

January 19, 2017 - [Click Here for the Recording](#) (requires [Windows Media Player](#)) or [download mp3](#)



Perry A~

Topic: Every Person and All the Events of Your Life Have a Gift for You

His large, gnarled hands resembled the knobby roots of an old Cypress tree. Two crooked fingers pinched the corner of the dollar bill standing upright between the suddenly dwarfed salt and pepper shakers. He toyed with it, pushing it back and forth in a slow sawing motion between sips of his coffee.

His once large frame was stooped with signs of age. Large old fashioned hearing aids protruded from each ear with a wire leading down the front of his shirt. Everything about him exuded old.

As he toyed with the dollar bill, I overheard one waitress instructing the other, "You be sure and keep his coffee cup full! If you don't, he'll take the dollar away."

As I watched the scenario before me from the booth behind the old man, I smiled to myself as I recognized his wisdom. He definitely knew how to open people's awareness levels, get their attention and encourage them to give more and all without saying a word. A true motivator. What had he done in his active years I wondered?

I didn't have to wait long for my answer. He pushed his large frame slowly from the booth and paused for a moment as if waiting for his joints to reconnect. He turned and acknowledged me with a nod, a smile and a brief hello. Then he began talking as if we had been visiting all day. "Darrell said," he directed his thoughts verbally towards me in a deep gravelly voice, "not to spend time with that walk-on."

Anyone who lives in Texas automatically knows of the legendary coach of the University of Texas Longhorns, Darrell Royal.

"Well, I did," he continued, "and we won the championship that year with that walk-on making the big difference."

"What year was that?" I interjected, encouraging the storyteller to continue his saga.

"1962," he continued and began describing plays as vividly as if it were yesterday.

Suddenly he shifted in mid-thought and the story ended as abruptly as it had begun. He nodded a final good morning as he went to pay his bill.

As I was leaving, I saw him at the other end of the cafe talking to some unsuspecting strangers. I overheard him begin... "Darrell told me not to....."

I wondered how many times a day he told that story from the past. Reliving his contribution to the great Texas Longhorns and lost in the past.

I sent up a silent prayer, "Dear God... May I always have purpose in my life and find ways to be of service all my days. Amen."

As I passed judgment on the old man, I realized, as if by some divine intervention of thought, he still had the magic touch in motivating the world around him. I saw the waitress pocket her dollar bill and smile triumphantly as if she had made the winning touchdown. She would be watching coffee cups all week, eager to keep them full. The making of another champion by Pop Simmons in the City Cafe in Elgin, Texas. Lost in the past? Maybe not. Maybe not.

Thank you God for showing me another way to see your son, Pop Simmons. May I continue see others through your eyes. To see with unconditional love and appreciation for each person's journey, without my judgments and thoughts about how they should be for me. Keep me free of thoughts that separate and judge. Thanks God for giving me Pop Simmons as a teacher in my life today. Amen.

Hum-m-m, wonder what other teachers are waiting for me today. The day has just begun. Could it be that every person and all the events of my life have a gift for me? I wonder.

Unlikely Teachers in Unlikely Places

I recently return from a girl trip to Florida. One day we went to a Flea Market in Key West. We browsed the different booths in search of treasures and gifts for friends. While taking a time out at the food booth we notice and commented on the dress of an older hippie looking couple across the way. Yes we were being humanly judgmental.

He looked like an old biker with a sleeveless denim jacket, bald with a white mustache and goatee with dark glasses. He had no tattoos that I could see. They looked to be in their early sixties. The age when things are just beginning to start changing. We notice a few wrinkles, hair color is speckled with grey and like it or not the aging process slowly begins.

His lady friend was a petite thing and still had her slender legs covered in grey leotards and wore white short-shorts. She had a purple spaghetti strap tank top exposing her upper chest, a little cleavage, shoulders and arms; with a small jellyroll but well preserved and forever young playful smiling eyes. She had a brightly covered rose tattoo slightly above her left breast peeking out above her top. One arm from the wrist to her upper arm was a once elegant tattoo of flowers and vines a beautiful lady goddess head with long swirling blonde hair. There was a small castle at the top and you could see there was a story related to it. In fact there was a sweet story with each tattoo. She had short grey bobbed hair with a lime green silky sparkly do-rag with some large circles like the eye on a Peacock's feathers around her head and turquoise and silver jewelry. There were other tattoos on her shoulder and back.

They were affectionately sitting together eating their lunch looking like they may have just ridden up on a Harley. She had a sweet smile and a mysticism about her that intrigued me. As my friends when back to shopping, I finally gave in and walked over to introduce myself and asked if I could take their picture. Well they asked for a copy of the pictures so we exchange information and began to chat. They live in Connecticut and come down to Florida in their RV during the winter, Catherine is a Reiki Master, grows healing herbs and can see auras that tell things about people blocks in life. I would describe her as a spiritual fairy spreading good will and joy. Well it was the highlight of my trip. I wish I could have spent more time with them. Who knows maybe one day she will join me on a teleseminar.



Every person and all the events of your life have a gift for you. Life teachers are all around, yet we often blindly pass them by, missing the gifts. Lord open my eyes and heart so I may see the goodness and gifts in all people. Some are there for a reason, a season, a moment or a life time. Some to motivate; some to agitate and stimulate action, some to show contrast and some to show light. BUT, all, All are there for your highest good. All it takes is a little exploration to find the gift.

To contact Perry A~ Arledge: perrya@austin.rr.com