

It All Serves

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A Look at Boundless Living

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This book is dedicated to all who serve. You know who you are—wink-wink.

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Introduction

And how are you living your life? Fully enjoying every moment? Does your day-to-day existence here on planet earth seem fulfilling, purposeful? Or, do you find yourself questioning what it's really all about, looking for a deeper meaning, wondering where we are all headed? Some of us, you know, are so occupied with just surviving, that the fact we're *all* in this together as card-carrying members of a six-billion population construct has no importance or relevance.

Yes, the human condition can seem to be one of struggle. We all want and need food in our bellies, clothes on our backs and a safe place to rest. We watch the cycle of life play out as babies are born and elders go to their final resting place. Fearing our own personal demise, we attempt to keep ourselves in tip-top running condition—a challenge indeed. But add to this survival mix the ingrained desire to procreate—commonly called our sex drive—and all other needs take a back seat. How human!

The question is, does any of this really matter?

Well, either it *all* matters or *none* of it matters. And while it may be difficult to comprehend, much less accept, the answer is none of it really matters. However, *it all serves*.

Acknowledgements

It is the human condition to feel like no one truly loves or understands us, to ultimately feel so alone. Putting my thoughts and feelings on paper has brought me closer than ever to the one stream of consciousness from which we are all sparked. I now know without a doubt that Love is a noun and as part of this love, I am never alone. My unending gratitude goes out to those unseen beings who continue to shine the Light for us. Thanks guys, I couldn't have done it without you!

Also, many thanks and blessings to Diane Cummings—such an astute and accomplished editor. Your praise and continued support led me to the finish line.

Home Sweet Home

Where were you born? What city, county, state, province, country? Do you call your birthplace home? Where do you live now? Is that your home and home town? Even if it's an apartment and not a house, is it still *home*? How long do you have to be in any one place before you call it home?

H-O-M-E. Heart Of My Existence.

When you go out, perhaps to work at a job, or maybe to shop at the store, after completing the planned outing, you go "home." If you are a single adult, home is usually a place where you can do anything you want: eat pizza and cookies all day, watch television, play video games and go to bed only when you are ready. If you are a child, home represents security, the place where someone will take care of you, offer you food (cookies?) and maybe even wash your clothes. However, if you are married, home is the arena you usually share with someone else, ever mindful that you may have to share the bed (and your cookies)!

If you aren't home, where are you?

In the larger picture, we can say that Earth is our home. In this realm, we act out all of our many roles. Just as an actor may play various characters during his career, so do we. While settings, story lines, cast and crew may change, the title of our creations stays the same: "Life on Planet Earth." It's a long-running show, playing over eons and eons, really, and there is no intermission!



A recently-divorced mother and her ten-year-old daughter were moving into an apartment. The daughter was quite upset because

not only was she going to miss her daddy, she was moving to a place that was not familiar to her. It was much smaller than the house she had shared with her parents for all of her ten years. The carpet was worn in spots, there was only one bathroom, and the whole place smelled bad.

“I don’t like this place,” she informed her mother. “Let’s go back home.”

“This is our new home,” the mother replied.

“Doesn’t feel like home to me,” the girl was quick to answer.

“Wait and see,” was the response.

One month later, after much cleaning and restoration, the apartment was transformed. The ten-year-old had a bedroom all to herself, and it was full of pretty lavender accents in the form of a new bedspread, throw pillows, a painted bookcase for all of her stuff, and a soft lilac rug at the foot of the bed where she could lie down and listen to her music. And now, the living room sported a beautiful patterned area rug, and it was surrounded by a slip-covered couch and chair. Over in the corner on a stand sat a new television with a DVD player perched on top. The kitchen sparkled with shiny pots and pans hanging on a pot rack and squeaky clean new dishes on a shelf under brightly-painted cabinet doors. A vibrantly-colored cloth covered the table where she and her mother would share their meals. Even the bathroom was beautiful. Fresh white towels hung on hooks against tile so shiny it looked new, and the mother had placed all of her daughter’s things in cute baskets lined up on a wooden shelf. Her toothbrush, comb and other hair-care items were within easy reach.

One Saturday evening when mother and daughter were sitting at the table eating, the girl looked up at her mom and said, “Living in our apartment is so much fun. Let’s watch a movie tonight.”

“I am so happy that you are happy,” came the surprised reaction. “See how we can make home wherever we are?”



H-O-M-E. Habitat Offering Many Experiences.

What's your idea of home?

To each his own home. Wherever it is, whatever it is, home serves.