

*This book of tiny stories, second in an ever-expanding series, the author continues to narrate experiences involved in the ongoing journey of reconnecting with one's spirituality, fraught with happy happenings and joyful happenstances.*

## **Let the Sun Shine on My Face**

By Tim Pleacher

**Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](http://BookLocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12399.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

# Let the Sun Shine on My Face

Enciente words coalesce in an ever-expanding puddle;  
happy to relieve themselves of their load; joyfully  
bursting and spreading, becoming one with each other.



*"The fascination of delving into her stories electrifies  
my vivid imagination, transforming the expression of my identity  
to an infinite power of intimate reflection." — V.C.*

*Miss Trudie Palmer* 

Author of *Chronicles of an Awakening Soul*

Copyright © 2022 Ilis Trudie Palmer

Print ISBN: 979-8-88531-171-7

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-172-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2022

First Edition

## How to Become Enlightened

I have seen many a question where persons ask, how to become enlightened or how does one know that he or she is enlightened. The responses have been varied—from, *'it's a feeling—you will know it when it happens'* to *'enlightenment only comes with physical death'*. I found that even though the responses were different, most were clear enough for a topic that is quite esoteric.

Here, I add my take on this conversation on becoming enlightened.

My no-pun-intended contribution to this discussion is that if a person wishes to become enlightened, then the simple thing to do is to plug into the Source of Light. I already know the follow-up question— 'so how does one plug into the Source of Light? Luckily this is the easiest part of the entire process.

We plug into the Source of Light when we love ourselves.

We plug into the Source of Light when we love our neighbour as ourselves.

We plug into the Source of Light when we see ourselves in each other.

We plug into the Source of Light when we willingly help our brother.

We plug into the Source of Light when we quiet our minds and connect.

We plug into the Source of Light when we honestly seek to make that connection.

We plug into the Source of Light when we raise our vibration.

We plug into the Source of Light when we listen to our intuition.

We plug into the Source of Light when we accept the blessings of the Universe.

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

We plug into the Source of Light when we unplug from the things that have been preventing us from plugging in.

My conclusion is that enlightenment comes by one method, and that is by plugging in.

## People Don't 'Logicate'

I jumped to Judgment.

It was so reflexive, taking little effort. We have been cultured into jumping to judgment. We always know better, can do better, and ultimately believe ourselves to be better than our fellow human beings. The all-wise, so well-informed part of us, in its splendor encourages hearing or seeing, criticizing, and then passing judgment.

More than half of the time the ego is not even in full knowing, and the half-arsed snapshot that is sent to the analytical part of the brain is quickly scanned and judged upon.

I am guilty of this more often than I would like to admit and this does nothing for my efforts of trying to walk a spiritual path. I have to relearn and remind myself every day of the oneness that is us.

I had a neighbour who was an alcoholic and whenever he was filled with spirit, he expounded on everything—things he knew, and things he only had an idea about.

He would see me and start talking and whenever I asked him, “*well how do you know that?*”, he would smile through his alcoholic haze and reply, “*people don't logicate.*”

Logi- what? Was that even a word? I asked him to explain what he meant by '**logicate**' and if it had anything at all to do with the word *logic*. It turned out that there was no link, and over time, I went on to understand his meaning to be that as humans we use very little discernment when thinking and speaking. We judge with our heads and not with our hearts, meting out punishment that was often harsh and unfair.

So, as we go through our day, let us make the effort to think before we jump.

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

Let us think with the heart.

Let us remember our oneness and solidarity in spirit.

Let us be the Divine within us.

Let us give love, judgment-free love.

## **Become Your Own Puppeteer of Happiness**

Many stories have been written on the importance of the happiness that comes from within and allowing it to pour forth. One of the things that are free and available for all, along with air and water—well not so much water these days—is the ability to be happy no matter the circumstances. There will be blips on our life’s radar that may cause us to feel less than our best selves; but ultimately the ability to move past our challenges and recapture our happiness lies within us all.

I was not always a happy person and persons who knew me intimately would corroborate this statement. Once a former lover said words to me that I remember to this day: “I cannot make you happy, you have to find your own happiness inside of you.” I was quite dissatisfied by his remarks and was quick to let it show, “I am not asking you to make me happy,” was my response, “I am asking you to be a better person.”

It was not until years later that I realized that I was asking him to be a better person so that I could be happy with him and then with myself. That was wrong, wrong, wrong. I had allowed him to hold my happiness at ransom and he did a damn good job at it.

No one can make you happy—no material object nor any possession—it comes from inside. It comes from a belief and a clear knowing that we determine how much of our happiness quotient we allow ourselves to experience. Some of us enjoy the drama of being unhappy. We get to connect with a tribe of other unhappy people, we get to woe-is-me to our heart’s discontent, we moan and complain, and get angry and resentful knowing full well that we have been denying ourselves the gift of cheerfulness.

We might as well change our outlook since there is nothing to be gained from living a life of lack—lack of blessings, lack of abundance, lack of love, lack of contentment. A happy heart makes the body relax, the mind sing and the spirit soar.

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

Become your own puppeteer, pull your own strings, lift your countenance and smile.

## When You Are Forced to do the Human Thing

Her head was not in its normal place today—floating amongst the clouds with nary a care in the world. At this moment, the clouds appeared to be extra high in the blue Caribbean sky; so far up, that they were out of reach and no amount of soaring upwards and expanding outwards was going to get her there.

Her tiny twin-island state was under a *'lockfew'*—a lockdown and a curfew—for the next fourteen days, as stated by the Prime Minister in an address earlier that day. So, standing on her porch, trying to grapple with the enormity of what has been happening over the past weeks. She comes to the realization that this *'humaning'* thing with its many challenges and ups and downs, will never go away as long as she remains here in this earth school. It was not for her or anyone else, and the knowledge of this has caused more than a few to opt for the dropout and move on to the next best thing.

She felt the tension in the energy that surrounded her. People were over this. Going on two years was enough. And now that they had been forced to emerge from the bubble that had encased them—being an island and all—the acceptance of the reality of the situation was not going down well.

Looking down at her dogs, she felt that they sensed her discomfort but nevertheless excitedly vied for her attention—climbing up her legs, licking her hands, their tails wagging and eyes dancing. They were happy to see her and their exuberance and innocence buoyed her spirit, encouraging her to remember that life ought to be accepted as it comes—accepted while at the same time knowing with an assuredness, an unbridled confidence that things will always turn out to be OK.

It appeared that the dogs felt the shift in her mood. They detected the slight upward expansion in her energy body which made them even more excited, as if cheering her on to rise above it all.

*“Hello”, she smiled, rubbing the head of one and the belly of another.  
“What are the plans for day one of this lockfew?”*

They started a chorus of yipping in answer to her question. Given her understanding of dogspeak, she heard them say: *“look for things to feel happy; be satisfied in the now; return your head to the clouds.”*

## Why So High?

I met an old childhood friend the other day. We had not seen each other for years so it was a warm, refreshing feeling to hug and kiss and be happy that we had finally gotten the opportunity to meet up after so long being apart. We laughingly examined each other's body commenting on the signs of aging that we saw, the greying hair and beard, the extra weight around the tummy, and the eyeglasses.

*"Let me really look at you," he smiled, "I have not seen you in so long and you are looking good. You look relaxed and happy; you have an inner glow, and your smile seems to be wider than I remember it to be."*

*"I am happy," I laughingly explained. "I am happy, happy, happy, never been happier. Life is good, no life is wonderful and is unfolding exactly as I expected that it would."*

He stared into my eyes and gave me a 'that-must-be-some-damn-good-weed' smile. I buckled in laughter. I knew that smile. I see it quite often when I tell people that I am happy and for no reason in particular.

*"No," I assured him, "no drugs involved."*

*"You mean that you don't take a draw now and again? It is all around, more freely available than when we were young, everybody is either drinking it, smoking it, or eating it."*

*"I am not saying that I never did, and I am not saying that I don't,"* was my response, *"but what you are seeing before you is a manifestation of me finding myself, getting to know my purpose, connecting with the greater part of me, understanding the secrets of the universe and being happy in it all."*

*"Ohhh.... I see, so you do take a puff now and again."*

He did not hear the latter part of my statement. He was determined to find a tangible reason for my apparent happiness and was not willing to believe in any spirituality nonsense.

*“I used weed as training wheels and now it serves as my Wi-Fi extender.”*

He looked at me. He did not understand. I did not feel to explain any more. I gave him another hug and a smile, told him that I had to be on my way and that I hope we meet again soon. I felt his eyes boring into my back as I walked away. I saw the look of confusion on his face, and it caused me to erupt into giggles.

Training wheels and Wi-Fi extender, what was that about?

Cannabis, when used in the right setting and at the right stage of one’s spiritual awakening, is known to shorten the time needed to make a connection to One Consciousness and the All. As some say, it reduces what could be achieved by meditation by quite some months. It is used in the Rastafari religion as an important sacrament. For Rastas, the Herb, as they refer to it, is sacred and should not be misused and abused.

I remember taking my first puff when I was quite into my 40’s. I never really had any great interest in trying it and so I never did until a former lover of mine invited me to experience the wonders of the plant. It was amazing. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience and though at the time I was not on a spiritual bend; or at least I was not knowingly on a spiritual path, I used it for its entertainment value. I realized that it made me relaxed and expanded my mind so that many creative ideas came my way—many of which I never followed up on.

Over time, as I began to explore my spiritual side, as I began to ‘seek’ as many refer to the process, I realized that I was able to connect quite easily to Source. I was able to have many mystical experiences and many truths were revealed to me. This was the herb as my training wheel.

*Let the Sun Shine on My Face*

And then an interesting thing started to happen, I began to realize that I did not need anything to assist in my connecting. It came through quiet meditation, simple contemplation, through nature, through listening to music, my art and my writing. A light switched on.

I came to the realization that it was all within—everything we needed to connect to Source Intelligence was found within. It wasn't in the church, the mosque, the synagogue nor the temple, it was inside us all along. It wasn't through drugs. It wasn't through material possessions. It wasn't through our false beliefs. It was just there, waiting for us to come to a clear knowing and issue that invitation, ask that question, "Who Am I and Why Am I Here?"

So, when, on those occasions that I do take a puff or chew on a piece of edible, I do it for pleasure, or for fun and for extension. I do it to extend my Wi-Fi, to reach a little further, experience a little more, to love a little more, to appreciate a lot more, to remove any static and improve my connection to the God within and to the greater part of me.

## **Yoga is Like a Pig in Mud**

I took to yoga like a pig to mud. Where have you ever seen a pig more contented, more connected and more at home, than wallowing in a puddle of warm, rich, gooey, mud? That is how I feel on my yoga mat—like a pig in mud.

I have always been a person who exercised—pushing my body to the limit, feeling the rush of endorphins and then the sweet tiredness afterwards. I would, under the watchful eye of my personal trainer, work out in the gym, pushing weights, pushing myself, cursing the machines, and sending a few choice adjectives his way when he asked for ‘one more.’

So, when 2020 came and we could no longer push ourselves in the gym, I found a towel and an online, at-home yoga practice and it was as if I had really found home.

I did not go willingly. I still had doubts as to what this yoga thing could do for me; but after an extreme bout of anxiety saw me seeking solace in the arts, I have since never looked back. Well, except for those few short months when my trainer and I decided to hit the weights again. However, I wasn’t enjoying it any more. I had found a new lover and the old one had grown stale. I tried to pretend, looking for a way to get the old mojo back, but nothing worked. Soon, I was back to yoga and me, at home on my mat.

When an activity can trace its roots thousands of years in the past, there must be something about it. I found that ‘something’.

It was the connection that yoga brought to my mind, body and soul.

I now saw my body as one moving part, working in tandem with my mind to connect my soul to something greater than me—something that was outside of me—that I had been reaching for.

*Let the Sun Shine on My Face*

And so, every day as I roll out my mat, I enter that space knowing that I would be much better for it.

I am a pig in mud.

Oink, Oink.

## Where Does Happiness Come From

Have you ever had waves and waves of sweetness coursing through you with nothing to attribute it to? And you begin to wonder if you are certifiable? A feeling so fresh and so new, and so expansive and never ending that you smile, then giggle, then laugh out loud causing people around you to look quizzically?

That happened to me yesterday and the day before that and the day before that. It was a sensation of all-is-wellness. And mind you, it is not that all is well in my physical world. I am approaching 50 like a thief in the night—age snuck up on me and grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and whispered in my ear that it was here to stay and wasn't going anywhere. I have little material possessions; I gave up most of it when I left a relationship that was not the best thing for me at that time. And though I have a job that many would consider a good one, I understand its transient nature, with every year a performance-based assessment deciding my fate. I have a daughter at the age where she will soon leave me to strike out on her own and I have no close intimate relationships.

And so, you may ask me well where is this happy feeling coming from since you looked at my debits and credits and have placed me in the red.

The answer is that I found me, I found myself. I discovered the secret of the universe and its pure joy.

I got *woke* as the young ones say and with opened eyes, I am able to see things differently. I am able to observe things I never noticed before. I gave myself time to pause and smell the roses, I have pollen up my nose and nectar on my tongue.

I found the beauty in life and the essence of living. I am happy, orgasmically happy. My orgasms have orgasms.

*Let the Sun Shine on My Face*

I am whole, I have been healed—if there was anything to heal. Perhaps I should say I have come upon the reason for being and it is to be happy in the now, blissful in the then, and ecstatic in the parts in between.

## **You are Out of Range**

The blue tooth headset is the most useful invention made to accompany the smartphone. You can pop in your earpiece and with both hands free, happily multitask.

I remember the first time I bought a pair of these headphones. I was totally amazed by the freedom it gave me—I can do laundry while listening to my own genre of music without disturbing anyone else, I can paint while listening to an inspiring podcast from my favourite teacher, I can cook, garden, clean, anything—I can be busy listening while doing.

So, this Saturday, I had a lot to get done before I sat down in front of a painting that I had been working on for a while. Though the colours were not coming together and it looked nothing like the initial sketch I drew, I still felt that it was going to be a masterpiece. Starting with laundry, I dumped the first finished load into the basket and went into the backyard where the empty clothes lines eagerly awaited their company for the day. I had my earphones in and was listening to some sweet Saturday morning jazz when the music stopped and I heard “your headset is out of range”. I eyerolled, I did not realize that where I was standing was too far away from the source of my music. I heard it again, “your headset is out of range”.

*“I heard you the first time Missy,”* I muttered as I took out the ear buds and finished hanging the last bit of clothes.

In short time, I was back in the laundry room and with the headset back in its rightful place. I returned to enjoying the beautiful music that was streaming into my ears, creating blips of pleasure in my brain.

This experience reminds me of our connection to Source Intelligence. Sometimes we are close enough for a clear signal and other times when we go outside the boundaries that we have agreed upon, we hear the message, “your headset is out of range.”

*Let the Sun Shine on My Face*

When is this the case? What causes such a disconnection?

It happens when we feel less than our best selves, when we stop believing in the power of the universe, when we allow ourselves to vibrate at such a low level that we enter a dead zone, when we convince ourselves that things are not working out for us, when we feel we need the physical manifestation of our dreams to be happy, when we feel like we are running out of time, when we are unhappy and dissatisfied with our lives...when...when...we create so many situations that mess up our connection.

The good thing about it is that we get a notification, we hear the message and we have free will to decide whether to get back our signal or to wallow for a little while longer in self-pity and despair.

The relationship with Source Energy makes us feel strong, loved, connected, whole, a part of all that is. We feel wondrously handsfree.

## Where Do Great Ideas Go to Die?

Every now and again I come across an article that tries to bullet-point the reasons for the greatness achieved by one genius or another. They come up with reasons as to why she was such a great scientist or author or he, the inventor or painter. One reason that I see coming up a bit more often than others has been the idea of ‘no-time’ or ‘alone time’ or ‘quiet time’ or ‘mindfulness’ or ‘mindlessness’. The names vary by the author but the basic concept is the same. The geniusity (not a dictionaryed word) of the person came alive when he or she allowed time to just be. What an amazing gift of the mind! Do nothing and create. Spend more time doing nothing which then allows for the creation of that masterpiece. So why are we all not geniuses? Don’t we all possess that time to be? To do nothing and then create?

*“Hell no,”* you declare. *“I cannot afford myself the luxury of sitting and doing nothing. The struggle is real and I’m deep in it.”*

So how has the struggling been going for you? What are the fruits of your labour? Have you gathered a handful, a basket or a bushel?

*“Well, nothing much,”* you admit, *“once in a while I copped a half rotten one that was refused by the birds and the bats. But I know—for my parents told me so, or the Bible told me so, or society told me so—I have to be in the struggle to reap the benefits, maybe not now, but later for sure.”*

*“So, you came here to struggle? And suffer? And eat rotted fruit?”* I asked, my eyebrows raised and my lips pursed into a straight line. *“Does that make sense to you? Wouldn’t it be better if you had stayed where you were than to come here for this?”*

You nod your head, drop your chin, loop your shoulders down to touch your elbows. *“Perhaps I was misinformed,”* you mutter, *“maybe to be is to have the battle half-won.”*

*Let the Sun Shine on My Face*

And to think, you figured this out all by yourself. For those few seconds before this realization, you put aside the false beliefs taught by your parents and made into law for you, and you lit the spark of genius by your acknowledgement of the power in be-ing.

Call me when you have created your masterpiece and let's celebrate together.

## **When We Shed Our Space Suit**

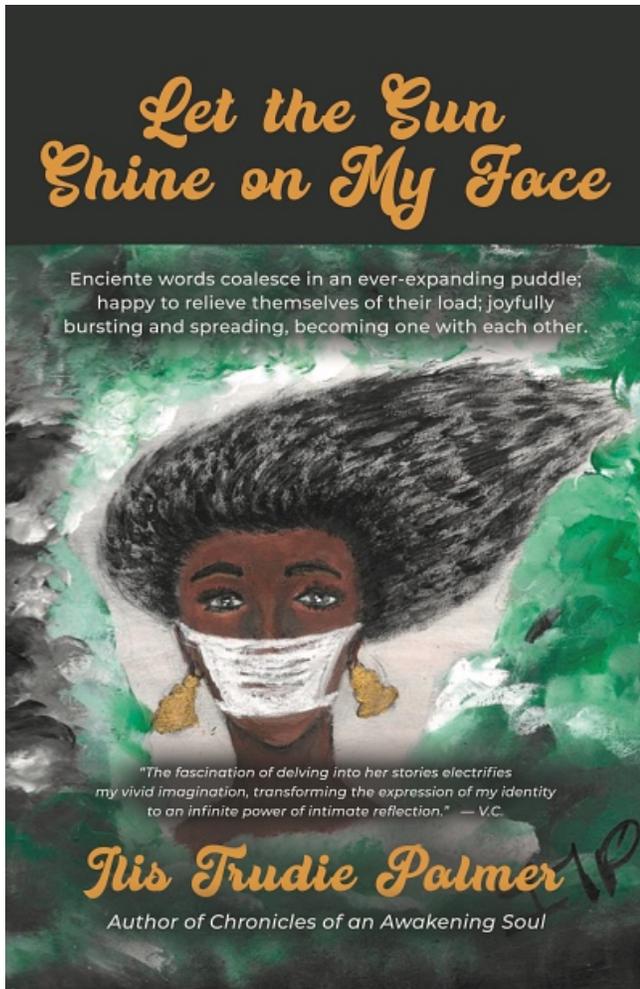
We spend a lot of time and effort taking care of this specially designed space suit that permits for a fairly comfortable survival on this planet. It came fully equipped with all that is needed for the wearer to fulfill the purpose of the soul but unfortunately for many of us, we believe that this suit is the be-all and end-all of who we are. Well, it is not. It serves a single purpose for a multidimensional being, no pun intended. But really, we are multidimensional in the truest sense of the word and this is very much obvious during meditation.

When we begin to meditate, when we relax this physical body from the toes to the crown, we allow our energy body to come to the front. Have you ever been in meditation and actually feel your energy body rise and hover over the prone space suit? That is the us that connects to the One Consciousness, the us that is not of this earth, the us that allows the greater part of who we are to commune with its true self. When all of the chakras have been opened and the energy is flowing freely and unencumbered, the experience is a beautiful one. This is a perfect example of our interconnectedness and interdependence to all that is.

So why all the prostrating to the suit? Why so little attention to the energy within and the greater energy without? Is it because we cannot experience it using the five senses given to navigate this plane? We cannot experience something that cannot be detected with our regular senses unless we allow for other senses to come into play. The reliable five were not designed for that operation outside of this plane. This is where the other senses come into play, the senses that operate above and beyond the physical. Referred to as the sixth sense, it opens the portal to this other dimension of our being. Note that even though we have grown to accept the presence of senses beside the five that we know, the human in us had to box it in and label it. I suspect that where there is a sixth sense, there is a tenth and an eleventh—there is no qualifying the infinite.

*Let the Sun Shine on My Face*

So, we can conclude that our fascination and senseless worshipping of the suit stems from the fact that we have not grown past the understanding that there is more than what we can see, hear, taste, touch or smell. We have not allowed ourselves, for fear of knowing, to explore that part of us that unites us to something that is much more immense than anything our simple minds can envision. So we lock ourselves in our small corner and remain there until our time comes to reconnect to the same thing that we refused to acknowledge when we wore the suit. Funny isn't it?



*This book of tiny stories, second in an ever-expanding series, the author continues to narrate experiences involved in the ongoing journey of reconnecting with one's spirituality, fraught with happy happenings and joyful happenstances.*

## **Let the Sun Shine on My Face**

By Tim Pleacher

**Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](http://BookLocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12399.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**