

STA REPORT FOR AUGUST 20, 2015

From Bob: Today was one of those times I was very privileged to be at the Plaza. The whole first hour was taken up by three 30-40 age men seemingly in sad straits...and fortunately they came one after the other so I could spend full time focused on each, with others coming along in the midst to take books off the table who didn't seem to need discussion. There wasn't a completely common theme among the men: David, a very intelligent guy, is in addiction rehab but feels that there's no hope in his life---even suicide came up; Mike begged me to give him something that would take his constant thought away from alcohol; and Tom came over to say he was led to this table, was a totally lost soul, and sensed he could get something from our encounter. Whew. Each of these men was sincere, attentive, and not under the influence of anything. I let 'em have it forcefully---describing their status as expressings of infinite Love and Life, their absolute childlike innocence, and their own under-appreciated abilities to sense that innocence deep down despite whatever material suggestions came along. I shared how we consider God to be spiritual qualities, not a guy in the sky who gives and takes, and that by relating to those ever-present qualities is where their success, happiness and confidence is---the spark of divinity within which links them to all good, all harmony, all love, all guidance, and the power to deny or affirm that which needs to be denied or affirmed. They each took it all

in and definitely left with some new ideas about who they are. Me too.

During the second hour another sad older man, just out of prison, shared that he was also essentially "a lost soul" and simply didn't know what to do or how to do it. I repeated much of the earlier discussion, more gently this time, and he, too, responded positively. Each of these men took an S&H and in three of the cases it seemed appropriate to start them off with *The Ultimate Freedom* to give them a frame of reference.

Naturally there were other books gifted along the way. There was also an occasional international flavor: one to a Pakistani or Indian woman plus a French translation to a lovely couple of Christian French-speakers from Democratic Republic of Congo. It was a holy day!