

HIDDEN RIPPLES

Life's Unspoken Language

Also by Lemuel LaRoche

Tree of Life: The Human Ascension

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Life's Unspoken Language

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Dedication

As branches fall from the tree, new leaves blossom to celebrate life and carry on the root's wisdom. The cycle will carry on.

This book is dedicated to the memory of my grandmother, Rose Dickerson, my grandfather, Bruce L. LaRoche, and my father, William A. Taylor. The wisdom you all shared will carry on for many generations.

This book is also dedicated to all the beautiful new leaves on my family tree: Miylad & Khalida, I'mon, Akilah, Alivia, Max, Sarah, Khalid, Noah, Jasaiyah and Lemuel. May life shower you all with early wisdom. May you all find your purpose and contribute wonders into this world. May the wisdom shared in this book be carried with you along your journey.

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Once in Every Life



By my father,
William A. Taylor

A tender, sweet, and innocent leaf was about to fall from a tree. It was not ready to go, but it was sad for lack of understanding. No one had taken the time out to explain to it what it was created to do. Seeing all other leaves about her falling gracefully, she lamented until a breeze came with comfort.

“Why are you ...crying so?” asked the breeze.

The tender sweet innocent leaf answered, “I am about to fall and I am afraid.” The Breeze who was very understanding sat and comforted the leaf....



The Seven Dresses

By my mother,
Pam LaRoche Proudfoot

*In this world,
materialism is the fabric of man.
This is the wisdom that was passed down to me.*

It was a bittersweet day. We'd just buried my grandmother who was ninety-six years old. Looking at her beautiful face, garbed in white, she looked at peace. No stress, no wrinkles, just peaceful; but that's the way she carried herself in life and beyond.

The tea kettle started to give a soft soothing whistle, and the rain was gently hitting the window pane. I walked around looking at her small, humble abode. No TV, just a radio, plants, sofa, table, and a small garden in the backyard. She used to say,

“If anyone ever broke into my home, once they looked around, humph, they might leave me something.” *Jokes, always jokes.* And we'd laugh.

Looking into her bedroom takes me back to when I was a child, spending my summers with her. One day, as I looked into her big empty closet, I said, “Grandma where are all your clothes?”

She said, “That's it. Count them for me Habibi,” and I counted all the way to seven.

“Grandma, you only have seven dresses? Why? Are you poor?”

She laughed, “No baby. There are seven days in a week and I put on a clean dress every day. You may not understand now, but someday you will.”

The Farmer's Daughter

*His great-grandfather was a farmer.
His grandmother was a farmer.
His father was a farmer.
He left his farm to chase the magnetic lights
shining in the cold city.
He starved to death,
but his gifts lived on!*



His great-great grandfather was a farmer who possessed an extra-ordinary gift. Once a year, at the peak of summer, after the last leaf matured for the season, he would challenge himself to a thirteen-day fast. He drank only water to keep himself hydrated from the summer heat, and chewed the many herbs provided by the forest. He whispered his secret to a passing butterfly: “After the ninth day of fasting, my body gears into a numb cocoon-like state, similar to the process you encountered during your metamorphosis. When my body reaches this stage, I am no longer in control of my flesh, for I’ve become a passive observer.”

By the thirteenth day, he could hear and feel the heartbeat of the forest roots pounding through his bare feet. He

would then follow the thumping beat to the center of the forest, place his palms on the oldest tree he found and, for the next seven days, chant the names of every leaf that blossomed in the forest during that spring season.....

A Cycle of Greed

*It is the vulture's greed, which will eventually take his life.
It is the vulture's gluttony, which will shorten his breath.
Until he learns that sharing is a sacrifice of love,
he will forever wallow in the cycle of death.*

It was a scorching hot and dry August day. A lonesome black vulture soared the dehydrated sky of the Arizona desert in search of a meal. His belly ached with hunger pains as his eyes desperately combed all corners of the desert for food. It was his third day without a meal and weakness now consumed the little strength he once possessed. The hidden hand of hunger caused desperation to ripple through his thoughts, but the heavens now favored him. He watched a wounded adult male Peccary slowly limping and holding desperately to life after being struck by a speeding jeep.

The impact from the collision sent excruciating pain up the spine of the Peccary and eventually locked still his legs as he collapsed on the highway, shaking and gasping for his final breath.

The vulture witnessed the entire dramatization from the distance and quickly headed to the location of impact to investigate the scene. He soared patiently above, waiting for the reaper to shepherd away the Peccary's spirit, while observing the sky to assure that no one else was a witness to the event. He analyzed the corpse from afar. After concluding that no traps were being set by the land dwelling creatures, he zoomed down with full speed to partake of the deceased Peccary now lying in the middle of the road.....



Failed Mission

*The power of words and thoughts
can inspire great wonders,
as well as great destruction.
One can never hide from his true self.*

It was a humid day in July and the playground of Spring Grove Apartments was filled with laughter, the sound of crickets singing summer lullabies, and children enjoying their summer break from school. The foul smell sailing from the open kitchen window of Apartment 23 attracted hundreds of flies to feast on the bags of garbage left there that hadn't been emptied in weeks. While the flies were filling their hairy bellies with the leftover trash, the entire Roach clan was journeying from all corners of a kitchen cabinet. They were in route to their sacred meeting place in the center of the cabinet, which sat directly above the stove.

The clan's chief, Elda, was pacing back and forth on the rooftop of a salt container with one hand on his back and the other hand slowly stroking his long gray beard. He was preparing to give an elaborate speech. As he downloaded the details of his speech through his antenna, the various clans were making their way towards their selected seats.

Chief Elda's antenna rose to a unique position, signaling that the entire clan was seated and prepared for the meeting. He stopped, stood still from his pacing, and gazed into the audience. He raised both arms and the clan immediately replied with a dead silence.

He spoke with his usual wise words and calm demeanor. Chief Elda said,



Purpose

*Never doubt or surrender the power within you.
For as the sun shines with luminous purpose;
The blue ocean waves with calm purpose;
The trees stand in purpose;
Also, the mosquito has a purpose.*



The Queen saw the article while looking through her crystal ball. The title read: *Top Scientists Will Test Water Supply in Zimbabwe*. The article covered less than a quarter portion of the page and sat lonely in the bottom right corner of page 8b of the *World in Scope* newspaper. Only those readers whose hobbies were reading the entire newspaper saw the tiny article and like many other stories before this one, they shoved it in the back of their minds where they buried the rest of the worthless news fed to them daily.

“Funny how things can be hidden in plain sight,” murmured the Queen. She was an old and wise bee, only one of three remaining unique Queen Bees in the entire southern

region of Africa. She stared into her crystal and watched the entire episode unfold before her. She smiled as she placed her small crystal in the petal of a Ghaap and said in a soft whisper, “Humans, when will they ever learn?”

Approximately one hundred and sixty miles southeast of the Queen, a young and inquisitive mosquito named Farai was flying through the bushes of Mutare in Zimbabwe with her head low and her eyes staring at the pond.....