

Life Tells Us
I, II, III

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LIFE TELLS US

I, II & III

Neio Lucio – Francisco C. Xavier

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2003



Special thanks to the SAB's team who participated in
this project: Danny Claudio & Crisley Thomé

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Group of New York - 2003
<http://www.sgny.org>
Email: sab-books@sgny.org

Original Title: A Vida Fala I, II e III - FEB

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Cover design and drawings: Paulo Jose
Edition: Crisley Thomé
Library of Congress Control Number:

Main entry under title: Life Tells Us I
1. Religious Philosophy 2. Spiritist Doctrine 3. Christianity I.
Xavier, Francisco C.– A Vida Fala III

ISBN

The **Spiritist Group of New York (SGNY)** is a not-for-profit organization, which has the sole aim to promote and disseminate the Spiritist Doctrine in English, as codified by Allan Kardec.

The group was officially established on April 12th, 2001. However, some of its participants have been earnestly fostering the dissemination of the Spiritist Doctrine in the United States and in the United Kingdom for about ten years.

As a result, a number of its founders and participating members have founded the **Spiritist Alliance for Books (SAB)**, which is an organization that aims to unite people from all over the world who are willing to volunteer in the effort of translating spiritist books (which were originally written in other languages) into English.



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Life defines itself
in a very basic way:
the more useful, the more valuable,
and the simplest, the more beautiful.

Marcelo Gama¹

A great soul possesses
in everlasting alliance
a mature intellect
in a child's heart.

Chiquito Morais²

¹ Excerpt from the book "Trovas do Outro Mundo" (Rimes from the beyond), by various spirits, 1st ed. FEB 1968, p. 59, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.

² Excerpt from the book "Trovas do Outro Mundo" (Rimes from the beyond), by various spirits, 1st ed. FEB 1968, p. 53, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.

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The Power of Gentleness

A very distinguished professor dreamed of building a school in a poor neighborhood. He could not bare the thought of seeing so many young children growing up without the benefit of an education. One morning he set off to take his plans to city hall.

The mayor listened to his plans and then exclaimed:



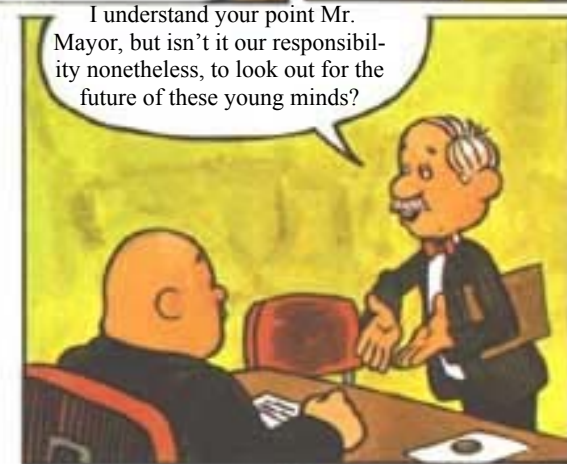
Law and goodness not always march side by side. You go ahead and build it and we will give you the proper authorization.

But the professor was determined to become a voice for all those voiceless children. He insisted:



But Mr. Mayor I personally lack the financial resources.

Well, what can we do?



I understand your point Mr. Mayor, but isn't it our responsibility nonetheless, to look out for the future of these young minds?

The mayor, quickly changing his tone of voice from friendly to annoyed said:

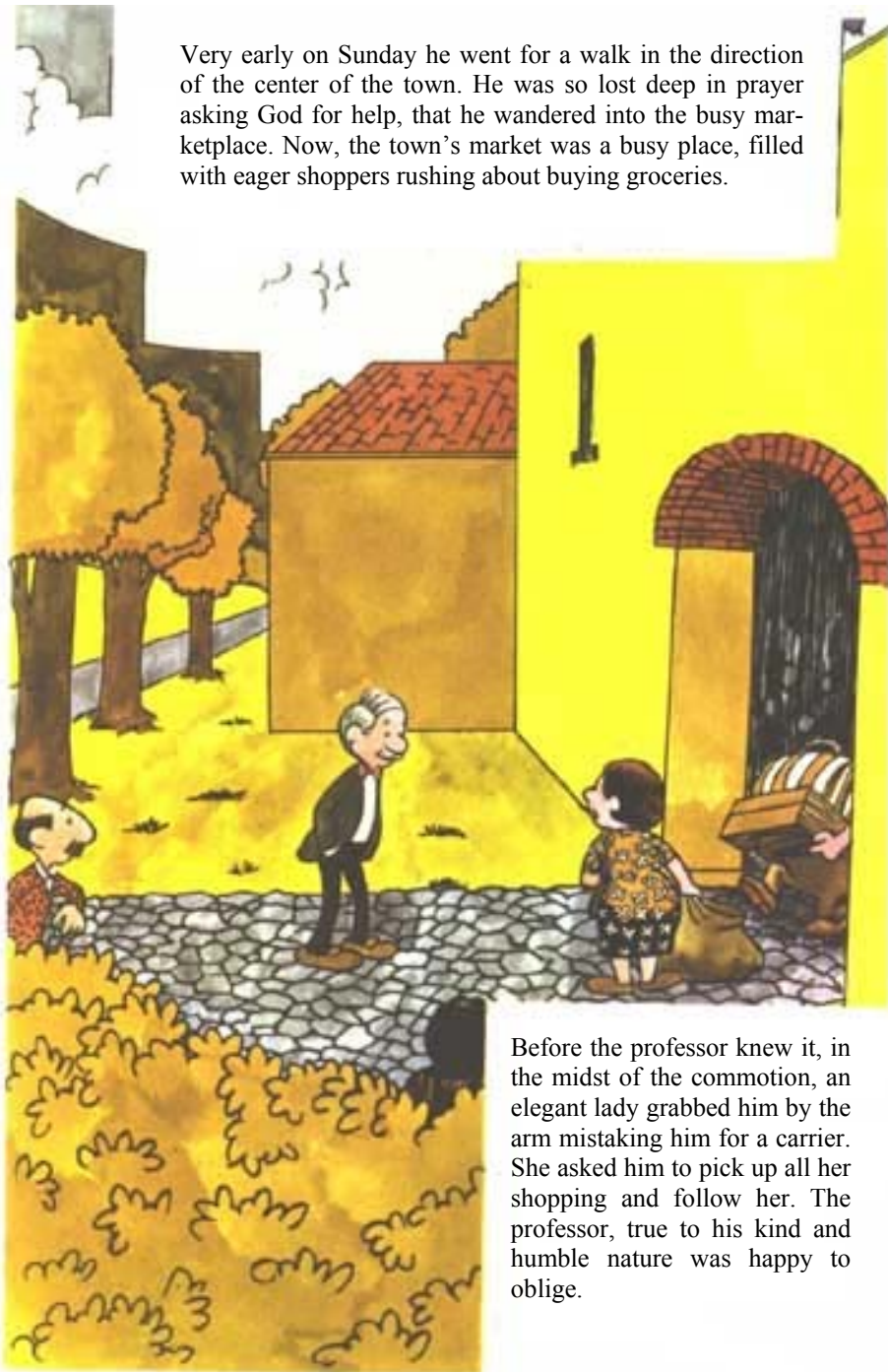


Look, you are disrupting my administration.



The professor left very disheartened. Despite the mayor's objection, he could not bring himself to accept leaving the children resigned to such grim a fate.

Very early on Sunday he went for a walk in the direction of the center of the town. He was so lost deep in prayer asking God for help, that he wandered into the busy marketplace. Now, the town's market was a busy place, filled with eager shoppers rushing about buying groceries.



Before the professor knew it, in the midst of the commotion, an elegant lady grabbed him by the arm mistaking him for a carrier. She asked him to pick up all her shopping and follow her. The professor, true to his kind and humble nature was happy to oblige.

Standing in front of a large bag of vegetables, the lady asked him:



The professor obliged and put the bag over his shoulders.

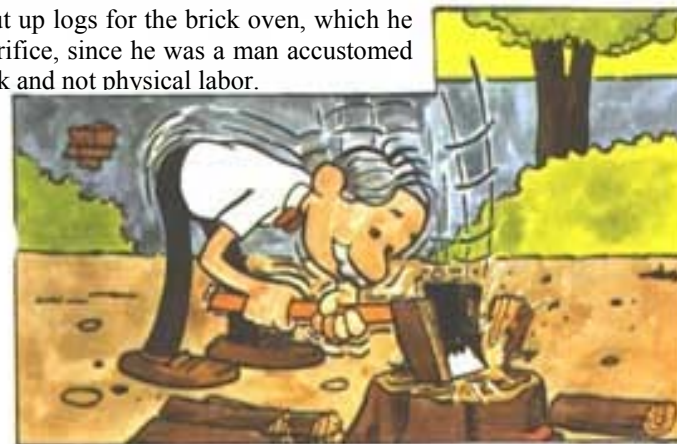


After walking for about half a mile, they entered an elegant home.

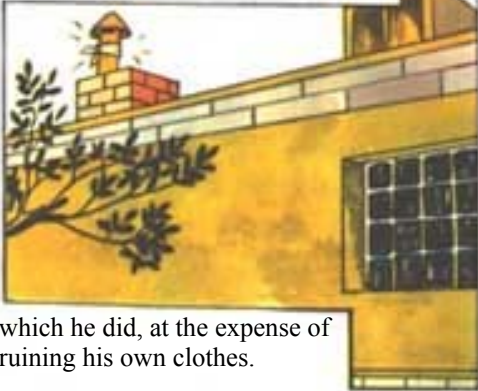
At that moment, the lady, recognizing in him a willing helper, asked:



So she had him cut up logs for the brick oven, which he did with great sacrifice, since he was a man accustomed to intellectual work and not physical labor.

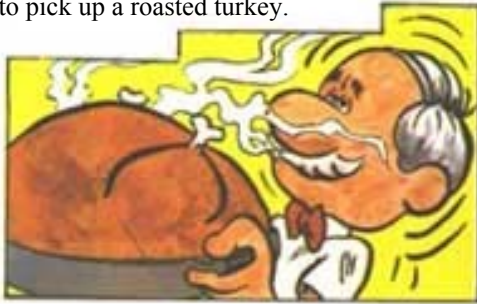


After, he was made to fix the chimney,



which he did, at the expense of ruining his own clothes.

Covered from head to toe in chimney soot, he was sent three miles down the road to pick up a roasted turkey.

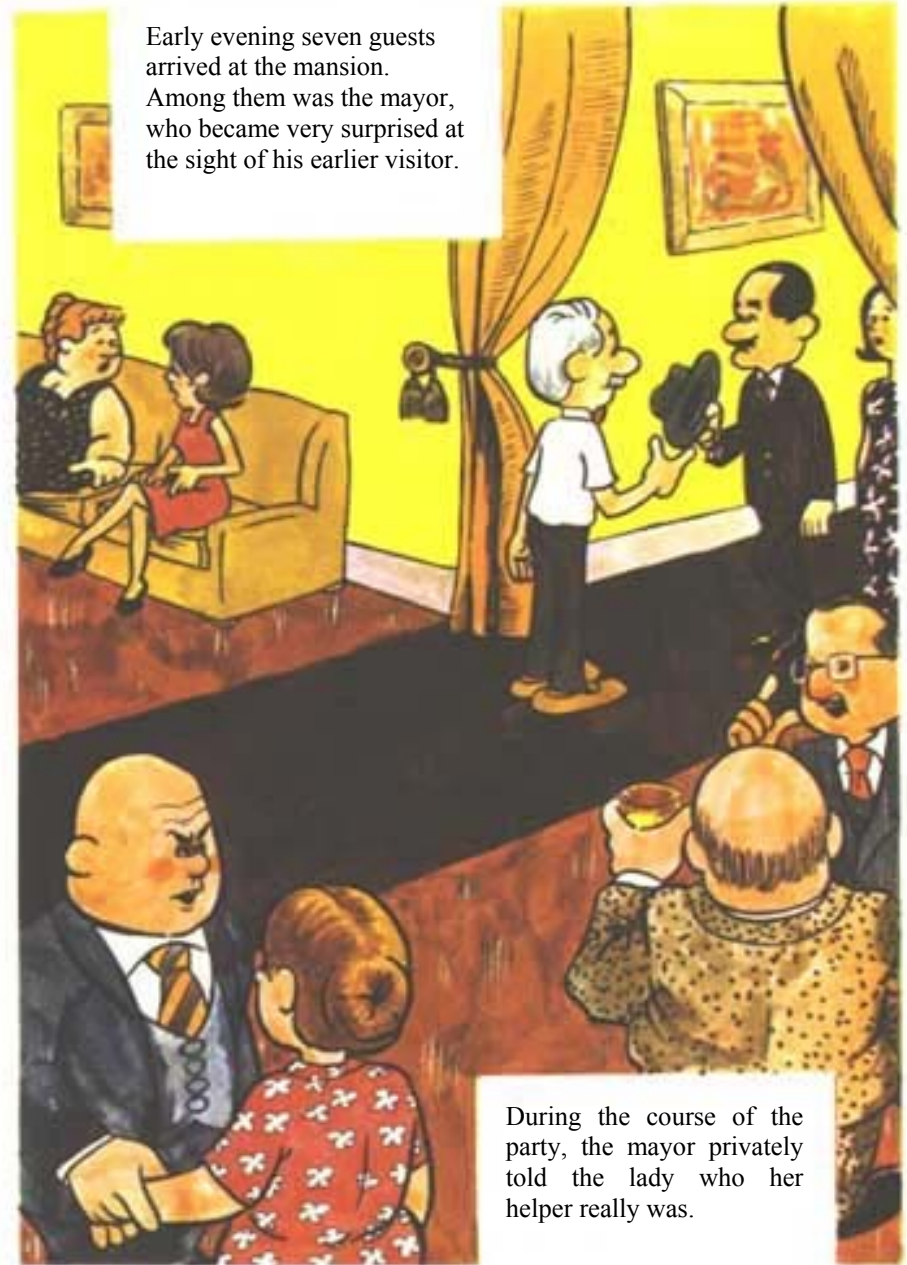


It was with his last breath that he made it back with the mighty platter.

Next, he was asked to clean the kitchen and the large dining room area where guests would dine.



Early evening seven guests arrived at the mansion. Among them was the mayor, who became very surprised at the sight of his earlier visitor.



During the course of the party, the mayor privately told the lady who her helper really was.

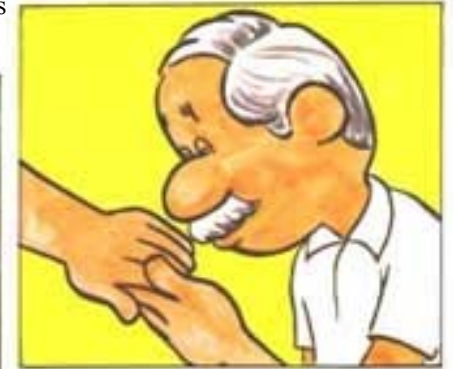
When all the guests were gone and everything was cleaned up, the lady, visibly uncomfortable, asked the “helper” what his fee was for his services. The good man simply responded:

“Oh, nothing. It was a great pleasure helping you out,” and then left.



The next day, he was the one in for a surprise. The lady paid him a visit in his humble home and, after apologizing profusely, announced him that a large ample building had been conceded to him for the establishment of the school that he wanted to set up. She said that the children could make use of the property without any problem and that the mayor personally would take care of the necessary permissions and construction would start right away.

The professor was speechless.. Tears of joy came rolling down his cheeks...



... and he kissed the lady's hand in recognition, gratitude and friendship.



The professor's good nature had made it possible to overcome all the obstacles. Example is more powerful than any argument. Once again, the power of gentleness won.



The Giving Hen

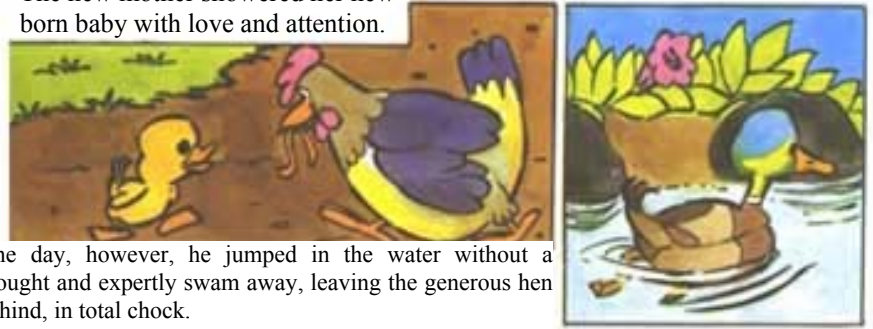
A kind and loving hen once found an egg. It was not hers, but she chose to care for it with great dedication. Patiently she sat on it for hours on end, giving it the warmth and protection it needed until the moment of hatching. She was so devoted indeed, that even when it was necessary to go look for food, she rushed right back to keep the little egg from feeling lonely.

The proud mother told herself:

“This little egg will be my very own baby chick! Yes! It’ll be my child!”

One beautiful morning, under clear blue skies, the little egg finally hatched.

The new mother showered her newborn baby with love and attention.



One day, however, he jumped in the water without a thought and expertly swam away, leaving the generous hen behind, in total chock.

Mother hen managed to call out to him several times:



Come back!
Come back!

...but he neither replied nor came back. He was a runaway duck.

The hen returned to the hen house extremely sad.



I have hatched an egg that was not of my kind.

Sometime later she run into another abandoned egg...

... until it hatched.



...and once more, she nurtured it...



... but the lovely hen noticed that her baby, again, was not a chick.



She carefully looked after him...

Soon enough, he too flew away to join the other crows.

Mother hen was very sad.



It was a shrewd baby crow.

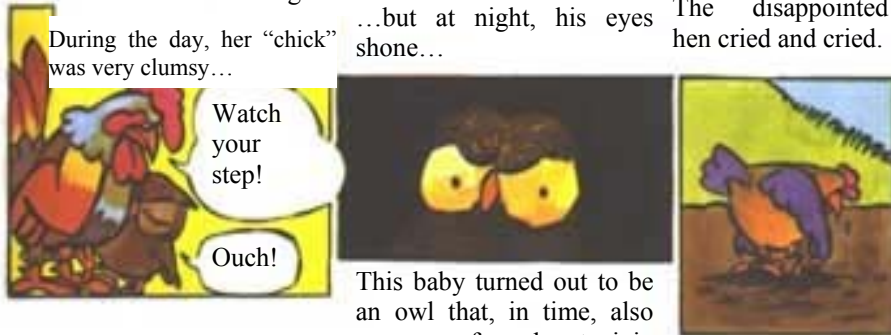


She said:
 "From now on,
 I will live alone."
 But that lasted
 only until she
 found yet another
 egg.

True to her goodness, she took it in, hatched it and tenderly looked after it



As the baby grew though, she noticed something mighty strange.



This baby turned out to be an owl that, in time, also ran away from her to join his kind.

Upon coming across stray egg number four, she decided to give it another try. Starting all over again, she helped it hatch and develop.



...that it grew very, very large.

One day, she caught him staring at her with intense disapproving look. The "chick" went as far as to mistreat and disrespect her.

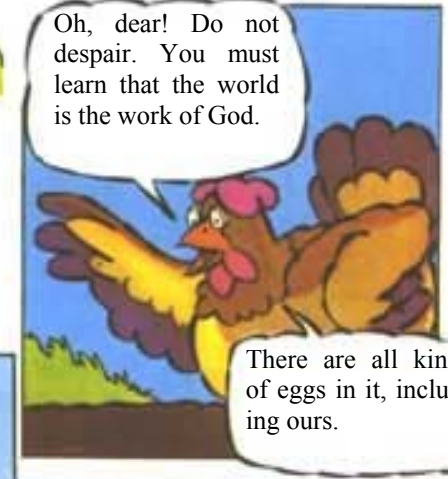


It turned out to be a vain and proud peacock.



This time the giving hen was at the end of her rope and fell into despair. She ran out of the hen house screaming and wanting to jump into the river to rebel against her destiny. At that moment, an older more experienced hen noticed how heartbroken she was, asked her what was wrong. "Oh, it's just my life!" cried out the hen, telling her story.

The older and wiser hen displaying a serene look of understanding replied:



All along you have done what is right. Continue to help and nurture in every way possible but do not cling to those you help, for they belong to God only.

There are all kinds of eggs in it, including ours.



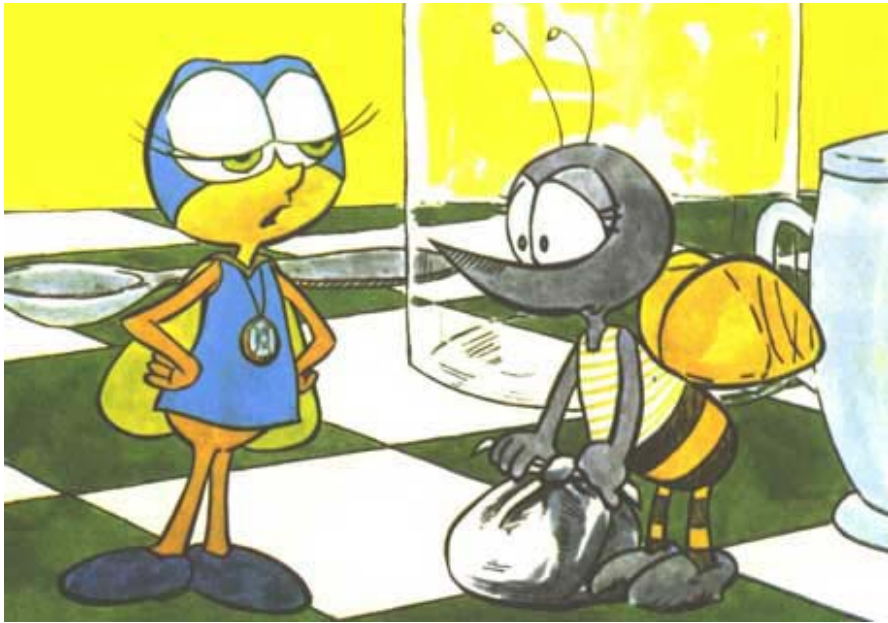
The giving hen returned to the hen house with a mended heart and greater understanding.



And so it is with this world we live in. Even within our family, some of our closest relatives may not share our values and beliefs. They bring from past lives certain tendencies that need time to change and commitments that need time to play out. While we wished they could understand and bond with us, they seem to be strongly pulled in the direction of "strangers," with whom they have assumed unavoidable responsibilities.



No need to be sad. The light or the darkness in which each person lives, has everything to do with how spiritually evolved they are. The challenge is to love without clinging to results, knowing that God invariably finds the way to everyone's heart.



The Praiseworthy Bee

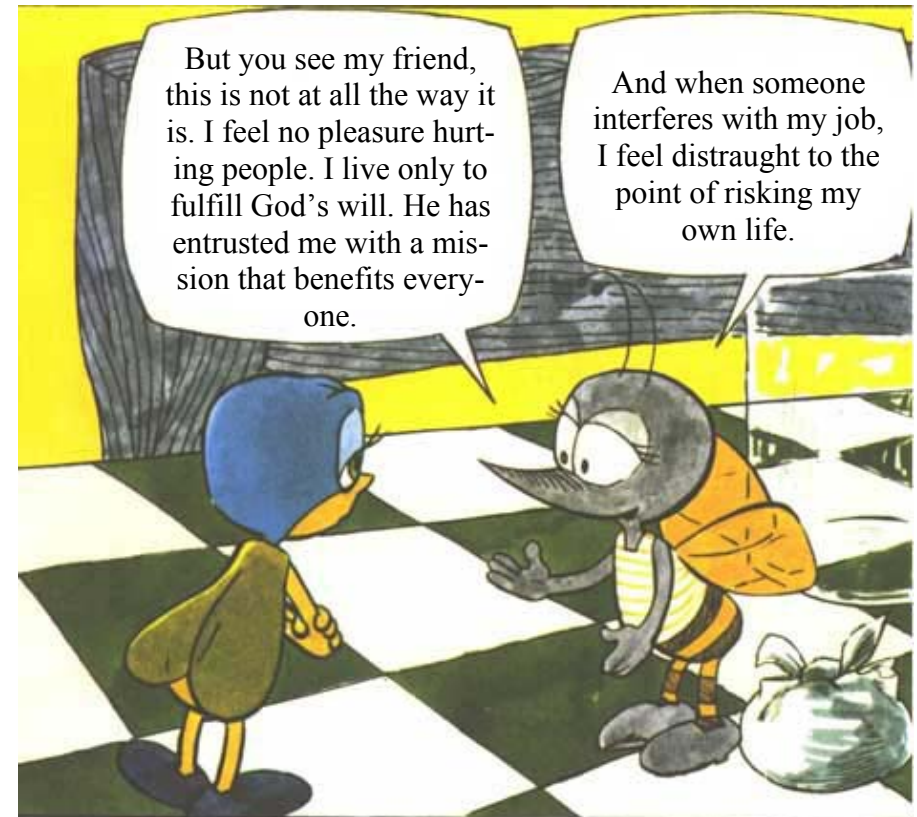
One fine morning, a showing bluish-green fly met a busy bee that was toiling about helping her sisters in the making of honey.

The arrogant fly said to the bee:

“Say how do you like when everyone runs away from you screaming hysterically and trying their best to smash you? They all fear your sting, you know?”

“Oh, don’t I know it?” replied the bee. “It feels terrible. And what is worse, I don’t even feel good when I sting. My own protection means also my own death.”

“Very well then. Why not try to live with more grace and distinction?” the fly insisted. “Why sting for a living?”



The fly concluded.





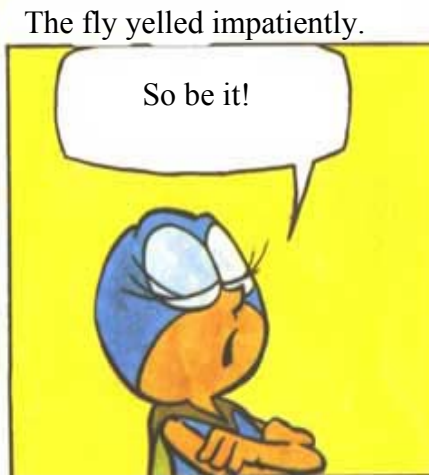
But I can't devote so much time to my looks! The nature of my work does not allow me to look beautiful all the time!

Making honey, however, is essential to the survival of the beehive and is also very necessary to many people. It is a full time job that does not leave me with time to waste on my exterior appearance.



But have a look at your feet, will you? They are so unkempt!

I am on duty.



The fly yelled impatiently.

So be it!

And capriciously cleaning her wings, the now quiet fly assumed a position of one who is observing.



At that moment two ladies with a small child came into the room. As soon as one spotted the bee she screamed.

While the sweet bee quietly flew away seeking the protection of the beehive...

Look out! There is a bee and they sting without mercy!

... the lazy fly stayed and used the opportunity to put on her pointless show. She paraded around for quite some time and showed off every bit of herself.



Oh look at her! Isn't she a jewel...?!

How pretty!

After some time of gliding around...



...the conceited fly finally landed on the kitchen table.

There she laid eggs on the bread, on the fruit
and on the cake...



...contaminating everything.

It also landed on the baby's
head dropping numerous
eggs on an open cut.

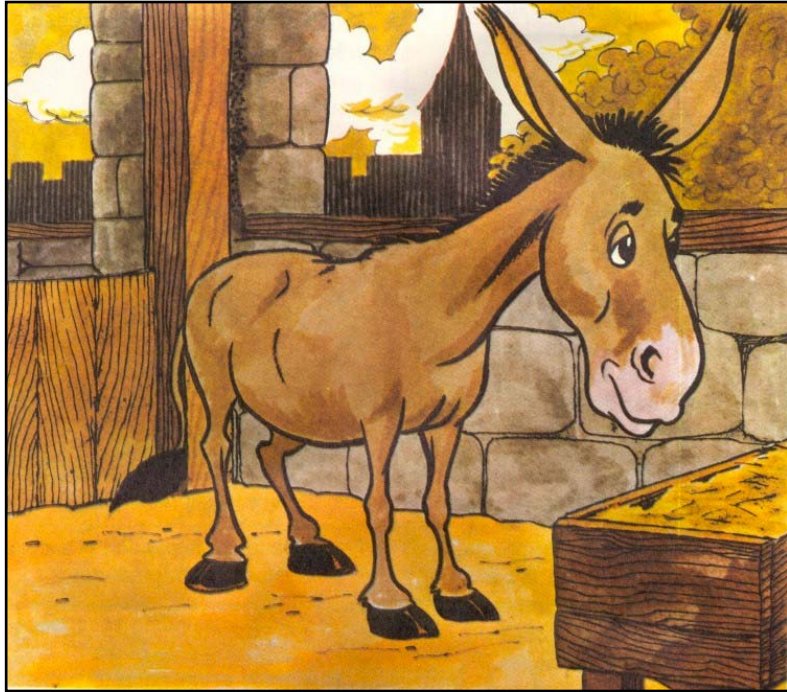


Some hours
later, the en-
tire family
felt very dif-
ferently
about the fly
because they
were all ill.
The charm-
ing jewel had
spread dis-
ease all over.



The same often happens in real life...

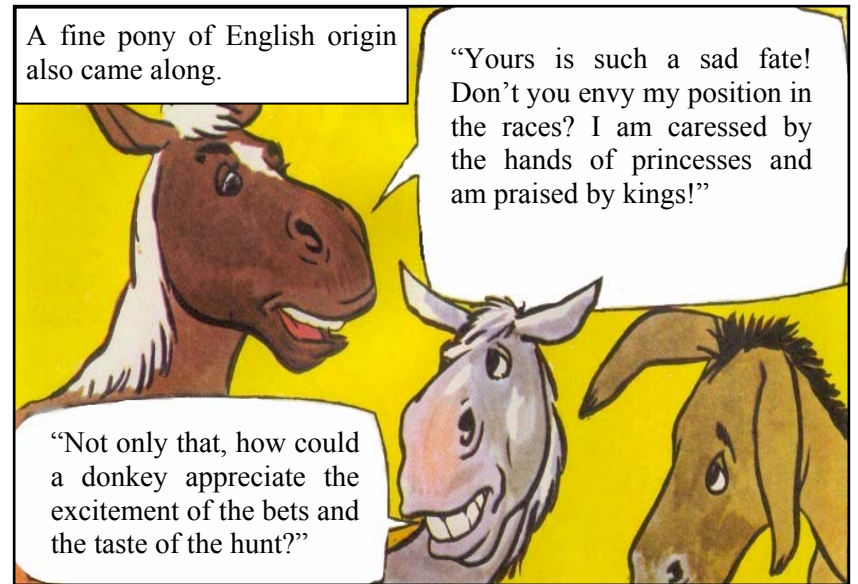
There are good dedicated and trustworthy people that seem undesirable at first sight. Simple, honest committed to responsible work and higher principles, they become victims of scorn and disdain over their appearance, while they perform their duties for the benefit of all. On the other hand, there are those, like the fly, with spotless looks and flashy smiles who after dashing us with their looks leave us contaminated with the disease of slander, selfishness and deception.



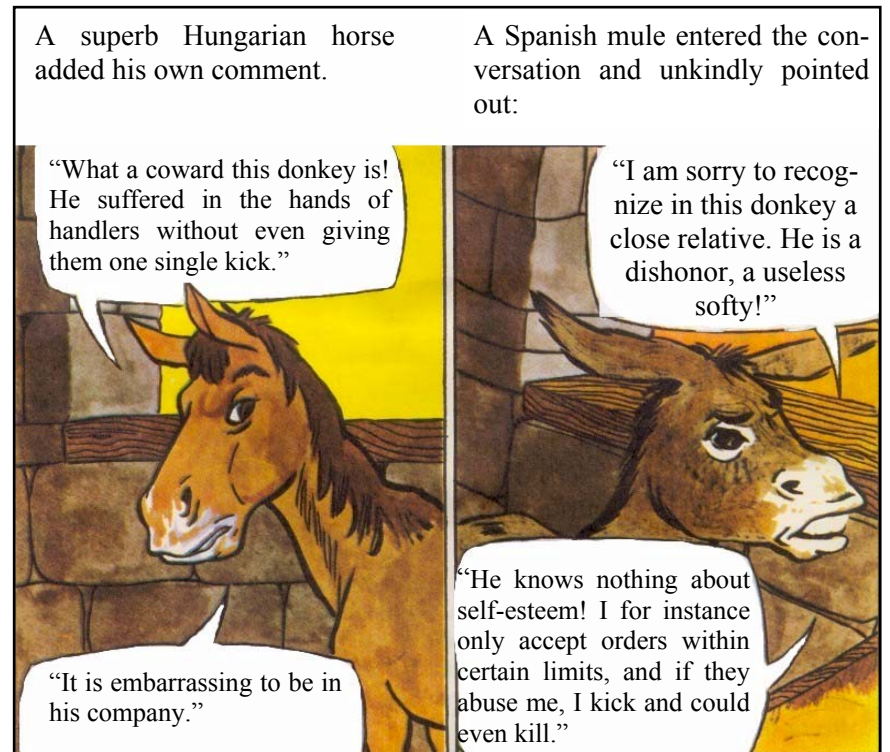
The Donkey

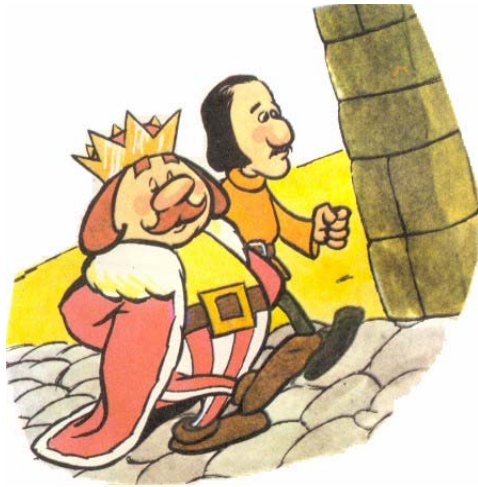
In a time when there were no cars, in the stables of a famous royal palace a donkey felt very sad as his companions constantly mocked and made fun of him.

Noticing his unkempt fur, the deep scars on his back, and his humble and sad face, a famous Arabian horse, winner of many prizes, approached the donkey.



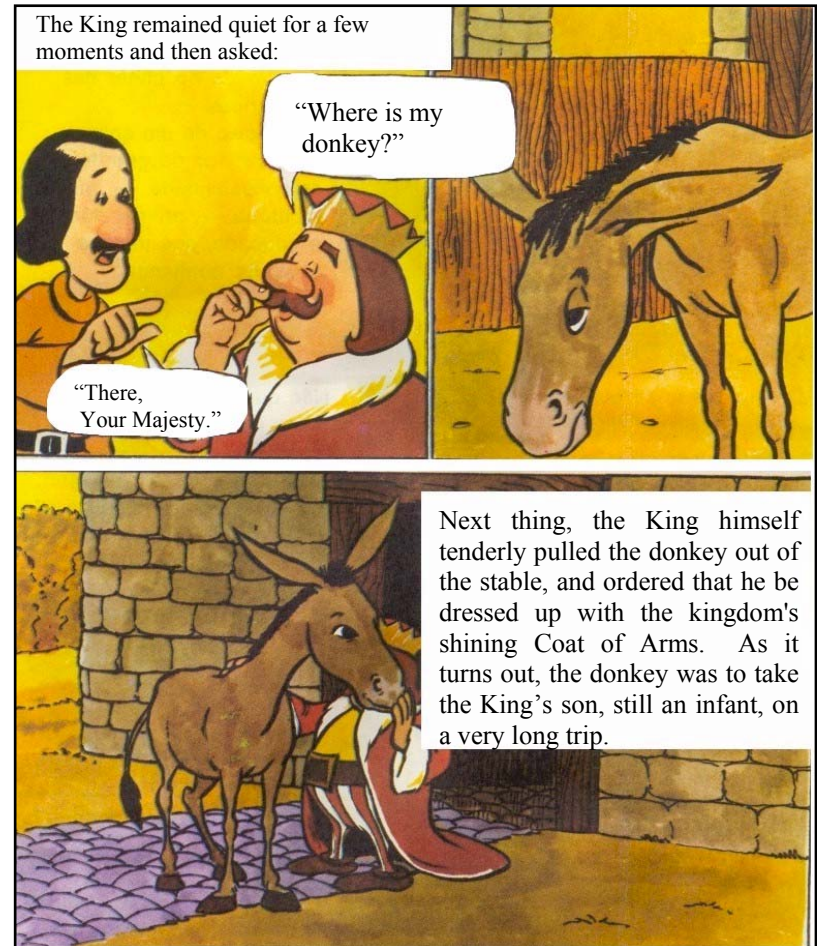
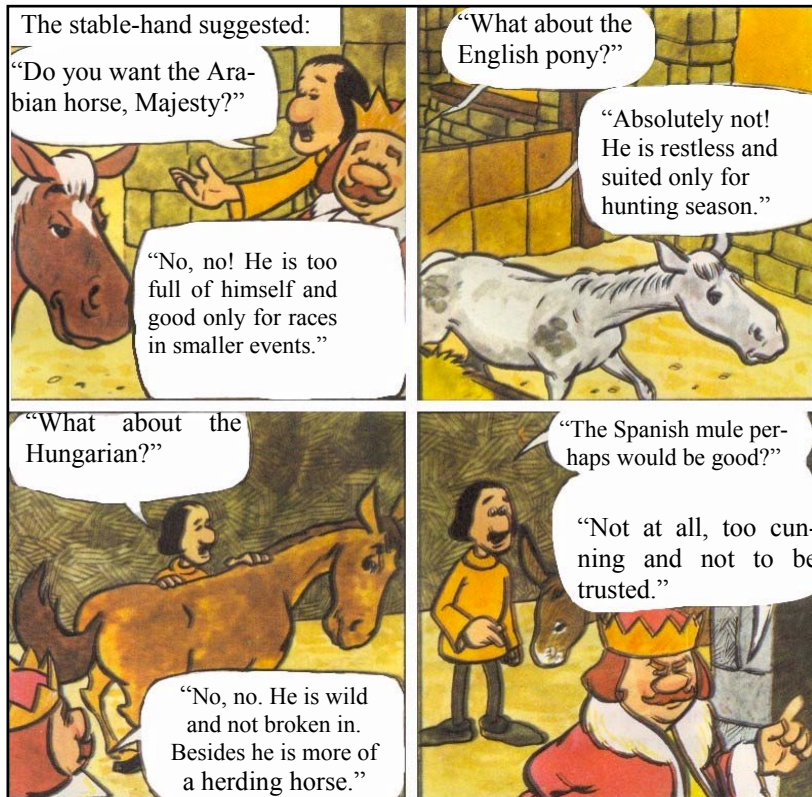
As usual, the unfortunate donkey suffered the mockery with resignation.



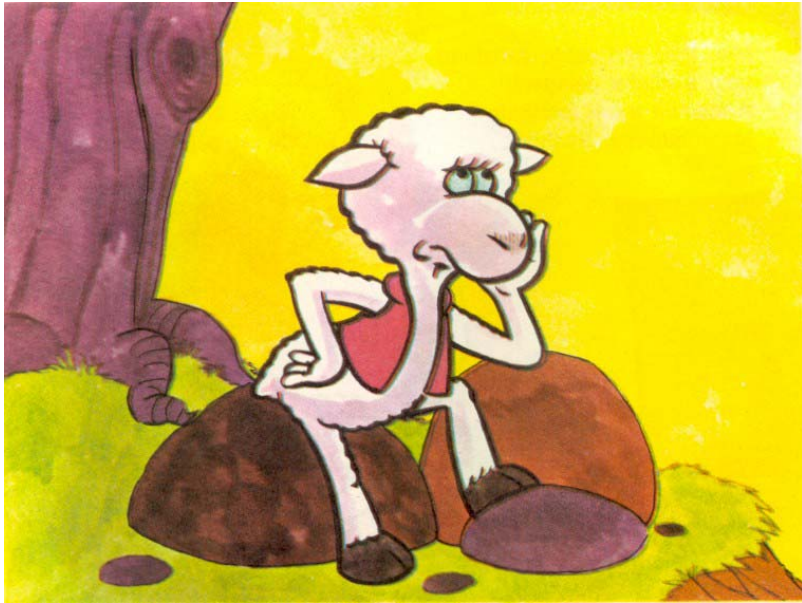


The insults were barely over when the King entered the stable together with his stable-hand.

“I need a particularly good animal for a special task of great responsibility,” said the monarch. “I want him to be sweet and gentle, well trained and totally trustworthy.”



The same happens in life. We always have a great number of friends and acquaintances, but only those who have learned to serve and withstand suffering without thinking only about themselves are the ones who can give us the best assistance.

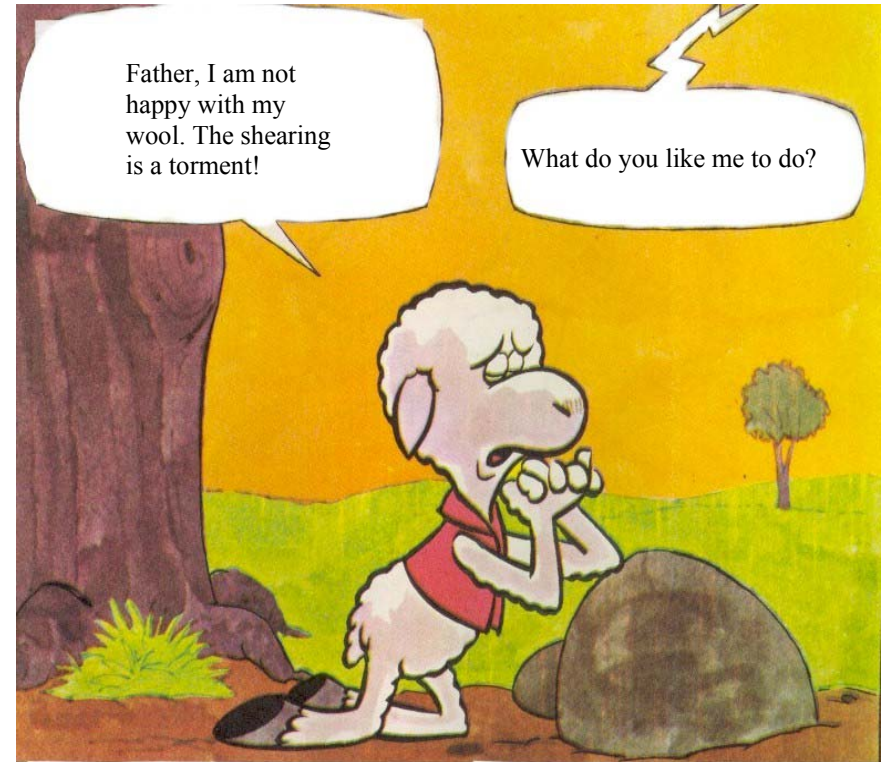


The Rebellious Sheep

A certain sheep, very intelligent but undisciplined, taking notice of the benefits wool brought everywhere, thought himself superior to all other creatures and began rebelling against shearing.

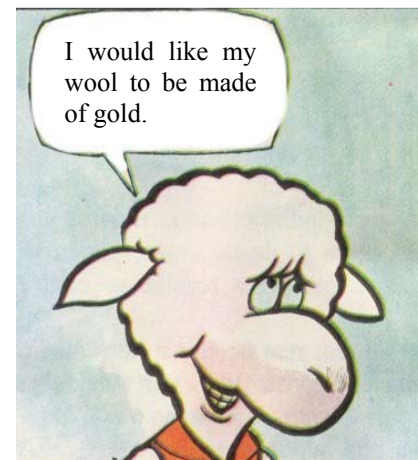
Being so precious, he thought, why should he accept the humiliation imposed by such huge shears? He thought of how that made him feel so cold from time to time, and forgetting the plentiful rations he got in the pen he would go on focusing only in the harm supposedly inflicted upon him.

Thus, feeling very distressed, he addressed the Creator:



Vainly, the sheep answered:

The request was immediately satisfied.

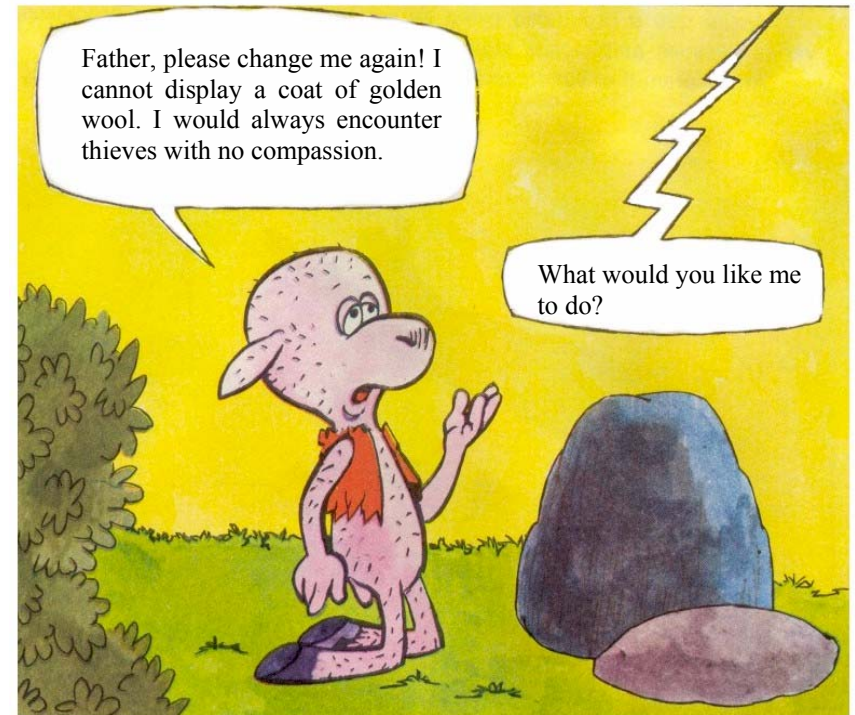


The sheep was turned into a golden one.

However, as soon as the proud sheep was seen covered in such precious wool, he was attacked without pity by greedy people who brutally pulled out his golden coat leaving him wounded.

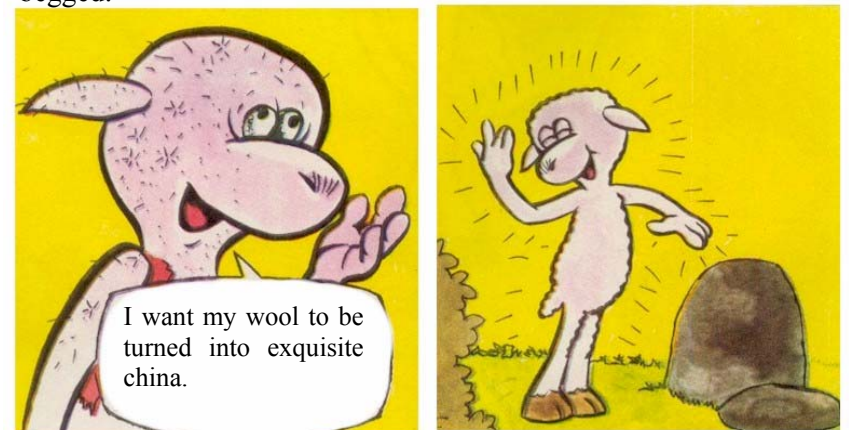


Unhappy and feeling sorry for himself, he again implored the Almighty:



The animal, full of vanity, begged:

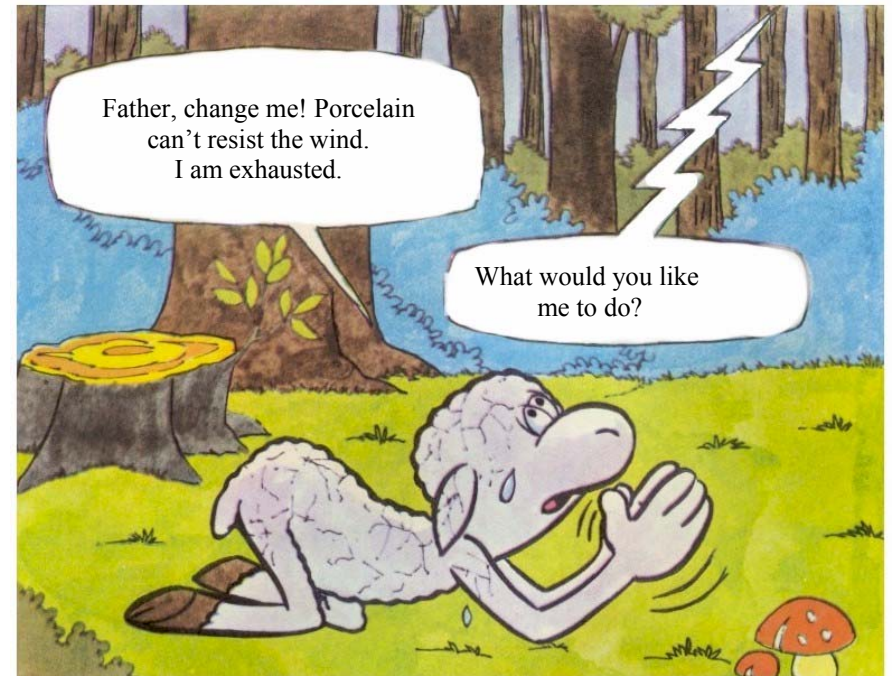
So it was done. His wool was transformed into precious china.





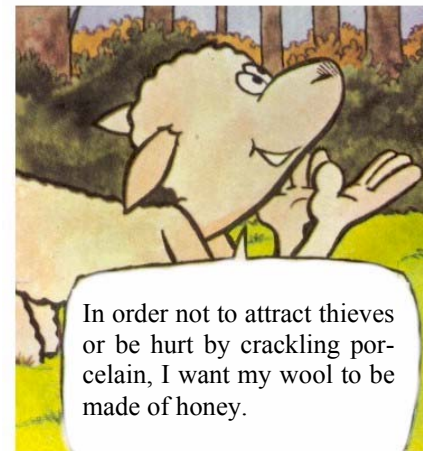
But as soon as he went back to the valley, a powerful wind-storm cracked his glazed wool tearing on his flesh.

In despair, he complained to the All-Merciful:



The sheep, without thinking, said:

The Almighty fulfilled the request.

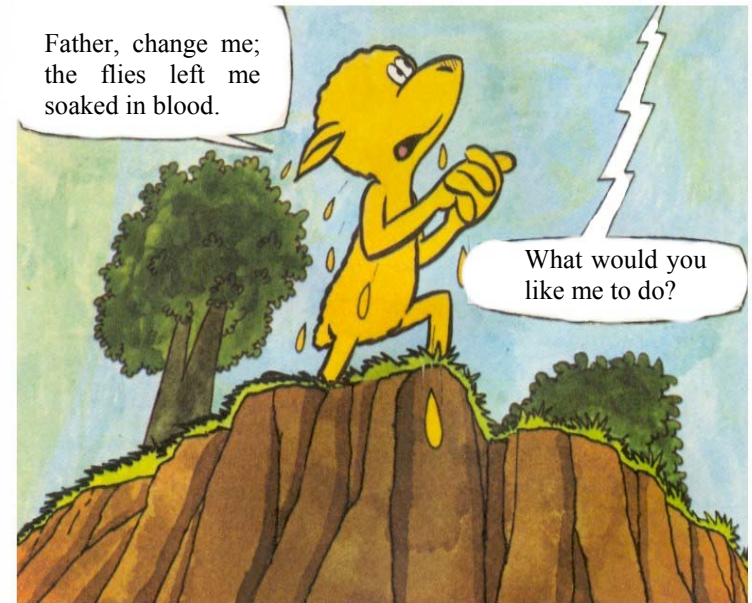


And so the wool of the sheep turned into the purest honey.

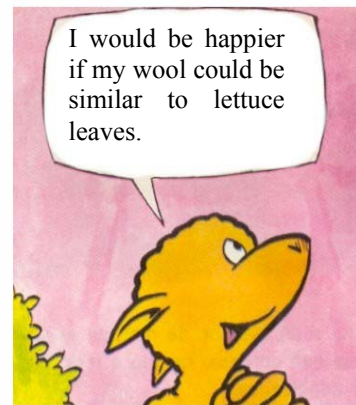


However, as soon as the poor thing was back in the pen, a blanket of disgusting flies covered him. No matter how much he ran through the fields, he could not rid himself of the flies sucking the sweet threads of his wool.

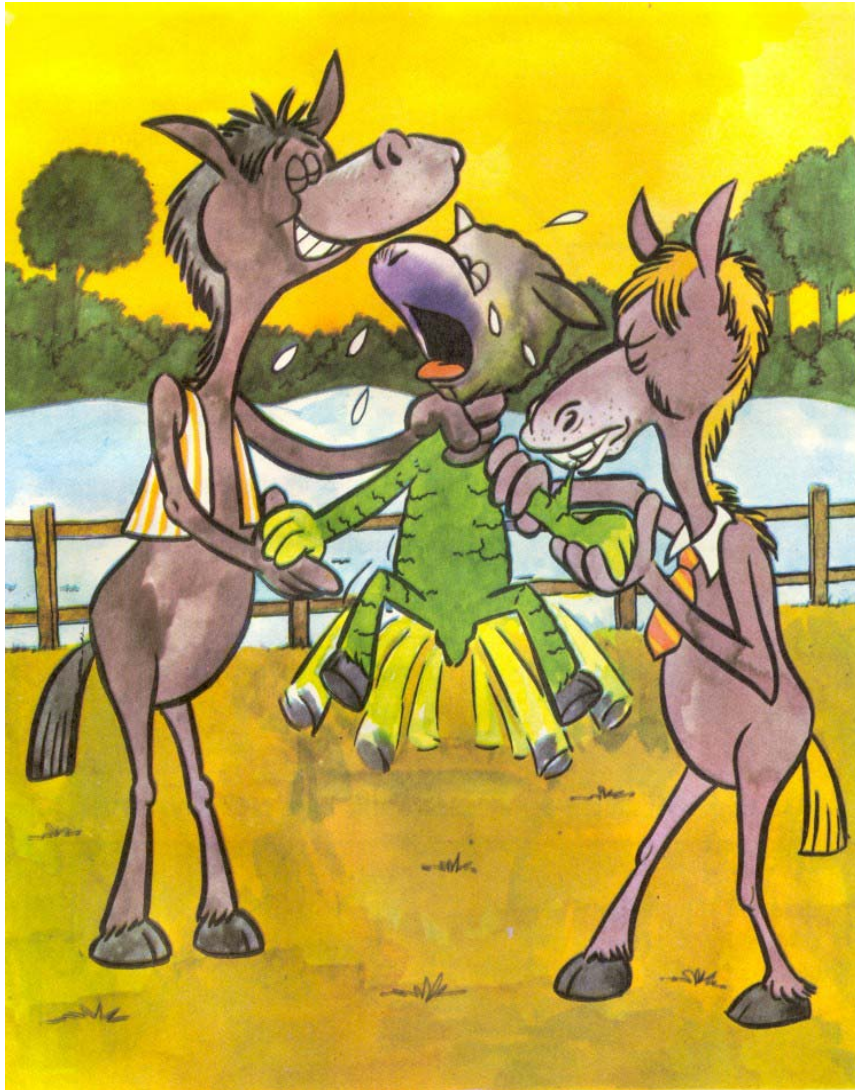
The unfortunate sheep, turning again to the Almighty, implored once more:



This time the sheep gave it more thought, and then said:

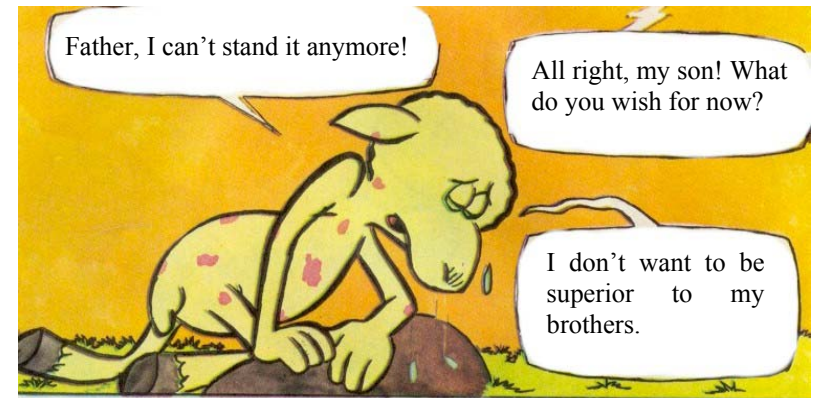


His desired fulfilled, he returned to the plains in his fickle contentment of being different from all others.

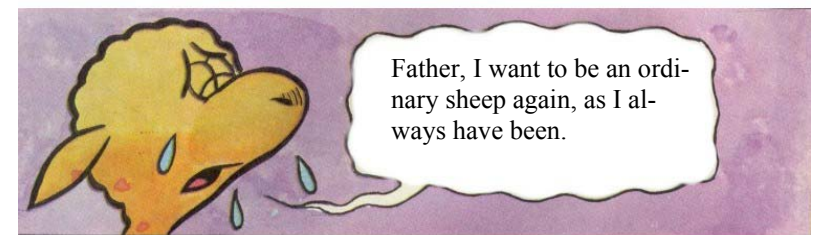


Yet, as soon as some horses laid eyes on him, he had no better luck than before. The horses sank their teeth into him, and after eating his wool, they also bit his body. The sheep once again sought the intercession of the Supreme Being and, bleeding from deep wounds, humbly groaned in tears.

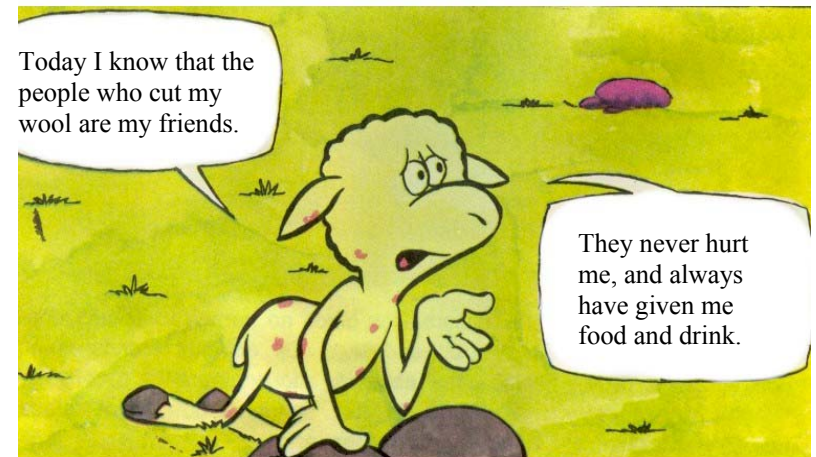
The All-Compassionate Father, seeing that the sheep felt really sorry, once more talked to him.

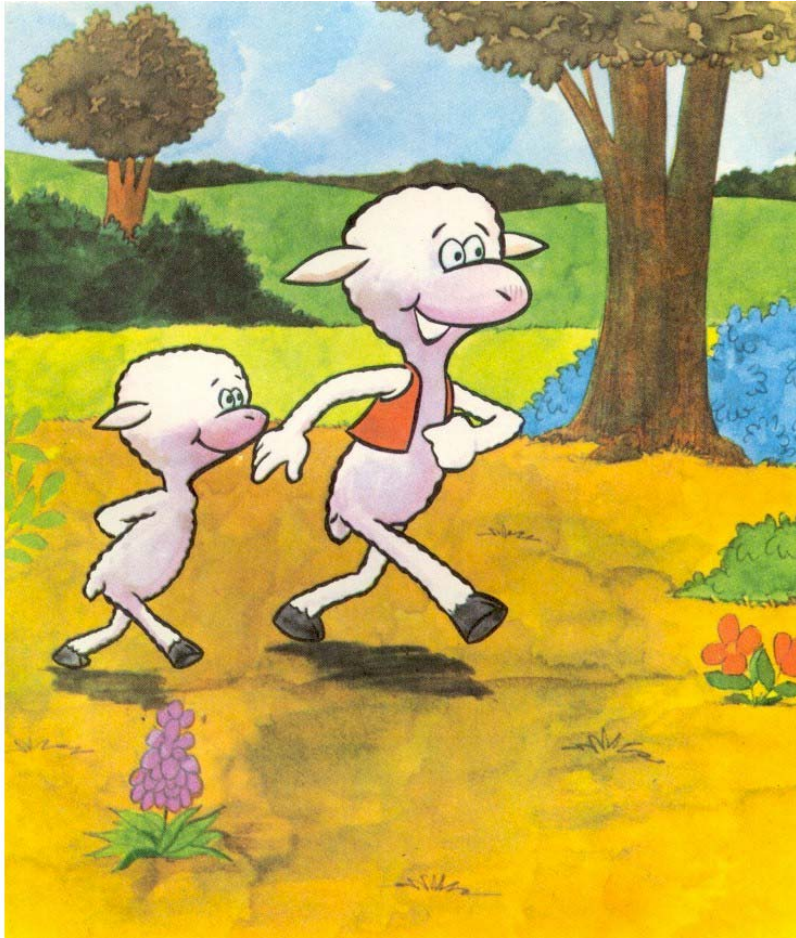


The unhappy sheep continued to plead tearfully.



I want to be simple and useful, the way you created me, Lord!



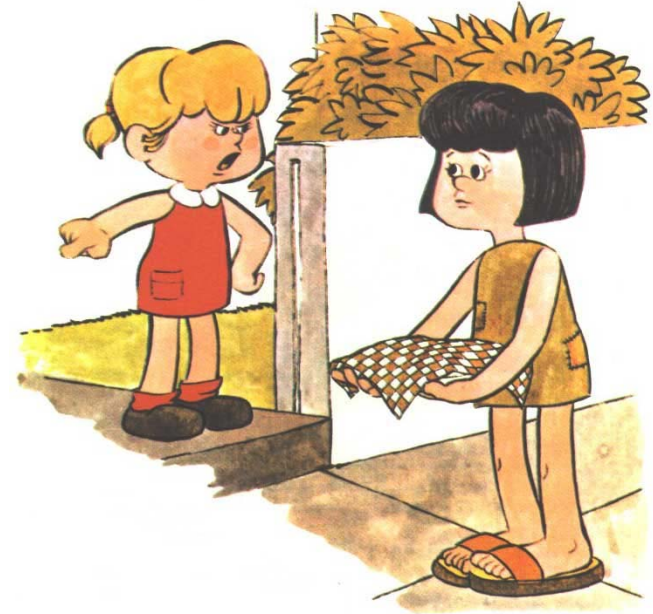


The Almighty Father smiled warmly, and blessing him tenderly, replied:

“Go back and follow your destiny in peace. You finally understood that my purposes are just. According to my Law, each creature is placed on Earth in the right place. And, if you intend to receive, you must learn how to give.”

The sheep, embarrassed but happy, returned to the valley and reuniting with the flock lived happily ever after.

An Unforgettable Lesson



Hilda, was a conceited rich young girl. She was especially rude to a poor little girl who knocked on her door, hoping to sell candy to help her family.

Every time the little girl heard things like:

"What do you want!! How can you bear to be seen like that? Go away and don't be a pest!" she yelled, unreasonably.

Embarrassed, the candy girl looked away in shame. Hilda's mother, in an effort to protect the candy girl and to educate her daughter, intervened:

"My, my, my...! Would you just look at that candy! How yummy! May I ask you who made it?"

The candy girl, who was very proud of her mother's talent cheerfully answered:

"My mommy."

And being the very loving and generous woman that she was, Hilda's mother bought the girl's candy.

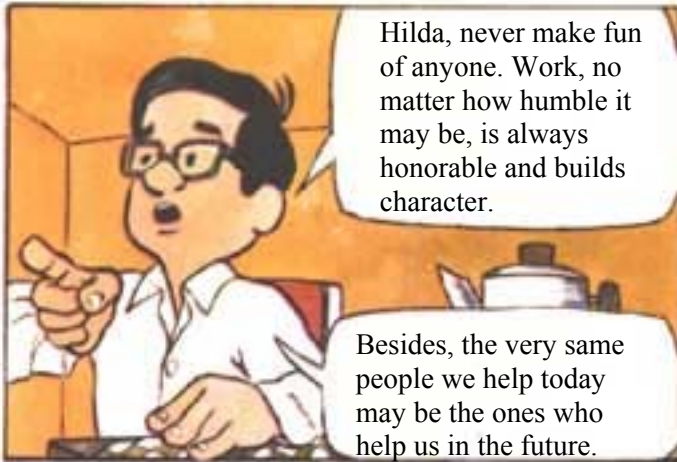
The nice lady decided to teach Hilda better ways:



Hilda, don't play around with destiny. Never reject the needy who come to our door looking for our help.

Who knows what tomorrow may bring...?

Hilda muttered something under her breath. That evening at dinnertime, Hilda's dad who was also concerned about his daughter's way said:



Hilda, never make fun of anyone. Work, no matter how humble it may be, is always honorable and builds character.

Besides, the very same people we help today may be the ones who help us in the future.

The next day, Hilda, ignoring her parents' advice, delivered her usual routine of insults and put downs.

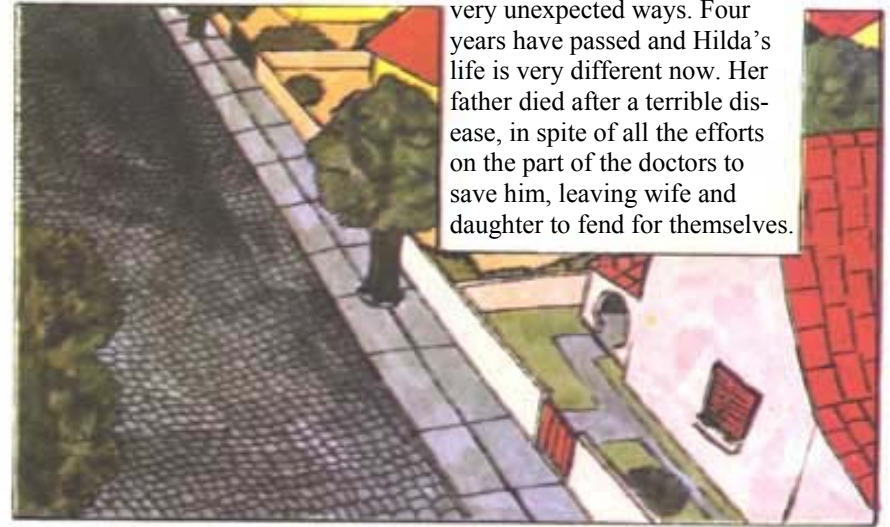


Didn't I tell you not to come back? Just take your stuff and go away!

Hilda's mother, compassionate as ever once again intervened in favor of the girl.



But life changes, sometimes in very unexpected ways. Four years have passed and Hilda's life is very different now. Her father died after a terrible disease, in spite of all the efforts on the part of the doctors to save him, leaving wife and daughter to fend for themselves.



Hilda's mother, overtaken by sadness and overwhelmed by the huge expenses of a lifestyle they could no longer afford, retreated helplessly to her bedroom and soon became too weak to even get out of the bed.

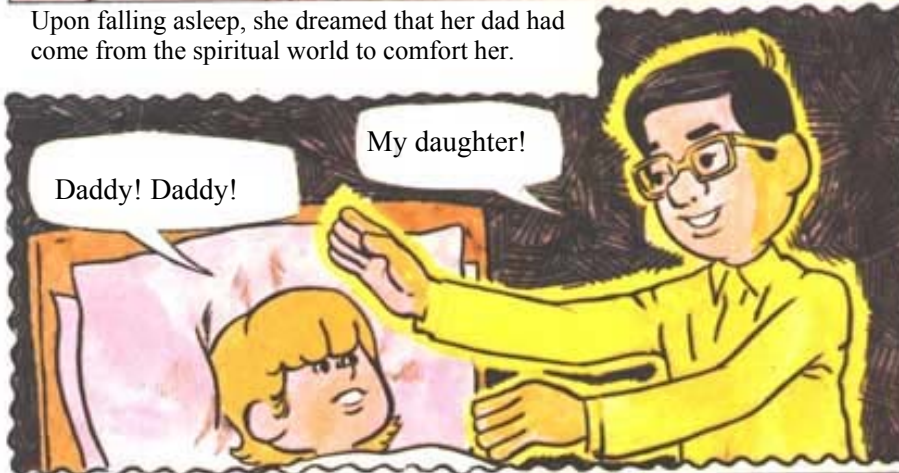


The family slipped into poverty overnight. Suddenly, the snobby girl who had originally been extremely wealthy could not even afford to buy a pair of shoes.

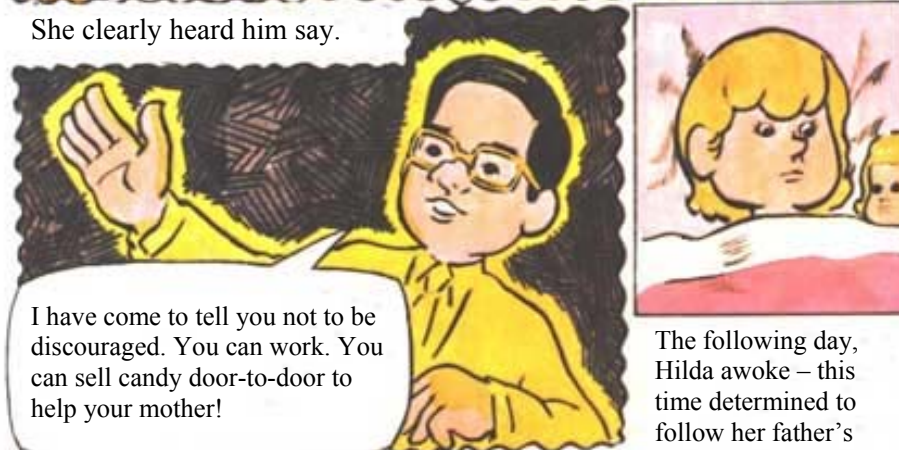
Hilda wanted to help her mother desperately, but was clueless as to what to do. One evening she cried like she had never cried before. In between sobs she remembered her father.



Upon falling asleep, she dreamed that her dad had come from the spiritual world to comfort her.



She clearly heard him say.



The following day, Hilda awoke – this time determined to follow her father's advice.

So both mother and daughter headed for the kitchen to prepare their best recipes. Once the tray was full, Hilda set out to sell. She knocked on many doors and encountered a lot of compassionate and generous people, who like her mother were eager to help and to buy her candy. Unfortunately, she also ran into a bunch of mean and rude young boys, from whom she heard things like:



"What do you want! Go away and don't come back."

Upon knocking at the door, a gracious girl came to the door.

It hurt so badly, the rejection and the humiliation of it all. At the end of the day Hilda decided to make one last stop. It was a very modest home.



Hilda recognized the girl immediately. It was the candy girl from the past. Anticipating a shower of insults, Hilda just stood there resigned to her fate.

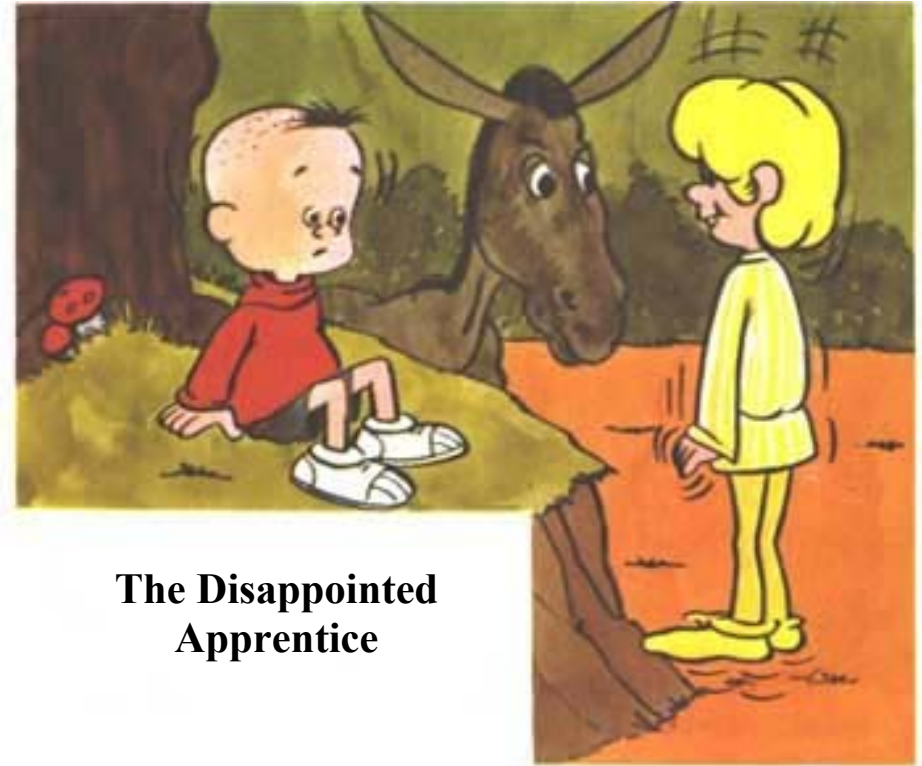
Hilda quite relieved, remembered her mother's teaching and said:



Instead the girl gave her a friendly smile.



The girl bought all the candy Hilda had left so that she could call it a day, and then hugged her in sincere friendship. From that day on, Hilda was a changed girl. Life had taught her an unforgettable lesson.

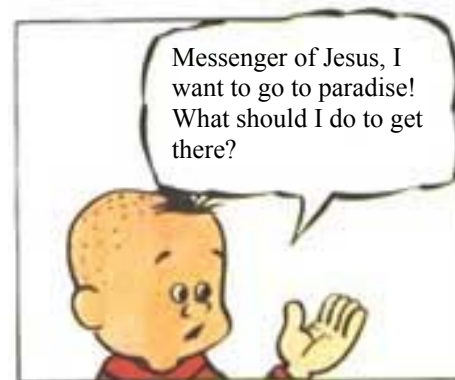


The Disappointed Apprentice

On a beautiful morning, a young boy who ardently wished to live in Heaven was out in the field with a donkey when a Good Spirit visited him.

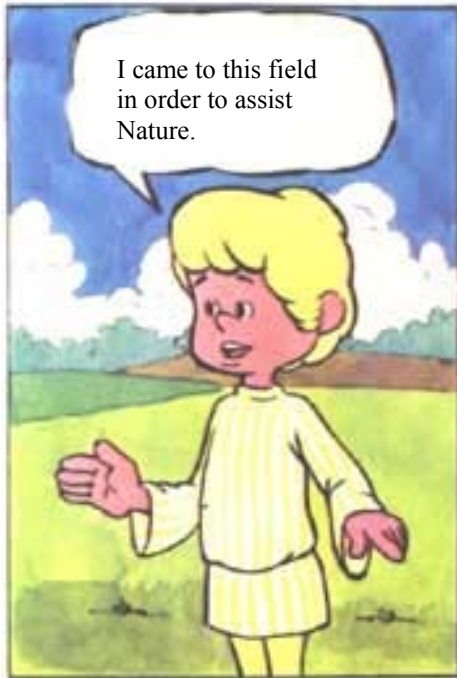
He immediately recognized the emissary from above from the goodness of his smile and the luminescence of his clothes.

The boy cried:

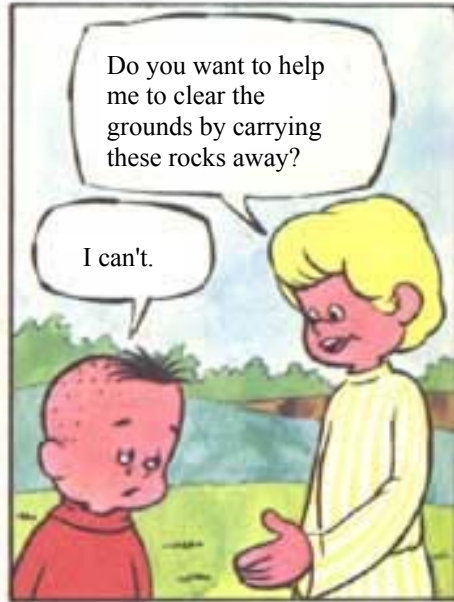


The Spirit answered with gentleness:





The boy became thoughtful. So the Spirit asked:



The celestial emissary then asked the donkey:

The animal, patiently, transported everything.



During the sowing, the boy rested...



They dug and opened a stream of water.

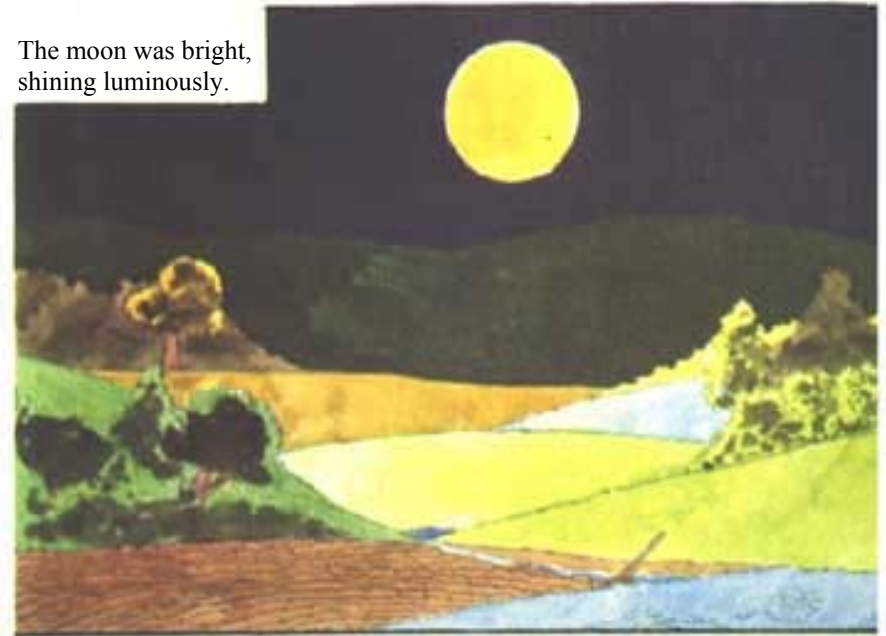


The healthy boy remained apathetic and whined without reason.

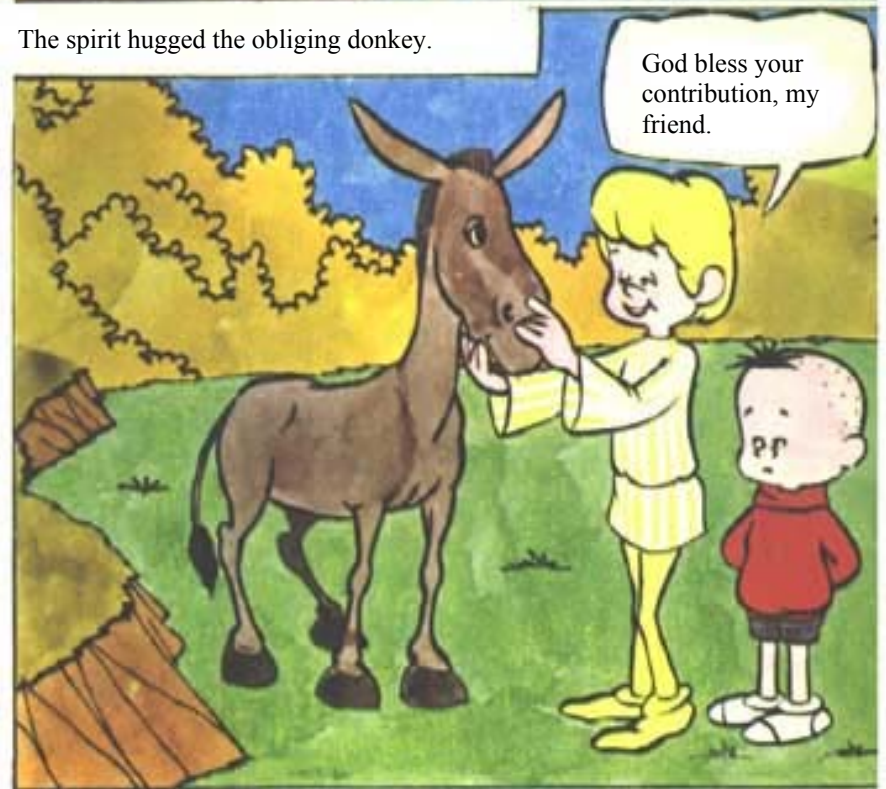


At the end of the day the field was beautiful.
Carefully designed seedbeds could be seen surrounded by the benefiting stream of water.
The trees appeared to feel pride in protecting the seedbeds.
The wind felt like a divine breeze blowing in the bushes.

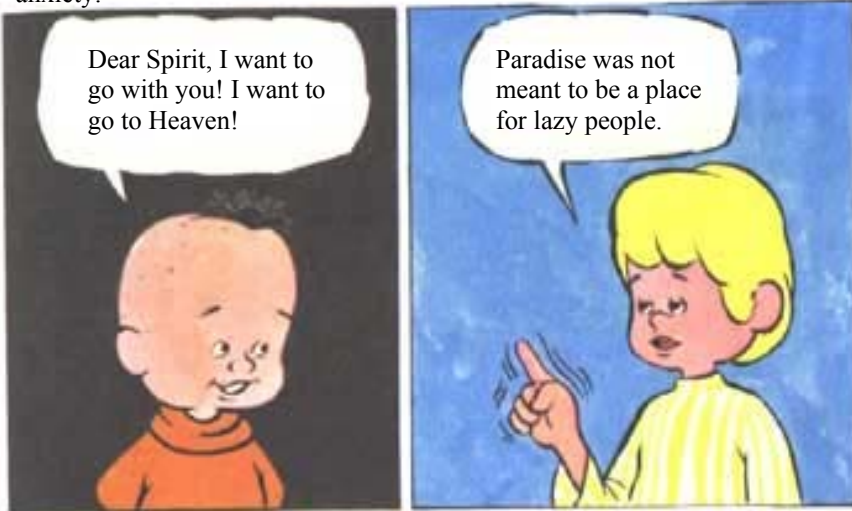
The moon was bright, shining luminously.



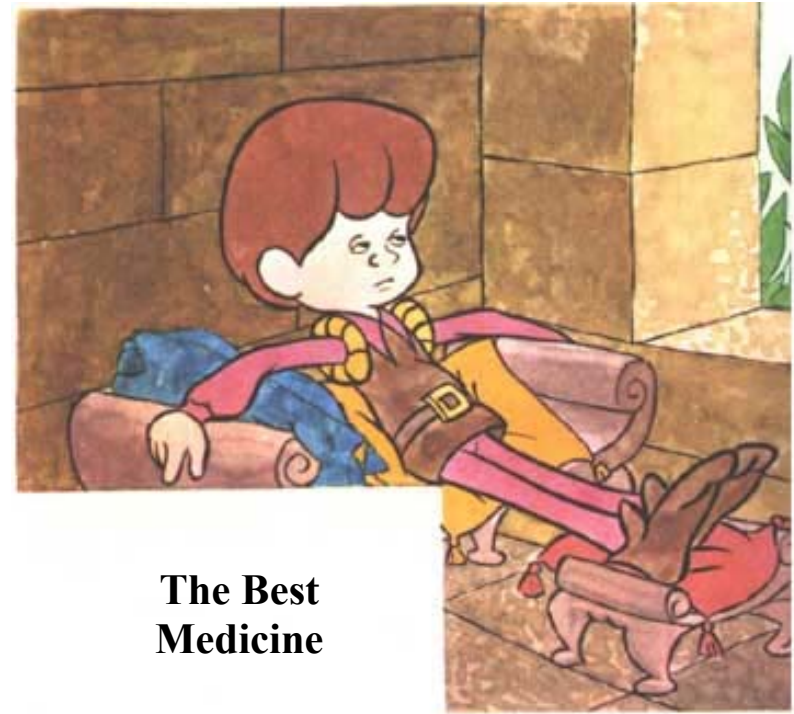
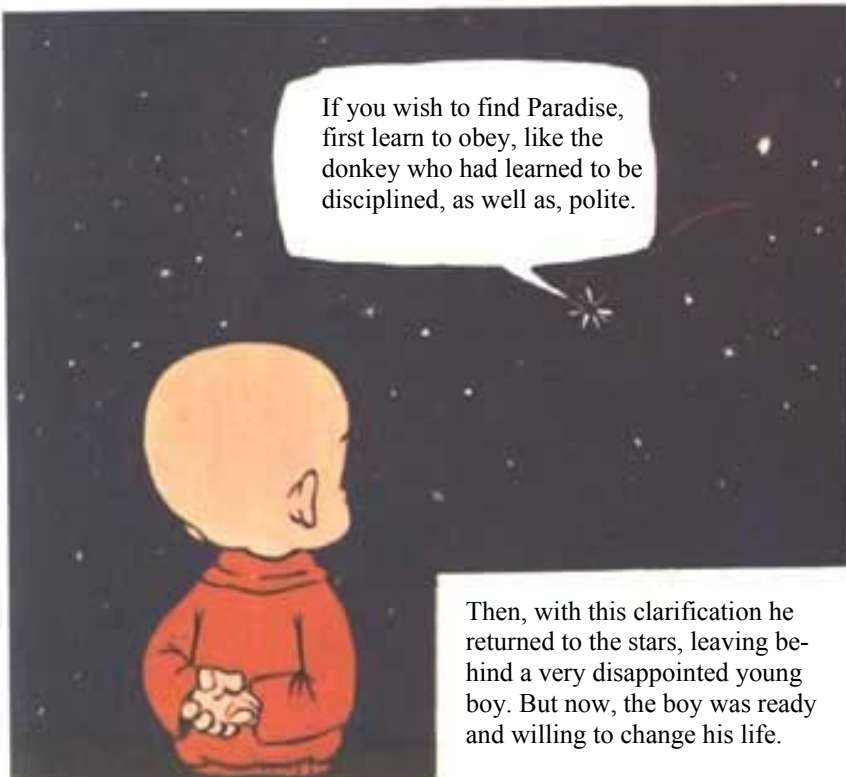
The spirit hugged the obliging donkey.



The boy noticed that the messenger was about to leave and screamed with anxiety:



And the emissary said:

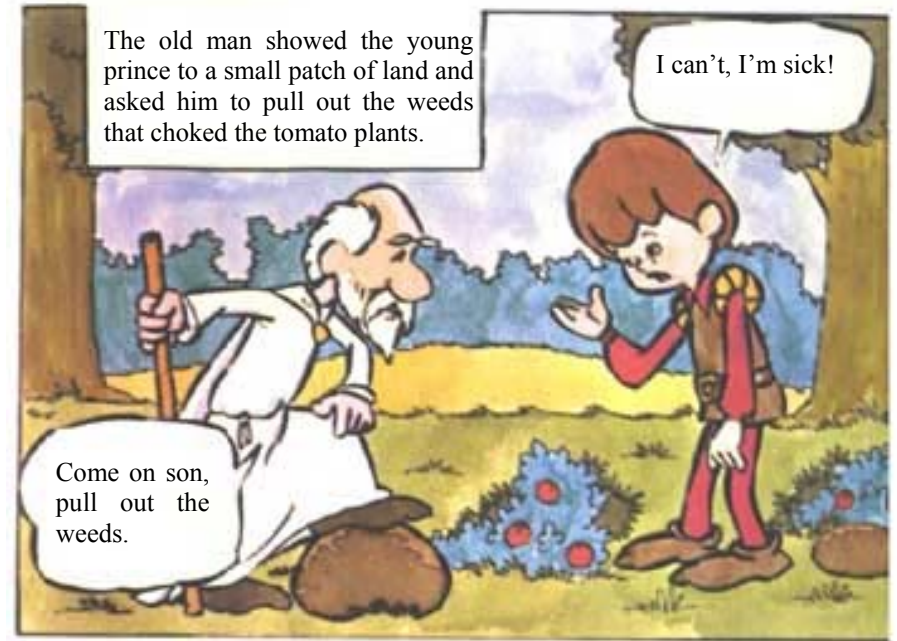


The Best Medicine

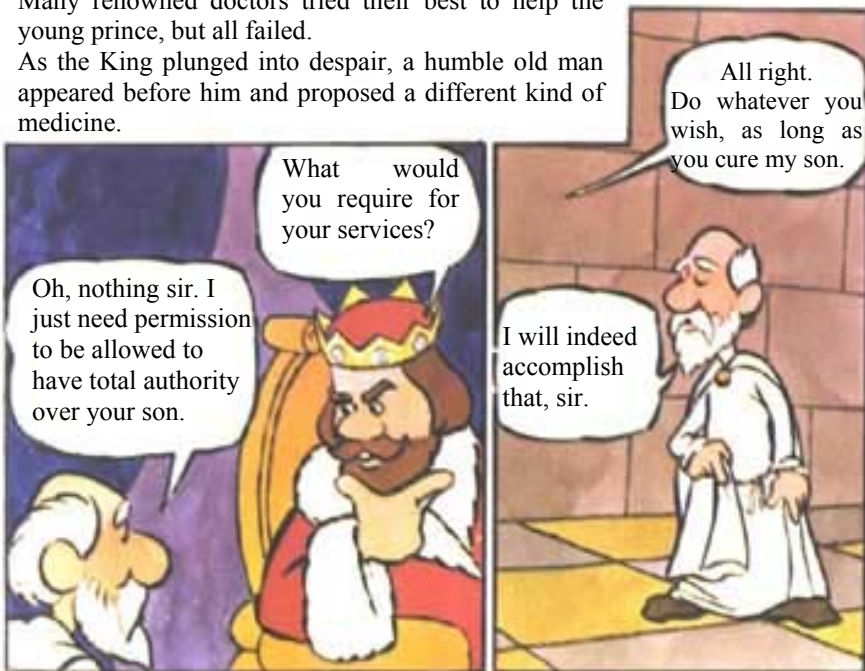
Young Prince Julian suddenly became sick and depressed. He no longer played, studied or even ate. Picking ripe peaches from the palace orchard, his all-time favorite activity, was also abandoned along with his many toys and beloved horse. Locked up in his bedroom, he refused to get up from his elegant armchair where he sat day and night.

The Queen, very concerned, tried every kind of special treatment to cheer up the prince to no avail. The king, not wanting to take any chances, sent for the royal doctors.

The doctors rushed about the royal hallways and in and out of the prince's chambers, but Julian showed no sign of improvement. When his headaches stopped, then his arms hurt. When his arms were better, then his legs hurt.



Many renowned doctors tried their best to help the young prince, but all failed. As the King plunged into despair, a humble old man appeared before him and proposed a different kind of medicine.



Patiently, the visitor convinced Julian that his personal effort was crucial to his cure. Julian agreed and a couple of hours later the tomato patch was weeds-free.

At lunch time, Julian said to the wise man:

The wise man took him to have lunch.



The young prince ate soup, bread and fruit, with great enjoyment.



After a short break, the old man invited Julian to return to work.

By dinnertime, the young prince was hungry again.



New activities.

Let's us build a wall.

Well then, I'll teach you and you'll learn.

But I don't know how!

And Julian learned.



And so a new program of activities was created for Julian. In the mornings, he ate breakfast, then worked the soil, then took a bath.

In the afternoon he studied...



After that, he ate lunch and rested.

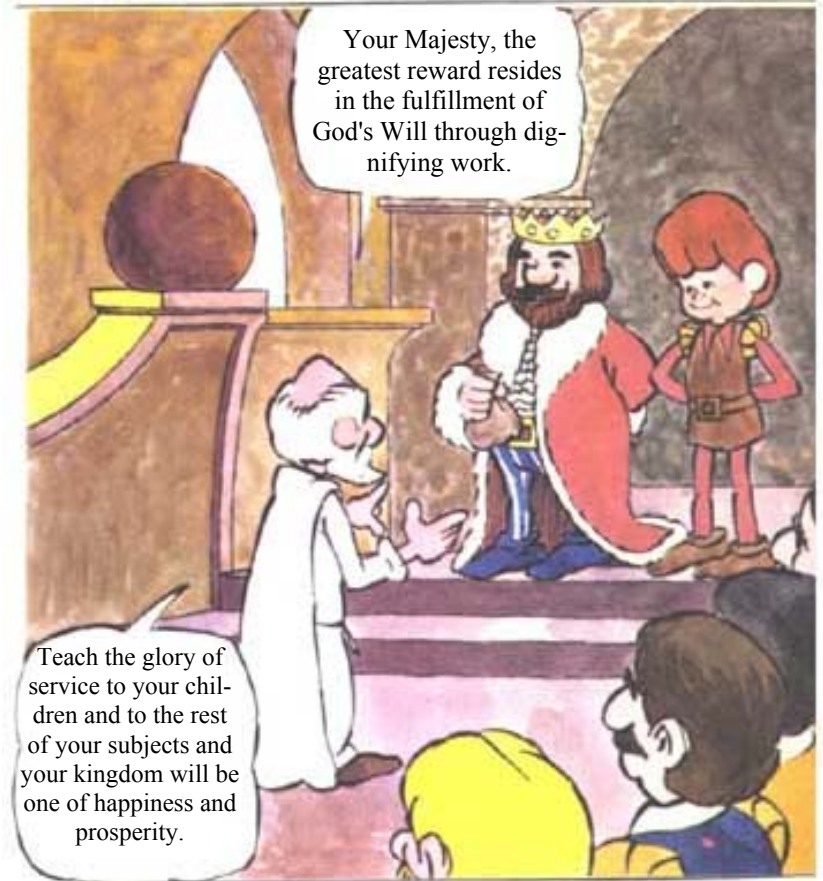


and then played with his friends.



Two months later, Prince Julian returned to the King and Queen feeling healthy and happy. He was a changed boy. Now he wished to be useful and lend his help to any worthwhile task. He had learned that the service toward goodness is the surest source of good health.

The King, beside himself with joy, wholeheartedly insisted on rewarding the old man; however, the old man refused. He said:



On saying this he disappeared into the crowd never to be seen again.

Light in the Home

Let us organize our group of the Gospel at home.
The home is the heart of the social organism.
At home, our mission in the world starts.
Among the walls of the domestic temple we prepare ourselves for life with others.
We will be, *out there*, in the big field of public experience, the continuation of what we already are in the intimacy of ourselves.
Let us avoid the spiritual frustration and seek, in the domestic reliquary, the sublime nurture of our ideals with Jesus.
The Gospel was originated in the manger and stayed in the humble and laborious house of Nazareth before spreading in the world.
There is no service in the live faith without agreement and concourse of the heart.
Let us sustain, at home, the flame of our hope, studying the Divine Revelation, practicing fraternity, and growing in love and wisdom, because, according to the promise of the Redeeming Gospel, “where two or more are gathered in His Name,” there will be Jesus, supporting us toward the ascension to the Celestial Light, today, tomorrow and always.

Scheilla

(From the Book “Luz no Lar - Light in the Home” psychography of Francisco C. Xavier, received from various spirits, pages 33 and 34, 2nd edition, FEB, 1972)

Stories, messages, images
the mightier one – the cross –
remain two thousand years later
at the service of Jesus.

Alvaro Martins³

In the struggles speak, but use
words that sustain and teach,
sick people who speak excessively
disorient the medication.

Deraldo Neville⁴

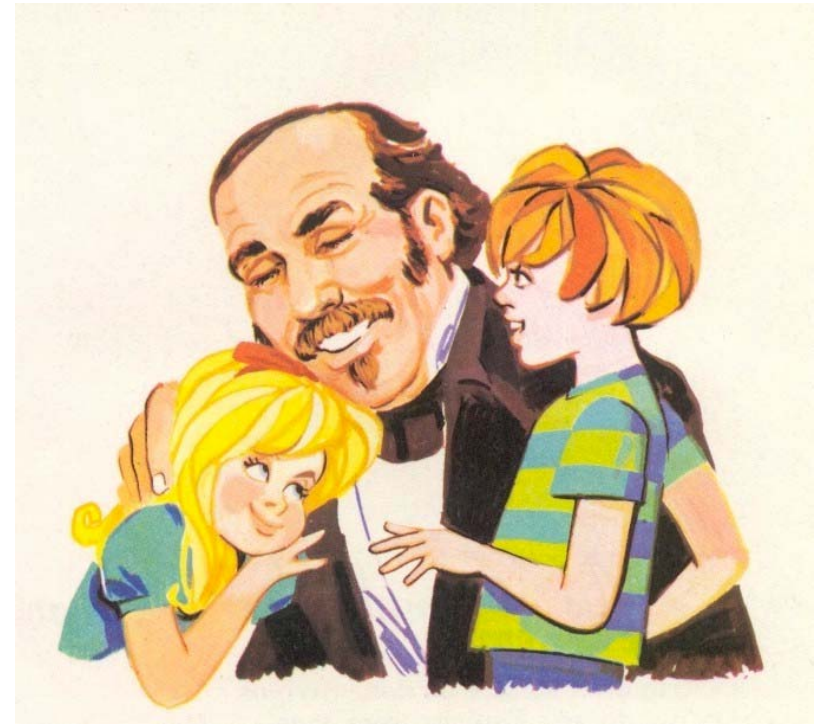
Breathe in the Sun of the Gospel
Calmly, happily and faithfully.
Without Jesus, man would be nothing more
Than an intelligent animal.

Casimiro Cunha⁵

³ Excerpt from the book “Trovadores do Alem” (Rimes from the beyond), by various spirits, 2nd ed. FEB, 1968, p. 126, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.

⁴ Excerpt from the book “Trovadores do Alem” (Rimes from the beyond), by various spirits, 2nd ed. FEB, 1968, p. 98, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.

⁵ Excerpt from the book “Gotas de Luz” [Drops of Light], by the spirit Casimiro Cunha, 3rd ed. FEB, 1971, p. 18, automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier.



Series LIFE TELLS US

Volume I, II, III

Automatic writing by Francisco C. Xavier

Text from the Spirit Neio Lucio

Illustrations Paulo Jose

For children age 7 to 10