

Away

&

Within

Short Spiritual Stories

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To live in abundance, to experience the joy of being a human being, and to experience our unique purpose in life, we need to reopen a dialogue with our hearts. When we reconnect, we no longer feel alone; we remember, and we heal.”

Each story provides a profound lesson in the practice of spirituality. Learn how to use your intuition to guide your decisions. The power of appreciation to heal. How to master mindfulness to control your fear of the future. And how to open both eyes to connect with the spiritual world.

Enjoy the read

# Away & From Within

The wall clock was referring to half past six in the afternoon at my close friend's clinic; I was waiting for almost an hour in the waiting area where patients were all seated. There were only a couple of people in the waiting area, a Young man in his forties and an old woman in her fifties.

Both were busy; The lady was reading one of the fashion magazines while the man was viewing his mobile and shaking his legs, looking at his watch quite frequently.

I kept myself busy reading some documents, which I had no time to go through at my office, while listening to the soft background music. I have to admit that the music was perfectly selected to cool down the tense patients who came to the clinic seeking a remedy to their disturbed mood and their mental challenges.

After almost half an hour, the doctor's assistant came into the waiting hall, calling my name and escorting me to the Doctor's room. I quickly folded my documents into my little handbag, stood up, and followed the lady to my friend's room.

The door was suddenly opened, and the usual smiling face of Dr Andrew welcomed me to get in. Andrew rushed towards me with his open arms and got me seated at the usual chair opposite his desk.

My relationship with Dr. Andrew started many years ago when we lived in the same district, and we were still university students.

Medical study was his favorite field, while business administration was my selected one. As we used to see each other quite often during our daily attendance at the university, we became close friends in quite a short time.

Our friendship continued steadily and strongly throughout the years.

After short greetings, Andrew stood up, checked my blood pressure and heart pulse, and compared the results to my previous medical checkup results I had last month. His farcical expression was, as usual, serious and flat.

- Results do not show much progress. Are you following the medical treatment we agreed on last time? Said Andrew.

-Not fully, however, I am doing my best. I replied with an embarrassed tone and a pale smile on my face.

-Your best efforts seem not good enough, Patric. Still, blood pressure is above the norm, and the heartbeat as well. You seriously need to change your lifestyle, You can not continue this said Andrew in more of a firm and serious voice, tone

-I looked down, avoiding his straight, focused eyes on me, and kept silent.

-He continued his firm medical speech: You need to know the core cause of your poor medical status.

-I moved my face up and looked at him with a meaningless smile.

- Although you have a successful career, your company is considered one of the top firms in the city. You have all that anyone can dream of, from wealth to reputation. However, you are still aggressively killing yourself at work for more.
- He paused for a few seconds to see the effect of his words on my face. He continued, "You need to quickly change both your lifestyle and your mindset. This is the only way for you to get into acceptable medical shape."
- I kept silent, trying to have a smile on my face. I looked up at the wall clock as an indication of ending such a medical session.
- Andrew realized he was a bit aggressive toward me, so he immediately changed the subject. He wrote down a few comments and a couple of medications to calm me down, then escorted me toward the door with his usual smile.

I left the clinic; my mind was quite busy with various thoughts and fears. I needed to calm myself down, so I returned to my house instead of driving my car.

Andrew's instructions were quite correct. Over more than a year since he started handling my regular medical checkups, he kept reminding, instructing, and pushing me to change my lifestyle. However, there was no real response from my side. Now, my case has reached a point where changing is becoming mandatory.

I reached home after almost an hour. My mind was clearer, and my mood was much calmer. However, I was so exhausted that I couldn't resist going straight to bed. The short meeting I had with Dr Andrew was rolling up in my mind as a film tape, a few minutes later, I went into a deep sleep.

I woke up the following morning earlier than usual; my mind was clear and focused, so I jumped out of bed to my daily cold shower, enjoying the feeling of freshness. A quick decision to rest for the whole week away from work came to my mind while taking a shower; I decided to start what was promised to Andrew during yesterday's meeting.

While preparing my dark, strong coffee, I picked up my mobile, texted my office manager, and with a straightforward statement requesting to cancel all appointments of the week, I added, I will have limited access to both my mobile and emails.

A quick smile appeared on my face, imagining the impact of my message on my secretary, especially since it's unusual to have such a long break. Besides, I have never missed a single day at work since I started my business.

I picked up my cup of coffee and moved towards the TV room with its comfortable couch. It's the most favorable place in my house because of its relaxing seating arrangements, the cozy, simple internal decor, and the built-in background soft music.

I sat down on the couch and planned and arranged my activities for the whole week, the Kind of activities that can take my mind away from my usual daily working challenges and stress.

Another big smile appeared when I finished writing the activities on a large paper.

I went to the kitchen, where I prepared another cup of coffee, and moved to the large terrace. It was still dark; however, the sky looked clear, and the morning breeze was quite fresh.

I went down to the basement and picked up my racing bicycle for a different, healthier start to the day; I couldn't remember the last time I cycled. Probably a few years back, before the inauguration of my company, when I used to have both time and the mood to entertain myself. I checked the bicycle; surprisingly, it was still in good condition and ready to be used.

I started slowly paddling away from my house, enjoying the morning fresh breeze, filling my lungs with fresh cold air while making sure not to fall down.

A few minutes later, I reached a large park; tall, green trees were on both sides, and a wide and large lake crossed the entire park, ending with a big fountain in the middle. Few people were jogging at this early time of the day, and a few senior couples were sitting on the wooden desks talking to each other.

An extreme feeling of freshness and happiness invaded my mind and soul, and I naturally began to sing an old song in a low voice tone at the beginning, then much louder, while my smile was all on my face.

I kept paddling for approximately half an hour till I felt in need of a short break and a cup of coffee. I was pleasantly surprised to feel my mind was free from any disturbed workings challenge, enjoying the surroundings, leaving no space for any issue to interrupt such beauty.

A small coffee kiosk was seen at the far end of the park, and a few young people were standing to get their coffee and pastries while laughing. I parked my bicycle next to one of the trees and followed the queue while smiling at young people around, it was unusual behavior from my side since I was used to always on a rush. I picked up my coffee and sat in one of the wooden chairs, enjoying every sip.

After a while, I felt the energy back in my body, especially with the pleasant cool breeze. I decided to have a little walk around the park instead of cycling. I stood up, got my bicycle locked up, and walked towards the lake. The park was getting busier with young people and families with their little kids. However, it was still enjoyable and refreshing regardless of the kids' screams.

After a few minutes of active walking, I noticed an old lady with gray hair and a poor dress sitting in one of the park corners. I came closer; she looked quite exhausted and pale; however, her face had the purest, relaxed, and sweet smile I have ever seen in my life. She had a large handwritten sign next to her requesting people to donate. I came closer till I faced her and came down on my knees.

\*Good Morning, Mother I said while handing a couple of dollars into her hand.

\*Good Morning, Son, she replied with a pure, sweet smile while handing me a little red rose.

\*I picked up the rose while asking if she needed further assistance.

\*She slowly shook her head while looking straight into my eyes, and said, As long as I am breathing, surrounded with such nature,

and have sufficient food that keeps me alive, then I am rich and satisfied.

The answer was unexpected. She was an old lady, probably in her 80th, but looked young and healthy, perhaps she had nothing to worry about except sufficient food to keep her alive and a pleasant nature to enjoy.

I came closer and sat on the ground opposite her. Her hands were occupied doing some artwork with plastic and cloth. I kept silent till she finished. It was a little doll. She looked around and called for a young girl who was passing in front of her, then handled the doll with a big, cheerful smile.

-She looked again into my eyes. Why are you not feeling comfortable? She asked with her cheerful smile still shining on her face.

-I am fine, I replied while smiling back at her.

- Life challenges will never end, she commented while placing her hand on my shoulder. You need to know how to enjoy your life, she added.

-True, I replied.

-As long as you have the strength, Life is still ahead of you, she replied while handing a little plastic toy to one of the kids, surprisedly. She refused to take the money.

-I couldn't stop myself from asking her, Why did you not take the money from the kid?

-His smile is far more precious and expensive than the money I earn. She replied while checking her large plastic bag, then added that true happiness comes mainly from giving, not taking.

-I couldn't find words to reply. Her point of view was correct; the majority of people believe that real achievements and success come from how much they can earn.

I stood up I was still under the effect of her point of view. I came closer and placed a quick kiss on her head while walking away. She looked at me while waving with her two hands.

On my cycling trip back home, the echo of her voice was still in my mind and kept rolling up the whole way. The short conversation we had, the true, genuine words we exchanged, and the simple life philosophy she smoothly communicated to me were like a turning point in my life. I had to believe, happiness comes from the size of career achievement and the size of the financial return.

On the other hand, the concept of giving as a true source of happiness, the effect of a kid's smile on any human soul, the support of a poor lady to secure her immediate need for food, and the support of poor people to eliminate their daily struggle. Such acts cure whatever symptoms of depression or discomfort and elevate feelings of satisfaction and great achievements.

I reached home feeling physically tired but completely happy and satisfied. I had a quick look at Andrew's medical prescription, and while I was tearing it up and throwing it in the trash bin, I had the absolute belief in the effective remedy for my health and mental status.