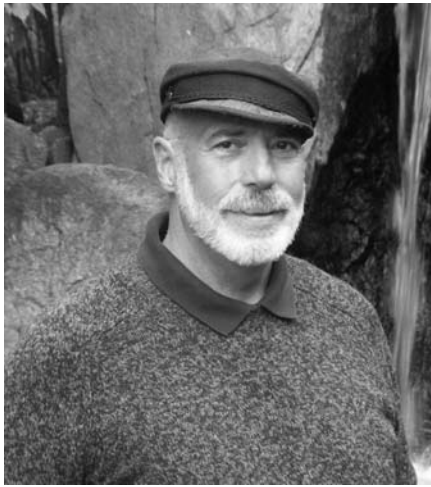


5 Parables of Inspiration

Tony Masiello



*From the author of
Whispers from the Universe
www.whispersbook.com*

Photograph by Karen Sykes

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I Introduction

The stories within these pages came about after my e-book *Whispers from the Universe* was finished. That book of automatic spiritual writings was written over a course of thirty years.

Thank goodness these stories came to me quicker! I take experiences from either my childhood or more recent events and turn them into parables with original and inventive ways to look at life.

My stories have been included in [Bob Proctor's Friday's Story](#), and numerous websites, just to name a few.

www.itchandler.com

www.abundance-and-happiness.com

www.whatismetaphysics.com

www.motivateus.com

They have also been featured in ezines such as Keith Ready's, www.agiftofinspiration.com.au/, Steve Brunkhorst's, www.achieveezine.com/ and Josh Hinds's www.getmotivation.com/.

My friends at www.writing.com have given me reviews such as:

- Lovely pieces of inspirational writing.
- Charming and simple, a joy to read.
- Comes across in a comfortable tone, but does not preach.
- Loved it, as always Tony, you never disappoint.
- Beautifully written story with great advice we should all heed.
- Words alone cannot describe the beauty within this story. I am completely in awe of your talent.

I hope that this little book offers you insight from the experiences I have had in my life.

Blessings,

Tony Masiello

PS

Look for the **special bonus** on the last page ;-)



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Digging for Gold

When I was a young boy in Santa Cruz, California I used to help my grandfather in the fields by his home. This was not his land but back in those days it was not unusual to barter with the neighbors to work it for them so he could grow the vegetables that he loved. He would then share them with the neighbor for payment. He grew corn, beans, peas, zucchini, cucumbers and garlic. And nobody could grow bigger dahlias than my grandfather.

As I worked along side him he used to love to tell this story of a man named Giuseppe (Joe) and his wife who moved to a new farm with their three sons. They were settling into the new community when a nearby farmer told Joe that there was gold in the dirt of his new property. Joe took that statement as that there was actual gold in the land. He thought to himself “I have three healthy sons, I’ll tell them about it.” Indeed he told his sons that there was gold to be found in their new property. Needless to say his sons actually took charge of their personal enterprise right on their own land. They had visions of what they would do when they found gold. Each son had a different vision. For as young as they were, they set up quite a professional approach in the digging for gold.

They began in one corner with a certain width and kept going until they got to the end. Once they got to the property line they would start another swath and go back the other direction. They began to realize that

digging for gold was fun! This procedure went on for about six months and they still weren't finished going through the whole property.

Meanwhile Joe thought he would plant some crops in the area where the dirt had been turned thoroughly. He planted corn, tomatoes, potatoes and onions. His sons continued to dig through the soil, determined to find gold. As more dirt was available, Joe planted more crops. An interesting point here is that Joe had never farmed before but it had always been a dream of his to do so.

As each different crop became ready to be harvested Joe started to realize that there was more than he and his family could ever eat. One of Joe's neighbors suggested that he set up a vegetable stand. Joe and his wife did that very thing. They called it Joe and Family Vegetables. Joe even had to leave some crops on the ground because he had more than enough to meet the demands at the vegetable stand.

What were Joe's sons doing in the meantime? They were still working the land even after they had finished the entire parcel. They started once again in the original corner, working in the leftover plant material while they were still on their quest to find gold.

This process went on for years and Joe and his wife became quite wealthy from their little vegetable stand. They were even able to send their sons off to college simply because they wanted to find gold.

Remember at the beginning of the story when Joe was told by his new neighbor that there was gold in

the land? Well, the truth is, Joe's understanding of the English language was less than perfect. His new neighbor friend actually told him that his land had *rich* soil. So you can see where the concept of gold came in.

Did Joe's sons become slaves to the digging? No, they were inspired because they had visions of what money could do for them and did not focus on the money itself.

Is there a way we can take this story to a higher level? Yes, the Universe provides us opportunity and sometimes dangles the carrot to inspire us. In essence, Joe's sons were inspired with the possibility of finding gold in the soil. Some of you I'm sure will draw your own meaning, but here is one to consider. Go out and pretend that there is gold in all your challenges and setbacks so that you can be inspired to motivate yourself to allow the Universe to provide all that you need and then some. The Universe will never give up on you, if you never give up on yourself.

Fertilizer-the Recipe to Life's Challenges

Isn't it amazing how sometimes memories from your childhood tend to teach a lesson to us as grown-ups?

I have a liking for Dahlias, Gladiolas and Roses. It's the Dahlia from my childhood that gives me the inspiration to hold on to a dream and maybe become a stronger person.

This story evolves around my Grandfather and how he had a green thumb for growing things. If it were a vegetable, fruit or plant, he could grow it. It makes me wonder sometimes how some people can grow wonderful things, while others have good intentions but fail.

I can remember one day when my grandfather asked me if I wanted my own little Dahlia plant just to see how well I would do with it. It became a special project and I wanted to show him that I was just as good as he was at growing big Dahlias. He had a recipe for fertilizer from chicken, rabbit and cow droppings. He used his fertilizer religiously on all of his plants. I certainly didn't want to be around that stuff, the smell would drive you away. As far as I was concerned just watering my Dahlia was enough.

Each day when I got home from school I would check my plant in between doing my chores. After about four

weeks I noticed that my plant looked like it had stopped growing. On the other hand my Grandfather's plants were twice as tall and twice as full. His ended up having extremely large full blooms. I asked him, "What did I do wrong?"

His answer was, "You didn't want to handle the fertilizer."

There's an insight here that as an adult I understand more. Let's continue while I use some of the content of the story symbolically.

Let's imagine your desires and ideas are like Dahlias. And the water would symbolize the *belief* in the idea. Then of course, it would make sense that the fertilizer represents the challenges and obstacles that will come along when trying to cultivate your new idea. But the fertilizer is also the most important part because when you use it, it will help you stand tall, be stronger, and give you the character and fortitude to move forward.

You see, I *believed* my little flower would grow but it wasn't enough because I wasn't about to handle the stinky stuff in life that comes along to allow it to become bigger and better.

So, what I think my Grandfather was trying to tell me is if **all** of the ingredients are used in obtaining your desires, the end result will come into fruition like a Dahlia in full bloom.

The Prize Isn't Always in the Bottom of the Box

How many of you can remember when you were a kid and looked for that proverbial prize in the box of cereal? I can remember when I was about 8 years old, I asked my mom to buy me a certain cereal because it sponsored Flash Gordon. It's possible that many of you younger readers don't have a clue who Flash Gordon was. Flash Gordon was an invincible super-hero who crusaded for good deeds in outer space.

At any rate, my mom bought the cereal for me mainly because I wanted the prize that came with it. The prize was a Flash Gordon Super Vision Shield. It was an amber colored pair of goggles.

However, in order to get to the prize I had to pour the entire box of cereal out because it was at the bottom. I didn't dare think of eating my way to the prize because I was too impatient. Yes, I wanted to be like Flash Gordon! Once that shield came pouring out from the bottom I put it on and I felt invincible like my favorite super-hero. I wore it everywhere my mom and I went. I even tried to wear it to school but the teachers didn't want a super-hero flying around the playground.

Over the years there were other neat prizes from many different brands of cereal, but I was never really interested in the cereal, only the prize. In my defense,

I could say, “But I was only a kid and didn’t know any better.”

When you think about it; *life itself* can be like a box of cereal. Even as adults we keep looking for that proverbial prize which we’ll go to all costs to obtain. Just think about what we do at times. We get greedy and pushy just to obtain what we *think* is the prize.

If you happen to have a box of cereal that has a prize in it, what would you do? Would you throw it away just to get to the prize? Unfortunately there are times we don’t consider our friendships or other people’s feelings when we are trying to find it.

Try to look at it from a different perspective. Wouldn’t it be better to enjoy the journey along the way? In other words, don’t be impatient and pour the cereal out of the box. That will only spoil the real meaning of the prize. Savor what you have and be grateful. I guarantee your prize will appear, without having to push others out of the way to get it.

The Struggle

What do butterflies have in common with the human spirit? Meet Maggie, a middle aged wife and mother who was about to find out.

Maggie wasn't rich like a millionaire or poor in a manner of being homeless. She was living an average comfortable life. It was made even better when a beautiful baby girl came her way. She and her husband made sure their daughter had her needs met and they were still able to take a yearly vacation by the beach.

Maggie was a partner in her husband's business. They both had a different set of duties which kept everything in balance. One day a devastating blow came to her husband's business, and over a three year period the business dropped out of sight. Her husband had to totally reinvent himself and was yearning to fulfill a dream with a new vocation. She was happy for him and supported him fully, but still the money was not coming in.

Maggie began to feel guilty that she wasn't contributing with any kind of income. It had been a long time since she had worked outside the home and had to work for someone else. Needless to say she was scared but still had faith that everything would be okay. She began job hunting and found filling out applications somewhat difficult, especially the part asking for job references. Keep in mind that she was self-employed with her husband for almost 20 years. It felt as though that didn't count for anything as she was never called for an interview.

At the time she was job hunting her mom became more ill than she had been and ended up in the hospital for a

week. Once Maggie's mom returned home she became her mom's helper one day a week. She did the shopping, changed sheets, vacuumed and did other things that her mother was not able to do anymore. Of course her mom would pay her for her time and labor but she still felt she needed to find another source of income.

One of the first applications she had filled out finally came through. She passed the interview with flying colors and was told she was "exactly" what they were looking for. Although it was only part time it was exactly what she wanted. It was important for her to be home when her daughter arrived home from school. She was told they would be in touch when the schedule was ready. Knowing she had the job made her feel contented and productive again.

Within a few weeks though, she received an e-mail saying that the company had changed the job into a full time position and she was not qualified. Maggie was devastated. She felt betrayed and felt she had been lied to. That evening she was alone as her husband and daughter had gone out for the night. She welcomed the aloneness and wanted to drown her sorrows in a hot tub of bubbles.

As she knew she would, she began to cry, softly at first just from the sheer pain of being rejected. Three long years of struggle had finally caught up with her. Then she became angry; angry at everything from the circumstances that got her there, to God himself. She cried harder and yelled, "What do you want me to do?" She really felt that God had abandoned her.

When she was able to cry no more, she became exhausted and gave up. It was at that moment that a silent idea came to her to offer other elderly people home care assistance.

Using another talent for computers she printed off some flyers and cards and distributed them to her church, grocery stores and even placed a small ad in the newspaper. Within a week she had procured two new clients.

Now, even though she's not a CEO of a major company or a power player she feels happy and productive again. So, had God really abandoned her? Let's look at nature for the lessons and the answer.

Before a butterfly can emerge out of it's chrysalis it has to go through a lot of struggling. Yes, struggling. Each time it lunges out to escape, acids are being removed from its wings. If someone were to come along and break the chrysalis open for it then the butterfly would die from those acids. In essence the struggle is necessary for the butterfly to survive. Then in the stillness, when the struggle is over, the butterfly can come out and share its beauty with the world.

We as humans are not any different. There are times that we need to struggle, to rid ourselves of the acids that make up sadness, fear, and anger. It is only at this time when we are exhausted and still that we begin to hear the Universe whisper to us.

The Weeds in our Lives

Isn't it amazing how you never have to water your weeds or nurture them and they still give you an unwanted crop?

I can remember as a young boy growing up in Santa Cruz, California my grandfather showed me how to dig up this pesky weed called Bermuda Grass. It was terrible stuff and it would really spread if you didn't get it out by the roots.

That was then. But more recently when my wife and I bought our first home about 8 years ago; guess what I had to deal with? If you said weeds, you are correct. There was this certain patch of weeds that was similar to the Bermuda Grass. In other words, just as invasive.

After getting the inside of our home settled, it was time to work on the outside. On my hands and knees I vigorously attacked the weeds with a small hand trowel getting each one out by the roots. Spring after spring, that was my ritual. Just this spring I realized that one particular weed was no longer prevalent but another one was in full force. So again, I got down on my hands and knees and got to work ridding them from my yard. When I was finished, my yard was better off.

What hidden message is this true story purveying? Sometimes our life can be oh so similar. Yes, we all have weeds in our life. These weeds can be challenges, setbacks, negative beliefs, or naysayers, and the list can go on and on.

The solution is when dealing with these weeds of life is to get to the root of it and remove them one by one and eventually you will conquer this round. And when another crop of weeds shows up, deal with them directly before they spread, because now that you know what to do with them by getting to the root of it, it will give you more courage and wisdom the next time a problem crops up.

You could say we all need weeds in our life to challenge us to grow. Once you know how to handle the weeds in your yard to make it beautiful--so too will your life be.



About The Author

Tony Masiello lives with his wife Denise and daughter Faith, in Spokane, Washington. He enjoys spending time with his family, beachcombing, reading inspirational books, and gardening.

Other than being an author, Tony is also an intuitive consultant. His clients come from as close his own hometown, to as far away as Canada, Australia, and Malaysia. For more information, visit:

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Exclusively for this bonus, he is offering a discount on his intuitive consultations. You may email him at universalinsight@icehouse.net or call (509) 599-9897 for more information.