

Energy Follows Thought - To The Archbishop's Noggin!

Monday, 09 July 2007

During the last week of June 2007, I found myself on the third pew from the front at the Archbishop's Cathedral. It was the installation of a few new officers of the church.

The weather hung oppressively. My perspiration beaded and pretty soon, I danced in and out of delightful trance. Sigh. The Archbishop wasn't exactly known for his dynamic style of delivery. My grandmother could regale me with far more engaging tales of filthy politics and lurid romance.

As my head hung in prayerful drowsiness, my gaze fell upon my open palms resting on my lap. Hmmm….. Funny how the furrows and lines resembled the three quarters profile of the Archbishop. There was the glistening pate…; the recessive chin…; and even the sloping bushy brows.

Like at a rorshach test, I actually saw a full three dimension image of the gesticulating Prelate at the pulpit! So, while still in half-trance, I literally began throwing mental darts at the glistening pate on my palm. (Geez- what a bored individual can do.)

Thunk thunk thunk. My heretical imagery flowed so immersively, that every palpable hit sent shivers and heat flowing from my palm.

Take that bald pate…!! thunk thunk thunk

God forgive me. I was playing dart board with a mental image of the Archbishop!

I stopped and looked up guiltily- half expecting Angel Michael ready to strike me down.

Lo and behold- the Prelate had stopped speaking. He scratched his head furiously, like ethereal fire ants swarmed his holy crown.

A full ten seconds of scratching, then he resumed speaking.

Wha…? ?

Was there a connection??

No…; it can't be.

Scientific method states that a theory can be tested properly if results can be replicated. So I did what any self-respecting scientist would do. I ran the experiment a second time.

Relaxed myself.

Calmed down.

Zone out (quite rushing through the phases here).

Then image creation. Yep…; called back that rorshach image and…;

thunk thunk thunk

Looked up. Okay. No scratching.

Slow down, Joe. Slow down. You were rushing it. Act nonchalanant. Detach from desired result.

Again- thunk thunk thunk

and for good measure- another volley - thunk thunk thunk That palms/forehead was now itching like mad.

Look up.

EUREKA!! I whispered in half-shout. The Prelate scratched his noggin like a man possessed. His cap nearly fell. Unfortunately a beautiful lass shushed me from the right.

Looks like energy does follow thought, and the law of attraction does exist if you're detached enough from your desired outcome.

I walked out of that Cathedral feeling the Sword of Angel Michael poised dangerously over my neck.