut?”

“HmMMMM sort of a water logged nut”, he answered wiggling his fingers with delight.

Getting up to make myself a sandwich I mumbled to myself; one of us is definitely a nut most definitely!

*If you don't want to be tangled in something
Judge it not
Be unemotional of it
Let it be as it is
So
You'll be free of it*

Chapter Five

Digging around in the fridge for things that could turn into something that fills the moment I noticed that he had followed me. He found his way to the kitchen table ready with a handkerchief bib stuck into his shirt collar obviously having total expectancy of something coming his way. His handkerchief bib was probably more to keep various forest things clinging to his shirt from falling into his food rather than keeping the food from falling onto his shirt. I hadn't seen him from the side, which left me with a new view and a whole new perspective. The more I looked at him the more he looked like he had just backed his way out of a foxhole. I could also smell his distinctive fragments; if you ever stick your head in a foxhole under a large tree in a big forest you'd know the earthy pine smell. Not that I'd ever do a thing like that!

What the heck does a leprechaun eat? I thought to myself while working on my sandwich.

“Pie, pie is always good,” he answered obviously hearing my thoughts.

“I don't have any pie” I answered and continued making my sandwich

“What's this then?” I heard his muffled voice say

Looking towards the Table I could see he wasn't there but out of the corner of my eye I could see his fat butt backing out of the fridge.

There he stood as proud as a leprechaun could be holding a plate with one piece of pie on it, a good-looking piece of pie at that.

“Everything comes so easily to me, yum yum O' everything comes so easily to me, yum yum” he sang his way back to the chair he had picked at the kitchen table.

I was thinking of singing a song of my own. Something like one squished leprechaun, two-squished leprechaun, fifty-two ways to squish a leprechaun. He'd heard me I knew he heard me. I wanted for him to hear me

I cut half the Camembert cheese and put the other half back in the fridge. After I gathered my plate of food and went to sit at the table that's when I noticed he had the other half of the cheese on his plate.

We spent the next twenty minutes or so fighting over our food. Leprechauns as such don't eat food they suck the essence from it, the life energy you could say the food itself remains.

He would suck the life energy out of the piece and then I'd grab it and eat it; which he found shatteringly disgusting which in turn gave me a twisted sense of pleasure. It wasn't the only game we played by the time it was over we were wearing more than we had eaten. Also some was squeezed during the tug of wars. Roody came in on the action fairly quickly and probably gained the most in the long run.

**Always remember that everything is a
Reflection of yourself at the present moment
As we change ourselves
With love
So will everything else change**

Chapter Six

The first part of my life was spent surviving. Later I was busy trying to find an answer to my unhappiness and relieving my inner sadness. That kept me busy for many years it gave me the reason for being, even a sense of purpose. Now that this issue has been solved and I discovered what was missing, I was left with the question as to what to do now. If you have read my first book you know what I went through to discover the missing link about love. The whole process changed my life things came easily to me, everything just began to click for me. The whole process brought me a sense of peace and ease. Everything I had ever hoped to have came about with much joy and love also in comparison very joyfully and easily. Financially we are fine, no more working myself into despair at what I dislike. I found my soul mate. We are living happily in a house overlooking the ocean surrounded by forest with the most beautiful sunsets. Our friends and we call it paradise. Since I was six I have been fascinated with boats and finely thirty-eight years later I have one. I truly feel I have it all. We are not financially rich as some might say but we have all we need and if more is needed it's available, it's creatable. Even though I have everything I ever want, everything I hoped to have and more there are some things that we are still creating like perhaps our home in Hawaii and perhaps a large boat for extended cruising and such. I prefer those things to come in time as something exciting to look forward to. It's like Christmas, you know it's coming and it will be better than you dreamed it so there is no need to rush or push it.

With the art of sending and creating with love after a while you just come to the point where you know you're getting it and are content with allowing it to be a surprise as to how and when. In many ways that's part of the fun. Like I said it's like Christmas. The surprise on how it comes about is a joy all on its own, sometimes more so than the object itself. I guess that's what they mean by its the journey that matters not the destination. But with all of that it still feels like there is one thing missing, one thing I have not learned yet. Something I believe I have known at a time in my early life but have forgotten. As I write this and look around I see that many people everywhere have forgotten about it. The really bizarre thing was that I was giving other people the advice and hearing of their success with it, but all along I did not realize that I was not following my own advice. The fact of the issue was that I did not know how to apply it in my own life. This is why eventually I did decide to write this book as a sequel to *Living on Love* "The Messenger" because the odds are very high you are going to need to know and

understand the processes of finding and following your Joy your excitement in order to continue a truly awesome loving, abundant life.

So I hope that you can apply the following conversations with the leprechaun to your life and use it to find, follow your joy and excitement. So let's go back there and see what that pesky leprechaun had to say.

How successful can we be
When we hate what we do
Or where we do it
With who we do it
Or why we do it

How successful can we be
When we do the things that bring us so much joy
That we can't get enough of it

Chapter Seven

After our meal I proceeded to clean up the mess that my newfound leprechaun friend had made. He wasn't much help as far as cleaning up was concerned he seemed to be more preoccupied with the knots I had tied into his handkerchief and the fact that it now was slightly wrinkled.

"We should go for an adventure in the woods" he suggest "what ya say laddy?" It be like old times.

"What are you up to?" I asked making more of a statement then asking a question.

"Come on old man" he responded jumping off his chair.

"Okay I guess that will be fine" I answered.

I put on my shoes and a very light jacket just in case. While stepping on the front Porch I could see fog further down the island where the trees where large and thick. I made a wild guess as to where we might be going.

Roody was all excited about going for a walk and was already heading up the steep driveway. I stepped back into the house to grab my cigarettes and by the time I stepped back on to the deck I could see Roody and the leprechaun both were already standing at the top of the driveway waiting. I started up the driveway towards them and thought to myself; sometimes people write me and actually say that they would love to have had my experiences. Better watch what you ask for it might not be returnable.

I smiled to myself as I caught up to them and the three of us went up and down the winding path through the woods. At the end of this path there are two choices one is to

turn right which goes towards town and passes by a lot of homes. Turning left takes you towards the fogged in forest. We turned left, as I had speculated.

“So are you going to tell me why you are here, what you want and why you are so short” I inquired.

He gave me a look that said who is calling the kettle black. As he walked along he was not leaving any tracks or impressions in the soft earth. Knowing full well he could hear my thoughts I purposely thought that with an ass like that you'd think the feet would leave some impression in the soil. He gave me no impression of being heard other than the branch that seemingly came from no-where nicely place itself square between my eyes knocking me squarely on my ass. I let it go and caught up to them since neither one was slowing their pace

“Well I don't know why you ask me what ya know already” he said, but if you want to play silly possum we can play. “Besides I guess if you're going to write a book of this it would be good to explain it all.” Then he started to sing again.

I do what I love

I love what I do

Everything clicks for me

O I love what I does and I does what I loves

O everything comes so easily for me

I love what I does in everything clicks for me

“I'd thought I'd sing ya a good old Irish song,” he said.

See, it's like this when a person comes to this life they never come alone. Some comes with ya in physical terms and some comes with ya in less solid forms, but forms of some sort they be. For it is the nature of how it is.

In some ways I is solid; not as thick headed as you; nor as physically thick either. I could see that he was wiggling his head and laughing to himself.

“Just stop right there” I responded you almost threw me for a loop with your singing.

“I don't really want to write a neither book! If I did I'd already be working on or finishing the other three that are sitting there; almost finished” I said stopping in my tracks now. How's about I'll sing you a song myself, I said start talking or I'll start walking the other direction.

“Come on now no one says you godda”

“I heard that some where before” I interrupted

“Just give this a chance and it will all explain it's self,” he said

I could hardly hear him because he had spotted a small hole under the roots of the tree and was in it in a flash, right up to his butt. Oh yes the thoughts of opportunity occurred to me but I was unsure of the consequences so I let this whole so perfect opportunity go. As he came out I noticed that he was actually much larger than the hole he had gone into. I don't know how he did that nor what he was hoping to find but I could see why he had looked like he had climbed out of a foxhole, sort of a leprechaun chimney sweep.

“Go on” I said leaning down to peak in the hole wondering what was there. Roody was just as interested and proceeded to stick his nose in as far as possible.

“Did you know that leprechauns don't have any treasure hidden away?” he said as he continued his way down the pathway. “ We really don't have any use for it.”

“Well I wouldn't be surprised that you know where there is some” I responded

“O' you would be surprised at that laddy.”

“That's nice but we we're talking about who you are and what you're doing here.”

“Oh ya that's right” so let's see. You know there are many ways to experience this world in life. So many people have what they call spirit guides who are with them and are also experiencing life through them in also of course at the same time helping them out.

“Okay” I said “fast forward.”

He stopped turned around to face me stretched out his hands and smiling with pride he proclaimed, “Ya got me!”

“I've been with ya since ya been a wee diaper shitter” he said Holding his nose now and waving his other hand in the air obviously alerting me to the fact he must have farted. There's nothing more deadly than a leprechaun's fart, even made Roody sneeze and all almost blew his nose off. Silently we all agreed that it was best to leave the conversations for later and swiftly moved along the path.

*Even a skunk feels good about himself
Or herself
But that's because he, she
Is not interested in your
Opinion*

Chapter Eight

I feel that I should stop and explain what was just said. To some of you it might not mean much but to some of you it could mean everything.

There was a time in my life when I felt very alone. It felt as real as anything but the truth is that it really is nothing but an illusion for we are never alone. No one ever comes to this life alone. Somewhere in this world you have soul friends and beyond that there are a minimum of at least the half a dozen of extremely close friends sharing this life with you in some form. They may be invisible to you and some may not have physical forms but they are there. The variations are endless they may or may not always be able to interact with what is happening in your life but believe me they can feel what you are going through and will do all they can within the parameters of what has been set up. The variations and forms that they can have are endless from the form of an angel or even just a ball of light. There can be some that may come only for short times and some that may not be what you call good friends but they're there because you allowed them to share your life. With any sharing there is always an interchange of knowledge wisdom information; it's a sharing thing and also an exchange of experiences if you like.

Not everyone wants to experience life from a distinct physical experience the way we experience life. Just think of someone traipsing through the jungle with several cameramen with them. You can watch the film live minute by minute and also feel some of whatever the person is feeling good or bad and what they might be experiencing. To an extent you can also assist them in whatever might be your expertise. This is of course only with the consent of that person. Now when I say that we are never alone we will be surrounded by those that most likely have shared other experiences with us and in a manner of describing them would be to say extremely close. There will also be others with certain experience and perhaps expertise to assist us in various things that we perhaps desire to achieve in a lifetime. Like perhaps overcoming certain challenges. As I have said before they can have many forms. So the next time you feel alone remember you're not alone just reach out with your inner senses, they will be there with you. Just

knowing that they are there can make all the difference. Knowing we have their assistants even though we may not be able to see them is comforting.

Our time here on this planet is temporary and sure sometimes it can feel like an eternity. So the next time you see something beautiful and say to yourself; I wish I had someone to share this with. Guess what you're not alone it's all been shared with those you have no secrets from with those you are closer to then you can ever imagine with some of those you will have a bond so close to that there is nothing on this earth to compare it to.

Let me give you a couple of suggestions. If privacy is a big thing to you remember that first of all it is nothing but an illusion and second, it will make it more difficult for you to be in contact with your angel friends, guides, life helpers what ever you choose to call them. Bring them near you just like you would with let's say a favorite pet; draw them to you in the same manner. This may sound strange but as if you are snuggling with them on the couch is one way of doing it ore you could just talk with them as if you could se them. This will increase the connection and this makes it much easier for them to assist you in various areas of your life. When you begin to do this you will find that a whole area of perception will begin to open for you, also some things that you have been trying to work on in the form of perhaps communicating with your soul or higher self will all begin to increase. When you open one door others also open along with it; especially when you open a very important one. This type of behavior you will see sometimes in children but as they become older they let go of this. Simply because no one around them understood what was really happening. They will be here with you regardless; you cannot come to this life alone ever under any circumstance. Generally a bottom minimum number would be three but it's very seldom when the number would be this low generally anywhere from six to twelve and under certain circumstances even more. And like I said before some may come along later on in life when you are ready to embark on certain journeys or challenges. There is absolutely no need to fear them they cannot do you any harm and would never do you any, because like I have stated they are extremely close to you and like you they come from a place of love but unlike us they have not forgotten. Also as you bring them closer to you by your desire speak to them in whatever manner you decide or choose whatever manner feels best. Now here's a little piece of advice for some reason many people have a real hang up on names they are constantly trying to get names from perhaps what some would call angel helpers and so on. It works a lot better if you can avoid using names. By using names and also trying to perceive them in a form your in are in a sense actually holding them back away from you. Because you are limiting they're form to your perception. This will create a restraint barrier. What you do need to remember above all is that they will never ever tell you to do anything not even so much as suggest it they will only give you the choices that are available if you feel you are being told what to do ignore it.

As always take what is right for you and leave the rest for someone that will love it.

*What if
The conspiracy theory
Is the conspiracy?
Round and Round you go
Until you get off
Walk away and live your own life*

Chapter Nine

We made a sharp turn in the path and headed down into the valley towards the fog where a small patch of old trees still reside so far safe from the loggers. Roody was way up ahead he seemed to think he knew exactly where we were going stopping every now and then to let us catch up.

“So you say you’ve been with me from the beginning” I said.

“You bet you could not see me but I felt that at times you knew I was there” He answered happily waddling his way through the trees. Those were the days; you had so much fun in the forest.

He was right, there was a time in my earlier life where it seemed that most of my time was spent in the woods or at the edge of the lake watching the boats. He was also right about feeling that someone was there with me watching; at least sometimes.

“Some of those days were hard for ya but there was something you did that made those days go much more joyful” He said.

“What’s that?” I asked watching my steps on the steep trek down the path.

“Well now see that’s what I’ve come to help ya with before I goes on my way” He answered.

“And where might you think your going?” I asked, “Whatever happened to till the end?”

“Home I guess” You could say it’s my time just like some day it’ll be yours.

“I see” I answered curious now. “So if you’ve been with me all this time as you say, is there anyone else?” I asked, wondering if I should have; sometimes it’s best to ask yourself first if you really want an answer before asking it.

He stopped in this tracks turned and looked right at me, or might I say up at me because of the steep slope we where standing on. He adjusted his hat at the same time his grin was getting bigger also by this time I had decided that I didn’t want an answer.

Pointing his finger at me “you’re a regular party endless amusement to us all and there are a lot of comings and goings mostly because they laugh themselves to death” He said now laughing and turning around almost tripping over himself but not quite. If I had been a little closer I would have helped it along a bit.

My toes where itching to make contact with something.

“Very funny; very funny, perhaps your time will come sooner then you think,” I threatened as we continued on to the bottom of the beep valley. The fog had thickened considerably, the air was thick and fresh with sea smells, forest scents, dew and fog all wrapped up into one neat smell like a thick soup of aroma that you could feel as you walked thru it.

Finally reaching the bottom we stood there in awe of the silence around us. The fog was so thick you could see the water droplets hanging in the air. The earth under my feet was so rich and soft it made you almost want to dig in and roll around in it. Which is exactly what Roody was doing with all the joy only he could.

“So what is it you wanted to me to see” I asked disturbing the silence.

This way he gestured waddling his way down a narrow deer path that wound between the large one to two- hundred year old trees to say the least.

“Its not that you’re hear to see but to remember how to follow your joy” he spoke.

“I see,” I said following him.

Obviously its easier to squeeze lemon out of a dried up lemon then get answers from a fat ass leprechaun; I thought to myself as I ducked the swinging branch which caused my foot to snag a root just right for my face to be firmly planted in the leafy soil. Roody came running back, not to see if I was ok but because he thought there was a new game a foot and to let me know that whatever it is he’s game for it. Not entirely sure of the game he decided to improvise and bury me with leaves.

By the time I got up and brushed myself off I could see that my leprechaun friend had found a good sitting place on the small rock out cropping.

It’s funny I said finding myself a place to sit. I live right here and hardly ever do this any more. “What the heck am I so busy doing?” I asked myself

“What if ya was a pirate in search of treasure and the treasure was doing the things that bring you joy?” Asked my leprechaun friend.

“That could be fun,” I answered. That’s the problem I spent my whole life searching for something. All my energy was spent on that to such a degree now I don’t know what to do next, actually I’m not even sure who I am.

“What do I want to do?” I asked out loud taking my jacket off and placing it on the rock to keep the moisture from getting me any wetter than I already am. My leprechaun friend didn’t say anything.

Hmmm I think I know what I like, I want something that gives me passion or maybe joy. I know what I don’t want more then I know what I want. I tell people to follow their joy and their excitement but how do you find what would bring you joy doing, what would bring me joy?

I leaned forward in deep thought and continued babbling on. What do I do with my life now? Sometimes I feel that I know what it is and yet at the same time I’m not sure. I looked towards where the leprechaun had been sitting but he wasn’t there. Looking to see which way Roody was facing fully expecting that Roody would have kept an eye on him and sure enough a short distance behind me to the right, I could see a pair of boots backing out of the small hole in-between the rocks. Following the feet came a fat ass and then the rest of him followed behind. I could see that he seemed to be stuffing something into his mouth obviously leprechauns don’t always share very well because he seemed to be making an attempt to hide the fact that he had something.

“Was you saying something laddy?” He asked without facing me

I headed straight for him because I knew there was something he was hiding in his fat little fingers. I was looking right at him and I was not going to blink. Just as he was in my reach he pulled a fast one by sticking his hand almost into my face which caught me

off guard and said “is this what ya are after?” Then with some kind of double twisted summersault he was off. The chase was on, he had it, I want it even if I didn't know what it was he had it and I want it. Roody instantly jumped up and felt he should be in the game except he wasn't sure who he should be chasing but as long it's fun he doesn't care.

For a short leprechaun he was extremely fast around trees up over shrubs under shrubs back and forth. This went on for a while; I would stop catch my breath and bearings and then leap forward but the leprechaun had some pretty swift moves on his own. Every now and then he would give me this can't get me dance. I tried every trick in the book but he seemed to know them all.

Finally giving up I laid on the ground since by that time I had already matched the surroundings from head to toe.

I lay down on the ground against a rock puffing and puffing trying to catch my breath. The leprechaun tossed over what it was he had in his hands and sat down leaning against an old fallen tree still all proud of his speed and agility.

I caught the little root ball he tossed over to me. Studying it slightly I popped it into my mouth chewed a little, like I do with all my food and swallowed. I suppose if you mix things like roots, coco power, tree sap, dried leaves and so on all together that would be it.

Personally I don't think it's going to be a big hit on the open market also I decided not to say anything because of the look he had given to me when I put it in my mouth as in "your going to eat that!"

“Well now then you can see why you keep our bellies filled with laughter.” He said

“That's nice,” I answered falling into the silence of my noisy thoughts.

“So what am I going to do with my life?” I said breaking the silence.

Roody perked up for a moment to see what's up then stretched out again feeling satisfied that he was not missing out on another game.

“Every time I think I have something that I might want to do it almost seems to come to something I don't want to do. There are so many things I could be doing that are interesting yet at the same time it doesn't feel right even though it seems like it could be right” I said. Feeling very frustrated again.

“What do you want?” He asked in a very non-shallot way.

Well I want something to do, to create, to achieve, to whatever.... Something I can't get enough of. You know something that I can't wait to get up in the morning to do something I can't get enough of, something that brings me joy and makes my heart sing.

It could be anything, could be more than one thing but something that grabs me. Even a job, if it grabs me so that I could hardly wait to get there. Something that makes me feel good, allows me to be me, gives me freedom to grow and expand, something that grasps my heart, my joy, my excitement and leads me down the path to more joyful things, exciting challenges and challenging things.

Barely stopping to take a breath I continued. Need a new journey a new destination, I want to grow to be or become, tread a new path, see what I haven't seen be what I haven't been ask what I haven't asked dare to what I haven't dared to . . .

I don't even think it is so much a physical thing or mental it's just sort of un-learning some of what I learned It's being happy, while I am happy but I want something to do that creates even more. It's like it was a struggle to get to this point in my life where things come easily but I struggled for so long that I think I really never truly got to see what I really like. There are a lot of things I thought I'd like and did to some point but mostly they were things of either escape or things that were attached to other reasons like making money. Some things like sitting in bars after work having my scotches I did enjoy it but it was mostly enjoyed under the influence of escape and the contrast of being at a job I didn't like. See it was a contrast to working at a job I did not like so it was a joyful thing under that contrast but now that the contrast has changed since I don't need the escape it is not as pleasurable as it once seemed. Some how trust is a very important ingredient to experiencing joy in the form of doing. Contrast, I think when I lived in some sort of contrast then the things I saw and experienced became even more joyful it's like when I lived in the city I enjoyed and valued the forest more than when I live in it. It seems like the contrast brings forth the beauty. Like light would not be as beautiful if there was no contrast as in darkness and so also in reverse. So I think I want something to do that I like but also have it some how contrast with something else and by that making each even more joyful and fun and just a real joy to be doing it. Doing it for the joy of doing it not for any other reason; also I want it from and un-edited creativity free flowing something... I have some things that seem very interesting and somehow just don't feel right almost like I'm taking the wrong path and yet there are other things that I could be doing like writing but it seems that it does not feel good to sit and write but yet some part of me seems to love it and something in me hates it sort of like it could be the thing for me to do and yet it might not be. I could be flipping real estate I did that once and it was fun and financially rewarding but something in me keeps pushing me elsewhere. I know for a lot of people it is fear; fear of failing of not meeting others expectation, of loosing some of what we have. There are endless amounts of reasons we don't do the things that freely bring us joy and excitement none of them are of much value. Sometimes when I think of following my own advise I can see what I could be doing but when I look at it. One, it does not make logical sense and two it seems not to feel good. I thought that it was fear interfering but that was not it although it could have been.

“Well what do you think?” I asked looking up at him and catching my breath rather puzzled as to where all that babble came from.

My leprechaun friend was sitting in a crash position holding his ears.

“Wow nice to hear you finally let it out,” he answered sarcastically looking up now for a bit. “There laddy I thought you was going to blow a fuse.”

“Funny” I responded. “So how do I figure this thing out what could I be doing and wh....”

“Well look at the time, he interrupted the fog is a lifting and it be me happy hour. But I'll be back bright and early tomorrow and we'll work on it then, it won't take long. Well I hope not;” he said shaking his head while walking deeper into the forest. He just seemed to disappear into the forest.

“What happy hour?” I said but he was already gone.

I stayed there thinking for some time watching my cigarette smoke curls hang in the moist air like little ghosts in the forest.

At times
We all need to believe that something
Extraordinary
Is
Possible
And even more so
That it will happen to us

Chapter Ten

On the way home his song came to my mind I started replaying it in my mind it just felt like it had the makings of something... like a jingle that could be repeated over and over until it feels real and then becomes real. From the time this forest happened to now that I'm writing this book I have played with these jingles a lot. I found that if you adjust it just right to suit you so that it sort of sticks with you like a song that keeps replaying in your mind that it reveals some very exciting results. If you make yourself a jingle like this, it has to rhyme so that it sort of echoes in your mind and then easily repeats itself. As you repeat it thru out the day and bring up a feeling of gratitude for it as if it is already so you will find that it will be a very exciting thing to do. Why is it exciting? Because of the results you get. I have used it a lot and really enjoy the process because I know I will get results to it. I of course add sending love to it but more in a feeling way rather than a mental way. I especially like to use these jingles as I am falling asleep and or when I am just sitting and daydreaming, or when I'm walking. The trick is to set the jingle just right for you, so that it is effortless to add feelings to it as if it is so already so that it feels like you are repeating something that is already. Also it must feel like fun the jingle must be fun to you. Some of you might think that these are like mantras but there not mantras. Mantras are not very affective because they do not really come from joy and fun. If you think mantras work then go to Tibet and you'll see just how well they don't work. If you come from joy you will automatically be adding love to it and that's what will give it its power. If you repeat something like this and it is draining to you then let it go or change it because that will tell you it is not coming from joy but more from a feeling of lack. If it is energizing you then it is perfect. Anyway I thought that I would pass this on to you cause I like it.

O everything clicks for me
Everything always clicks for me

*Everything always clicks for me
Everything clicks for me
O everything clicks for me*

*I do what I love and love what I do
I love what I do and do what I love
I'm always doing what I love to do
I'm always doing what I love to do and everything clicks for me
Everything clicks for me so I can always do what I love*

Everything clicks for me

*I always do what I love the way I love to do it
Make it a song and sing it, feel it and be it*

Everyday I do what I love the way I love to do it and everything comes easy for me

Everything comes easy to me everything comes easy to me

I'm wealthy, healthy, do what I love and everything clicks for me

*I'm wealthy healthy happy in lucky
I'm wealthy healthy happy and lucky
I'm wealthy healthy happy and lucky*

*My book is a world wide best seller I'm just lucky that way
My book is a world wide best seller I'm just lucky that way*

*My book helps millions of people live better life's my book helps millions of people live
better life's everything always clicks for me that way*

*Everything always comes easy to me
Everything clicks for me
Everything comes easy to me
Everything clicks for me*

*I'm healthy wealthy happy and lucky
I'm wealthy healthy happy and lucky
I feel wealthy healthy happy and lucky
I feel wealthy healthy happy and loving it
I always feel wealthy healthy happy and lucky*

*I'm the luckiest of the luckiest
I always win at everything
I always win at life*

*I'm the luckiest of the luckiest
I always win at everything
I always win at life*

I always win at everything in my life

Everything I want comes to me so easily

*I'm wealthy, healthy, happy, lucky and everything clicks for me
I'm wealthy, healthy, happy, lucky and everything clicks for me
I'm wealthy, healthy, happy, lucky and everything clicks for me*

What if God came here now
And Said
That if you are not happy
And stay happy always
You'll go to hell
I guess I would have one question
When I'm not happy is it not
That I'm sort of in hell?
Is unhappiness not sort of a hell?

Chapter Eleven

I got up early the next morning with ideas of going to the boat and spending some time on the water before picking my wife up at the ferry late in the afternoon. While taking a shower and getting dressed I thought about what I would tell her when she asks me what I've been doing all weekend. That could be interesting I thought.

Stepping out on the deck half expecting that leprechaun to come around the corner any minute, I could see that it was going to be another beautiful day. The ocean was as calm as glass the reflection of the rising sun glittered on the water in a golden stream of light sixty miles long. A Perfect day for sitting on the boat and drifting with the tide currents;

Roody was already following me around thinking I was preparing to go for a walk not realizing yet that we're going to the boat, which is something he really doesn't like that much. Especially when another boat passes by and a few waves come rolling in.

After having some breakfast and following with my usual routine of answering some e-mail and sending out half a dozen book requests I made myself a sandwich to take along to the boat and gathered up a few other things before heading off to the boat.

There was no sign of the leprechaun but I was sure he would show up at some point. I keep the boat on the other end of the island because that's really the only safe place to keep it; most of the rest of the island consists of rocky shorelines with a few anchor bays but no docks. All the docks are on one end of the island. While driving to my boat I thought about my first book and what had happened with it after I had written it. I have

never been able to learn to spell; it's something that totally eludes me no matter how much I write or read. So after taking more than a year to write it word by word I couldn't find anyone to correct it; they would look at it and then I wouldn't hear from them again. I would call them to see how it's going but would receive some sort of brush off. The spelling was very bad I do admit that, but there was nothing wrong with my money. Any way eventually I had someone build me a web page and that's where I put the book as a free download. Without any advertising the book became an instant success. People wrote me saying that they loved it just the way it was. Of course there were others who wrote me saying that I should have it edited. Eventually I found a firm to edit the book and then replaced the unedited copy with the edited copy; but for a time I did offer both edited and un-edited. The strange thing was that many people wrote me saying that they liked the unedited copy better and those that thought it should be edited were still not satisfied. Publishers weren't satisfied no matter what I did. So eventually I just published it the way I wanted it, with only the spelling somewhat fixed but not totally. As soon as I did what I wanted, not what I thought I should do it seems the majority were satisfied. Not the publishers though, as far as they were concerned I did everything wrong, broke all the rules; but the book became a success and eight out of ten people that ordered a free copy later purchased a printed copy.

In some way I liked writing especially if it helps others find more joy in their life's but at the same time I hate writing. I guess what really soured me over it was some of the rules, bureaucracy and even snootiness. Writing is just that its art, an expression you can't have rules with it then its not art anymore and you can't have true expression if the rules choke it to death. So many people have something beautiful to say but are afraid to write it because they can't put it into the narrow form of what some goof thought should be good writing. Ignoring something because it is badly spelt is the same as ignoring someone who stutters. Every time I think about it I get all worked up, and I couldn't figure out why I was even thinking about it now on the way to the boat. Perhaps its because I think that I'm getting pushed into writing another book. I felt that's why the leprechaun was here. I have an unfinished book that continues the story from the first book but I just refuse to finish it and I am not even sure why. At the same time I'm trying to find something to do and I can't find that either. I was really working myself all up and messing with the perfect day I was going to have. "Stop it!" I yelled at myself, nothing matters but this moment you'll never have to deal with it again because no one can make you do what you don't want.

I do what I love

I do it how I love to do it

And everything clicks for me

By the time we got to the boat I had calmed myself down. Roody was not too happy though because he saw where we were and knew that it meant a boat ride.

As usual there are others at the docks either getting ready to go out or just working on their boats. Boating is mostly fixing and tinkering and some boating if you get lucky.

After putting my things into the boat I preceded with the usual pass by as to how the fixing is coming along on other people's projects.

I jumped into my boat and held it closer so Roody could get in. I just started untying the boat when I had the sudden urge to turn around and what did I see but a short leprechaun coming down the ramp waving at me to wait for him. I held on to the dock until he reached the boat and jumped in. It was really bizarre to watch him walk past other people on the dock with out anyone seeing him. It made me turn to Roody to see if he was looking at him just to check with my sanity. Roody seemed to be looking right at him and seemed to follow his movements including getting out of his way as he entered the boat. That made me feel a little better; not a lot, just a bit; also I noticed that as he stepped on to the boat he had in no way made the boat move.

OK I thought to myself so now I have a dog who doesn't like boating and a leprechaun who no one but me and the dog can see in my boat. Roody gave me that look that said if your getting off so am I. Sometimes I wonder what he's thinking; but the truth be known I would prefer not to know. I gave the boat a shove and started the motor and off we went. The leprechaun had said something as he got into the boat but I don't remember what it was, maybe fine morning or something. I did have to tell him to get off my seat so that I could steer the boat. Letting him drive would not look very good to the other boaters since they can't see him, if you know what I mean. Instead he decided to sit in the seat I had made on top of the front of the boat where I sit when I drift with the currents because it gives you the best vantage point of view. That seat is on the opposite side of the driving seat so he wasn't blocking my forward view but I was feeling a bit out of sorts having a leprechaun sitting there. Actually the whole boat sort of looks like a leprechaun lives in it. That's what I thought seeing him sitting there in that little stripped seat. I knew it, the little freak somehow subconsciously made me paint the boat in such a way that it looks like a leprechaun's home. That's why people always laugh at it; I thought to myself, as he turned his head around to look at me giving me the most satisfying smile.

"I'm sure gonna miss these outings with ya." He said as we were trolling out of the first bay into another where we could shut down the engines and drift with the currents.

“Ya whatever” I answered just now realizing that I have the weirdest boat anywhere.

I decided to take the boat close to one of the islands where the water flows in a circle taking you up the island and then it turns back and takes you down the island a short twenty-five minuet trip either way unless the main current grabs you then you might end up somewhere else.

I turned off the engine climbed up on the roof of my boat sat down on part of the cabin and leaned against a higher part of the cabin.

“This is makes me feel like Tom Sawyer floating down the Mississippi” I said lighting a cigarette.

When I was little I use to sit by the lake watching the boats dreaming of some day having my own boat. “I just didn’t realize that it would look like a leprechaun boat,” I said looking at him.

“A fine boat it is” he answered with a gleam in his eye that told me its more his boat then mine.

“I thought about what we talked about the other day but I still can’t figure out what I want to do” I said secretly hoping he would solve that problem for me.

“Its all right there in front of you” he answered.

“I don’t see it,” I said

“Sure you do, you just have some negative feelings associated with it so you think you don’t like it but you love it and do it very well in a different way from what is generally accepted as correct” He answered

I thought about that and then answered with “I don’t get it.”

“Sure you do you have been teaching it to others but at the same time not following your own advise.”

“I don’t get it!” I said, “Do you not hear well? Maybe you could stop beating around the bush and just say it,” I answered getting a bit irritable.

“What did you tell your wife when she said she liked poetry and wished she could write poetry?” He asked

I thought for a minute trying to remember then answered with. “ Its always the same thing people always think that they can’t do something because they compare what comes from them naturally with what is considered the norm not realizing that they’re talents far exceed what is considered the norm and it is just different and so they right away judge it not as good and so stop doing it. That whole process already starts in school. They ask you to write a poem and then it is compared to another poem and if it is in the same form then it gets an “A” if it is different and has a form of its own then it gets a “D.” They did the same thing with a lot of stuff. I have my own way of drawing it is different but cannot be judged better or worse then any other; but in school they somehow managed to do exactly that trying to get everyone painting in the same way and that does not work. My art was considered so poor that I was told I have no talent as far as art is concerned and was sent to a wood working class, but now those same drawings sell for a lot of money. I told Roberta to just write and let it come just the way it does and don’t compare it to any other poetry let it be different as it is and as it should be.”

“And what happened” He asked

Well her poems are published in a poetry book and in several magazines and she has won an award for one or two; I can’t remember. But! Shaking my finger in the air; if she was in school writing them then they would be compared to certain poems and would not pass; that is why she thought she could not write poetry. Everyone can write poetry and good poetry if allowed to just be and let it be accepted as their expression. A person’s expression cannot be judged other then by a total fool. See that’s the problem she also thought that she could not paint because she was comparing it to a certain form and so decided that since she couldn’t do it that way, she couldn’t paint. It took a long time to explain to her that she could no more paint like a Van Gogh then Van Gogh could paint like her. Van Gogh believed in himself and mostly in his style of painting that’s the magic. All the things she thought she had no talent for she now does because she realized that she had a unique way of doing it. Just like singing if she allows her voice to come natural then it sounds like and angel singing; if she tries to sing like someone else then it sounds like a dying whale.

“There ya go,” He answered. That’s what stops people from following their joy they are afraid that their way of doing it will not be good enough or accepted or even work and that becomes confusing. Do you remember the guy who was told that he could never be a comedian until he overcame his stuttering?

“O ya” I answered laughing if it wasn’t for his stuttering he would probably not be a comedian that’s what makes him so funny it colors everything he says.

“So ya see it then’ he commented

“No I don’t see it” I answered

What did you use to say hmm ah yes when something is irritating you then there is something that is holding you back until you let it go but to let it go you must first find it recognize it and then you can let it go.

I lit another cigarette because he was giving me a headache.

“Writing is your joy you surround yourself with it, you immerse yourself in it, you do it in your own way but it irritates you because you can’t spell; which is no more than a stutter it what makes your writing what it is; you thick headed fat scull”.... He said

Obviously I was getting under his skin and obviously leprechauns don’t have all that much patience. I wondered if they could swim before answering back.

I know what your saying sometimes it seems that writing is my joy, but somehow it is very draining to me and sometimes after writing for just a short time I’m so drained it takes me two days to recover. “So obviously it is not my thing otherwise it would be energizing me and bring me so much joy that I want to do it all the time” I answered.

“Have you looked at why you dislike it?” He asked

Ya I hate the narrow box that writing needs to fit into everything is suppose to be done in such and such; like don’t start a sentence with (and) and so on and on. What the hell does it matter as long as what is written interests someone or even if it only interests the writer; so what, it should be allowed to be as it is just like art it should be just as it comes. You don’t take a van go and start repainting it do you, what kind of idiot would then do that to writing it is an expression just like painting and then should be left as it is, to be as it is to express as it does that’s what irritates me. That’s what takes the joy out of it; that’s what irritates me every time I write.

“And why is that” he asked

“What do you mean, what are you saying” I asked shaking with frustration.

“Who is stopping you from doing it exactly the way you want?” He asked.

“Well to start with no magazine will take it that way, no publisher will accept it either” I answered.

“That’s not totally true you now have a publisher that will take it as you write it. You pay for it but so what that doesn’t matter. You also have people who love to read it that way so there is no one stopping you and you have a web page also; so you can do it just the way you want can’t you”? He asked

“I guess?” I answered

“Besides you have already done it and have had success with it have you not?”

“I guess?” I answered. “I never thought of it that way” taking a moment to think and also watching to see if we would get pulled into the main current.

I guess I got wrapped up in it not realizing I have already overcome that stigma. Actually it was very easy when I allowed myself to do it my way. “I guess you got me there” I said.

“Did you not say that the whole secret to following your joy and excitement is allowing yourself to do it in a way that comes natural to you. Trusting that form of expression and allowing it to be OK?” he asked.

“So what happened with my not being able to spell no matter how hard I try?” I asked. Is that something I set up before coming to this life so that it would color my writing?

“Sort of” he answered. You set it up so that it would happen during your life while you were at school for numerous reasons. You write in a certain way because of everything that has happened and that is what you wanted to achieve. All those challenges some of

them hard and painful have set the tone for what you wanted to experience and then do with it. It's the same for any mountain climber; it is the challenges that carve you into a form of expression. In other words you, your life, your ideas, your thoughts your challenges and everything else becomes a living form of art. You are art everyone is; we all are living art. Especially when we follow what brings us joy.

"That's a good point," I said "very good."

"I don't think I really totally allowed myself to be how I am and truly do things the way that they bring me joy" I said. I was sort of doing it but at the same time resisting it also and I can see how that became draining to me, it's like I'm fighting myself. "The fight was in here," I said pointing to my heart not out there. It doesn't matter if anyone likes what I write only that it is true to me.

"That's it, see its simple," he answered, as we fell into silence watching the beautiful scenery around us.

*I could not
Face
Tomorrow
Wit out believing
That something
Extraordinary
Is
Possible*

Chapter Twelve

“I think that the hardest time people have is with trying to make a living and at the same time trying to follow their joy.” I said breaking the silence.

“That’s true” he answered, “but you know that when you follow your true joy where ever that leads you and even if it changes from time to time then the details will work out on their own.”

“I have to agree with that,” I answered. “Whenever I followed my joy it always turned out to be the most financially rewarding thing at the end.”

“Well my friend it’s time for me to go but before I do I want to tell you something that you could write about if you wish.”

“And what’s that?” I asked knowing full well he was hinting that it was time for me to write another book.

“See there’s a lot to this world and a lot to understand but it’s all really easy if you know how to follow your joy” he answered

I'll give you an example. People have been drilling oil out of the earth and converting it into energy. Now that is good in some form and not good in another but better than not doing it at all. The oil is in fact a poison to the earth and needed to come out and be converted to energy this you have done. Some people think that it would have been better to leave it there but that is incorrect, even taking the oil out of the tar sands is better in the long run than leaving it there. You must remember the world is old and time is different; for what may seem bad and destructive in the short run can be very positive and creative in the long run. Now there are other ways you can convert this oil to energy in less destructive ways and that will come. Now also as another example; many people feel that everyone should be a vegetarian not eating meat. That is beneficial in some way but as that happens you will find another problem; and that is as people become more sensitive and you will soon realize that the plants that you kill to eat are just as alive and conscious as the cow you kill. You see the irony?

“Yes I thought about that it's an endless cycle.”

“Almost, you see there is an endless supply of energy in the universe and as you learn to harness that you then can convert it to what you need. Even the buildings you live in then can be grown and will in some form be alive. But the cycle of creating and destroying will still continue as it's so, even for a worm who eats things in the soil like roots of plants and there by actually killing plants and other things in the soil; but at the same time that worm is creating better soil for the plants to grow in and so it continues. If your creating surpasses your destruction then things become more beautiful. You see what I mean!

“I guess so”, I answered wondering where he might be going with this.

Now the way to be your most creative is in fact following your joy. Following your joy and excitement and doing what comes natural to you, not necessarily easy but joyfully and with that you will naturally be most creative and at the same time most beneficial to yourself, others around you and to the world at large. This at times may not seem that way especially when you cut down that tree to make the paper that you write on. But you can't always see the out come. How many people will read your book and start sending love and so in an unknowing way are creating an environment that forest can thrive in rather than becoming diseased in. If you try to work out all the details debate them to death you will go insane before you find the right answer. But if you just follow your joy and what brings you excitement then you will in the end be doing what is best for you and everyone; even if it does not appear that way to you at that time. Billions of people doing things that they do not want to do creates unhappiness and that unhappiness creates energy, which goes into the environment and then is causing more damage than everything else combined.

The energy from so many unhappy people is what is poisoning the environment more than all else combined; although it does not show up that way. It is like anger causing an

ulcer. And so if the forest is dying because of fungi; who created that fungi and with what energy. The anger created the ulcer and people's sadness created the fungi that then kills the trees. And so as you write this killing a tree you may save millions of them by you following what you love to do, which is writing just the way you write. Do you understand what I have said to you?

Yes we will not solve the environment problems until we solve the sad energy that comes of billions of people and saturates the environment which we might think is coming from something else not realizing that it was created from that negative energy coming from so many unhappy people.

"Correct" he answered as he reached out his hand.

Taking his into mine I shook his hand and that's when it hit me; I knew I would never see him again in this life. Strange emotions swept over me like I was losing my very best friend forever and yet I had just met him. His hands were so small in mine, so gentle and caring. I saw a tear in his eye and felt sorry for giving him such a hard time. I felt like a big bully who had just regretfully realized his wrong doings. Tears started to roll down my face; I tried to hold them back and push it way down there back in the tummy where it belongs but it all broke loose. By the time I had wiped the tears from my eyes with my other hand I noticed that the hand I had used to hold his was empty and so was I.

And so in his memory, whose name I don't know I write this.

So follow your joy whatever it may be; in whatever form it may come; let it come forth as it may; to be as it may. Allow it to drop from the sky, same as we do the rain and the sunshine. Let your joy, excitement and uncensored creativity carve you into the image of our creator the earth. For the crevasses and lines on our faces show not our age but how much we have dared to be true to ourselves. Some might be foolish enough to say it could have been written better but it was written with my joy in a way only I could.

So write in the form you write; draw in the form you draw; speak in the form you speak; see the beauty in the form you have; be that beauty for only you can. You will know when you have achieved following your joy and excitement and are true to yourself when you cannot truly judge one as more beautiful as another, but only know what you would prefer to day.

Have you ever been in a room with many unhappy people? How did it feel in there? Now imagine what billions of unhappy people are doing to the world. It is just that we have become so accustomed to this energy that we don't even notice it anymore but its here thick as molasses everywhere with pockets of love now and then when joyful people come together.

*Sometimes
I go to bed tired
But I can't sleep
And
Then I realize it is
Because I am unsatisfied with my day
But then I realize
That tomorrow will be another day almost identical to today
And I hope I have the courage to make the necessary
Changes so I can sleep
The following night*

Chapter Thirteen

What follows is something I wrote as an example of someone following their joy and how step by step it brought them more of what they loved to do, even though at the beginning they had only the smallest clue as to what would bring them joy and what was truly exciting for her to do. Hopefully this will help you understand that following your joy, your excitement is a step-by-step thing not something you can really plan for. It is something you start in the smallest way and then just follow the path that opens as you go. The interesting thing is that many successful people have become successful exactly this way; they started with something that they liked to do and it led them to something else and on it went constantly building from there. Trying to start following your joy and excitement by limiting to what makes money will actually hold you back. You see my books have become successful and bring in money even though I give them away. Had I gone the normal route it would have been a disaster. By doing it exactly the way it brought me joy was what made it successful despite all the odds against it. From a writer's and publishers perspective I have done everything wrong, and yet your reading it...aren't you? See what I'm saying rather than coming from what you have learnt, start in the smallest way coming from your joy and excitement and let the chips fall where they may it might just be the neatest thing. And try to forget the money part for a bit and see what happens, just see where it leads you. The following example hopefully will give you an example of what can happen.

The true source of experiencing enormous love and joy lies in one act: discovering and following what excites us the most in any given moment each day, all day.

Unfortunately for many of us, we spend much of our days following and doing what we have come to believe we need to do, rather than what truly excites us and what would, for that very reason, end up bringing us the joy and love we seek.

Can we truly expect to experience enormous joy, happiness, and love in our lives if the first concern we have in the morning upon waking is to be on time to a job that does not bring us joy and excitement?

If seventy percent of our days are filled with activities that do not bring us joy, excitement, and love, then the remaining thirty percent cannot compensate for that. All the seminars, books, meditation, and affirmations are not going to help.

Yet the more time we spend doing things that do not truly bring us joy and excitement, the more money we spend trying to compensate for our growing unhappiness, and this ends up bringing us more debt. So the end result is that we are tied even more into working at what we dislike. It is a self-defeating circle.

Doing the things that excite us is the only way that we will ever experience ourselves overflowing with joy and love.

The Chain Reaction

Following our excitement is not one large step, like quitting our job and spending our days sitting under a palm tree. That is not following our excitement that is escaping.

There is a big difference between following the things that truly excite us and doing things to escape from a life that does not bring us joy.

The trick is to find, in each moment, the things that would bring us the most excitement, and then do whatever we can to follow that excitement, even in the smallest way. This causes a chain reaction.

Here is an excellent example of an individual following her excitement and the chain reaction it causes.

Sandy's Story:

About a year ago, an individual I'll call Sandy wrote me that she had read my book *Living on Love: The Messenger*, but stated that sending love had no results for her as far as changing her life went.

After several emails, we discovered that most of her time consisted of going to a job she thoroughly disliked and that barely supported her financially. I suggested that spending

so much time doing what she disliked would not bring about enormous joy and love in her life, no matter what else she did.

Her dream, she said, was to travel. But that was financially impossible.

I suggested that she be more precise about what she wanted, because just traveling might be an escape. Sandy wrote back stating that perhaps the simple idea of traveling *was* an escape from her life but that what she *really* had the desire to do was to discover old buildings and other landmarks — and look into how they were built, who might have built them, and what the builders' lives might have been like.

At that, I wrote back asking why, since hundreds of people came each day as tourists to the very city where she lived, she could not begin following her joy by pretending that she, herself, was a tourist in her own city. She could begin following her excitement right where she was.

I didn't hear back from her for several months. Then I received a long email explaining that she had done what I had suggested. Sandy began to pretend that she was a tourist in her own city, exploring and discovering the things that really interested her.

First she just went as a visitor, viewing old, abandoned buildings, houses, mines, and farmsteads. Then she bought a used camera and started taking pictures of these buildings, and doing short write-ups of her research. The pictures she took were in black and white and she had some of them enlarged. People loved the pictures and soon some were framed and hanging in coffee shops and an art gallery. She put a very modest price on them so almost every one could afford to buy them. She said that for a while she was having a money crunch but as the pictures were selling very rapidly it gave her the money needed for film and doing what she loved. She also said that at the price she was selling the pictures for it gave only a small profit but it added up fast because so many were selling.

Then she received a call from an architectural firm that needed some pictures taken for a project that they were working on. She explained to them that she was not a professional photographer and was just learning but that she would do whatever she could. The person that had called her said he loved the pictures that he had seen and stated that it was just what they needed. Two weekends of doing exactly what she enjoyed she made enough money to take a night course in photography and buy more supplies. Then she got the idea from a friend that she could take pictures of buildings and put them into a calendar and then sell the calendar to banks and perhaps with some advertisement added from architects sell them to architect firms. Even though she did not have the money to put this project together she started with it immediately. She also explained to me that she never realized that photography was something she would really love to do and also seemed to have a knack for it, its just came about naturally by her following her joy. Before she had even completed her photography course the firm she had done some work for call her again this time with the same type of project only much larger it consisted of her having to travel to several different cities to take pictures of certain types of buildings for them. The project was an excellent paying projects for her something she really wanted to do

also all travel expenses paid. At this point she decided to take a leap of faith and quit her job. While working on this project for this company she asked them about calendars and showed them what she had planned as far as pictures in the calendars and advertising the company jumped at the opportunity and apparently so did two other companies. She explained that the first company ordered fifteen hundred calendars at the net profit of roughly one dollar for each. She explained to me that within six weeks of quitting her job she had put more money into her account than she would have made in the next four months of working at the job she had.

The result? Universities, newspapers, museums, and architects now seek her pictures and research! She has now become a photographer, and also conducts tours for architects and architectural students. Her income has more than tripled, and she is now thinking of returning to school in order to become an architect.

Following her excitement created a chain reaction, constantly bringing Sandy more and more things to be excited about. Things she did not even know that she loved to do.

She mentioned to me that at times she was afraid but decided to just go for it anyway. She also mentioned that she never thought her pictures were very good at all and if it weren't for some good friends she would never have tried to sell them. She also admits that originally she put a very low price on the pictures because she felt they were not very good but that it did turn out to be the right thing to do. Our fears and doubts aren't always negative sometimes they can serve us well if we do not allow them to stop us from what we really truly want to accomplish sometimes our fears can help us to adjust things slightly so that they fit. It is this way for myself also as I write many times I fear that people will laugh at how I write and will possibly look down on me for my poor writing skills but that fear tells me that I am being true to myself and that I am truly writing what is in me and truly writing it in my form. So you can see that fear can serve a positive motivator and even be a guide.

Getting in a last word

As you begin to search for your joy and excitement and also begin to follow your joy, to some of you and to some others around you, for some time this process may appear a bit selfish. They're may be other people around you that could feel you are being selfish but that is only because they cannot understand that by allowing you the freedom to find your joy and excitement that this will in turn make it easier for them to find and follow there joy also. Sometimes you might even feel a little selfish at the beginning but as you continue I believe that you will see how that joy will eventually pass on to others around you. Having family around you and also having children can at times make following your joy and excitement more challenging at the beginning. It may appear to be somewhat selfish but that is only an illusion. I honestly admit that at first I worried how it would look to my son. Sometimes following my joy feels like I'm not really totally looking after my responsibility. I guess what I'm trying to say is that I was afraid that I

would end up playing away my time rather than looking after my family. At the beginning it was a delicate balancing act but as time went on I was much happier and the quality of time we were together improved considerably also other things that needed to be done seemed more enjoyable when I allowed myself to do them when it felt right rather than when I thought I should be doing them. Also I wondered how I would pass this on to my son. I never preach the things I write about and hardly ever verbally mention them because I believe much more in example rather than words. The more I followed my joy and excitement and began having success with it other people around us started to notice it all on their own and it seemed to be rubbing off also my son seemed to have picked up the idea of without my ever saying the word about it. As you follow your joy and excitement people will automatically see how much happier you are, how much more you are enjoying life. This gets attention and seems too slowly rub off on others around you. So at the beginning you could possibly receive some resistance from those close to you even some resistance and fear from yourself this will pass as you become happier more excited to live each day. Joy is very addictive and draws people towards you. As people see that it is okay to follow your joy and excitement and that it is creative rather than destructive they will very quickly attempt to bring this process into their own lives. I have noticed that with myself and with other people one of the very first things we fear is being selfish and that this following our joy and excitement will mean neglecting some of our responsibilities. Sometimes there are some financial concerns also that's why we start off slowly following the path little by little and letting things build upon themselves slowly. Also remember that if you are working at something that does not bring you joy you will spend twice as much money trying to buy some happiness and in so doing will need to work even more at what you don't like.

I can't take away your fears and doubts no matter how many pages I write. You will just need to trust yourself that you can truly follow your joy and do things in a way that bring you joy and have it all work out.

Finding what brings you joy and excitement isn't that difficult. Think about the things that you the dream about, the things you think about that you feel would bring you pleasure and then remove the things that are an escape from what you are doing. There are a lot of things that we do to escape some of the unhappy things we do in our lives, these are not the things that will truly bring us the joy and excitement we seek. Sometimes we do things that have ulterior motives attached to them and we think we do it because it brings us joy but if it's really the ulterior motive that we are after then it is not really following our joy. I'll give you an example. In my mid thirty's I was spending three nights a week in the gym. It was fun to some extent but I was really there to work out to look better which is rather silly considering I'm almost perfect just the way I am. Ha! Anyway the point is I was not really following my joy but something, which I thought, was going to give me joy. That's sort of like working at a job that you hate to get something that you want. Although it can work to some extent but in the end those eight hours of unhappiness are going to be very hard to compensate for. So hard that millions of people are popping happy pills every day to try to compensate for this.

Its there waiting for you to claim it, I could go on and on but that would not help. If you put the same amount of effort into finding what gives you joy and follow as much as you can every day as you put into going to work and getting ready to go to work you will end up with results that will make you think, Why did I wait so long to do this?
So I truly hope that my story helps you to find your joy.

Sometimes people ask me why did not continue with the lottery as explained in my first book. Its simple it was not bring me the joy it ones was. When something stops bringing you joy then its time to change it to something new. You don't have to make it go on your whole life.

All my love Klaus

SHOULD I

*Should I write this poem
Should I wash the floors
Should I...
Should I...
Should I answer my shoulds*

*My heart says go play.... Dance amongst the flowers that bloom
Sing with the birds
Listen to what it is you want...*

*Be still...
Listen
Listen to your soul
Listen to your heart
What are they saying*

Is It

*What is this word should
Where did it come from
Does it come from your soul
Does it bring your heart joy
Is it full of love??*

*Shhhh....
Listen to your heart.... what is it saying??
I want to wash the floors
I want to write this poem
I want...
I want to answer my wants...*

*Now I am full of love
And life has brought me joy....*

Roberta Joehle

So that is it for now. Thanks for reading and I hope you have enjoyed it. I also hope that the information will make your dreams come true.

Thank you for purchasing this book and if you have any comments please feel free to email me; you can find the address on our web page at:

www.livingonlove.com

It's a lot of work, isn't it? Well, that's the part of life that really sucks sometimes. Unless you Love what you do or find a way to do what you Love!

It is my strong suggestion that you read a book called "*Think and Grow Rich*" by Napoleon Hill written in 1960; yes it is about money but if you look and read it carefully you will see that the principals will apply to all things, Love, Peace, Money and so on. Put the principles of sending love together with Napoleon Hills principles together and you have an unstoppable winning combination. For the law of the universe is simple; if you can imagine it then so can it be, and if you are determined for what makes your heart sing then so it will be.

My books I give away happily as my part. Although costly in time and money, it is a labor of love. If this book is of value to you then see if there is something you would like to do, there are many options you can choose. You could donate time or money; even one dollar helps to cover some of the costs. Another option is you can tell your friends; that would help in cutting down my advertising costs. You could if you are so inclined; write an article on the books and where to get them and submit it to a local new age magazine; or even take out a small ad in one of the magazines.

The more people see this information and put it to work for them the better it gets, not just for them; but also for every one around them. This was my gift to you what you do now is up to you. It is your life and your world.

Choose that with brings you joy.

All my love to you
Klaus J Joehle

About the Author

Klaus was born in 1957 at Black Forest Germany. At the age of nine and still with the wonderful idea that Canada was the wild west, where Cowboys and wagon trails still existed; Klaus was sent to live with his aunt and uncle in Rosedale British Columbia, Canada. Although he was disappointed at not seeing the western plains and chuck wagons, he lived in Canada and grew up to accomplish many things. He has not only written this book but it follows *Living on Love "The Messenger"* and comes between three more wonderful additions soon to be published.

So keep a look out for them.

Klaus has also been a dairy farmer, contractor, artist, entrepreneur and author. OH! Klaus is also known to many of us as "Captain Klaus" and enjoys his leisure time on his classic seventeen foot boat "*The Scurry Dog*" which came to him with love and at a cost of \$100.00. It floats, has a small cabin and after a lot of love and a bit of work was put into it; it looks like a small vessel worthy of a great captain...well you would have to see it.

NOW THAT'S "*Finding Your Joy*"

WebPages: www.livingonlove.com

Readers' Comments (optional)

Klaus has done it again! Another hilarious romp, this time on a misty island off the Vancouver coast with a boary leprechaun that, of course, no one else can see. By turns, sentimental and rambunctious, the leprechaun leads Klaus down the path of remembering, and the wise simplicity of following one's joy is the pot of gold at the end. -- Kathleen Ferguson, Writer

What do you do when you finally have everything you always dreamed of? What next? Klaus is stumped until unexpectedly confronted with a new adventure while his wife is away one weekend. A leprechaun appears, helps himself to Klaus' fridge, and once the food fight is over, leads Klaus on a merry chase. Along the way, Klaus learns what's been missing in his life. Maybe you will, too. -- Ned Lowenbach, Attorney

This book is of interest to all of us willing to look at life's greater possibilities. I found my own anger generating as I read and I decided the author was being mean to the leprechaun. I believe this book promotes glimpses of ourselves, as well as offering valuable information. -- Kathy Fedele

*"Weekend With A Drunken Leprechaun, "Finding Your Joy", took Joseph Campbell's work on following one's bliss to the next level. While Campbell's style was poetic and lofty, and I did find it inspiring, but it was difficult to apply to my daily life. In this work Klaus tells us just **how** to find our **JOY** on a day-today, moment-to-moment basis. His simple way of communicating complex ideas makes the information accessible in a very practical way. He even tells us how to take our fears and make them work in our favor instead of allowing them to paralyze us. If you truly want to manifest all that you can be and do - don't underestimate the power of this work! And, if you do apply these principles, hang on to your britches - you will be in for one heck of a ride! -- Linda Gordon, Prescott, Arizona*