

# **THE POWER OF CHOICE**

**GARY SIMPSON**



“A little over an hour and a half has passed since I read *The Power of Choice*. After a short while contemplating the powerful message contained in, I went up stairs and asked my 16 year old son if he would allow me to read the story to him. He listened intently and I believe was also struck by the power and truth of this piece. Thank you for sharing your gifts with us.”

*A M N - Nova Scotia, Canada*

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## PART I

The voices are soft in the tunnel of light. I remember taking my last breath. Then—a long, slow, releasing exhalation. And that was it. No matching inward draw.

Eighty six years, nine months, two weeks, four days, six hours, twenty eight minutes and eleven seconds. Then...nothing!

But wait! How is this? How can I think such thoughts? I'm dead... or am I? I can see my son, still holding my hand. He is crying...

The nurse who cared for me over these last few months stands beside him, her arm resting lightly around his shoulders. His tears hit my cheek as he kisses my face for what I know will be the last time. I cannot feel the warmth of his lips on my skin, nor the wet splash of his tears, yet somehow I am aware of such things.

Blood no longer courses through the tomb I once called my body. Now it is merely an empty shell, something foreign.

The pump I once knew as my heart no longer pulses. My shell is still. I have no further need for any of them.

I am hovering, caught somewhere between the capsule in which my earthly presence was housed

for all those years, and this new place. Here, this void.

Look at my poor old body... Frail. Wasted. Wrinkled. And to think that once I was so handsome, so strong. Alas, those times no longer exist.

My son is releasing my hand now, or should I say the hand, for it no longer belongs to me. It seems, now, like it never did.

My boy is standing beside the bed looking at the final stage of the man he once called Dad.

And here I am, somewhere, looking at him.

Tears are flowing freely down his face, spilling onto the cold linoleum floor. Rarely have I seen him cry. I am so proud of him and the person he has become. He is everything I ever wanted in a son, and more.

All about me there is light, getting brighter with every passing moment. I hear music but have no idea where it is coming from. Sweet, sweet music, attracting me. And voices, so calming, so melodic. They are beckoning me.

The nurse is reaching for the sheet. Covers my head. I'm caught, confused. I don't want to go but somehow I know that I must. They are all around me now, calling me.

One last look...

My son—he is leaving. He is so upset. "It's alright, my boy. Your Daddy loves you. I always will. I must leave now. Goodbye, my son."

They're taking me. I don't know where but I trust them. I don't know why. I just feel their peace.

We are rising, out of the tunnel. Swirling, whirling, numb, we burst forth. I realize there is no more pain. For that, I am grateful. That dreadful suffering exists no more. I am free.

We are moving faster now, gathering even more speed. Me and my new found friends.

Somehow we are able to communicate but we do not talk. Their thoughts are mine, my thoughts theirs.

They appear to me as beings of brilliant white light, some far more brilliant than others. One is particularly brilliant. It is difficult for me even to look at him. He is our leader. I too have taken this form but I am so dull in comparison. I hardly seem to radiate at all.

We're passing through perfect blue sky, rising above dumpling white clouds, into a new dimension. The atmosphere is rare here but it causes me no concern at all. I have no need to breathe.

I am unsure of my abilities. And no sooner do I have this thought and I am consoled by the others. They are giving me strength and courage.

The brilliant one exudes an all-encompassing power that I have never known before. My earthly body, my worldly possessions and all those I loved are now so far away. A veritable lifetime away.

Already my previous form seems so crude in comparison.

We are slowing now. My new friends are leaving, one by one, crisscrossing each other and veering away, all except the leader. He is urging me on.

I must continue on this course. I do not know why but I trust their judgment in bringing me here.

Now the brilliant one is leaving and I am all alone.

Ahead I see opalescent gates, swinging open, slowly, silently. My arrival is expected. Such a strange sight. A pair of beautiful gates - but no fence, no wall, seemingly perched amid a sea of feathery white rolling mist.

Somehow I understand I must pass through. It seems the only way.

I'm entering, not even understanding my means of mobility. There is no method of carriage. I simply think of moving and it happens.

This new place makes me feel warm though I have no skin to detect such warmth. It is a wonderful euphoric sensation.

And the peace I felt before was minuscule compared to here. It radiates all around me.

Tranquillity. Serenity. Neither word is even remotely adequate. Nothing compares to this place. I simply cannot describe it with mere words.

I feel another presence. Ultimate peace. This feeling is coursing through me, gathering in intensity. I sense an almighty presence. I am completely overwhelmed. And so I ask:

"Who are you?"

## PART II

*“You may well ask my son.”*

“Where are you?”

*“I am everywhere, in all places, at all times, both here and on Earth. ”*

The voice is so serene.

*“Voice? ”*

...he reads my mind...

*“I know your mind. I always have.”*

I can hide nothing from him.

*“You never could. From your very first day in that temporal place you knew as Earth, I knew your every thought, your every movement.”*

“What do I call you?”

*“I am the Father.”*

“You are...”

*“Yes. On Earth I go by many names but you chose*

*to call me God. I was with you then as I am with you now.”*

I must be dreaming...

*“No my son. This is no dream. I sent for you. We are here and the time is now.”*

“Father, what is it you want from me?”

*“An account of your life.”*

“An account of my life?”

*“Your Earthly existence. Tell me about it. Did you make good use of the gifts I gave you?”*

“I...think...so...”

*“You think so?”*

“Yes...well...I could have done more...”

*“Tell me my son. What more could you have done?”*

“I could have helped a good many people not as fortunate as myself.”

*“Go on.”*

“Sometimes I saw others struggling, bearing great loads. And I was too weary, but mostly too busy, to lend them a helping hand.”

*“This is a serious matter. Does it now cause you regret?”*

“Very much so.”

*“What else?”*

“I could have learned more.”

*“Indeed you could have. Tell Me more about this.”*

“I had many opportunities to learn so much about many and varied things, but I chose not to...”

*“Yes. Choice. It is the one common gift I gave to all My children. The power of choice. It was the same power I gave to my very first children. And they were tempted by the serpent. They chose to eat the forbidden fruit, against My wishes. But, of course, you know of this matter. Do you not?”*

“Yes Father. I do.”

*“I gave you the power of choice also. Do you think you used this power wisely, as it was intended?”*

“No Father...regrettably...I did not...”

*“Do not feel too guilty My son. You cannot change what has gone before. All men and all women suffer similarly. They are oft their own worst enemies. Tell me more about these choices.”*

“Father, I am so ashamed... I had the choice to do more but instead chose to do less. I had the choice to be strong in will but drifted far too often into weakness. I had the choice to be morally and ethically sound but succumbed to personal greed...and, worse, many times, it was to the detriment of others. I could go on but You know only too well my weaknesses...”

*“Indeed I do.”*

“Father, how is it you know all these things yet still ask me to recount them?”

*“A good question My son and deserving of an answer. But already you are formulating the correct answer. Are you not?”*

“I admit the truth in Your words.”

*“Then perhaps you might tell yourself the answer.”*

“I feel that on Earth I did not learn my lessons as well as I might have. You are testing me now to see how deficient I am.”

*“A credible answer My son. For I must decide if I am to harness your abilities here or reward you in another way.”*

“Father... please...I beg of You...don't send me back! I couldn't bear re-inhabiting my broken-

down Earth body. Please!”

*“Do not be concerned, for that is not an option. Your time on Earth has well and truly passed. This hallowed place is now your home. But tell Me, had you known in your Earth life what you know now, what use would you have made of the special gifts I gave you?”*

“Special gifts...?”

*“Yes, My son.”*

“My special gifts...”

*“I see you are struggling... Let Me explain. For example, did I not give you the gift of fleetness of foot?”*

“Indeed You did Father.”

*“And what did you make of this special gift?”*

“I believe now that I wasted it.”

*“A truthful answer indeed. You recall well your college days, do you not?”*

“I do Father.”

*“Specifically, do you remember the opportunity you had in the Earth year 1935?”*

“Only too well Father.”

*“Recount for Me that which I wish to hear.”*

“It was the year I was training for the 1936 Olympic games. I was to represent my country in the 100 yard running race.”

*“But you did not compete, did you?”*

“No Father. I did not. I must confess it was the greatest disappointment of my life. Even now, after so many years, I can hardly bear to remember.”

*“Tell Me. Why did you not compete?”*

“Father, surely You know.”

*“Tell Me your version - as you saw it.”*

“I broke my ankle during a training session. It happened only eight months before the event. I was heartbroken. My training times were so good. They told me I had an excellent chance of winning a medal.”

*“It was your right ankle, was it not?”*

“Yes Father. That is correct.”

*“It was the same troublesome ankle which had caused you pain and discomfort from the time you were old enough to walk.”*

“Yes. I remember these things as though they were

only yesterday.”

*“My son, in the overall context of all things past, present and future, indeed, it was only yesterday. But continue, I wish to hear the rest of your story.”*

“When I broke my ankle...I stopped training.”

*“Of course you did. It required time to mend. But what of the time thereafter?”*

“After it mended?”

*“That is the question.”*

“I stopped training...altogether...”

*“Thereby forfeiting your place on the team.”*

“That is correct Father.”

*“And how did you feel as a consequence of your decision?”*

“I was devastated. I carried the disappointment for the rest of my life, all the way to my recent death.”

*“My son, you know not what you did.”*

“I beg Your pardon Father.”

*“Why did you give up so easily?”*

“I didn't think I could ever regain my place on the

team.”

*“Did you try?”*

“It seemed useless. There was so little time.”

*“I ask the question again. Did you try?”*

“No.”

*“Why not?”*

“I just didn't think...”

*“My son, that is the trouble with most men and women. They just do not think. In your case your unbroken ankle always hindered your ability to run your fastest. Did it not?”*

“It caused me great pain on many occasions. I could never fully stretch out. It bothered and frustrated me.”

*“And after the break mended? Did it ever cause you that pain again?”*

“No Father. The surgeon was very skillful. I believe he repaired it better than it had ever been before the injury.”

*“Indeed he did; for he too was using a special gift.”*

“Father, I am not sure that I fully understand what You are telling me.”

*“Indeed you do not. Let Me explain: Did it ever occur to you that the surgically corrected break gave you the freedom you always yearned for - to be the very best that you could be?”*

“I'm afraid I didn't see it that way.”

*“And you never tried again, did you? You gave up.”*

“I am so ashamed to admit it to be true, exactly as You have stated.”

*“My son, let Me tell you this now, for it will be a lesson well learned: Had you resumed your training after your ankle had mended, you would have rapidly regained your fitness, your speed and your place on the team.”*

“I would?”

*“It is as I have said. But there is more. Much more. You will find this very difficult to comprehend and accept, but the truth of the matter is this: In the thirty sixth year of the twentieth Century marking My death, you were the fastest human being alive. But, of course, you did not know it. Your victory was pre-ordained. All you had to do was run the race.”*

“You mean...”

*“Yes My son. Your denial to yourself, your inability to overcome a minor setback and your refusal to*

*believe in your own talent cost you a place in history. The second fastest became champion. He did this through his own belief and persistence, while you sat back feeling sorry for yourself.”*

“Father. I am stunned by Your revelation. Are You telling me that I could not only have competed... but won the event...?”

*“You doubt My word?”*

“Certainly not Father. But I am truly astounded that I was so very close to victory yet didn't realize it.”

*“Millions upon millions of others share your fate, in all aspects of life. It is commonplace among men and women throughout the ages.”*

“Father, I must ask You a question...”

*“It troubles you to ask?”*

“Father. Please forgive my impertinence, but I must be sure. Why did I enter life with such a defect if it was my destiny to be a champion runner?”

*“Destiny? My son, only you are in control of your own destiny. For you, like all my children, have been given the power of choice. Surely you do not expect me to bestow everything to mankind on a silver platter? You must understand that opportunities often present themselves in disguise. Men and*

*women must be tested to see what they are made of. You were merely being tested.”*

“...I didn't realize. Father... I am such a fool...”

*“Hush My son. Do not punish yourself now. You cannot alter what has already gone. Only the future has any importance now. The sad reality, My son, is this: All men and women settle for so much less than that for which they were intended. And, in your case, the incident I relate was not the only opportunity given to you...”*

“Father, I beg Your forgiveness for the rudeness of my interruption. I can bear no more. Please. Do not tell me. I have been such a fool. How can I atone for the errors of my ways?”

*“My son, your first lesson in Heaven has already been given and duly received. Here, as on Earth, you have been rewarded with many talents...Talents which may not be obvious to you right at this very moment. Work on your abilities, for in your newly acquired youth, you have so much to learn and there is so much to do. I am always in need of faithful servants. Go now my son. Join your brothers and sisters. Seek the truth and the truth will set you free. Already you shine with greater radiance than whence you came. We will talk again but for now, I am needed elsewhere. Other appointments await Me. My work never ends as long as men and women exercise their power of choice.”*

“If I am to go on living in the body,  
this will mean fruitful labour for me.  
Yet what shall I choose I do not know!”

*Philippians 1:22 (NIV)*

## PART III

Dear Reader;

Many motivational experts agree that true understanding, learning and change is achieved more easily and rapidly through writing the answers to questions relevant to your life. The questions below are a small representative sample of this style of learning. Try it, you just might be surprised...

*Explain in a few short sentences what this story meant to you:*

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Is there an area of your own life where you can draw a parallel to the man in the story? If so, describe this similarity:

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Can you see that everything we do is driven by

choice? List some of the good choices you have made that have had positive impact on your life.

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Understand this—the person you are today is entirely a result of the choices you have made up until this point. Your choices. Your reactions.

Oh, I can already hear some people formulating excuses that they call “reasons” to explain their circumstances. So life has dealt you a pair of twos instead of four aces? Live with it! Stop worrying about what happened in the past. It’s gone. There’s nothing you can do about it. All you can do is make a better future for yourself.

Maybe that little gremlin inside your head is starting to mumble at you with all its usual garbage talk. Is it whispering to you already? Is it saying this is all you deserve, you’re no good, you don’t deserve better, don’t be so stupid, who do you think you are? Is it saying junk like that to you?

Do you want your future to be like the past? If your answer is no—do something about it! It’s your choice, your decision. You can decide right now to make a better future for yourself. Others have. Why not you? Here’s a question for you...

Do you want more out of life than what you are presently achieving? Circle your choice below. And

yes, this is a choice. Do you want more out of life?

YES | NO

Now I hope you took a pencil and put a circle around YES because if you couldn't be bothered, the result you'll get will almost certainly be NO.

Get the pencil and do it. Or write it down. Write it, and read it. Say it – "Yes, I want more out of life!" Your future will be determined by the choices you make today.

FINALLY - let me tell you this: Your mind is the most valuable asset that you can ever possess. Feed it. Nurture it. Expand it. The rewards await you.

Sincerely,

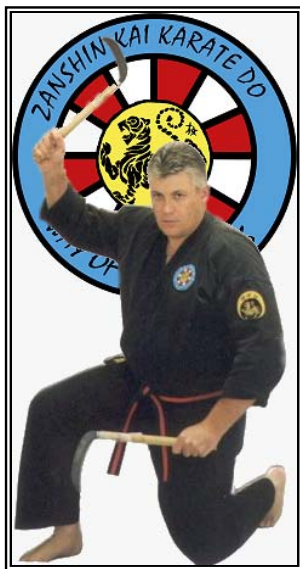
*Gary Simpson*

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*P.S. If you're not sure how to take the steps to change your life, please do visit my website for more information. Do check out my "Journey, Life & Destiny" books, too!*

## About the Author...



Gary Simpson has spent 35 years studying karate, 15 years studying motivation, and is the Western Australian representative of the Australian Martial Arts Association Inc. He holds the rank of 6th Dan Kyoshi - a karate master.

Gary's books, which appear to cover a number of subjects, truly all focus on one thing – a happier life.

Crime rates are soaring. In the USA, 1 in 4 women will be raped in her life time. In Australia, one in 5. In Canada, 50% of women will suffer sexual or physical violence in her lifetime. 95% of people are dead broke by age 65, and depend on government or family to provide for them. Gary's books can help you take the steps to remove those stresses from your life. Visit him at;  
[www.MotivationSelfesteem.com](http://www.MotivationSelfesteem.com)

## **I had a dream...**

“ Dear Gary;

I had a dream of becoming a fashion designer all my life. I recently discussed with my two home-schooled children how it is important to never give up on your dreams because you may one day regret it. They wanted to know what my dreams were and I told them.

Then they wanted to know if I gave up. I told them well...yes—because I had them and it was just not possible to consider that dream any more.

Your story really hit me very deeply. I am going to do anything in my power to make this dream a reality, including going back to school, even if it means online. Thank you so much.”

**Wendy - USA**

If you enjoyed this story, please feel welcome to send us your feedback or visit Gary online at;  
[www.MotivationSelfesteem.com](http://www.MotivationSelfesteem.com)