

July 10 to 12, 2008

From the movie Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon:

“I’d rather be a ghost drifting by your side as a condemned spirit than to enter heaven without you” – Li Mu Bai to Shu Lien. “Fortune Favors the Bold”

July 10

Today, I gained an even deeper understanding of mission work, and I was doing something totally unrelated! I’ve been editing + uploading photos of my beloved little brother Joey and it hit me that I really, really want him to have and experience all of the blessing that come w/being a member of Christ’s Church. Suddenly it’s like I understand it not just from the point of view I had previously, but from more of perhaps a missionary’s point of view. Although some people go on missions because it’s the norm when they reach a certain age or it’s expected of them, others go because they really feel the desire to share the gospel, they really want others to have the blessings that come w/living the gospel, and they really want others to experience the positive change it can bring about in their lives and beyond. It would be a joyous occasion to see Joey get baptized. But he is very resistant to coming to church w/me. And ever since the missionaries left the ward, there hasn’t been a lot of encouragement for him to take the discussions anymore. They were a 3rd party + vital to getting him to take a look. He sees me as the big sister who only wants to read books all the time and try to impart to him some unsolicited personal development or some other such aphorisms + words of wisdom. I wish he didn’t have such a poor attitude toward books. Even monetary incentive isn’t enough. His brilliance fades a little each time he passes up an opportunity to sharpen + fine tune it. I just don’t want to see him waste such a mind.

July 11

I’ve been re-arranging my room, and in the process of organizing, I’m easily distracted. Today, I picked up the hymn book that Travis got me for Christmas. He had my name engraved on it. I held it in my hands for a few minutes, remembering last Christmas. Money was so tight for him, yet he still got me so much. It seemed he was more excited to give me what he’d picked out than I was to receive everything. One thing was my hymn book, + I love having it. I’m grateful in every way for how he touched my life, even the tough times.

I open the book randomly and I opened it right to the hymn ~~Til We Meet Again~~ # 152 “God Be With You til We Meet Again” “Til we meet, til we meet, til we meet, At Jesus sweet feet, Til we meet, til we meet, God be with you til we meet again.” Until now, I hadn’t discovered that hymn.

“The human mind is loathe to search deeply into anything it desires not to believe.” – James Talmage

July 12

I just remembered a dream that I had long ago, years ago, in fact:

In my dream, reincarnation was real, and I died in my early 20s. I reincarnated but somehow did not go through the veil so I remembered everything from this life, every detail every person as if I had never left it.

It was very painful, because I saw the people I loved so much, my parents, my brothers + sisters, + my grandparents, but I could not approach them because to them I was just a stranger. I couldn't tell them who I was because they would've thought I was some crazy person trying to impersonate a loved one they had lost. In part of my dream, my parents + grandparents were still grieving me, + I wanted so badly to tell them not to + that I was right here! I was just fine + alive + well. But I could not. I remember standing outside my grandparent's house on the street, looking at it, + wanting so badly to go in because inside there was a family reunion and everybody was there, all of the aunts, uncles + cousins I hadn't seen in so long. But I knew I couldn't because they wouldn't recognize me, or believe me. I remember crying and feeling a deep sense of pain + loneliness because I couldn't be w/the family I loved, and it was then that I gained an appreciation for + an understanding of the veil + its role + important in our evolution.

As a member of the Church, I now have a new and different sense of appreciation + understanding for the veil + its role + importance in our spiritual evolution and in God's plan for us, his children.

P.S. My good deed for the day: On my way home from work tonight a little dog approached me. She was friendly + adorable, and the thought crossed my mind to take her home. She sat at my feet + rolled over, revealing that she was nursing puppies. She was hungry, though not starving, and I called grandpa (who was on his way anyway) to bring food. He brought a bowl full of food + we gave it to her. She ate it all, every crumb and then left. It felt so good to feed her. Ok, so it was mostly grandpa who should get the credit for feeding her, but I was the link. Either way, I feel better knowing she won't be hungry tonight.

Gosh, I want to quit writing + go to bed, but I have to record this.