



## Hear What I Am Not Saying

Don't be fooled by me; don't be fooled by the face I wear,  
For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks,  
Masks that I am afraid to take off, and none of them are me.  
Pretending is an art that's second nature with me,  
Don't be fooled; for God's sake don't be fooled.

I give you the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny and unruffled with me.  
Within as well as without, that confidence is my name and coolness my game,  
That the water is calm and I'm in command, and that I need no-one,  
But don't believe me. Please. My surface may seem smooth  
But my surface is my mask, my ever varying and ever concealing mask.  
Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency. Beneath dwells the real me in confusion.  
In fear, in aloneness. But I hide this.  
I don't want anyone to know it.

I panic at the thought of my fear and my weakness being exposed.  
That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind.  
A nonchalant, sophisticated façade to help me pretend.  
To shield me from the glance that knows.  
But such a glance is precisely my salvation. My only salvation.  
And I know it.  
That is, if it's followed by acceptance, if it's followed by love.  
It's the only thing that can liberate me from myself,  
From my own self built prison wall,  
From the barriers that I so painstakingly erect.  
It's the only thing that will assure me of what I can't assure myself - that I'm  
really worth something.  
But I don't tell you this. I don't dare. I'm afraid to.

I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by acceptance and love.  
I'm afraid you'll think less of me, that you'll laugh  
And your laugh would kill me  
I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm just no good, and that you will see this and reject me.  
So I play my game, my desperate pretending game  
With a façade of assurance without and a trembling child within.  
And so begins the parade of masks,  
The glittering but empty parade of masks,  
And my life becomes a front.

I idly chatter to you in the suave tones of surface talk,  
I tell you everything that is really nothing,  
And nothing of what's everything, or what's crying within me  
So when I am going through my routine,  
Don't be fooled by what I'm saying  
Please listen carefully and try to hear what I am not saying.

Author Unknown



# The Gift Of The Well

When we come together as a group, it is as though each of us is a well.

We are each engaged in enhancing that well, which is the well of our life, and in reaching as deeply into its resources as we can.

We each go down individually into the well of our life. The well of each personal existence is separate and unique and distinct from every other.

Each individual must therefore go down into his or her own well, and not the well of someone else's life.

We find, however, that when we have gone very far down into the well of our own life, we come to an underground stream that is the source of all the wells.

There are no separations here, no walls or barriers in the underground stream.

Just as we cannot live someone else's life, we cannot go through someone else's life experience to reach the deep stream.

We each must go through our own personal existence, but when we have gone deeply enough, we find we have gone through our personal life, beyond our personal life.

This is the transpersonal connection that we experience in the underground stream.

Another way to say this is that each existence is engaged in finding the way of life and of being that will be true to its own nature. It is seeking its own integrity and in the course of this quest, the inner person emerges and grows.

It is this inner person that is the essence and meaning of life.

By Ira Progoff

## Changing Leaves

Changing leaves me frightened of what the future holds,  
Uncertainty, fearfulness,  
Loneliness and cold.

Autumn leaves were falling; I began to contemplate  
Another way, a brighter way  
Of happiness and hope.

Changing leaves bring colors, crisp, clear and bright  
Another day, another step,  
Shuffling towards the light.

Changing leaves will drop and die, winter's frosty heart  
Will serve the earth – all of us  
Resurrection – new life.

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## Beauty Tips From Audrey Hepburn

For attractive lips, speak words of kindness.

For lovely eyes, seek out the good in people.

For a slim figure, share food with the hungry.

For beautiful hair, let a child run his or her hands through it once a day.

For poise, walk with the knowledge that you never walk alone.

People, even more than material things, need to be restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed and redeemed; never throw out anyone.

Remember, if you ever need a helping hand, you will find one at the end of each of your arms.

As you grow older you will discover that you have two hands, one is for helping yourself and the other is for helping others.

Audrey Hepburn  
1929-1993