

CHAPTER TEN SAMUEL LEBANON

Samuel was given the nickname “Plato.”

When he returned home, everyone in his family expected him to go to Seminary and become a Deacon in the Greek Orthodox Church.

If he could spend his life walking through the Oak groves, the peach and fig orchards, enjoying the tangle of flowers, vines and trees, he would be happy.

Why did he have the ability he did? Why was he able to know about things before they happened? He knew when someone was telling a lie. What was he supposed to do with this information? When people said “Nothing’s wrong, everything’s fine” Samuel knew, unequivocally, it was not the truth.

One day Samuel asked his Grandfather a question. “Jiddu, what are the most important things in a life?” “It’s the little things, the small moments. Always remember - you are only as good as your word.”

The next day Samuel stood looking out the large bay window, deciding what was the right thing to do. He was startled when a bird flew into the glass. “We need your help.” The bird wasn’t hurt and flew away. The impression of a wing on the window pane was as precise as if it had been etched.

Samuel decided he would not enter the Church. He would be as good as his word.

The headlines:

KENTUCKY DERBY CANCELLED - HORSES WON’T RUN
COCKROACHES INVADE UK PARLIAMENT
GIANT HORNETS STOP TOKYO BULLET TRAINS

It was May.

Samuel's decision not to enter the Church was a great disappointment to his family. It was a difficult decision he had not made lightly.

One afternoon, sitting in the back garden, Samuel heard dogs barking. A deer, who had managed to get inside the fenced property, was now cornered by the family's two howling dogs. After putting the dogs inside the house, Samuel went into the front yard. The deer was darting, frantically, around the property, looking for a way out. Samuel approached very slowly. "I will not harm you. Follow me." As Samuel walked down two small sets of stairs, crossing a large grass area, moving down the long driveway, the deer followed. When Samuel opened the latched iron front gate, the deer walked to his side, stopped, looked for several seconds into his eyes, nodded, then ran to freedom.

His having the ability to know things before they happened seemed to Samuel to be more a negative than a positive. When he met someone who was brusque, even harsh, he knew there was a good heart hiding underneath. The reverse was also true - a pleasant demeanor and charming words could easily hide an insincere and cold heart.

The choices he made now would frame his life. Since he was a boy, he'd been told he could study opera. Was this what he was meant to do? Samuel's father, an Arabic English translator, had been invited to address a series of seminars in Cyprus and Jordan. He asked Samuel to accompany him.

The church choir had been invited to Prague for the upcoming Music Festival.