



Shalom

January 2008

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“All is well, and you will never get it done. Life is supposed to be fun. No one is taking score of any kind, and if you will stop taking score so much, you will feel a whole lot better -- and as you feel a whole lot better, more of the things that you want right now will flow to you. You will never be in a place where all of the things that you are wanting will be satisfied right now, or then you could be complete -- and you never can be. This incomplete place that you stand is the best place that you could be. You are right on track, right on schedule. Everything is unfolding perfectly. All is really well. Have fun. Have fun. Have fun!” - **Abraham-Hicks** (Excerpted from a workshop in Tucson, AZ on Tuesday, February 20th, 2001) (<http://www.abraham-hicks.com>)

In this Issue

Editorial

What Matters is not Matter

General & Unsubscribe Info.

From the Editor's Desk

Dear Readers,

This is the first **Shalom** of 2008. I received some really generous comments on the [Christmas Special Dec. Issue](#) from some of my dearest listeners and I'm very thankful to you for all the encouragement. Also, some of you have been asking me to add at least two episodes of my [podcast](#) every month. I admit that at times I leave a huge gap between the episodes and I'm trying hard to add new episodes more frequently. Keep your e-mails pouring in, please! Your words of encouragement are my sole incentive!

Pramod K. Uday.

(Editor)(India, Jan 16, 2008.)



What Matters is not Matter

(January 2008)

This month, I have put together five simple stories of small daily acts of love. They are bound to touch your heart. Well, how can I be so sure? Quite simply because they tugged gently at the strings of my heart. How a few warm words can alter our mood instantly is nothing short of a miracle! This was forwarded to my mailbox by one of my dearest friends, **Tim**. The stories are as sweet as him! I found it very hard to conclude which one I loved the most. Read on and find out which one becomes your favorite ...



During my second month of college, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions until I read the last one:

"What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?"

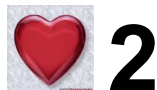
Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50s, but how would I know her name?

I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Just before class ended, one student asked

if the last question would count toward our quiz grade.

"Absolutely," said the professor. "In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say "hello."

I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.



One night, at 11:30 p.m., an elderly African-American woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a lashing rainstorm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car. A young white man stopped to help her, generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 60s... The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxicab.

She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him. Seven days went by and a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a giant console color TV was delivered to his home. A special note was attached...

It read: "Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband's bedside just before he passed away... God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others."

Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole.



In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it.

"Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient.

"Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his coins.

"I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies...

You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip.



In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the King for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the

peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the King indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway. The peasant learned what many of us never understand!

Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.



Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister.

I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes I'll do it if it will save her." As the transfusion progressed, he

lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded.

He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

Check out this space in the forthcoming February issue of *SHALOM* for an exclusive interview with **DAN JOSEPH**, the author of *Inspired by Miracles* and *Inner Healing*. Dan's writing has received warm reviews from **Dr. Caroline Myss**, **Hugh Prather**, **Alan Cohen**, and the Midwest Book Review. For the past ten years, this author has been writing about the connection between spirituality and psychology. In his work, he frequently draws on themes from *A Course in Miracles*, a program of "spiritual psychotherapy." In this exclusive freewheeling one-on-one, read about the *Course*, meditation, emptying the mind, manifestation and much more! To visit Dan's website, click on the following link: <http://www.danjoseph.com> (Editor).

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Live in Love ...

Believe in Miracles ...

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Tune in to [Manifest your Destiny!](http://spiritualbeings.bravehost.com/podcast.html)

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Shalom
