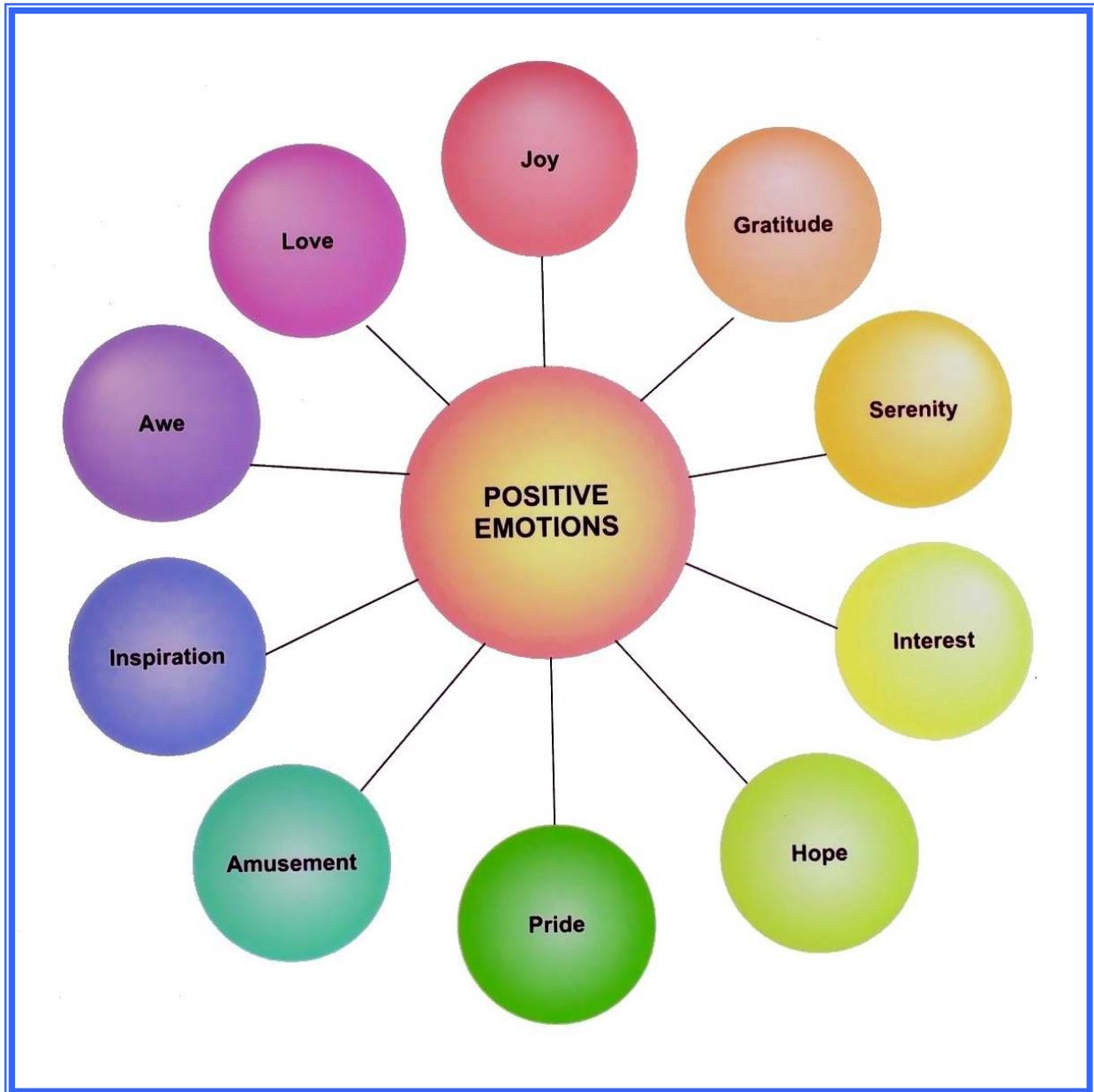
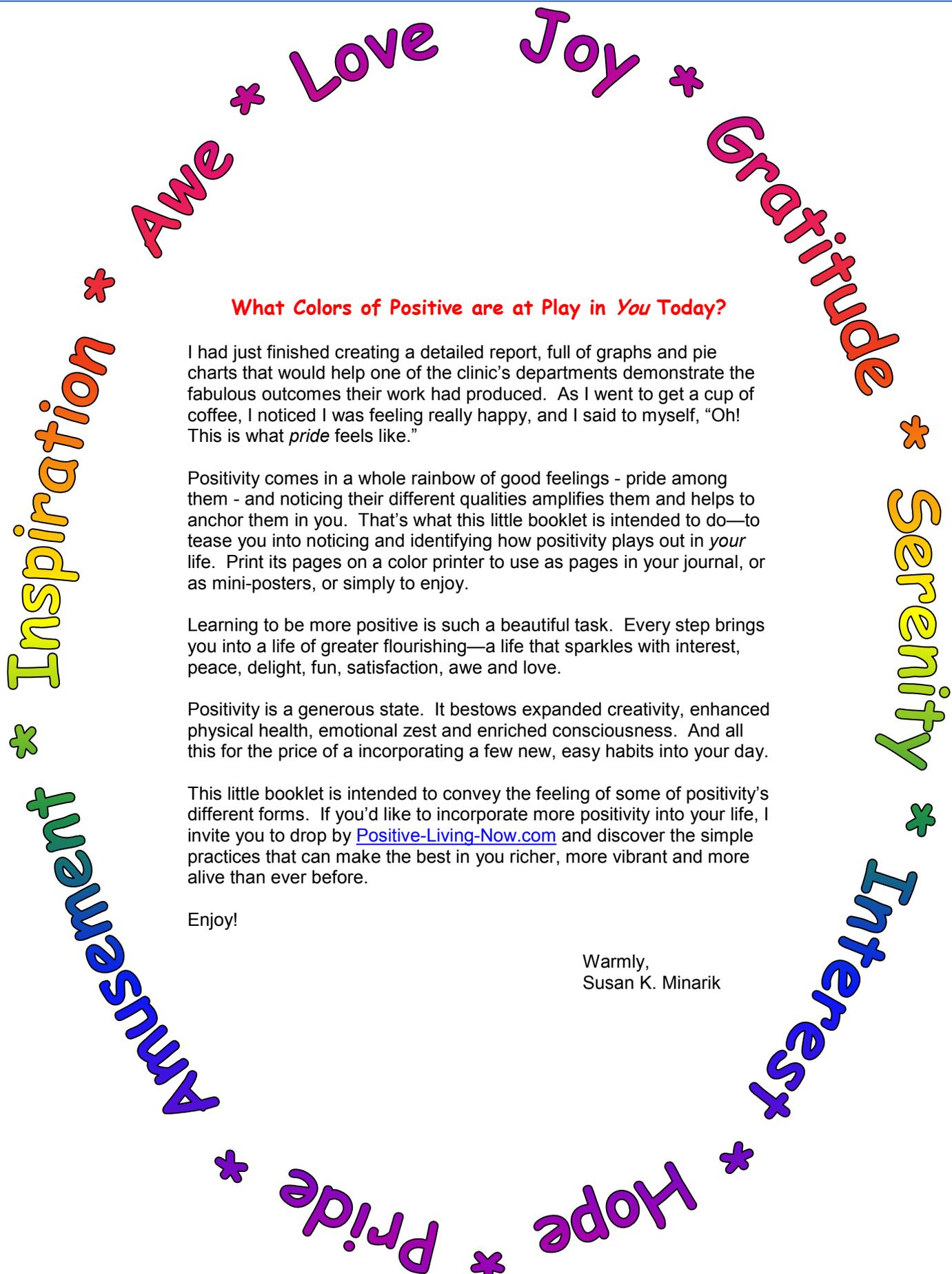


Celebrating Positivity

Treasures of the Journey





What Colors of Positive are at Play in You Today?

I had just finished creating a detailed report, full of graphs and pie charts that would help one of the clinic's departments demonstrate the fabulous outcomes their work had produced. As I went to get a cup of coffee, I noticed I was feeling really happy, and I said to myself, "Oh! This is what *pride* feels like."

Positivity comes in a whole rainbow of good feelings - pride among them - and noticing their different qualities amplifies them and helps to anchor them in you. That's what this little booklet is intended to do—to tease you into noticing and identifying how positivity plays out in *your* life. Print its pages on a color printer to use as pages in your journal, or as mini-posters, or simply to enjoy.

Learning to be more positive is such a beautiful task. Every step brings you into a life of greater flourishing—a life that sparkles with interest, peace, delight, fun, satisfaction, awe and love.

Positivity is a generous state. It bestows expanded creativity, enhanced physical health, emotional zest and enriched consciousness. And all this for the price of a incorporating a few new, easy habits into your day.

This little booklet is intended to convey the feeling of some of positivity's different forms. If you'd like to incorporate more positivity into your life, I invite you to drop by Positive-Living-Now.com and discover the simple practices that can make the best in you richer, more vibrant and more alive than ever before.

Enjoy!

Warmly,
Susan K. Minarik



“Glory be to Thee, O Lord of Life, For Thy joy flows out to the ends of the universe.” ~Egyptian hymn to the sun-god Ra.

Contrary to popular understanding, it wasn't the physical sun the Egyptians worshipped. Our sky's light-giving orb, indeed the powerhouse for all life on earth, was simply an outer symbol of an ineffable, benevolent, life-giving power they called “the sun behind the sun.” And how wondrous that they identified the essence of its animating spirit as joy – ceaseless, eternally flowing joy!

It bursts from the heart of life's Source, riding the photons across the grand cosmos, residing at the core of all that is. From human hearts, it bursts forth as delight and celebration, as gladness and gratitude, as wonder and awe. It sings in the dawn and in the starlight, in the laughter of children at play, in the unfolding of the tiniest flower.

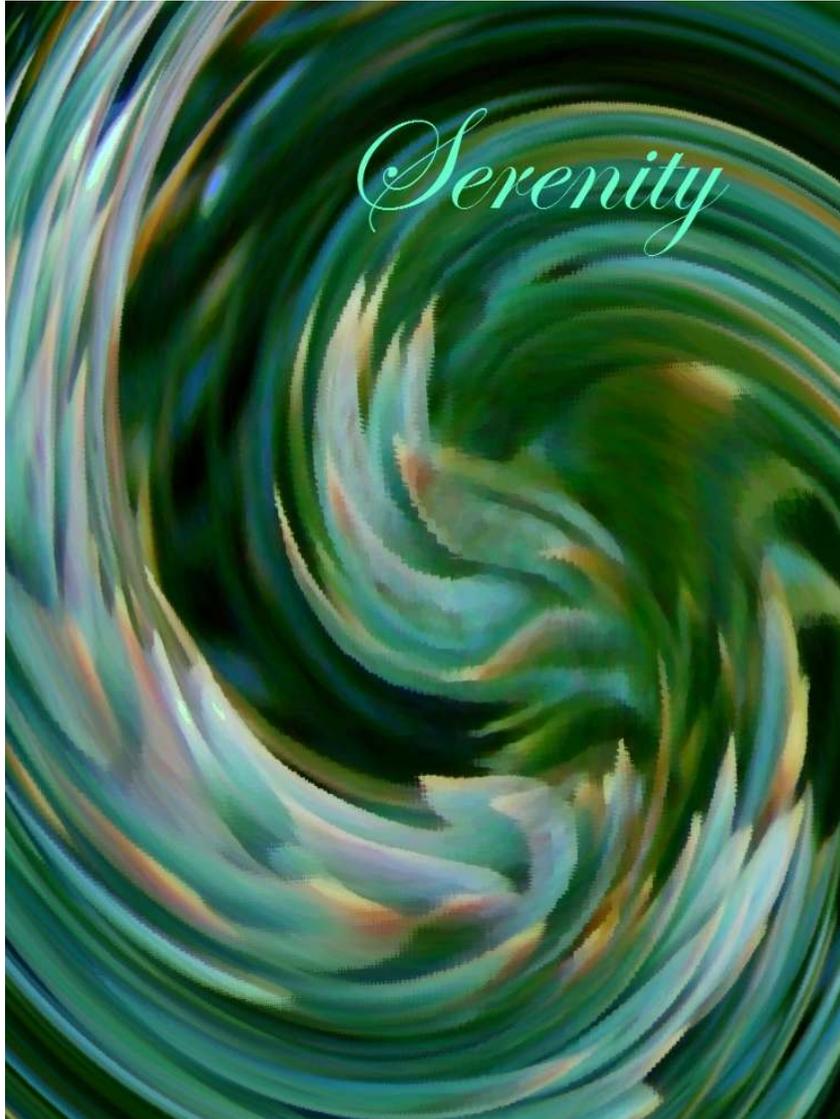
It streams in through our senses and up from our souls. It enlivens and awakens us, and makes us want to dance and play. And sometimes it overwhelms us with the simple realization that we are miracles of consciousness and *alive*.



When our hearts and minds are open and free, gratitude flows like a serene golden river. It's the natural response to life's gifts – the opportunity to live in this amazing world, to walk beneath its blue skies, to see its beauty, to have amiable companions along the way.

It's the humble and glad response to the harmony that makes things work, to the kindnesses others do for us, for their gestures of encouragement, affection and support. It expands us and creates in us the urge to extend ourselves to others, and to life itself, in thanks for all that we receive.

Gratitude takes no gift for granted, but holds every benefit as a wondrous treasure. It's our celebration of the strengths, talents and abilities we possess and of the endless possibilities that unfold for us each day. It's part of the grand balance, the yin and yang of things, the inflow and outflow that weaves us all together and brings us joy.



“Serenity is a gift that soothes and smoothes the jangled thoughts of our all too busy minds. It has a transcendent beauty about it that lets you hear the angels sing. It falls softly with a gentle grace and lets you taste the sweetness of true inner peace. It’s a whispering of the great yes, a surrender to trusting that all is well.”

<http://www.highonhappiness.com/2010/02/15/the-serenity-of-happiness/>



So there you are, just nodding down Ordinary Street, listening to the same old, when out of the passing crowd, something catches your eye. Snap! It links into your brain, shakes the cells awake. You quicken your pace and follow it, drawn by its magnetic aura.

“Hmmm. This could be interesting,” you say to yourself, feeling a buzz of attraction. You’re not sure exactly what it is, but it has your attention and you want to know more.

Just before it turns the corner up ahead, it stops for a second, turns around, looks directly into your face and winks at you. Then it nods to the right and disappears behind a building. What was that wink about? You rush to the corner, half afraid that you’ll lose sight of it. Drops of curiosity wet your mouth.

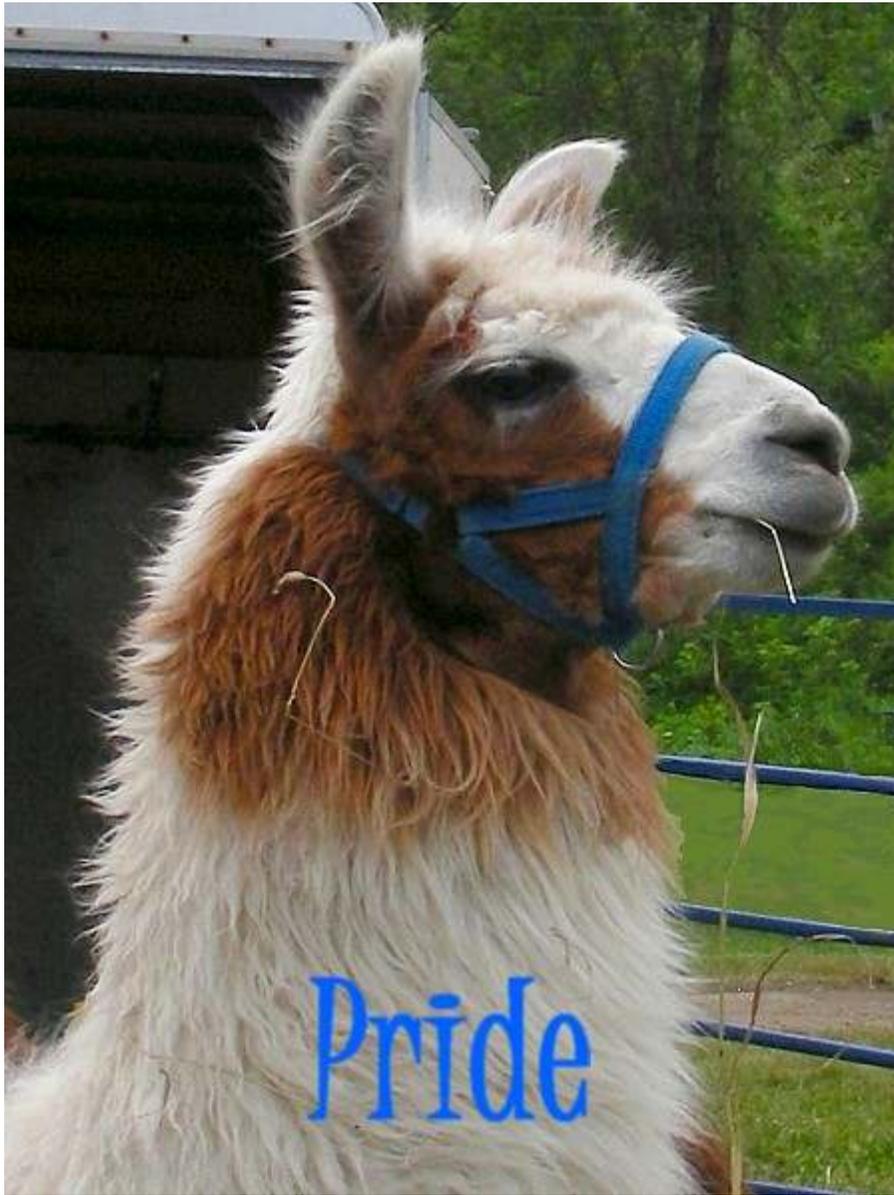
As you careen around the corner, you almost bump into it. It’s standing there facing you, and smiling a seductive smile. “Hey there,” it purrs. “My name is Interest. Have you got the time?” And suddenly you know that you have all the time in the world.



Few things encourage us the way hope does. Hope is like an appetizer for relief. It keeps us moving forward in the belief that we will find a way.

If not tomorrow, then the day after, or the day after that, light will break through the darkness; sunshine will pour through the clouds. We will find the courage and the strength to keep on keeping on. And that mere glimpse of hope is enough to lift our weariness.

Hope is faith in ultimate success, a trust that after the storm, the sun breaks through, that after the night comes the morning. And the relief of hope itself is enough to let us see that the glimmers of light it produced however faint, are guiding us right now, that *this* moment brought them to us. And we are renewed.



It's the "Hooray! I Did It!" when success rules the day. It's your first solo bike ride without training wheels, the presentation that closed the sale, the college diploma, the performance that had them begging for more. It's a problem solved, winning the race, putting the last dab of paint on the canvas, delivering the job, being awarded the blue ribbon.

It's looking back on all your efforts and seeing that they were worth it. Its gratitude and satisfaction all rolled into one bright moment that makes you stand straight and tall. It's the little lump in your throat of amazement and relief, and just enough humble to keep you real.

It's the celebration of a job well done. It's you, congratulating yourself for doing your very best and seeing that your best met the mark. And gosh, it feels fantastic!



Now the muse of mirth comes by, wearing a costume of water sparkles and the perfume of fresh air. She comes to please, to charm, to delight. So playfully she teases!

She somersaults onto the table top and regales you with her stories. They coax from you a smile, a laugh, and then she tells you more. And before you know what's happened, you are rolling in the aisle.

She tosses the petals of tickled pinks into the crowd and whomever they land on has a special dream: this one's team scores the win; that one says, "Checkmate!"; the woman on the right is surrounded by cribs full of giggling babies; a child plays with kittens and balls of yarn; that one roller skates; another has snagged tickets for front row seats; dozens dance.

And when the dream is dispelled, each returns to his or her reality refreshed and renewed. And the muse smiles softly as she tiptoes out the door, her mission accomplished.

<http://www.ighonhappiness.com/2010/05/28/the-muse-of-mirth/>



I quietly drink a toast tonight to all who have inspired me. To the minds who pushed beyond the known to bring us new understanding. To the masters of their arts who created the soaring symphonies and buildings, the paintings, poems, sculptures, dances and plays. To the athletes whose arduous labors won them the title of “champion.” To the scientists and healers.

And I celebrate all the unnamed and unknown, who persevere when most would quit, who go out of their way to tender a kindness, who fight against all odds for that which they believe to be fair and just and true. I celebrate the acts of integrity and courage, of dignity in the face of scorn, and of humility in the wake of victory.

Your nobility renews my spirit and whispers to my soul, “Press on; press on.”
And I thank you.



As he lay on the grass watching fireflies dance against a backdrop of the Milky Way, a sense of the wonder and beauty of life filled him so completely that he was nearly moved to tears.

It was all so incomprehensibly vast and majestic, a cosmos stretching to infinity, spangled with galaxies and nebulae, some so far away their light would take thousands of years to travel to human eyes. And here he was, a mere speck of short-lived protoplasm, twirling through space on the surface of a tiny planet around a medium-sized star, with no idea how or why his species came to be.

Yet, here on this small blue marble of a home, all that was needed to sustain him flourished. How could that be? What was this grand orderliness, so mathematical in its precision, that not only balanced the stars in the heavens, but designed human bodies and fireflies and daisies?

Still, he thought, as small and insignificant as his species seemed, somehow they were a part of the Grand Mystery beneath it all, an expression of its intention. They had minds, after all, that could probe space and build cities, hearts that knew both courage and love, and spirits that could stand in awe of it all and be moved, nearly to tears.



Love

The Cause of every impulse that sings of happiness;
The Essence and Source of all that is good, beautiful and true;
The Architect and Designer of every form, transcending them;
The Ultimate Mover, Force and Destiny;
That which holds us in its heart and infuses our souls with its spirit.

May its song expand within you until it fills every fiber and space of your being.