

The World According To Max The Cat

Max jumped on my chest as soon as the first rays of sunlight streamed through the blinds.

"Are you awake?" he asked, licking his paw with infinite fastidiousness.

"I am now," I said. "Hey, did you just say something?"

"No, I just thought something."

"You mean we're in telepathic contact?" I asked, not sure whether I was still asleep.

"Why do you think we were so popular with the Egyptian priests," he asked smugly.

"Why didn't you talk before," I asked.

"Believe me," he said, "It wasn't easy, but I didn't think you were ready before."

"What makes you think I'm ready now?"

He languidly ripped his claws into the bed covers and ripped off some cotton threads before stretching his elegant white limbs. Then he eyed me thoughtfully with his big golden eyes.

"You haven't fed me any cat food in the past few days," he said. "In fact, I'm not sure where you got the idea that a cat can thrive on oatmeal."

"Well, you know I can't even pay the rent. Who knows what's going to happen to us?"

"That's why I thought it time you got wise about the Diamond Sutra."

"Is that some kind of Eastern scripture?"

"No, I'm talking about the mystical sutra, the emerald green subtle energy field that's shaped like a diamond and sits in your heart."

"Hunh?"

"Quiet!" said Max, clubbing my nose with his padded pink paw, claws sheathed.

"I'm listening," I said.

"The diamond sutra has four edges, each edge signifying a divine attribute. The first edge is called Abundance, the second Health, the third Success, and the fourth, Relationship. All cats worth their weight in whiskers have these circuits running in harmony, and so, too, should any half-awake human being. All you have to do is to replace wanting with having. Get the feeling-tones right and your world will be right."

He eyed me sharply, sizing me up, wondering, no doubt, if I could meet even his most compromised standards. "Now I've noticed that you appear to need to activate each of these energetic systems into your life. You've disrupted the circuit with your stinking-thinking."

"Guilty," I said, smiling sheepishly.

He gave me the look; then after clipping some misaligned hair on his tail with his teeth, he resumed his discourse.

"Flowing from one point to the next is the white light of infinite connectivity, the stream of life and manifestation, the river of consciousness itself.

"The only thing stopping this flow is YOU! In particular, all these absurd thoughts of scarcity that keeping running through your head. Look, if you think

of scarcity, that's what you're going to get. You draw it to you with the same felicity with which a dumb dog attracts fleas by rolling in the grass.

"Abundance is your natural birthright. If you're not experiencing it, then you've got a belief system that says you can't get it or you don't deserve it.

Similarly, the cells of your body respond to your thoughts, and if they're not happy cells, you're thinking distressing thoughts and eating garbage. Hence, poor health. "

"Come again," I said.

Once again, he gave me the look, then resumed his exposition, deciding to ignore the interruption.

"Success, of course, is doing things your way...basically doing what you want, the way you want, when you want. Look at me. Pay attention. Learn something. I live in a world of possibility. I entertain empowering beliefs. I have passion and motivation for positive change."

"And what about relationships?" I asked.

"Tickle my ears," he said.

I did, and he purred.

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About the Author

Saleem Rana got his masters in psychotherapy from California Lutheran University. His articles on the internet have inspired over ten thousand people from around the world. Discover how to create a remarkable life. Free information. <http://theempowered soul.com/enter.html> Copyright 2005 Saleem Rana. Please feel free to pass this article on to your friends, or use it in your ezine or newsletter. It's a shareware article.