

Abundance

By Jim Meskimen

My mother, Marion Ross, believes in Abundance. That's Abundance with a capital "A". And to know her is to understand perfectly what she means; she truly seems to want for nothing. It makes it hard for us to buy her presents at Christmastime; she already has everything.

Part of her abundance is expressed by absence, in the NOT having the unnecessary, like the latest digital hoo-haw; it means as well as the Abundance of having a surplus of the things that really matter to her. And though some of these things she possesses are somewhat materialistic and could even be considered extravagant, those are not the things, which she places any real value on.

She places a high worth on glamour, but not at the expense of actual value. For instance, she often wears big, showy earrings, but will proudly report that they came from "Target". She still has her big, white 1960 Rolls Royce, but has a jar of Grey Poupon mustard in the back seat, lampooning the sort of people that take Rolls Royce's seriously.

Many of her life's experiences have granted Marion an understanding and mastery of Abundance. Her faith and spiritual beliefs have given her confidence in the concept of an infinity of possibilities and limitless attainment, which are a kind of spiritual entitlement. Maybe she had an innate understanding of this all her life, and found agreement with her ideas in the Bible. Certainly through the practice of a busy lifetime of application of the principle of abundance has shown her that it is a winning and satisfying way to operate. Where she got it or how is unimportant, that she recognizes it and has it as a part of her daily life, where so many do not, is.

I've observed an amazing ability in my mother to create her own world, liberally decorated with comforts, style and beauty, and share it abundantly with others. I've seen her approach a project, such as remodeling a house, with no immediate way to finance it, then instantly attract the necessary money to do the job properly, without compromise or delay. I have witnessed this so many times; I recognize it as the expression not of poor planning or chance, but of a fully realized personal strategy.

So, what *is* this idea?

If you ask her, Marion will say that the universe wants her to have everything she wants. Not exclusively, but that all people deserve it as their birthright, as God's creations. She believes in a God of plenty, of generosity, of Abundance with a capital "A".

I don't myself know how to talk about God and garner a lot of instant agreement, but I have broken it down to my satisfaction without having to know or defend the whys and wherefores of the authorship of this universe.

Really, it's as plain as a kid making a crayon drawing. Something can be made out of nothing. Happens every minute of every day. As a former kid with a long gone crayon or two, I can attest to it with confidence.

This world has a lot of creations and creating going on. Where social or artistic creations are not flourishing there is usually trouble being created, at least. The level of quality of creation has everything to do with the kind of shape that particular part of the world is in.

There are many forces, it seems, that would try to negate this simple fact.

Sometimes, because of economic pressures, advertising, and other manipulations, we begin to feel that everything is running low. Everything can be seen in the physical universe to shrink, break down, if but slowly and become scarce. Whole industries start and thrive because of real or imagined scarcities, which seem reasonable because of the self-evident rule of gradual decay.

It's a safe bet that any object in this world is going to need a call to technical support one day. Even the Egyptian, who somehow managed to sculpt things out of granite, would recognize the need for Spackle.

And it seems that few opportunities exist to witness the opposite effect, the creation of something. Where they do exist and can be seen, they are considered to be remarkable, otherworldly, magical or unbelievable. Some people consider creation to be kind of edgy and dangerous. And there have been tricksters, con men who "created" things out of thin air... or your thinning wallet.

The universe is large, so we are reminded, but earth seems to be all we ever experience of it. Really it is a vast thing, full of more objects and conditions than anyone can easily envision.

And an infinity does exist, of creatable things. And abundance is the result. And who does the creating? Well, apparently God does. But, so do you, and I. It's all around us, once you start looking.

Somebody created all the money that has recently "disappeared" or the debts, which are popping into existence daily. I guess God could take credit for the invention of money or sub-Prime mortgages, but I don't think that would be very canny public relations. I seem to remember that actual human individuals might have had something to do with that concept, and for the various currencies and chicaneries that exist today.

So, if money can be created, surely anything can be.

This still doesn't answer the question of "How does one live a life of Abundance?"

The first thing to do, is conceive that this Abundance really can be so, that the scarcity of things might not be as true as the apparency would lead us to believe. I think this is an innate thing for people to do; when we say, “it’ll all work out” or “it’s going to be fine” we have done a little creating right there. We decided, in a way that fundamentally is no different than Michelangelo deciding, “I’m going to make that sibyl’s garment pale rose” that something is going to happen, just because we say so.

What follows then, of course, are steps to bring the final result about, but the initial thought is “It shall be”. *Voila!*

So, a world of abundance may not seem like the world you currently live it. But I have seen my mother pull things out of the hat that no hat could possibly contain, and not once but many, many times. And as her many close friends know, she happily shares all that she has yanked out of the void and into this physical plane.

That’s Magic with a capital “M”, and around our house, *M is* for Marion.