



**PART THREE:**  
**THE GROWING AWARENESS**

### **THE GROWING AWARENESS**

Now I can let you in on a few more of my little secrets...things which in the past I wouldn't dare tell everyone I met, for if I had done that, they would have thought I was insane for sure. But today I am old enough to not care what others think of me. I am only interested in learning and teaching Truth. So hang onto your seat...here we go.

### **LET THERE BE LIGHT.**

After God hit me on the back of the head with His Spiritual 2" X 4" I started writing poetry. I was 41 years of age at the time.

These little poems and meditations seemed to just flow from me and there was little effort on my part to create them. Truly I sensed they were being given to me, however, I never knew they were really special until after I had published the book.

I was walking down Main Street one day when I chanced to walk into the former Bank of Nova Scotia building. I had worked with the young man who now operated a print shop in the building.

I was surprised to see a man seated in the former bank manager's office. Robert (not his real name) was a man whose use of foul language in a business environment had troubled me greatly. I truly had felt contempt for him for years. He looked up, as surprised as I was, and greeted me sincerely with warm words and a firm handshake. "Hey, that's a big change for Robert" I thought to myself.

I was invited to have a seat and to my amazement we got down into a long warm conversation. It seemed that God had used His spiritual 2" X 4" on my former antagonist. Now he was becoming a true friend and at first I had no idea to what depth that that friendship would go.

Sure enough, in the sharing that followed Robert detailed his transformation and so did I. Asking what I had been up to since the 2" X 4" event, I offered the fact that suddenly I was writing poetry and meditations. Immediately he asked if I would

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let him read some of my writings. I reached into my binder and produced a hand full of papers.

Robert got very quiet and read with intense interest and an obvious pleasure. When he finally put the papers down he looked at me and said. “You are going to publish these and I am going to underwrite the cost of it.” I was stunned.

Without a moment’s hesitation, he turned and called out through the open office door to our mutual friend Sam the printer. “John has written a bunch of poems and meditations and we are going to publish them. I will underwrite the cost.” It was a done deal ... completed for a man who did not have a cent to contribute to the cause at that time. Robert did, and he invested without hesitation. I now had a new friend for life.

*Let There Be Light* was published and at first I was hesitant about sharing it with others. I mean ... a character like me writing spiritual poems and meditations? What would people think?

I was teaching Sunday School at this point and the superintendent of Sunday School was a former neighbourhood playmate of my dad. I mentioned to her that I had just written and published a small book of poems and meditations. Surprised ... I learned that her passion was poetry and she asked if I would let her read the book. I gave her a copy and the next time we met she gave me the warmest encouragement one could ever have received.

She said she had been studying poetry for a long time and these poems and meditations were second to none. I thought: “Golly ... and from my dad’s childhood friend to boot!” That was motivation of the highest order. From that moment on I would not be shy about presenting my little book to prospective readers. Once again God showed me “the way”.

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### **R.O.P.E.**

(Real Opportunities for Prisoner Employment)

Unemployed following the closure of Canada Envelope I sought employment with a business development bank as a counselor. They had no openings. A few days after speaking with a representative of the bank I received a phone call from them.

It seems an organization in Halifax, Nova Scotia was searching for the services of an accountant, but they didn't have any money to pay him. Somehow I found myself Johnny-on-the-spot in Halifax.

Real Opportunities for Prisoner Employment, (ROPE) for short, had an idea. They wanted to do a feasibility study into the possibility of opening a store-front retail establishment that would bring fabricated wooden chair parts from an area prison, assemble them downstairs, then deliver them to homes in the Halifax metro area.

The study, for an experienced accountant, was expected to take two to three weeks. I had *never* completed a feasibility study in my life. I had no idea where to begin. Then, as though that wasn't enough, they announced to me that the report had to be ready for the next board meeting, which was slated for next Tuesday evening. I had only about three days to do it. I wanted to run.

I was told they could quickly arrange for me to go to the prison and meet the foreman in the woodworking shop where the components would be prepared. They didn't give me a chance to disappear.

Upon arrival at the prison I was introduced to the foreman...a marvelous gentleman who turned out to be...a former chartered accountant.

We took a stopwatch and had the two of us assemble two samples each of all the units that were to be assembled in Halifax. I now had the time per unit for assembly. Cost of materials was provided. Guidance as to how to assemble the information was forthcoming. All I had to do then was to get the details on utilities, salaries, fringe benefits and a few other things and I could assemble the data and see the conclusions. That was day one.

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Day two we toured the proposed store location, talked to a prospective store manager and collected data.

Day three was the board meeting day. It was to be about 7pm. All I had was my hand written notes. They all had to be typed up, proofread, and corrected where necessary, photocopied, collated, assembled and stapled together for the evening meeting. All to be done by a two fingered typist?

Shortly after arriving at ROPE about 9am two ladies appeared in the office. I have no idea where they came from or who they were. "Do you need the services of two secretaries for the day?"

Minutes before the board meeting was to start someone walked into the boardroom with a camera and took a picture. I received a copy in the mail a few weeks later. There in the picture are the two secretaries busily stapling the collated finished reports and passing them to me seen standing at the far end of the board room table.

Now if all that wasn't enough I was now beginning to recall the guest list for the evening's meeting. The list read like a who's who of Halifax/Dartmouth area. There were lawyers, doctors, investors, etc. etc. etc. The most prominent people in the community came together, without public knowledge, and gifted their time and expertise to this organization. Being the son of a truck driver I was intimidated.

Then to top it all off, the chairman of the board was the son of the wealthiest man in the entire province...a billionaire's son. I was scared. "What on earth am I going to do in this meeting?" (His real name I will not disclose. I will just refer to him as Bill).

A few minutes before the meeting Bill came up to me and introduced himself and shook my hand. He said he was going to take care of all of the other business first so we would then be clear to discuss the feasibility study for the rest of the evening. I swallowed hard.

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Everyone filed in. I sat at the far end of the table facing the chairman of the board...my back to the wall. To my left was the door into the room. From where I sat I could see everyone in the room. The door closed, the meeting started.

I watched with a sense of awe and fear. All around the table were wealthy, successful people...professionals the lot of them. There must have been close to fifteen in attendance. As the meeting progressed I quietly observed the group dynamics.

To my left, about half way down the table sat a young lady lawyer and she was sharp. If anyone said anything that was anywhere off the mark she caught it. I was beginning to perspire. If she is picking these professionals apart what is she going to do to me?!

I put my head down and whispered a silent prayer. "Lord I am getting nervous here. I need your help." Within minutes I discovered myself relaxed with one arm hanging over the high top back edge of the chair as I now was beginning to thoroughly enjoy this young lady's talent.

Then it happened. The rest of the business was complete and the chairman of the board was beginning to introduce me. It wasn't enough that he simply was introducing me but he was explaining how they had looked so long and had almost given up hope when, by the grace of God, I showed up at the eleventh hour.

Now this long-winded flowery introduction was getting to me. I was really getting scared now. He's bragging me up and that young lawyer is going to chew me up and spit me out. I lowered my head again. "Lord, I need your help again. I am scared and I need your help and I don't have the same amount of time to get myself calm as before."

Then I felt it. On my right shoulder...a warm comforting hand rested on me. I could feel the warmth. I could feel the weight. Even though I knew there had been no one behind me because I was at the end of the table, I had to do it...I turned and looked. I could see...nothing. I turned my head back to face the assembled host and heard the chairman of the board say my name.

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A slight pause as I cleared my throat was all that delayed me. I was calm...perfectly calm. I delivered the explanation and conclusion of the study then I sat down. A few questions from around the table and then the lady lawyer turned to me and said:

“I am impressed. To think that a feasibility study of this depth could have been done in this period of time ... I am impressed. I am very, very impressed.” You could have knocked me over with a feather.

The meeting ended. I scooped my things up and quickly headed for the door. Bill intercepted me. “Are you planning to stay in the city tonight? I would like to meet you for breakfast in the morning.” I was staying and he asked me to meet him at the most expensive restaurant in all of Halifax. I swallowed hard and silently said to myself... “I sure hope he is paying for the meal.”

I was out the door quickly and found my way in the cold, clear winter night to my car. I slipped inside, closed the door and then before starting the car I said to myself, “Do you realize what happened in there? Do you REALLY realize what happened in there?” I could still feel the lingering warmth on my shoulder and the memory of the gentle loving weight.

I sat there in the car for quite a while before starting the engine and driving off to where I was to spend the night. I remember saying to myself, “I have got to tell somebody what happened in there tonight, but if they laugh at me I will never tell another soul as long as I live.”

Early the next morning at the agreed time I met Bill for breakfast. After we were seated and comfortable I turned to him and said, “There’s something I have to share with you. Something happened in there last night?”

I related the entire story and then fell silent. Gently Bill thanked me for sharing the experience with him. Then he added, “Before I go into that room I pray also.”

I said, “You?! But you are a billionaire’s son. What would you have to pray for?”

He smiled knowingly at me and softly said: “It’s precisely because I am a billionaire’s son that people expect so much of me. I have to pray to ensure I

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have the wisdom to handle the situation.” I had a friend for life...and, because of him, I am able to share this story with others...like you.

### THE HEALER

Early 1983 found me working on the Eskasoni Indian Reserve on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, Canada. A desire to put my background to work helping folks with small businesses had led me to become an advisor with Canadian Executive Services Overseas (CESO). When not involved in overseas assignments, the volunteers in CESO were directed to assist certain native people in Canada.

I was assigned to work for a delightful native couple. He was a contractor and the son of the chief of police on the reserve. I admired what he was doing and what his family was achieving in the area.

Then one day, out of the blue, he announced that they were going to see a “healer” at a meeting of his church in nearby Sydney, and they wanted me to join them for the evening’s service. I felt panic. I did not feel comfortable going to such an event. I had no idea what I was getting myself in for.

Now the very last thing I wanted to do was to say or do anything to offend them. Feeling caught between a rock and a hard place I consented to attend.

We met in a large meeting room. Chairs were arranged shoulder to shoulder for perhaps a hundred people to attend. I took my seat and minutes later found myself seated with two very attractive young ladies, one on either side of me.

Shortly thereafter a tall, thin man entered the room and took his position at a microphone at the front. His first remarks did a lot to relieve my tension when he said:

“The first thing I want to tell you is that if you think I am the one who possesses any power to heal...forget it. God is the one who has the power. I am only the pipe through which it flows.”



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“The next thing I have to do is tell you what happened to me.” He then relayed his experience wherein he was diagnosed as suffering from cancer. He was given just so many months to live.

Every few weeks he would visit the doctor and every few weeks his expected time to live was shortened by the doctor. In the meantime, his wife was trying hard to have him go and visit a local “healer”. He steadfastly refused.

Then when his expected departure date was only about a month away his wife got on his case again about going to see the healer. After a few moments of thought he realized “What have I got to lose by going?” So he went.

He said the first thing the healer said to him was:

“The first thing I need to tell you is that if you think I am the one who possesses any power to heal forget it. God is the one who has the power. I am only the pipe through which it flows.”

He relaxed a bit. The man then looked him straight in the eye and said: “You are very angry at someone.” The cancer patient swallowed hard and confessed. Yes, indeed, there was an S.O.B. who had really done a number on him and yes he was spitting nails angry towards him.

The healer then asked him the most important question of his life. “Do you want to be healed?” “Yes” came the obvious reply.

“Good.” the healer responded. “Now I am going to lead you through a meditation. In this meditation we will enter a room and close the door behind us. There is another door on the opposite side of this room. Through that door Jesus will come and he will walk up to you and ask you a question. Are you willing to do this?”

“Yes” came the response.

“Very well then close your eyes.” The healer then led him into the room. The door opened on the opposite side of the room and in walked Jesus ... with the man who had made him so very, very angry. Jesus embraced him then looking

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him straight in the eye and pointing to the offending man Jesus asked, "For me, would you forgive him?"

"Yes" came the reply and the two men shook hands.

What happened next greatly surprised the cancer patient. He suddenly found his body was reeking with the foulest smell of perspiration. All the poison of the anger was releasing out through the pores of his body.

A few days later the cancer patient visited his doctor. The medical man examined him in amazement. "I don't know what you are doing but keep it up. You appear to be in remission."

So now, before *me* stood a totally healed man who today is a "healer" himself and he is standing there looking me straight in the eye in this room of about 100 people. And he then said this, "I am going to lead you through this meditation. Are you willing to do it?"

Inside me came a silent "Yes". And away we went into the very same meditation.

I entered the room. Jesus came in the door on the opposite side of the room, and with him came the very man who I had so much anger for, my former boss from Pakistan ... a man who had raised more anger within me than I could ever have imagined.

Jesus walked up to me and said, "For me, would you forgive him?" "Yes" came my emotional response and my hand went forth and shook hands with my former boss.

Then, as I sat in my chair in the church hall I began to smell something. The most horrible stench I ever smelled in my life. I then realized, I was sitting between two very attractive young ladies. Placing one hand under each armpit I bolted to my feet and headed for the door as fast as I could.

I was staying in a local motel that night as I was working on the nearby reserve. As I entered the motel room I was peeling off my clothing and heading straight for the shower. I showered, then stepping back into the room, I could still smell the

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foul perspiration on the clothing on the floor. I scooped all the clothing into a green plastic garbage bag, sealed the bag, opened the door and aired out the motel room.

I then had to take a second shower before I could finally no longer smell the obnoxious odor.

That night I slept like a baby. When I awoke I threw off the bed covers, jumped to my feet and was half way across the floor before I froze in my tracks. I was healed!

I had not even known that I had been ill. Over a period of time I had developed what the medical profession calls “morning back paralysis”. It had developed so gradually that I did not realize I had it. I was only aware that I could not move when I first awoke in the morning. I would have to lie still until at last I could slide one leg over the edge of the bed, then the other, and then, with great effort, use my hands and arms to get myself sitting upright with my feet on the floor. It then took a few more minutes to get myself upright, balanced, and then stiffly begin to walk across the floor. In a half an hour or so I would be close to normal daily walking.

Now, here I was half way across the floor in a motel room ...totally healed. I now knew, beyond any shadow of a doubt, **there is a direct connection between strong negative emotions and physical body ailments**. Now I can teach others the same lesson. It must have been at that time that the first hint about becoming “Doc” Jenkins found its way into my subconscious mind.

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### A SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE ON *HOW DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?*

Upon entering the workforce, or marriage, one statement of Truth becomes strikingly obvious. **Not all of the lessons in life can be learned out of a textbook.** *Experience* is a grand teacher and I have learned far more since leaving the educational system than I ever did in it.

Let's take one subject in particular and see how *experience* was a superlative teacher for me. **How does God answer prayer?**

Note if you would,  
I did not ask **DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?**  
I asked: **HOW DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?**

Prayer has many forms, the most obvious two are the spoken and unspoken prayers. Either way God answers the sincere prayer for something good. He does not answer a prayer to take your next-door neighbor off the planet.

The first requirement you must fulfill is...do not take God for granted. Your Father/Mother knows all of your desires and requirements, but like a mother and her child, Mom likes to be asked for what the child desires and not be taken for granted.

So *ASK* God, in plain un-ceremonious language, precisely what your heart desires or requires. Note: I did not use the words want or need.

Want or need come from a negative feeling of lack.  
Desire or require come from a positive attitude that suggests "Big Generous Daddy and Mommy" love me and will always take care of all I desire or require.

Now for my experience.

I had been unemployed for about three years after the envelope manufacturing plant in which I worked closed its doors. I had worn out my vehicle in that period and managed to secure a very modest old Chevy Nova from a relative in order to get by until I got back to work.

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My next job was found 1000 miles west in the big city of Toronto. Now if any of you have ever been to Toronto you will know it has a huge 12 lane wide expressway that runs right through the middle of it. The famous, or infamous highway 401 is a nightmare for country folks to get on...especially during the rush hour.

As it turned out this country bumpkin landed up with a job at one end of the city and a residence at the other end. So immediately I had to drive each way, every day, in bumper to bumper, stop and go traffic. The old car was fast nearing its retirement.

Prayer time is anytime so as I chugged along on the 401 I decided to have a talk with God. The people driving along beside me must have thought I lost it when they looked my way and saw a man talking to himself. Obviously this was before the advent of hands-free cell phones.

I simply said something like this:

“Good God, I want to thank you for this old Chevy. She got me all the way from Nova Scotia to Toronto and now back and forth on this highway. But the old gal is tired and we *require* something newer.

Now since I am requiring a newer vehicle I am going to ask for precisely what my heart desires.

I would like to have a:

4-door sedan

AM/FM Stereo Cassette tape deck

Power steering/Power brakes

Automatic transmission

It gets awfully hot here in this city in the summertime so air-conditioning please. It is not a luxury here.

Oh yes. I would love to have a blue crushed velour interior. That’s my favorite. I leave it in your capable hands. Thank You very much.” And then I forgot about it.

A few days later I chanced to bump into the president of the company, a very personable man who I had known for a number of years.

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I said, “Peter, you wouldn’t know where I could find a good used car would you?”

Peter thought for a moment then he said, “Call the head of sales and tell him you were speaking with me and that I asked you to call him. I think we have a company car that is not in use at this time.”

So I called the head of sales and told him what had happened. He said, “Yes, I do have a car available. I have to go over to your plant tomorrow and I’ll bring it with me.”

I stammered, “Now wait a minute. How much is this going to cost me?”

He asked, “Do you use your personal vehicle to go back and forth to the bank on company business?”

I said, “Why yes I do.”

“Then there will be no charge and you can take it home as well. I’ll see you tomorrow.” And with that he hung up the phone.

The next day I was very busy in the office. A little after noon Peter and the head of sales arrived. The latter stepped into my office and tossed a set of keys on my desk. “Happy motoring” he said and turned to walk away.

I called out after him, “Hey, how am I going to be able to spot it in the parking lot?” “Oh!” he said, “It’s the blue 4-door Oldsmobile.”

I did not get off work until after the entire staff had left for the day. I stepped outside and there, alone in the middle of the parking lot, was an almost new blue Oldsmobile 4-door sedan.

I unlocked it and slid in. It was...

A deluxe 4-door sedan

AM/FM Stereo Cassette tape deck

Power steering/Power brakes

Automatic transmission

Air-conditioning

And, you guessed it...a blue crushed velour interior...my favorite. And it didn’t cost me a cent. In fact, they told me to put it in the garage and get new tires on

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it. The dealer did about \$1,100.00 worth of annual inspection work, put on a new set of tires, and charged it to the company...who paid the bill without batting an eye.

Now that is one way experience has taught me how God answers prayer.

**THE MOST IMPORTANT REALIZATION**

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In the dozen or so years between 1982 and 1996 I learned something that shook me to the very foundation of my being. So shocking was the revelation that I'm sure it took me some extended period of time before I really totally came to grips with it.

First I need to wind the clock back to a starting point in time in which I can place the foundation of this realization.

I was born the first of three sons. When I was 16 years of age all of my buddies were out on the ball field roughing it up with each other. Not me. I was much too interested in a certain little blonde gal who lived in the neighborhood. We provided the entertainment for the local mothers as they peaked through the curtains to observe us as we sat holding hands on her front steps. I could never understand why those boys would prefer to be on a football field or a baseball field in the blazing sun of summer chasing a ball and running their legs off, when they could be sitting beside something as lovely as my dear little friend.

Alas, her father was transferred far away and I never laid eyes on her again. Broken hearted and longing for gentle feminine company, I decided that I would like to have a new girlfriend, but this time I was looking for something special.

My dad used to think that Marilyn Monroe was the cat's meow. Me, I was in love with Bridget Bardot. There was something about that woman that affected me in a way that I am embarrassed to explain. So much for being a teenage boy. I was very clear that that was precisely what I wanted and I thought of nothing else.

Around that time mom and dad decided to move out into the country and build a little cabin. Among other things this meant changing schools from the town's school system to a rural high school. The shift came with one blessing that I knew about at that time and that was...I didn't have to walk to school any more. But that move to the country came with a second blessing that I was not expecting.

On my first day of school, my first ride on a school bus, I climbed the steps and shuffled down the aisle seeking a seat. When I was about halfway down that aisle I must've frozen in my tracks for lo and behold seated and smiling up at me was a 15-year-old version of...you've got it...Bridget Bardot. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Yes, it was love at first sight for both of us, indeed we dated all through high school and for a year thereafter. Everyone was convinced that we were going to



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marry each other, indeed we shared that same vision. For purposes of this story I will call her Blondie. (not her real name). Blondie filled my thoughts all week long and filled my arms on Friday night, while music filled every other hour possible in between.

With a dad who played the harmonica, the fiddle and the radio constantly...and a mother who had the grandest collection of Edgar A. Guest's poetry...it was perhaps quite natural that I so loved music that ultimately I became a singer-songwriter.

I learned to play the rhythm guitar and my younger brother Lew built and then played an excellent, unique, steel guitar. We got to be pretty darn good musicians and entertainers and soon found ourselves performing in nursing homes, on stage, radio and even got a short run on TV.

Lew was phenomenal on that steel guitar while I was polishing my voice and memorizing every sad song that Hank Williams ever recorded. I got so good at singing with passion like Hank that on one occasion we entered the local radio station and recorded a handful of Hank's best. As we were told later, without saying anything in advance, the announcer played a number of our recordings. We were told that the switchboard lit up with people wanting to hear more of Hank William's songs. My voice was so much like Hank's that they couldn't tell the difference. For an 18-year-old boy whose hero was Hank Williams that was a supreme compliment.

Over the years my voice changed, thank goodness, because there was only room for one Hank Williams. But sing them sad songs, you bet I did, with all the passion and feelings I could muster. Songs like: *Your Cheatin' Heart*, *Cold, Cold Heart*, *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry*, and *My Son Calls Another Man Daddy*. Oh dear God, if I knew then what I know now...well we'll get to that shortly.

From 1956 to 1961 Lew and I sang and played up a storm. After graduating from high school in 1960 I joined the bank and a year later was transferred away. The four years that followed were the most emotionally disturbing years of my life.

Blondie wanted to get married and have a baby. When I went to my boss in the bank and told him I was seriously considering getting married he hit me with a piece of information I did not know. I was told I was not earning enough money working in the bank to support a wife and child and that if I chose to get married at

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this time, they had no option but to let me go terminating my banking career. Yes, I would lose my job.

Blondie and I decided to chill out and date others until I had sufficient income to support her. In short order I lost her to a friend who was only too delighted to answer her prayers.

I spiraled downward into depression as my world seems to be crashing down around me. I sought solace in dating as many gals as I could in a futile effort to bury my pain. Instead of burying my pain I created even more when a little gal I was dating announced that she was pregnant. As I spent more and more time with her it became increasingly clear that marriage for the two of us would be a disaster. We were so different that it would never have worked out and at last I knew it, so I broke off the engagement.

Over the next few months, tensions mounted between her family and myself. Finally, her brother made it clear to me that if I was to show up after the baby was born he would kill me, and having a disturbing background, I took his threat seriously. I never got to see the child other than from a second story window looking down into a parked car. A few minutes was all I ever got. That was 1963.

Now let's fast forward 24 years to 1987. A lot has changed. I am now 45 years of age, married with three beautiful children. I have gone through what is sometimes referred to as a Damascus Road experience and studying things of a spiritual nature is high on my priority list.

One of the books to find its way into my hands is titled *The Science of the Spoken Word* by Mark L. Prophet and Elizabeth Clare Prophet. In this book I learned about the power of the spoken word. I found it fascinating and I experimented with a number of the suggested affirmations and decrees. Once again I was out to prove things for myself. I had to take things apart in order to find out how they worked.

A lady whose behavior I greatly admired suggested that I go and visit the Unity Church in Toronto. I had never heard tell of it so I didn't go. Then a second person who I highly regarded made the very same suggestion, but again I didn't go. It was only after a third person who I respected made the very same suggestion that I decided, there must be something important here, I better check this out.

Rev. James Sherman, a former United States Navy pilot, is a gifted speaker, Truth seeker and Truth teacher. I felt I had found my spiritual home at last. Jim's lessons

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were spellbinding so I volunteered to record the Sunday services and the Wednesday evening classes because I was soaking this up like a moist sponge.

Jim's lessons were metaphysical and leading-edge spirituality. He took Bible study to a new dimension and I was all ears, especially when he started to speak about the power of affirmations, denials and decrees. He disclosed the truth about speaking and visualizing with feelings. One of his favorite sayings was: "Thoughts held in mind produce after their kind." He echoed the revelation found in *The Science of the Spoken Word* and it caused me to stop and think...long and hard.

I began to reflect upon my past and started to examine the occasions when I had visualized with feelings what I desired. Bingo! A light bulb turned on in my head. Why of course, when I was 16 and had lost my little girl friend I had visualized with feelings having Bridget Bardot as my girlfriend, and look what happened. Blondie showed up, a true carbon copy of Bridget Bardot. Wow! Does this stuff work or not?!

I thought if this works in the positive, does it also work in the negative? In other words, if I think and feel things negatively do I manifest that? And if I *sing* with emotion and visualize...does that work also? Then the roof of the realization fell in on me.

Oh my God! For years I used to sing *Your Cheatin' Heart, Cold, Cold Heart, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry*, and a multitude of other sad songs...and I manifested all of that crap into my life without knowing it. *I lost Blondie! I did it!*

And then I remembered singing with so much feeling Hank's big song: *My Son Calls Another Man Daddy* and here I am 45 years of age and suddenly stunned by the realization...*I manifested that as well. I had a daughter who'll "ne'er know my name nor my face"*. *Look at the words I had been singing so passionately...*

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### **"My Son Calls Another Man Daddy"**

Tonight my heart is bowed in sorrow  
I can't keep the tears from my eyes  
My Son Calls Another Man Daddy  
The right to his love, I've been denied.

[CHORUS]

**My Son Calls Another Man Daddy  
He'll ne'er know my name nor my face  
God only knows how it hurts me  
For another to be in my place.**

Each night I laid there in prison  
I pictured a future so bright  
For he was the one ray of sunshine  
That showed thru the darkest of nights.

[CHORUS]

Today his mother shares a new love  
She just couldn't stand my disgrace  
My Son Calls Another Man Daddy  
And longs for the love he can't replace.

[CHORUS]

This was not a happy discovery. It was the most sobering discovery of my life and it marked the beginning of a growing awareness of something that we were never taught in school, in church or in public. *Why were we never taught this?* This is something we need to know beyond a shadow of a doubt. And so I set out to learn more about this strange and powerful power that we possess without knowing it.

Some of my discoveries were as shocking as my own personal revelation, for example, did you know that Patsy Cline's big hit was...*I Fall To Pieces?* And did you know that she died in a plane crash. "I fall to pieces."

Hank Williams Sr. and Hank Williams Jr. were both phenomenal singers and songwriters and both sang with a great deal of emotion. Hank Jr. in his big hit song *FAMILY TRADITION* spells it out clearly with one line in the song... "Why must you live out the songs that you wrote?" And why did I? Yes, there is power in the spoken *and sung* word.

## Spiritual Experience

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Does it work both ways? *What A Wonderful World* sung by Louis Armstrong says it all.

What did I do about my discovery? Well one thing for sure, I stopped singing sad songs. Instead of going the smoky bar route I chose to start entertaining senior citizens by selecting the most popular music from when the seniors were in their teens and twenties. I weeded out all the sad songs, used all of the positive up-beat material in my songbooks, added a good slice of clean humor and started entertaining with my *Musical Prescription for Joy*...and hence “Doc” Jenkins was born. The audience lapped it up and never realized I was doing something unique to make them feel better. That was my secret.

I can hear someone say, “Is that scriptural?” Let’s have a peek in the King James Version .

“And God *said*, Let there be light: and there was light.”  
Genesis 1:3

“So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he them; male and female created he them.”  
Genesis 1:27

God *SPOKE* and things happened.  
He created us IN HIS OWN IMAGE therefore when we *SPEAK* things happen.

Why were we not told this a long, long time ago. I’ll leave that up to you to explore. In the meantime, I would like to echo something I said at the outset...

**DON’T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF.**

# Spiritual Experience

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