

# Personal Growth Concepts™

[www.personalgrowthconcepts.com](http://www.personalgrowthconcepts.com)  
**Q&A Forum - Review**

## Loving or Deciding to Love?

Hello Q&Aers,

Things have been quiet during the summer without a bunch of questions in the hopper. If you have any kind of question for me about any aspect of counseling, coaching or Christian spirituality, now would be a good time to send it in.

I have started a second Saturday morning group therapy experience for those who have recently finished a significant relationship and who are struggling to know themselves and learn how not to fall into codependency again. We are off to an excellent start but could use another member or two so if you know someone you think may be appropriate, I would appreciate a call.

On another note, I have been creating an evaluation process and psychoeducational sessions for people who are referred to us because of problems with their anger. I am concerned that a lot of the traditional anger management programs do not properly evaluate each person and run them all through the same sessions, regardless of the reason for their anger problem. If you know someone who could benefit from a thorough evaluation regarding an anger behavioral problem, I would appreciate the referral.

Finally, we continue to search for a master's level counselor to join our team. Janice and I are "bursting at the seams" with clientele and, if Personal Growth Concepts, Inc. is going to grow, we are going to need another counselor. Unless we are able to find another counselor to begin to work with us part time in the near future, I am afraid that we will need to start a waiting list for people wanting our services. I would appreciate your help in identifying any counselor who may be looking to join our great team.

A special thank you today to those who sent me the emails that are included in the bonus section: Nancy, Lisa and Allison.

Our question today comes as a comment and question from my last Q&A:

**Q:** I am curious or may be over analytical. My comment or question is on the statement below: "I don't know if I am holding back with my emotions from having had a bad relationship in the past, or am I not in love with her." Is it not true that love is a decision (a choice) and the emotions are the results of the act of love? Is it possible that he is looking for the feelings to confirm he is in love...?

**A:** I believe that love first and foremost, is a feeling. A decision indicates that one has to choose to love and so thinking tries to make it a thought followed by acting on that thought. I believed, when I wrote my answer to his question, that he was feeling love for her but that, in an attempt to protect himself from possible hurt, (his projection of a feeling), he may have been blocking the feeling, or trying to rationalize it away. This is not good. As any graduate of my feelings 101 class can attest, one must first identify the feeling or cluster of the feeling and then accept them. I hope this helps clarify for you what my thoughts were.

**Quote:** "It takes a real storm in the average person's life to make him realize how much worrying he has done over the squalls." --Bruce Barton

~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1 ~~~bonus 1  
 ~~~bonus 1

The day finally arrived; Forrest Gump dies and goes to Heaven. He is at the Pearly Gates, met by St. Peter himself.

However, the gates are closed and Forrest approaches the Gatekeeper. St. Peter says, "Well, Forrest, it's certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. I must tell you, though, that the place is filling up fast, and we've been administering an entrance examination for everyone. The test is short, but you have to pass it before you can get into Heaven."

Forrest responds, "It shor is good to be here, St. Peter, sir. But nobody ever tolt me about any entrance exam. Shor hope the test ain't too hard; life was a big enough test as it was." St. Peter goes on, "Yes, I know, Forrest, but the test is only three questions. First: What two days of the week begin with the letter T? Second: How many seconds are there in a year? Third: What is God's first name?"

Forrest leaves to think the questions over. He returns the next day and sees St. Peter who waves him up and says, "Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers."

Forrest says, "Well, the first one -- which two days in the week begin with the letter "T"? Shucks, that one's easy. That'd be Today and Tomorrow.

The Saint's eyes open wide and he exclaims, "Forrest, that's not what I was thinking, but you do have a point, and I guess I didn't specify, so I'll give you credit for that answer. How about the next one?" asks St. Peter.

"How many seconds in a year?"

"Now t hat one's harder," says Forrest, "but I thunk and thunk about that and I guess the only answer can be twelve." Astounded, St. Peter says, "Twelve? Twelve!? Forrest, how in Heaven's name could you come up with twelve seconds in a year?"

Forrest says "Shucks, there's gotta be twelve: January 2nd, February 2nd, March 2nd. "

"Hold it, " interrupts St. Peter. "I see where you're going with this, and I see your point, though that wasn't quite what I had in mind.....but I'll have to give you credit for that one, too. Let's go on with the third and final question. Can you tell me God's first name"?

"Sure" Forrest replied, "its Andy."

"Andy?!" exclaimed an exasperated and frustrated St. Peter. "Ok, I can understand how you came up with our answers to my first two questions, but just how in the world did you come up with the name Andy as the first name of God?"

"Shucks, that was the easiest one of all," Forrest replied . "I learntit from the song. ... "ANDY WALKS WITH ME, ANDY TALKS WITH ME, ANDY TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN. . "

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates and said: "Run Forrest, run."

~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2  
 ~~~bonus 2 ~~~bonus 2

#### A POEM FOR COMPUTER USERS OVER 40

A COMPUTER WAS SOMETHING ON TV  
 FROM A SCIENCE FICTION SHOW OF NOTE  
 A WINDOW WAS SOMETHING YOU HATED TO CLEAN  
 AND RAM WAS THE FATHER OF A GOAT.

MEG WAS THE NAME OF MY GIRLFRIEND  
 AND GIG WAS A JOB FOR THE NIGHTS  
 NOW THEY ALL MEAN DIFFERENT THINGS  
 AND THAT REALLY MEGA BYTES.

AN APPLICATION WAS FOR EMPLOYMENT  
 A PROGRAM WAS A TV SHOW  
 A CURSOR USED PROFANITY  
 A KEYBOARD WAS A PIANO.

A MEMORY WAS SOMETHING THAT YOU LOST WITH AGE  
 A CD WAS A BANK ACCOUNT

AND IF YOU HAD A 3 IN. FLOPPY  
YOU HOPED NOBODY FOUND OUT.

COMPRESS WAS SOMETHING YOU DID TO THE GARBAGE  
NOT SOMETHING YOU DID TO A FILE  
AND IF YOU UNZIPPED ANYTHING IN PUBLIC  
YOU'D BE IN JAIL FOR A WHILE

LOG ON WAS ADDING WOOD TO THE FIRE  
HARD DRIVE WAS A LONG TRIP ON THE ROAD  
A MOUSE PAD WAS WHERE A MOUSE LIVED.  
AND A BACKUP HAPPENED TO YOUR COMMODORE

CUT YOU DID WITH A POCKET KNIFE  
PASTE YOU DID WITH GLUE  
A WEB WAS A SPIDER'S HOME  
AND A VIRUS WAS THE FLU

I GUESS I'LL STICK TO MY PAD AND PAPER  
AND THE MEMORY IN MY HEAD  
I HEAR NOBODY'S BEEN KILLED IN A COMPUTER CRASH  
BUT WHEN IT HAPPENS THEY WISH THEY WERE DEAD.....

~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3 ~~~bonus 3  
~~~bonus 3

My Quilt

As I faced my Maker at the last judgment, I knelt before the Lord along with all the other souls.

Before each of us laid our lives like the squares of a quilt in many piles. An Angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that is our life.

But as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each square was labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations I was faced with in everyday life. I saw hardships that I endured, which were the largest holes of all.

I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares. Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with rich color and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life and was disheartened.

My angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air.

Finally the time came when each life was to be displayed, held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth.

The others rose, each in turn, holding up their tapestries. So filled their lives had been. My angel looked upon me, and nodded for me to rise.

My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. I had love in my life, and laughter. But there had also been trials of illness, and death, and false accusations that took from me my world, as I knew it. I had to start over many times. I often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again. I spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. I had often been held up to ridicule, which I endured painfully, each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me.

And now, I had to face the truth. My life was what it was, and I had to accept it for what it was.

I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. An awe-filled gasp filled the air. I gazed around at the others who stared at me with wide eyes.

Then, I looked upon the tapestry before me. Light flooded the many holes, creating an image, the face of Christ. Then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in His eyes. He said, "Every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. Each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you."

May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through.

~~~end of bonuses~~~end of bonuses~~~end of bonuses~~~end of bonuses~~~end of bonuses~~~end of bonuses

The information provided in this email is presented for educational purposes only. It is not a substitute for the advice and treatment of a licensed professional clinician, doctor, coach or pastoral counselor.

To unsubscribe, type unsubscribe-Q&A in the subject line of an email back to me.

[jpacheco@personalgrowthconcepts.com](mailto:jpacheco@personalgrowthconcepts.com)  
[www.personalgrowthconcepts.com](http://www.personalgrowthconcepts.com)

© Copyright 2004 Personal Growth Concepts