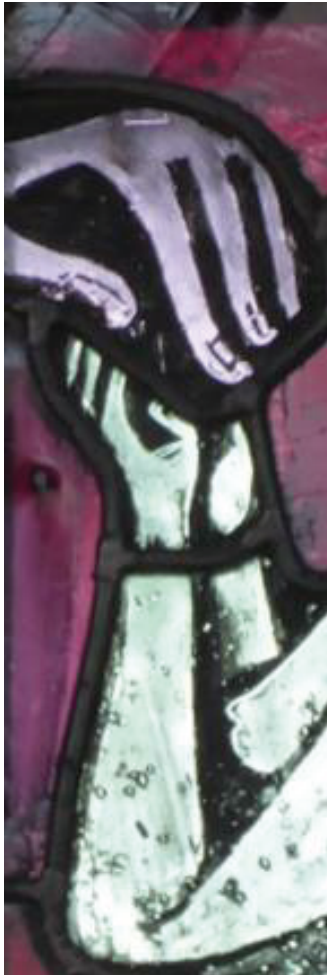


# *F*orgiveness



*Anne Williams*

## A Wisdom House Book

First published in Australia 2018 by:

Wisdom House Publishers  
PO Box 144  
Park Holme SA 5043  
Australia

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Photographs: Anne Williams

National Library of Australia  
Cataloguing in Publication data:  
ISBN 978-1-925705-19-5

Bibliography:

A Little Book of Worth ISBN 978-0-9578263-0-4  
A Little Book on Fear ISBN 978-0-9578263-3-5  
The Faith Conspiracy ISBN 978-0-9578263-8-0  
Who is God to Me? ISBN 978-0-9578263-5-9  
Messages from the War Torn Dead  
ISBN 978-0-9578263-4-2  
Songs of Love from the Front  
ISBN 978-0-9578263-6-6

*Bibliography:* Back Page

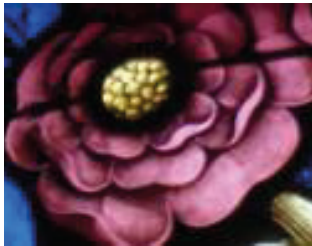
## Love

is not a persecuted state  
but one that leads to learning  
how to behave and relate.

## Love

is not some form of loss  
until learning how best  
to embrace those changes  
causing pain as if on a cross.

**Do not** disturb the good inside  
until ready to wait and learn  
how best to unwind and revise.



## *The world*

into which we are born  
is a difficult ride at the very least  
but if we are unprepared for the challenge  
and so called, the weak  
then there is little hope for the future  
and those of our own tribe.



## *The world*

into which we are to walk and talk,  
speak to another,  
is formed out of hate  
as well goodness and pride.

The world into which  
we are able to communicate  
has hate and spite.

But if we are not able  
to look and observe earnestly  
then there is no hope for our own survival  
and hence die, or not live  
in less than perfected harmony.





Observation a must



Forgiveness, forgiveness,  
I heard in my head, they cried.

*F*orgiveness

is the only way  
that love will survive.

Forgiveness, forgiveness  
there is only that to survive alive.  
Living in a way of goodly behaviour  
and not a continual life of hell  
each and every day.

God is not ...

in the hell

we Westerners provide.

God is not in anyone or thing  
unless we open to that of a goodness inside.  
God, that evidenced illusiveness,  
is not part of any of our present life to exist.

God, the almighty powerful,  
has been over-ridden by hate,  
vile behaviour,  
violence on all our streets.

Invasion on our mind continually  
drones over head  
even on my own life's home site.

God did, I am sure

have a more salubrious nature  
implanted within each  
to ride above those difficulties  
and fight against  
all and every aspect of hate.



*When will it stop ... this hell we provide?*





*I* sought to gain meaning as to why ...

*I sought* to understand

the nature of my own environment  
and the way I was brought out of childhood  
to stand on my own two feet.

*I sought* to undertake a journey,

difficult and horrible,  
but there you are ...  
not thought of when I first felt that urge  
to learn the reality of my own behaviour.  
And in how I treated those,  
I did at times  
unfortunately for them  
did speak.

The courage in each to survive  
against the normality of life,  
is little but futile  
if we are not prepared  
to love and care for our own life.

### *T*he love of life

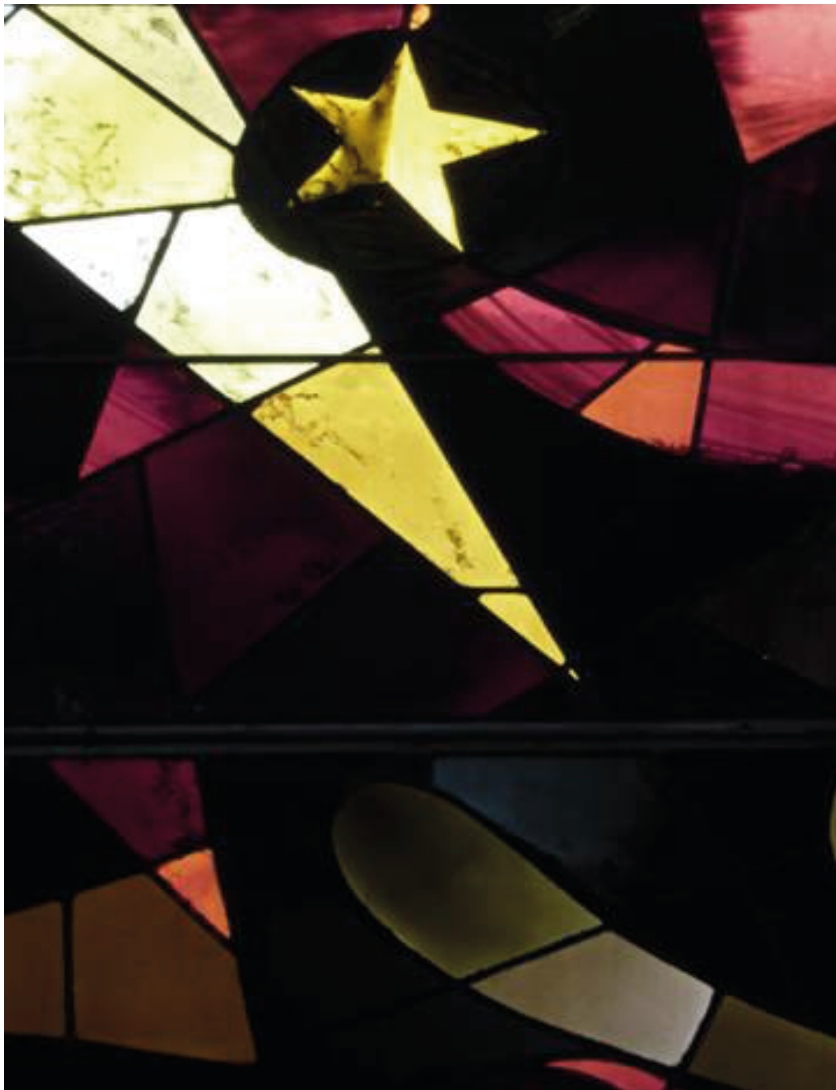
is a way to bring out the goodness  
we each have stored up inside,  
  
that part of human kindness ...  
away from grief, pain and strife,  
away from the hatefulness,  
the value-less-ness and worth-less-ness,  
the pain ever-riding  
on the backs of our own lives.

### *T*he love of life

is a way through those painful beliefs  
to see on the other side  
not all was as first felt or believed.







*G*uiding the way

The value-full is what we are meaning  
to seek out and enjoy that ride  
not difficulty and strife.  
The value-full is where we each do,  
internally keep out of sight.

### *The value-full*

is where we love without hate;  
is where we contain the beauty that is ours,  
the life we have to live here on the earth.

The value-full-ness of which we each keep  
is guiding our lives, each one on the earth  
joined in harmony when that life  
is no longer full of hatefulness and strife.

Guiding the way we speak to another.  
Guiding the way we are able to see the other side.

### *Guiding the life*

so that we keep on that right track  
toward a more beautiful existence  
where love is to shine  
and not continually look back.

## *The value-full-ness*

is where we keep  
that form of forgiveness ...  
to allow for the healing  
necessary to stay on track  
away from the violent behaviour  
infiltrating as we speak.

The propaganda,  
the vile accusations unchecked.  
The horrible violence everywhere  
even on the television, the tablet  
or SM mobile equipment.

The latest in technology  
all tied up in the C.I.A. type network  
to keep you straight  
according to their own rules.

And not necessarily the way the elders  
and wise, thoughtful folk thought  
in writing the laws back then, when ...

When it was according to the tribe  
for the betterment of men,  
toward the value of a human being,  
regardless of colour -  
just meant then, everyone.

The value of our human-ness  
has been taken to the slaughterhouse  
and chopped into bits and pieces of detritus  
for any dog to eat.

The value of our humanity  
*is sliding as we speak.*

The value of our natives  
eroded, lost and in difficulties  
of which we all prefer not to say  
for fear we will have to own  
that each is responsible for that, their way.



God, help me ... free this hell of hate inside

God, I said, Help me,

the value of my childhood difficulties  
are wearing out on my own mind.  
Thoughts causing me to see only that part  
where hell then, is what I am to remember  
and not all of it good, from my own perspective,  
which of course may or not be correct.

Time passes quickly ...

and those memories fade,  
from balance to hateful,  
in one foul swoop  
without contesting to know,  
from my own life story,  
whether true, fact,  
or falsely remembered.

For as a child,  
I did not have my own way,  
as I would have preferred  
but felt the brunt of humanity ...  
violently displayed.

God is not, for me, a religiosity

but some form of other  
within that part of my own brain.

Thoughts reminiscent,  
thoughts of clarity,  
thoughts of hate and despicable,  
but there inside me -  
they do and have remained.

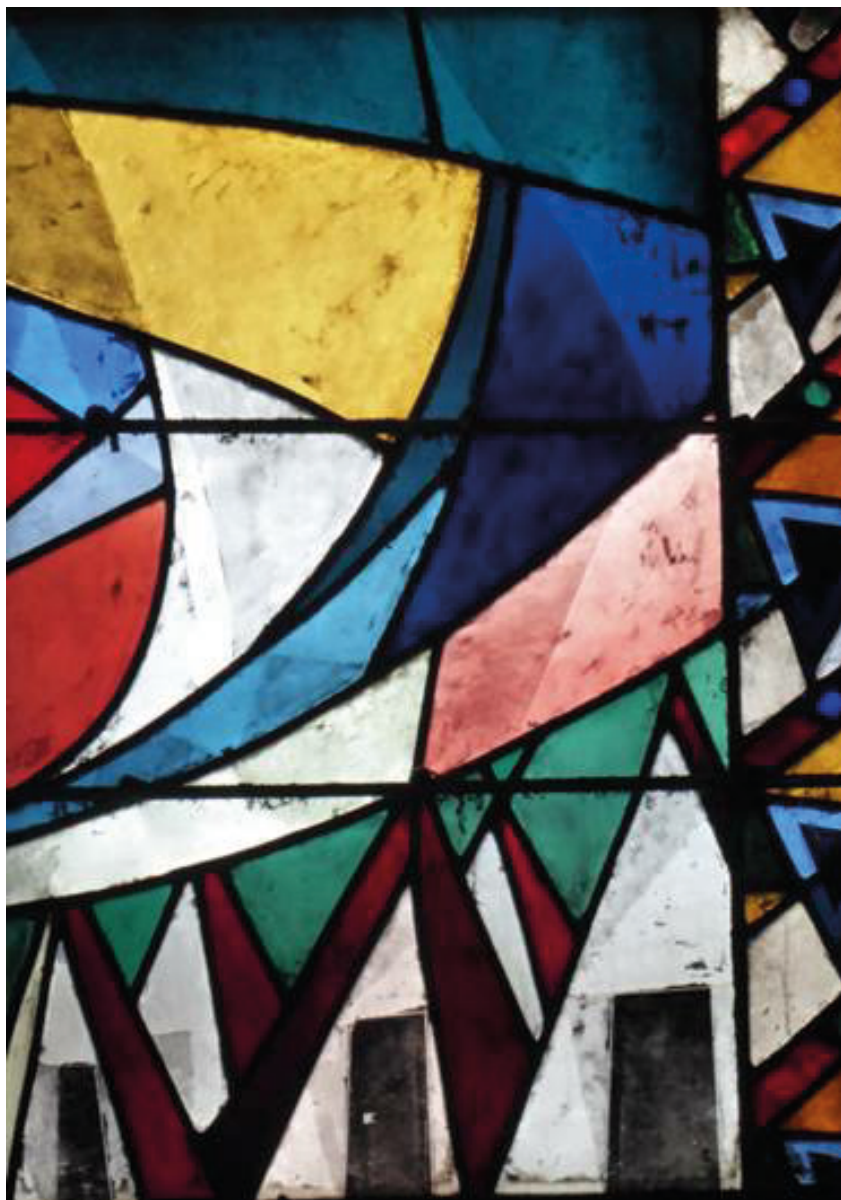


God bless the day I was born  
or that is what is preferred I say.

But then ... there is history  
of which I too am part.

I have yet to complain  
seeing what in reality is real or truthful  
to my own code of moral behaviour  
and satisfactory life style.







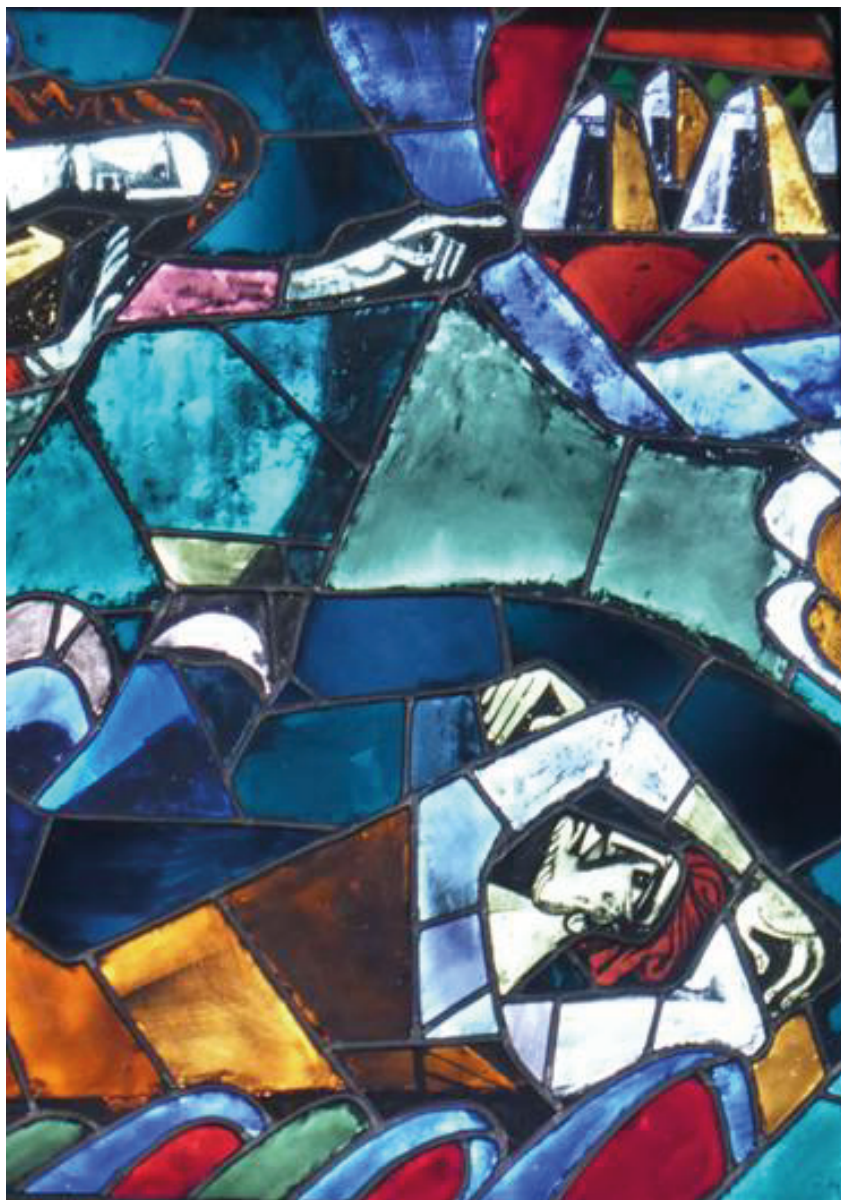
**You** called out

in my slumbering state of half awake  
toward a betterment  
and value-full life style away from hate.  
You called out in my day time,  
having thoughts incomplete.

You gave me an ultimatum  
about how to face up to those thoughts, ugly  
and sending me to the bottom  
wondering whether to come out again  
or totally fall back to sleep.

Naught is the value  
of a nothingness life.

Naught is the way  
people go about shopping or drugging  
or is it both  
into the daylight and then the night life?



*You* came and whispered.

Although it was more  
a type of demand in thought  
about how to relish  
this one and only time on earth.

*You* came and reminded me

about my own past life  
where the child had formed  
a tiny view of life back when ...

and now that has to be altered  
to accommodate both  
the bad and good life.

God, I said, are there angels  
or part of my past religious life?  
God, is there a mother and father  
in this heaven type of after life?

Will I be able to see and hear  
the value of my own life  
or only of that I squandered  
in not valuing my life when alive?

**God,**

deliver me from this hateful stand  
give me a value-full life  
where I can live and stand.

Give me the value of every one  
I love and care for,  
immediately to stop all the violence I see  
on that television day and night.

Give me the value of everyone I am to meet  
as if they, as me, have a place  
as part of the good inside of humanity.

Give me the value of anyone I am to meet  
to know they are in me the value I am to seek.





Give me a value-full life



Save us ... each one on the streets



Save each one of us on the streets.

Save the value of love  
to always in our heart to keep.

Save us  
from the hateful nature  
of our inside view.

Save us  
from the value-less-ness  
that the C.I.A. interpret  
we all appear to be doing  
regardless of our human rights  
and the rights of all on the earth.

The value of our life  
is on the line as *we* speak.

The value of our worth eroded  
and no one appears to consider  
what that is, or means anymore.

The value of our worth  
is being taken to the war zones  
and given carte blanche.

The value of our humanity  
has lost its soul as *we* speak.

And what are we doing –  
drone like asleep?

What are *we* doing –

Shopping till we drop  
and no one anywhere believes  
it will be what we want  
just do, for a way to entertain  
or not to think?



What are we doing ...



So I began to vision  
a world without hate,  
a world where people respected  
and valued each person  
to whom they are to meet.

*I began* to notice ...

observing my life in action  
that the way I behaved  
had some moral-less over tones  
about what I think.

*I began* to notice ...

that not everyone believed  
as I would have preferred  
and let them in on my views –  
in no uncertain terms.

Then, in an aftermath  
type of memory review,  
I thought that I was arrogant  
just like that supposedly West's view.

I thought perhaps I had been contaminated  
by that Westernised view of life,  
where each and every one thing we are to have  
can be taken and not thought of twice.

## *There is ...*

a type of methodology  
in writing this tonight  
about the way people,  
in the Westernised world,  
are behaving out of sight.

No way to check and balance  
lopsided in all that is taken,  
done or believed possible  
as not having a right,  
but human to do out of sight.

## *But then ...*

in the aftermath  
at a one point in our lifetime soon  
there is to become no way we can right  
what we have and still do.



So comfort  
and keep yourself well away  
from that spewing of propaganda  
and learn to live  
a whole new other way.

**B**ut do not,  
in your wildest dreams,  
consider that you are more perfect  
than for another in this belief  
about Exceptionalism  
or the right-est of them all.

**B**ecause ...  
in essence, we all belong  
to that of a God-like creature of goodness  
inside our mind of all.









*T*ake my life, for instance

a perfect example  
of exceptional belief  
about how I can, 'shop 'till I drop',  
Westernised speak  
when in fact the debt creeps -  
and where then, do I sleep?



So when in the right hemisphere  
I have to take a moment  
and think first and foremost ...

*what it is*  
*that is being avoided ...*

as I do these drugging and doping,  
whatever shopping and sporting is in my day.



*Life is ...*

of a very precious nature  
and if not kept  
in the forefront of our mind  
then it begins to erode  
as the land masses do now every day.

*Life is ... for learning*

in how to behave,  
consider and value,  
each and every day.



*If life, all life, is precious ... then I am too*



Release those pain-filled thoughts inside my mind

*Love* is for the taking  
once the hate subsides.

But first ...

let me express here  
that it takes one to know one.

And first it must always contain you  
and what is held, unsettled deep inside.



*Love* you first

and then consider  
what that effect will do.

Perhaps buy a new version  
of what that love inside will contain  
of the very best of you.

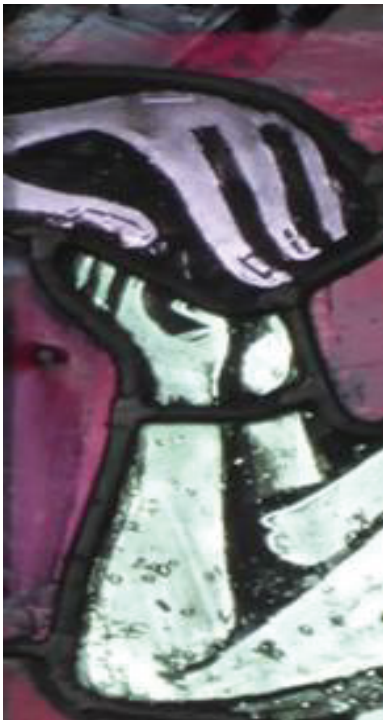
But do not ...

expect any form of miracle  
because that does not really work,  
well, not until you have done  
some form of seriousness  
about how you behave and work.

*Love* is for betterment  
of men and women too.

Then ...

in our children and theirs too,  
we will have a formulae that works  
for the best in all to value human beings;  
well, that includes yes you and me too.



Love is the potion.

Love is the glue.

*Love is*

the betterment of everyone  
including me and you.

But first realise, recognise  
and advance your thinking  
about having time out.

For without a quiet space  
to consider the day  
then there is no more future  
without a violence here or there about.

*Whatever is happening*

now in your daily routine  
if no more time is available  
to spaciousness,  
consideration and value –  
then there is a definite  
no more than a whisper of change  
to better that person difficult in you.





*Love is and was  
and now can be again.*

Let that hatefulness be  
for you to begin  
unpacking the value  
of what inside is left  
and build upon that.  
Well, that then is ...  
a first and formative step.

## Care and consideration,

time out too  
these are the words  
repeatedly given in my mind  
for relaying to both you ...  
and for me too.

## Care and consideration

are the inward track  
to value every single moment  
one is to live  
as long as that may be uncertain  
just as life is for all of humanity.



# *Bibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

## **Awaken to Truth**

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life