

VisionNews

Vision Education Centre

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Dear friends,

If you are nearsighted and have some observations you would like to share with other vision students, please send them to me for the next newsletter.

You will notice on the class schedule that there are two Level Two workshops scheduled for this spring - one for learning to see more clearly in the distance, and the other for close-up clarity. I hope to see you soon at a class, a workshop, or for a private lesson.

The **Vision Educator Training** begins in March. I am very much looking forward to having more Vision Educators in Canada, and will let you know how to find the new graduates when the time comes!

I invite you to share this newsletter with your friends, family and colleagues.
My very best wishes to you all!

Elizabeth Abraham

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*All beings, grass and trees, when alive, are soft and bending.
When dead they are dry and brittle.
Therefore the hard and unyielding are companions of death,
The soft and yielding are companions of life.*

*Under heaven nothing is more soft and yielding than water.
Yet for attacking the solid and strong, nothing is better;
It has no equal.
The weak can overcome the strong;
The supple can overcome the stiff.*
Lao Tzu

'Think of proper vision, then, as being as vital as breathing. If you were to hold your breath for too long, the strain and tension would build to such a point that you might pass out. If you 'hold your mind' to concentrate or stare, the strain causes your vision to 'pass out' in a sense. You mustn't interfere with the natural pulse and beat of your eyesight. By all means be attentive, but avoid staring. Maintain your refractive rhythm to be in tune with the Tao.' *Restoring Your Eyesight: A Taoist Approach* by Doug Marsh

NEARSIGHTEDNESS (MYOPIA) PART ONE

People who are nearsighted can see clearly close up. Things in the distance are a blur. Can you think of some advantages and disadvantages of this?

The muscles that circle the eyes of people who are nearsighted are perpetually tight and inflexible, causing the eyes to be longer from front to back than the eyes of those who see clearly in the distance. Do you think that eye muscles can learn to relax and become more flexible like other muscles?

Many people who are nearsighted are afraid of competitive situations and of looking foolish. They feel stressed and hold their breath when they are the centre of attention. Do you think it's possible that their way of seeing might change if they could relax and accept themselves as they are?

People who are nearsighted tend to be perfectionists and try hard to succeed. They often do very well at school, but their need to excel causes stress in their eyes and mind. Typically, they prefer reading to playing sports or joining group activities. Do you think it would help them if they found activities that encouraged them to look into the distance while having fun with their friends?

People who do not see clearly in the distance are told there is nothing they can do about their vision except wear glasses. I wonder if they find that their vision improves after they've worn glasses for a few years. What do you think?

COMMENTS FROM STUDENTS

In December 2006, my boyfriend and I traveled to Dominican Republic for a week in the sun! We had just finished Elizabeth's 'Learning to See More Clearly' classes, which we enjoyed very much. I found the classes gave me more confidence to be in strange places without my glasses.

Elizabeth's advice was to go the whole week without glasses. This didn't happen, but we did a lot of reading without our glasses, and in the proper way. The best thing was when we went to a set of waterfalls. We had to climb up the falls assisted by a guide, and then either jump or slide down into each

pool below the falls. We had our glasses on going up the falls, but the guide advised us to take them off for the trip down as we may lose them when we jumped or slid into the water. This was a huge breakthrough for me, and I broke a fear barrier that day. When I was about 6 years old I had a scare in a water park, getting stuck on a waterslide and not being able to see. I can still feel the fear to this day when I think of it, and being around water without my glasses on has made me feel extremely uncomfortable ever since then. But after gaining confidence from Elizabeth's classes, I was able to give the guide my glasses and proceed to jump and slide my way down the falls and walk through uneven terrain as well! I even jumped a THREE-meter jump successfully! Thanks Elizabeth for helping me to see that I CAN see without glasses! S.M.

The vision student who sent me this story wrote: 'I sent you this story because I thought it is exactly how things like recovering your vision are done! Just a little each day as you go. You just have to want to. You have to start. There has to be some joy to sustain it. It grows with you. You grow because of it. Others are amazed at what you've done and can't believe it. Yet it continues.' R.H.

'Mother, you must come to see the daffodils before they are over', my daughter said over the phone. I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead.

'I will come next Tuesday' I promised a little reluctantly on her third call. Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and made the drive to her house. When I walked in I was welcomed by the joyful sounds of happy children. I delightedly hugged and greeted my grandchildren.

'Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in this fog, and there is nothing in the world I want to see except you and the children!'

My daughter smiled calmly and said, 'We drive in this all the time, Mother.' 'Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears, and then I'm heading for home' I assured her.

'But first we're going to see the daffodils. It's just a few blocks,' Carolyn said. 'I'll drive. I'm used to this.'

After about twenty minutes, we turned onto a small gravel road and I saw a small church. On the far side, I saw a hand lettered sign with an arrow that read, 'Daffodil Garden'. We got out of the car, each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path. As we turned a corner, I looked up and gasped - before me lay the most glorious sight!

It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it over the mountain slopes.

The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, creamy white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, and saffron and butter yellow. Each different variety was planted in large groups that swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. There were five acres of flowers.

'Who did this?' I asked Carolyn. 'Just one woman,' Carolyn answered. 'She lives on the property. That's her home.' Carolyn pointed to a small, well-kept A-frame house sitting in the midst of all that glory. We walked up to the house.

On the patio we saw a poster. 'Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking', was the headline. The first answer was a simple one. '50,000 bulbs,' it read. The second was, 'One at a time, by one woman. Two hands, two feet, and one brain.' The third was, 'Began in 1958.'

For me, that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than forty years before, had begun, one bulb at a time, to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountaintop. Planting one bulb at a time, year after year, this unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. One day at a time, she had created something of extraordinary magnificence, beauty, and inspiration. The principle her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principles of celebration.

That is, learning to **move toward our goals and desires one step at a time** - often just one baby-step at a time - and learning to **love the doing**, learning to **use the accumulation of time**. When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we find we can accomplish magnificent things. We can change the world.

'It makes me sad in a way,' I admitted to Carolyn. 'What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five or forty years ago and had worked away at it one bulb at a time?' My daughter summed up the message of the day in her usual direct way. 'Start tomorrow,' she said.

She was right. It's pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterdays. The way to make learning a lesson of celebration instead of a cause for regret is only to ask, **'How can I put this to use today?'**

Use the Daffodil Principle. Stop waiting....

Until your car or home is paid off. Until you get a new car or home. Until your kids leave home. Until you go back to school. Until you finish school. Until you clean the house. Until you clean off your desk. Until you lose 10 lbs. Until you get married. Until you get a divorce. Until you have kids. Until the kids go to school. Until you retire. Until summer. Until spring. Until winter. Until fall. Until you die.....Have a clear vision, commit, believe, go for it and have fun!