



Messages from the Other Realm

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Everything Is An Act of Love

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If you consider the possibility of everything in our universe as being of the same substance, a continuation of the same energy wave, then you might consider love as being a part of that substance, the information imbedded in that wave. If you do, you will find yourself slowing down, conscious of every action you take, attentive to all the sensations your body has to offer. This is bliss, for you have reached a state of heightened awareness, knowing that what you do, what you feel is important, to you, and to everything else that exists. There is no specific prescription for bliss other than this awareness. You can attune to it whenever you want, especially when you are in the middle of a task that your mind and body have become numb to.

Every night I have a list of tasks I must do before bed: clean out the cat boxes, sweep the floor, do the dishes, wipe off the counters, shower, clean my teeth and finally clear my chakras and expand my energy. I look at these tasks each night with less than enthusiasm because I am already tired, I am already seeking my bed but these tasks are in my way. I see no way out. I can't seem to do them earlier in the evening. They wait for me until I am really tired and call out to me, don't forget!

Late one night, a few nights ago, as I was donning my mask and gloves to tackle the first cat box, I heard a voice speak to me, why do you always look at tasks as something to endure? Why not look at them as an act of love? I had never and would never have considered such a posture—an act of love? Really? Yes, here's why.

I saw in my mind my two cats, each of whom I loved dearly. I saw them gratefully approaching a clean, accessible place to take care of themselves. They appreciated my efforts to make it so, and I loved them all the more for it. Then I saw in my mind the kitchen with all the dishes in the sink, the leftovers of a day's bounty of nutritious food I fed myself while I worked, giving me what I needed to heal, to renew, and I was grateful for that bounty. The image of me showering, preparing for bed showed me the grace with which I readied myself for what was to come in the night—dreams, prayers for loved ones, conversations with my Guidance on what I needed and desired, all that I was grateful for. I wanted to be clean, physically and energetically for those important conversations so the process looked to me as something almost sacred. None of my tasks looked to me as something to endure anymore.

Fine, you say, but what about when the freakin' computer won't do what I want it to do when I've got to get it done NOW and I keep trying but it won't work!? I say, why do you



think love only travels in one direction? What if the love that's in the energy wave passing through your desk, your computer, your chair, you, is giving you a not so gentle nudge, stop, you are tired, rest and then try me again soon. Why must love be considered as being only from you to the task? Couldn't it also move in the opposite direction, the task to you? If everything is made of the same substance, a continuation of the same energy wave, aren't you a part of the desk, the computer, the chair and they are calling out to you, love yourself. Responding to the embedded message, stepping out of what is expected of you and taking those few minutes to rest, is the task loving you.

We cannot always stay in a state of bliss, in a state of love, but we can practice going about our day looking for the love in it, the small acts of love we offer to everything in the universe. ”

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