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Life Tells Us II

by the spirit
NEIO LUCIO



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Life Tells Us II

Life is something
Sacred, beautiful and infinite
Only love knows how to say it
The way it has to be
pronounced.

Casimiro Cunha¹

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¹ Excerpt from the book “Gotas de Luz” (Drops of Light), by the spirit Casimiro Cunha, 3rd ed. FEB, 971, p. 43, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.

FRANCISCO CANDIDO XAVIER

Life Tells Us II

BY THE SPIRIT NEIO LUCIO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
BY

JUSSARA KORNGOLD & MARIA LEVINSON

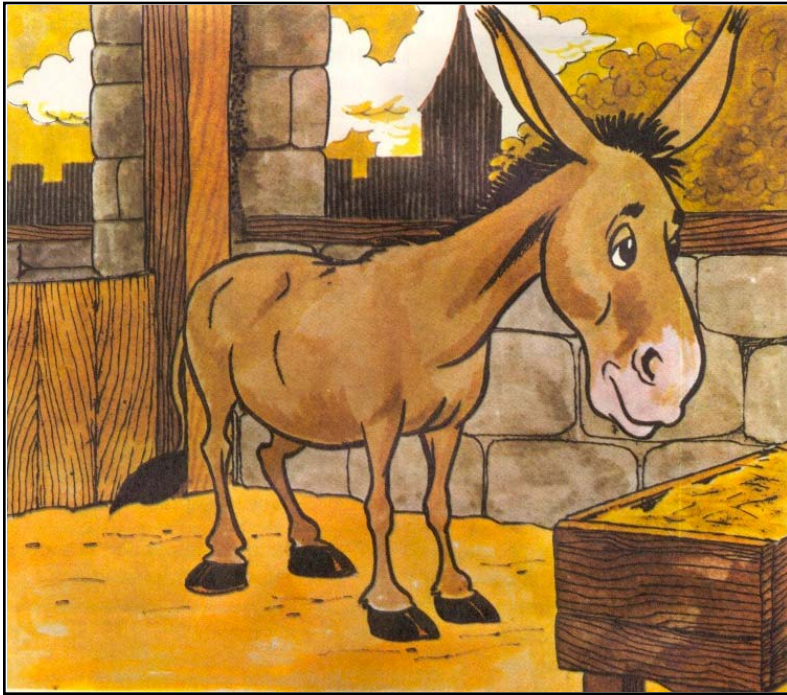


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Breathe under the Sun of the
Gospel
Calmly, happily and faithfully
Without Jesus, man is nothing more
Than an intelligent animal.

Casimiro Cunha²

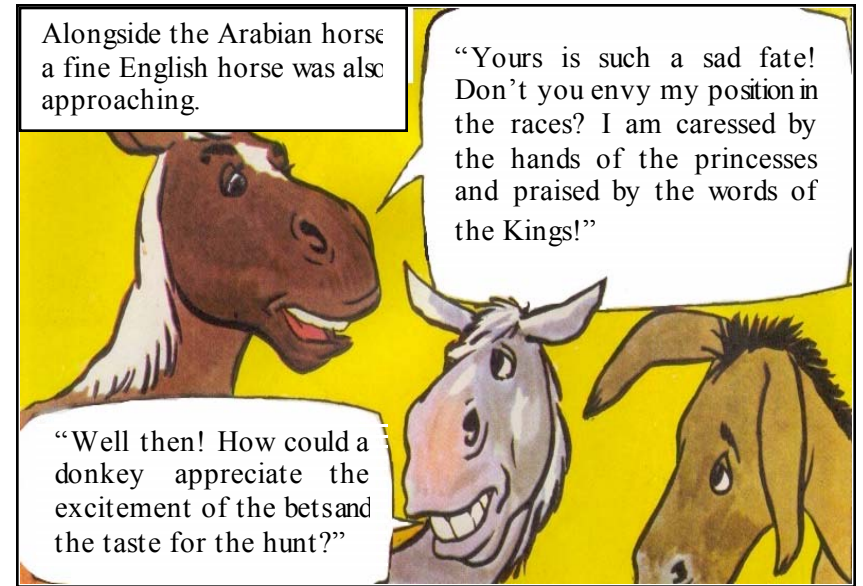
² Excerpt from the book "Gotas de Luz" (Drops of Light), by the spirit Casimiro Cunha, 3rd ed. FEB, 971, p. 18, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.



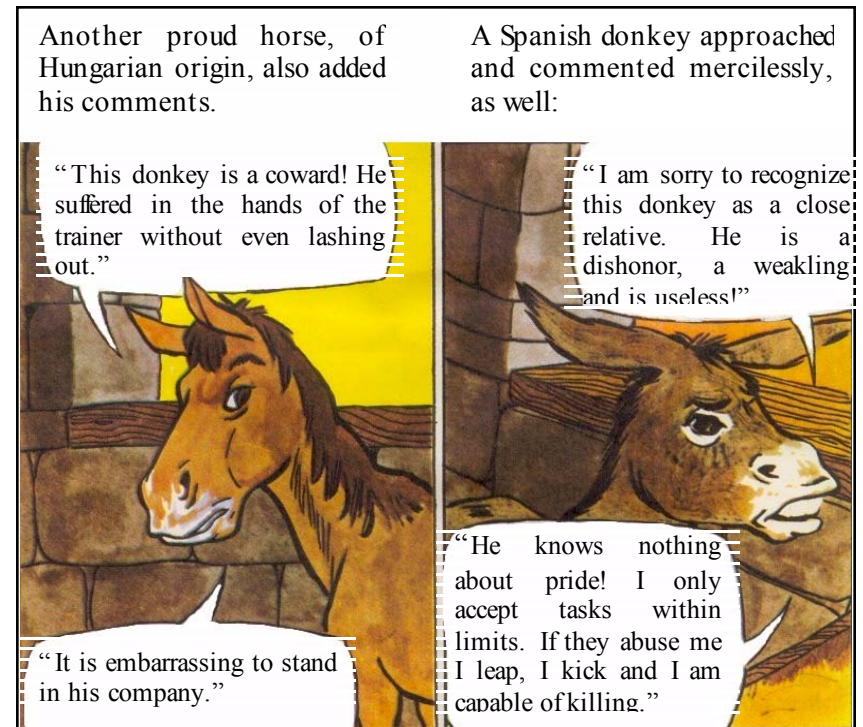
The Donkey

There was a time when no cars existed in the stables of a famous royal palace. In this stable there was a donkey that was very sad due to the mocking received by his companions.

The ungroomed fur, the deep scars on its coat, and the sad and humble head was noticeable by all. A beautiful Arabian horse, a former winner of many prizes, was approaching the donkey.



The unfortunate donkey received these wounding remarks with resignation.





The offensive remarks were not yet over when the King entered the stable together with the stablehand.

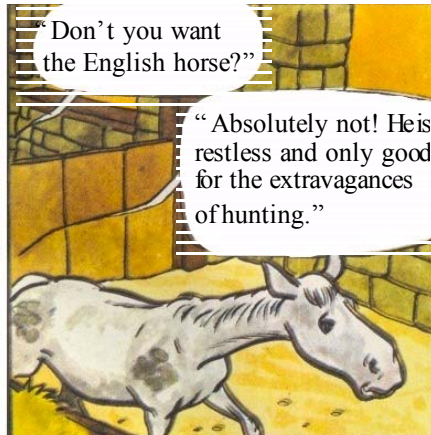
“I need a particularly good animal for a special task of great responsibility,” informed the monarch. “He has to be sweet and gentle, and well trained. He must be an animal who deserves my unlimited confidence.”



The employee asked:

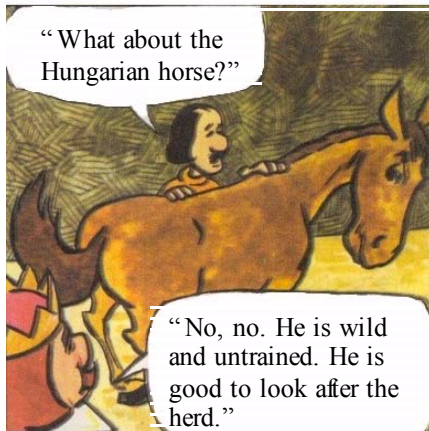
“Don’t you want the Arabian horse, Majesty?”

“No, no! He is too haughty and is only good for the races and celebrations of minor importance.”



“Don’t you want the English horse?”

“Absolutely not! He is restless and only good for the extravagances of hunting.”



“What about the Hungarian horse?”

“No, no. He is wild and untrained. He is good to look after the herd.”

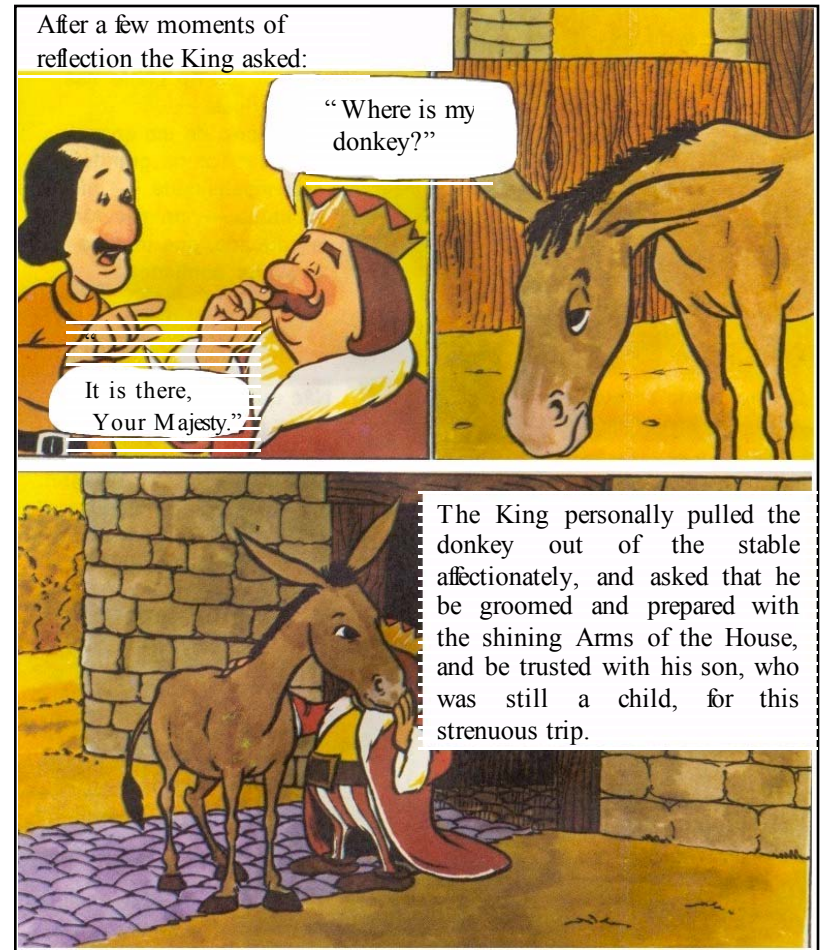


“The Spanish donkey perhaps would be of use to you sir?”

“Not at all. He is cunning and cannot be trusted.”

Life is like that as well.

On every occasion we have a great number of friends and acquaintances, but only those who have learned to serve and to withstand suffering, without thinking about themselves, are the ones who can actually be of useful assistance to us.

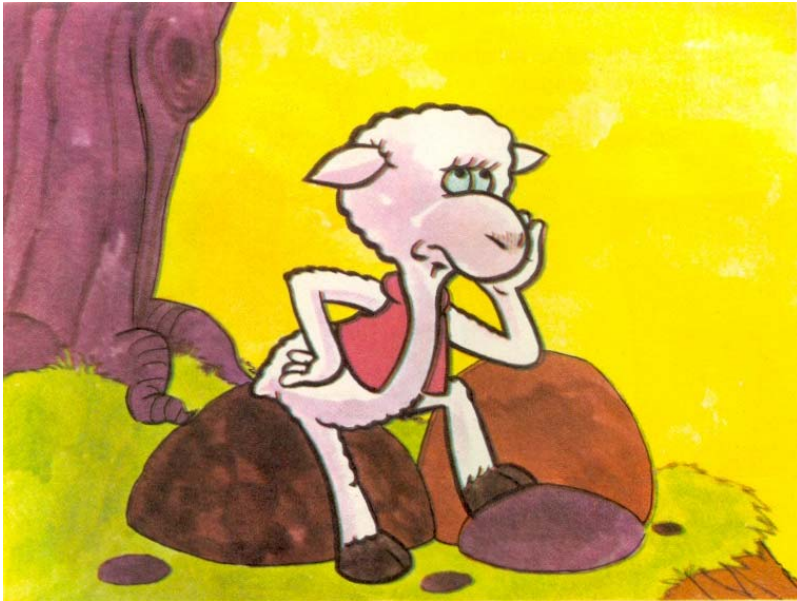


After a few moments of reflection the King asked:

“Where is my donkey?”

It is there, Your Majesty.”

The King personally pulled the donkey out of the stable affectionately, and asked that he be groomed and prepared with the shining Arms of the House, and be trusted with his son, who was still a child, for this strenuous trip.

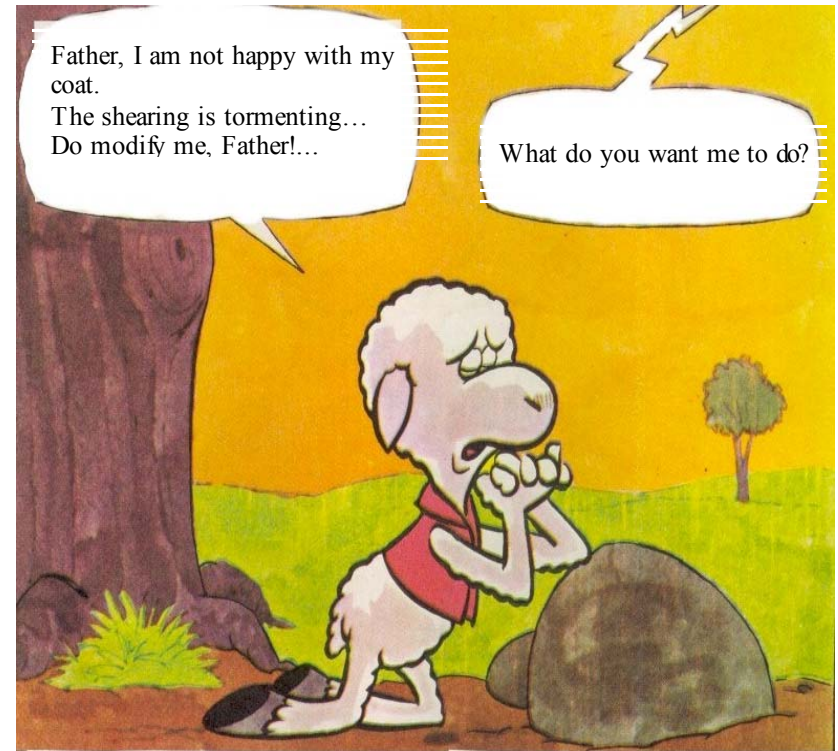


The Rebellious Sheep

A certain very intelligent, but undisciplined sheep, became aware of the benefits that its wool brought everywhere, and after that, he began to feel superior to the other beings of the Creation. He began to rebel against the shearing.

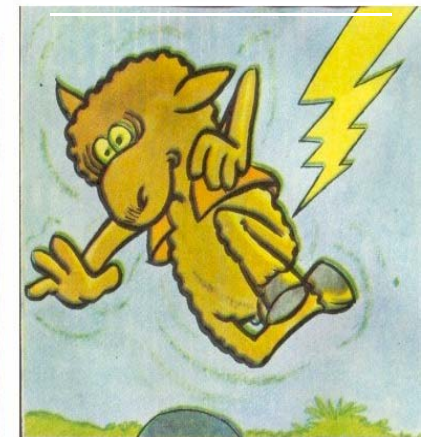
If he was so sought after, he thought, why should he accept the humiliation of those enormous sheers? He felt intensely cold from time to time, he did not think much about the rich rations that he received in the corral, but rather just examined the damages that he was being made to suffer.

Very disappointed he exclaimed to the Creator:



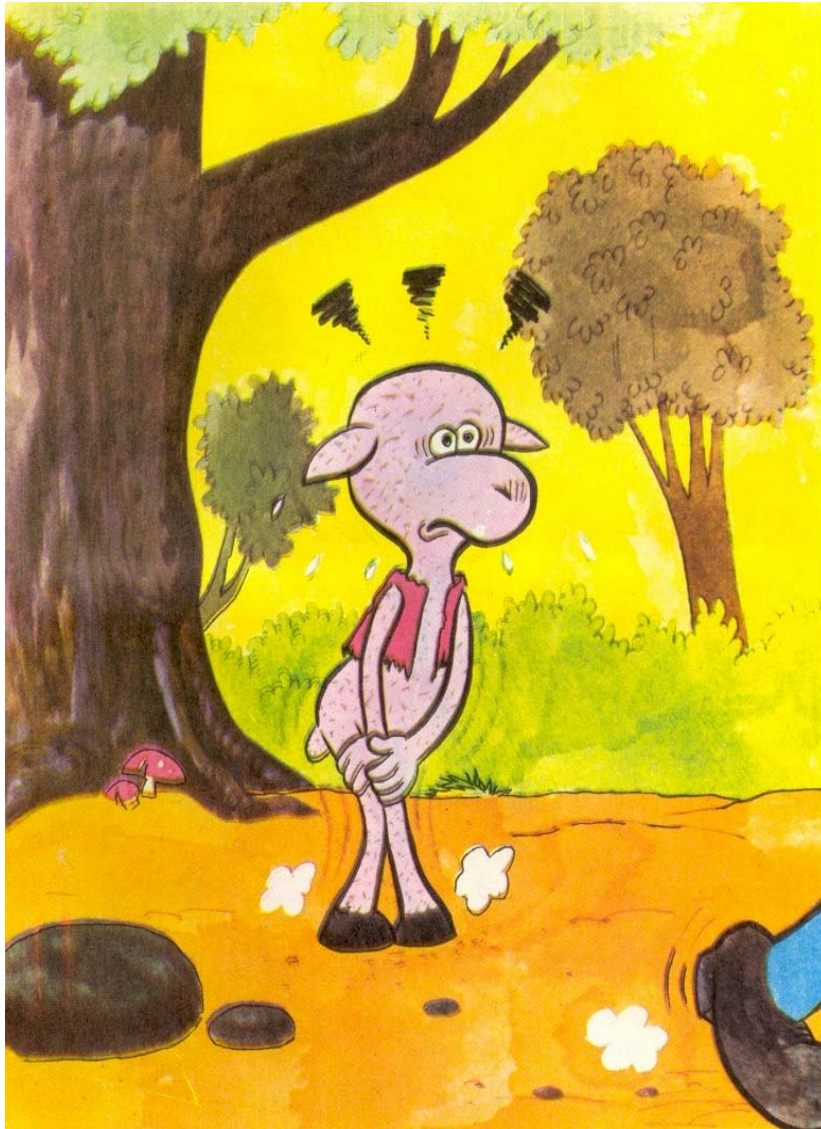
Vainly, the sheep answered

The request was satisfied

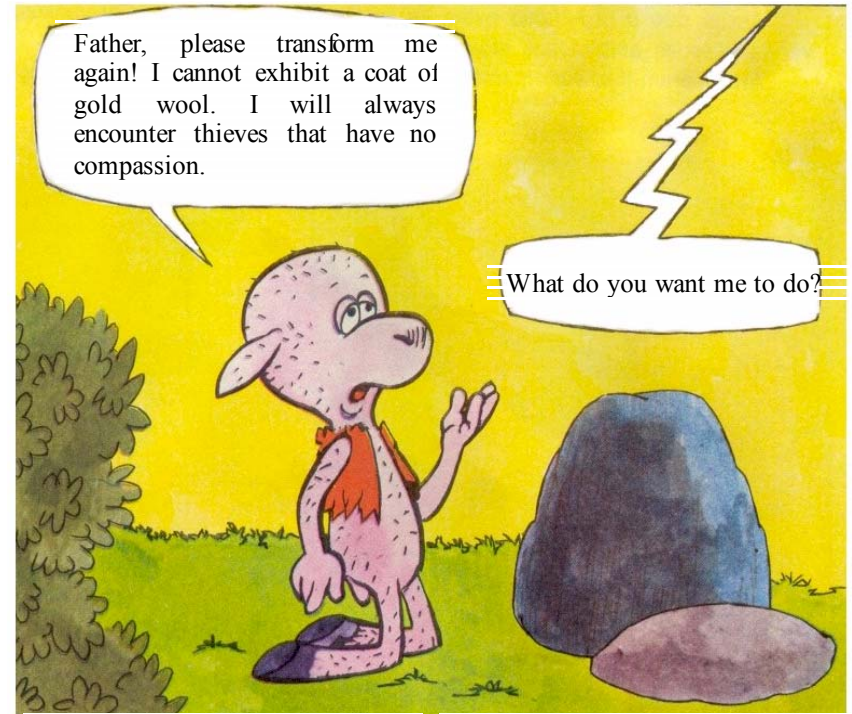


The sheep became of gold

However, as soon as the proud sheep was seen in this precious coat, several ambitious people attacked him without pity. Violently pulling out all the gold threads from his coat, they left him wounded.

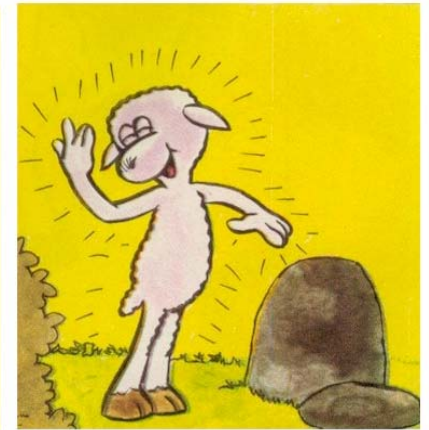
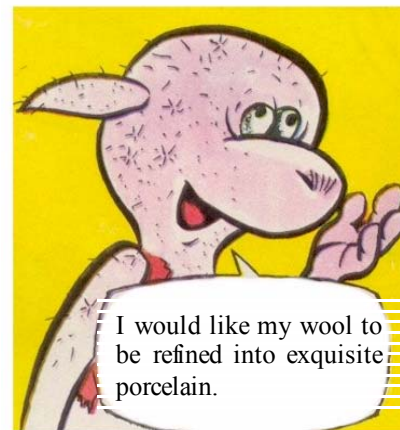


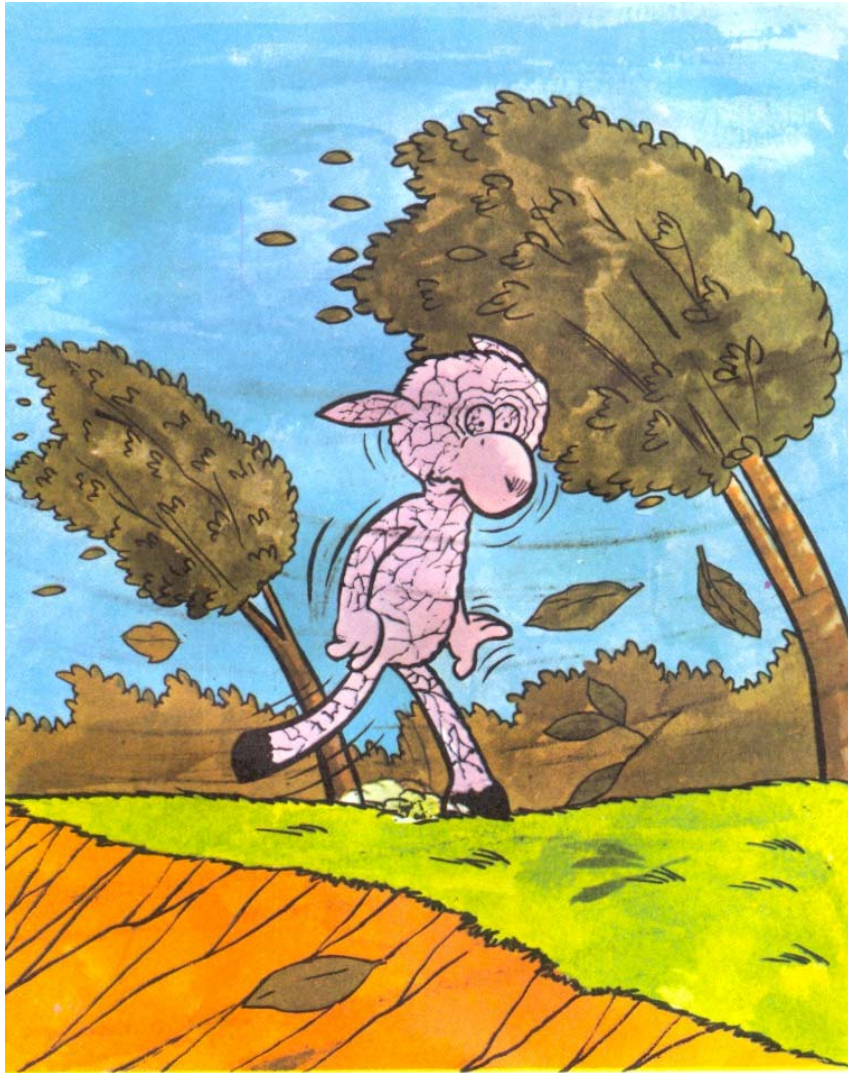
Filled with unhappiness and feeling sorry for himself, he again implored of the Almighty:



The animal, still manifesting vanity, begged:

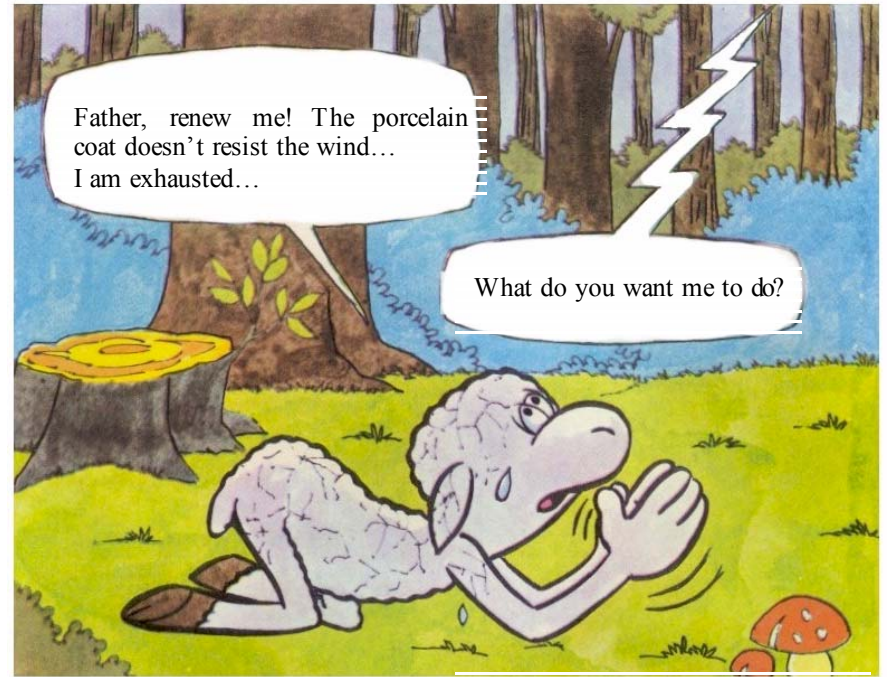
So it was done. His wool was transformed into porcelain.





However, as soon as he returned to the valley, an enormous windstorm threatened and crushed all the porcelain threads thus wounding the sheep's body.

In despair, he complained to the All-Merciful:

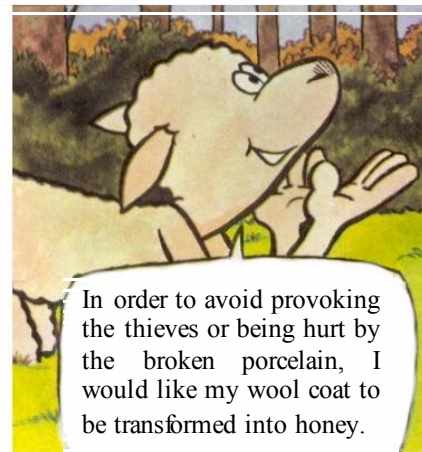


Father, renew me! The porcelain coat doesn't resist the wind... I am exhausted...

What do you want me to do?

The sheep without hesitation said

The Almighty complied with the sheep's will.



In order to avoid provoking the thieves or being hurt by the broken porcelain, I would like my wool coat to be transformed into honey.

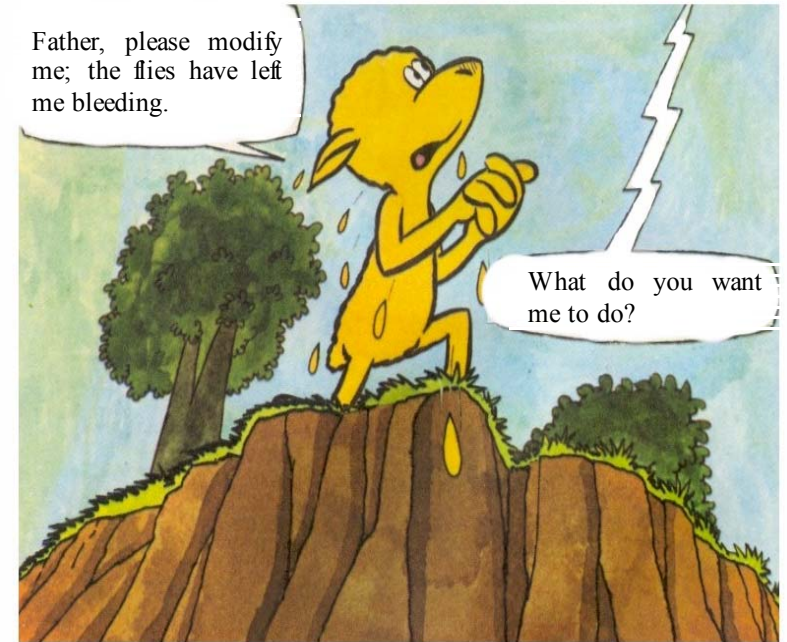


The wool coat of the sheep was transformed into the sweetest honey.

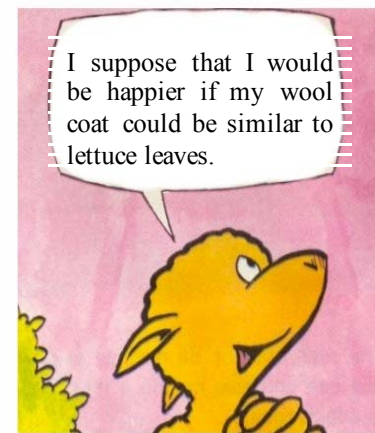


However, as soon as the poor sheep returned to the corral, a blanket of disgusting flies began to hover over him. The more he ran through the field the more difficulty it became to avoid the flies that were drawn to the honey and sucking all the sweet threads.

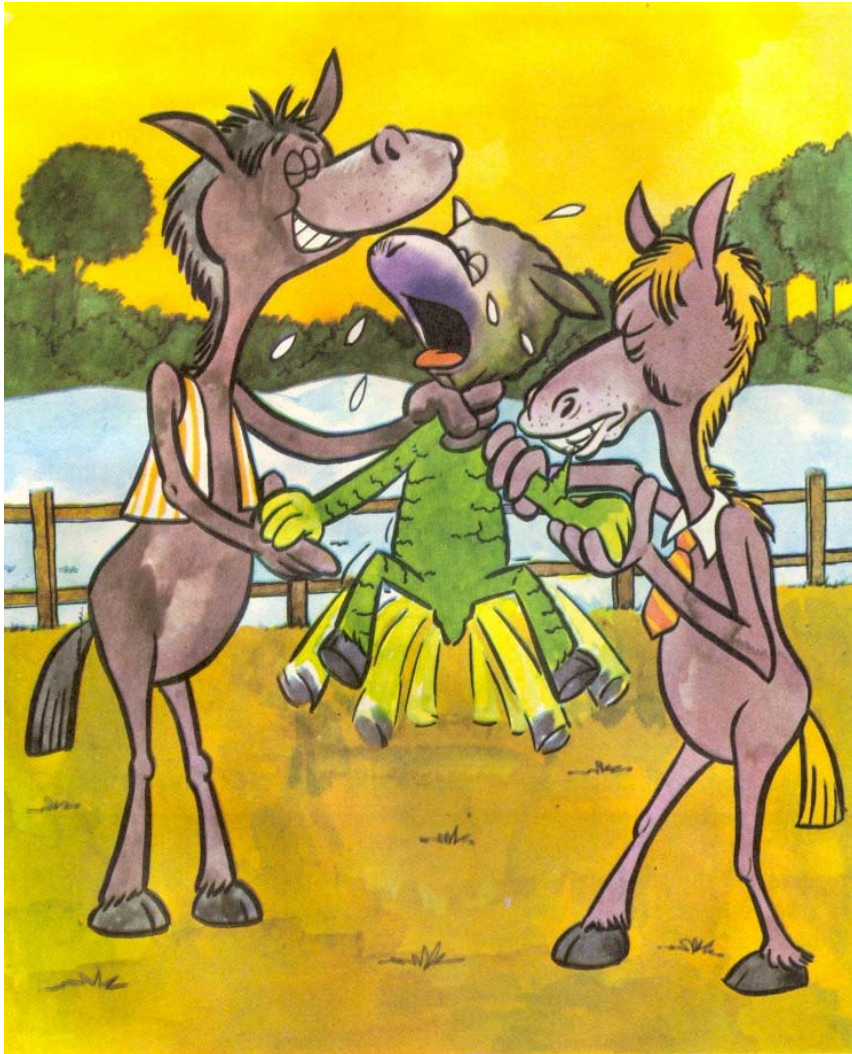
The poor sheep returned to the Almighty once again and implored:



At that time, the sheep thought more carefully and after much consideration said:

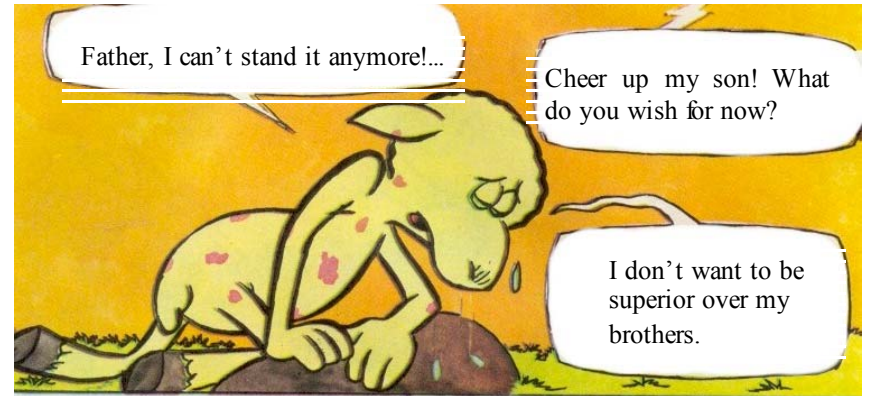


The Almighty complied with the sheep's will. The sheep returned to the plains, capriciously happy in his seeming difference.

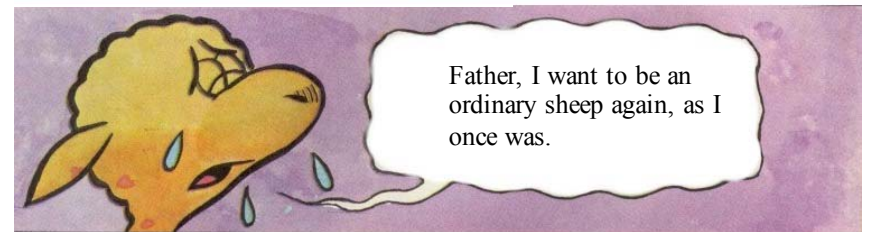


However, when some horses spotted him, he didn't have any better luck. The horses held him down with their teeth and, after they had eaten his entire coat of lettuce leaves, they bit his body. The sheep once again sought the intercession of the Supreme Judge while dripping blood from the deep wounds and, in tears, he groaned humbly:

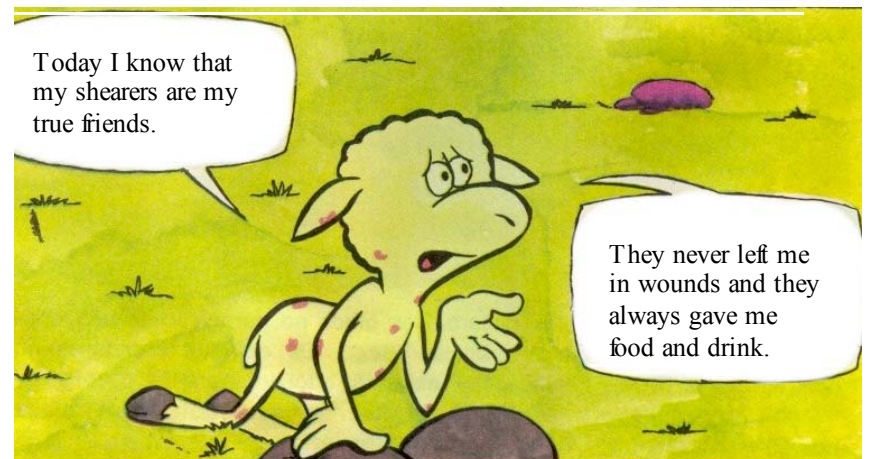
The All-Compassionate Father, seeing that the sheep was truly sorry, observed:

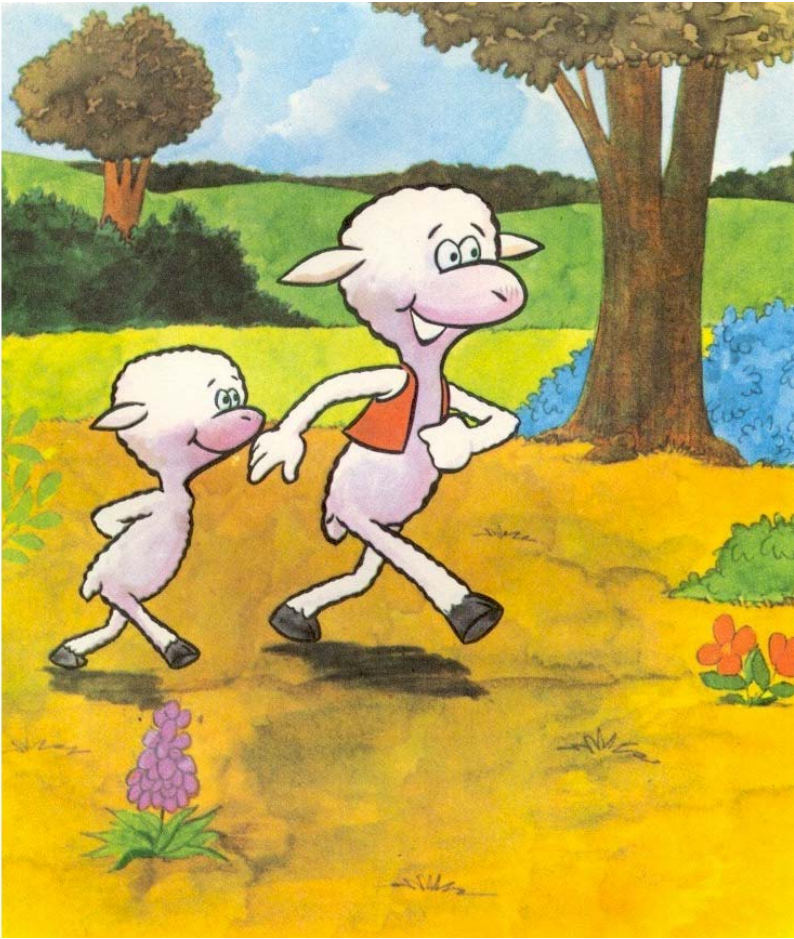


The unhappy sheep answered weeping



I want to be simple and useful, the way you created me, Lord!...

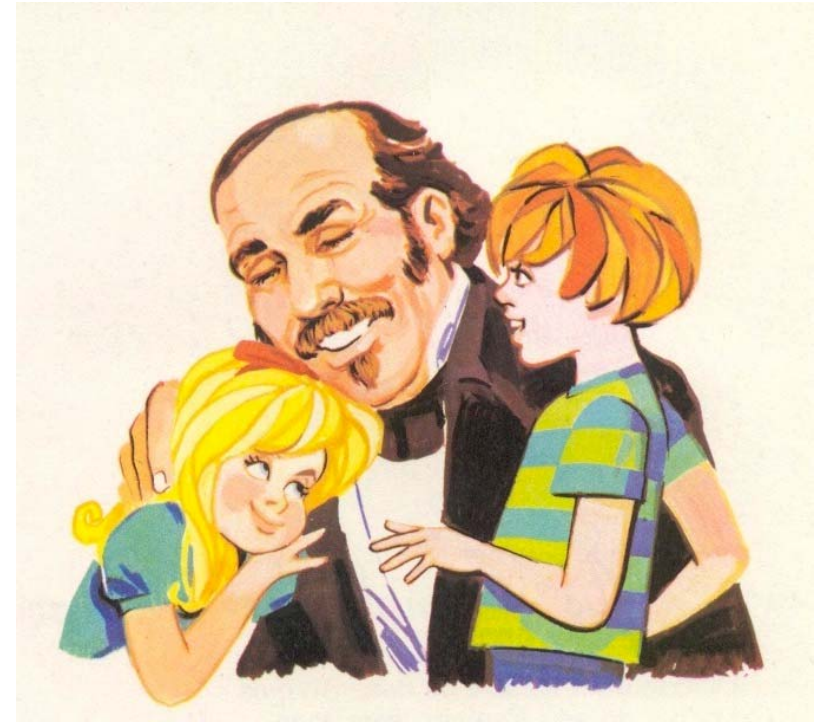




The Father smiled warmly and blessed him tenderly as He spoke:

“Return and follow your path in peace. You finally understand that my designs were just. Each creature is placed on Earth, according to my Laws, in the place that corresponds to him. If you intend to receive, you must learn to give.”

Then the sheep, embarrassed but quite satisfied, returned to the valley and joined the flock. And from that time on he was very happy.



Series LIFE TELLS US

Volume I, II, III

Automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier

Text from the spirit Neio Lucio

Illustrations Paulo Jose

For children age 7 to 10