

## The Merry-Go-Round

Have you ever ridden a “Merry-Go-Round?” I did as a child. The only problem I had was that it never seemed to interest me. First of all, the horses weren’t real, they were pretend. Painted and pretty, they were as phony as they could be. I remember mounting what I thought was the largest and most attractive of them all. I imagined I was a cowboy or a knight in shining armor. But as hard as I tried to imagine, it always proved somewhat unsatisfactory. Everything seemed cold, plastic and unresponsive to the touch.

And then, there was the journey that the ride took me on. It went round and round and round again — at the same speed, to the same music, to the same place. I had the uncanny experience of going somewhere only to return to the same starting point and then to return on the same journey. It was a trip which eventually felt as though it were going nowhere. I was riding a wooden horse on a journey which went nowhere. The tinsel, the music and the excitement required the utmost of pretending to produce its illusion.

Sometimes it seems as though life is like that “Merry-Go-Round.” It demands great imagination or else it might reveal a plastic, painted journey which seems to be going nowhere. I remember the relief of the last and final ride that I ever took on the “Merry-Go-Round.” I couldn’t wait to get off! When it finally stopped and I got off, I paused and watched as a new group of youngsters eagerly raced to climb aboard their steeds of imagined adventure. The music began playing, the “Merry-Go-Round” began to spin, and the game of pretend began. I watched with the curiosity of a young boy who had strangely grown up into new eyes to see an old world. And there it was to see — scores of little people going round and round locked up in their personal fantasies. As I turned and walked away, I sighed and thought to myself, “**I never did like to ride real horses either!**”

October 6, 1980

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## The Mirror



**I looked in the mirror the other day!** It's not that I haven't looked before, I have. But this time I took a good look.

Many times a day I pause to observe myself in the mirror... to comb my hair, to brush my teeth, to tie my tie, to check the crease in my pants. But this time I took a good look. I noticed myself. I wondered at how long the sands of time had been at work forming the sculpture of my face. Smooth skin had given way to lines carefully etched by the winds and rains of experience. My eyes seemed older and deeper than I had remembered. The spark of life they contained was surrounded by the sensing of pains and joys lost somewhere in a lifetime of memory.

Compelled by the face in the mirror, I found myself drawn into the energy of this self of mine outside of myself. Observation gave way to the depth and ecstasy of feeling itself. For just a moment, I found an unusual empathy toward myself, the kind you find only when your focus shifts from within to without. In some wonderful way, I had been drawn into my inner person by giving attention to something outside of myself.

In that moment I realized that I had been in just this place many times before... in the splendor of the setting sun... in the first bloom of the spring flower... in the sad eyes of a loved one grief stricken... in the joyful laughter of new, fresh life... in a thousand different places, in a thousand different times.

**I looked in the mirror the other day and realized something wonderful.**

All of life is like a mirror, and when you look into it deeply enough, you make a wonderful discovery. You find yourself.

February 23, 1983

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## Choice

**“My... how time flies when you're having fun!”** Isn't that the truth? It seems as though there is never enough time to enjoy the enjoyable. How easy a task is when you enjoy what you are doing. The energy is high — the concentration is keen —

the enthusiasm is great.

If enjoyment of what we do creates such wonderful results, then one question remains. Why don't we enjoy everything we do? Perhaps the most obvious retort is that you don't like everything you are doing. I suggest that the answer to beginning the complete enjoyment of your life is one word — **Change**. If you are doing what you don't enjoy, do something else. And, **most importantly — if you cannot change what you are doing, then change your attitude towards it.** Bring your enjoyment of life with you into every task. You have the power to bring any attitude you wish into any situation that you face. Real joy comes from within the person. It is not the result of an external stimulus. Therefore, you bring the power of enjoyment with you wherever you go.

All you need do is exercise the great gift of **Choice**. You can do it! You can! You can enjoy your life!

March 5, 1980