

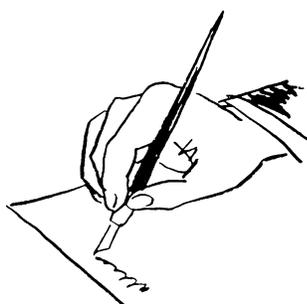
ENLIGHTENMENT

 Willard Hypnosis Center

November 2008

Roger & Patricia Willard©2008

Vol. 3, No. 11



Observations of Life. Thanksgiving was the holiday that we would go to my grandparents' house on my dad's side of the family. And since he was an only child, this holiday get-

together was not that large, only consisting of my grandparents, Mom and Dad, and my two brothers and I. My dad's parents lived in a modest duplex in Mechanicsburg, PA and the number of us in attendance was just right for its size. My grandmother would prepare most of the food, which like most Thanksgiving dinners included a turkey, filling (or stuffing as others may call it), mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, cole slaw and some vegetables. There may have been some other food, but these things were the staples at the table. Two of the vegetables stood out the most to me. First, was the mashed potatoes. For me, these were extra good because they did not come out of a box. At that time, instant mashed potatoes were edible, but not the most tasty. I remember once that I wanted grandmother's lumpy mashed potatoes because they were so good. For some reason everyone got a laugh because of me saying that. They may not have been mashed and whipped completely, but they were good. The second vegetable was the dried corn casserole. Now I am sure some of you may have never heard of dried corn and

wonder about its taste. It is good, but like some foods, it is somewhat of an acquired taste. For many here in Lancaster County, PA, they are familiar with Cope's dried corn in the box. This was the kind that we would have and enjoy. But like most families, the meal was the gathering event of the day.



Ray L. Ruhl
"Pop"

After the meal, there would be a football game on TV and some would watch that. Others would gather in the kitchen and talk. If neither of those suited you, you may have prepared yourself by bringing a toy, book or something else to occupy your time.

Eventually, Pop headed upstairs for a short nap. Dad may have found himself stretched out on the sofa also cutting a few Zs. By this time my brothers and I would start to get restless and try to find other things to do. If the weather was nice we would take a walk, maybe around the block or to the local park if we could remember how to get to it. If the weather was not favorable, we would start to be pesty and ask, "When are we goin' home?"

But Thanksgiving was time for my dad to spend time with his mother and his step-father. My dad's dad had died in a coal mining accident in the western part of the state when

dad was a young teenager. My grandmother eventually remarried the man we now called Pop. Eventually, Pop, my grandmother and dad moved to the central part of the state. Pop was a teacher and eventually a principal of an elementary school just outside of Harrisburg. He was well-educated, but soft spoken. I can vaguely remember only once that he began to raise his voice to us when we may have started doing something we probably shouldn't have done. The only other time he may have gotten excited was during a Penn State football game on TV and that was only later that I would see that.

My grandmother died when I was about 18 years old. She had hardening of the arteries as they called it, but she had other problems also contributing to her poor health. For several years after that Pop lived by himself in his house and instead of us going there for Thanksgiving, mom would prepare the meal and have it at our place. The first year or so, Pop would drive over and spend Thanksgiving with us. Sometime after that, Pop was not comfortable driving and one of us would go get him and bring him over for not just Thanksgiving, but other meals as well. Eventually after about 4 or 5 years, he moved in with Mom and Dad. It was a good move.

Just before he moved in, he was not eating well and not taking the best care of himself. After he moved in, he gained weight, looked better, and you could see he was getting better. But it was a big change for him. He moved from a quiet home and neighborhood to a home that was also a family store as I have described in previous newsletters. From having very little activity with the outside world to countless people coming in and out of the store was a big change for him. People would also frequent the living area of our house.

As I said before, we had no living room in our house. The kitchen was the gathering place. Pop would come down in the

morning, have his breakfast and coffee and sit a good part of the morning watching the activities. Later he would have lunch, maybe then go up for a nap and back down again in the late afternoon when things picked up again. The store had customers that would only stay in the front part of the store, but there were many more who were friends and would come all the way back to the kitchen area to socialize. If there were two or more, they may have gathered in the "gun" room or just out by the front gun case where there were several stools for people to sit. But the kitchen was the area where Pop was most comfortable. He could enjoy the people as they came and went. There was a small TV there for him to watch if he wanted, and if things got too busy for him, he also had a TV up in his room.

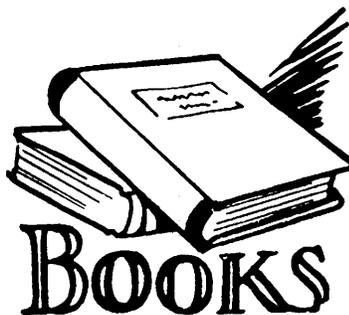
Another change for Pop was that for most of his life, he did not have pets. When he moved in with mom & dad, he moved in with a couple of Weimaraner dogs too. Pop took to them quickly and enjoyed their company and the security they provided. Not only were they great family pets, they were excellent watchdogs. During the day they greeted any and all who came to the back of the house with a sniff and wag of their tail, but at night, when the store was closed and the lights were out, any noise could send them barking and jumping at the door. And Pop accepted all of this and made our house his home.

Twenty-four years ago Dad died. Mom kept the store open for another year or so and eventually sold off the inventory and moved to another house two blocks away. Pop continued to live with Mom and moved with her to the new home. For another 10 years Pop stayed with Mom until he passed away at the age of 94. Some may find it unusual for a daughter-in-law to take care of a person who in actuality was not a blood relative to anyone in the family. Again, he was Dad's stepfather. But these same people do not realize he was "Pop". He was our grandfather. He was the

man who stepped in and helped to create a loving stable home for my dad. He loved my grandmother. He was part of our family.

Now this was not unique in the family. Patti's grandfather, Pap-Pap stayed with Patti's parents as long as possible in their home and only moved to a care facility when he required medical attention daily that could not be provided at home. And everyone in the family would visit often to share the latest news of all of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It is what you did for family.

In our family, there are more birthdays in the fall than any other time of year. It seems once fall comes, every other weekend we will be celebrating a birthday or maybe an occasional anniversary. Toss in some holidays and it makes a busy time of year. I will admit at times it seems a little overwhelming, but most of the time we enjoy the events. But it is Thanksgiving and Christmas time that we do seem to gather closer and give thanks for our families. As the number of our grandchildren grows, along with a few grandnieces and a nephew, we give thanks for this wonderful family.



Books We

Liked. It is probably obvious that I enjoy reading. I read books, magazines, newspapers, internet articles,

cereal boxes, and just about anything that will catch my attention. Unfortunately some of the books I read I would not recommend here. It is not because they are not good books, but rather they probably would bore most people. They may be technical to what I do or dull in nature, but full of information that I enjoy. This month I do not have a book to recommend, but instead I will suggest that the

reader go back in time. Go back in time to when you were told to read something that you may not have wanted to read.

Remember back in high school or college when you were made to read a novel or "great literature" because somebody said it was worth reading. What I am suggesting is that since it was something you had to do, you may not have enjoyed it or really appreciated it as much as you could have. You may have read it, but your attention really didn't get into it. As a young reader you may have had some books you enjoyed or a certain genre, but what "they" told you to read just didn't cut it for you. Remember Cliff Notes?

Well, what if you reread some of those novels and stories now? What is the worst that could happen? You just might enjoy them. You just might have a better understanding of what those teachers were trying to tell you and why they were "great literature". Recently I picked up a copy of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. It was one of those student copies with all of the side notes explaining some of the old English being used. It is one of my favorite Shakespeare plays, but it does move fast and is hard to follow at times. Now I can have a fuller appreciation of it.

So now I will suggest rereading some of the past novels and stories you were made to read. Maybe start with a short story like *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* by James Thurber. And if you like that, check out some of his other writing and comics he drew. Or if you are into poetry, check out Dorothy Parker's short poem, *Résumé*. Reading Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* will probably make you feel like you are back in high school, in a good way. And if you find you want something of epic proportion, check out *War and Peace* or *Ben Hur*. Other novels like *The Brothers Karamazov* might even keep you up and thinking until the wee hours of the morning. Just look back to one of those "former" must do readings and give them

another try. You just might surprise yourself about how good great literature is.



Quotes we liked. You might say this is an urban legend quote whose origin is unclear. *“If you don't know where you are going, any*

road will get you there.” Some credit the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland* or a messenger in *The Wizard of Oz*. But nevertheless, it is still a good quote. Again as I have said before, it is the kind that makes you think a little. And it never hurts to do a little thinking.



What to expect. A lot of change can happen the first time a person comes to a hypnotist. Sometimes just one session is

all that is needed. But for some situations and issues, the second session is where some of the real “magic” happens.

First, the client finds that he/she goes into hypnosis quicker, easier and deeper on the second visit. He/she will be more relaxed and enjoy the experience more, helping in making more positive changes possible. The client's subconscious mind will then be open to the suggestions given by the hypnotist and the client's wants. At the same time the client will become more aware of what the root causes of problems are and with the hypnotist, find the right solutions needed.

And each time the client comes back, the client will continue to go into the right hypnotic depth quickly and easily. With less

time spent on getting into hypnosis, more time can be spent there to get things done.

But next month I am going to tell you about how hypnosis can be used without the client seemingly going into hypnosis and still getting things done.

Why hypnosis. To help you:

Stop Smoking	Build Confidence
Sleep Better	Remove Bad Habits
Lose Weight	Remove Fears
Manage Stress	Be a Better Speaker
Improve Study Skills	Remove test anxiety

Deal with Personal Issues and more.



For more information on hypnosis and how it can help you, call us at 717-872-7561

This is a publication of the
WILLARD HYPNOSIS CENTER
3304 MAIN STREET
CONESTOGA, PA 17516
717-872-7561
TOLL-FREE 877-872-7561
WWW.WILLARDHYPNOSIS.COM
ROGER@WILLARDHYPNOSIS.COM

We hope you have enjoyed this issue of *Enlightenment*. We also hope you will share this newsletter with others whom you feel would enjoy and/or benefit from it. If you are receiving this newsletter secondhand and want to receive your own copy, just send us an email and we will put you on either our snail mail list or email list. So until next month, best wishes to all.



Roger & Patti