

The Happy Virus: My Thanksgiving With Hafiz, Walt Whitman & You

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by Kathleen Stilwell, [Truth Comes to Light](#)

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*I caught the happy virus last night
When I was out singing beneath the stars.
It is remarkably contagious –
So kiss me.*

~ Hafiz, Persian poet & mystic,
[‘The Subject Tonight is Love’](#), translated by Daniel Ladinsky

Today is Thanksgiving Day in America, our special day to gather with others and give thanks for our many blessings. We especially give thanks for our loved ones – our family, our closest friends, our connections throughout our communities.

Today, although you and I have never met, I give thanks **for you** and I send thanks **to you**.

Thank you for being here, for pursuing truth and sharing what you know, for choosing courage as you stand for love, and for holding your attention on the vision of freedom.

I wonder how many of us are alone today. And I wonder how many feel completely alone, even if spending the day surrounded by others. This is, indeed, a very strange world that we find

ourselves in.

If you are alone, you are in good company. On this Thanksgiving Day I am alone and I'm certain many others who stumble upon this essay will also be alone.

I am 68 years old, a mother and grandmother, and I am alone.

I could be with family, but only if I cater to the fears of those who imagine themselves to be vulnerable. If I join the others, I must comply with social distancing and masking, and I must stay silent about this orchestrated death-wish being programmed into the minds of humanity and, subsequently, forced upon all of creation.

Thus, with silent tears, I had to decline this invitation to be with the ones I love.

I'm 68 years old, but I'm not "one of the vulnerable" as the narrative declares all of us "seniors" to be. I'm quite strong and I will do whatever I can to protect the freedom of my loved ones (which includes you).

Like many, I've gone through times of serious, mysterious illness (we are bombarded by unimaginable toxins and damaging frequencies). But I continue on, do trial and error experiments with nature's remedies, and recover one more time. Some of you know this drill very well.

There is sadness in my heart, but there is also deep peace and happiness. I have a strong knowing that, where "reality" is actually real – on the level of true power, consciousness, creativity and love – all is well, with wonders and miracles unfolding right here and right now.

Although it appears that "full spectrum dominance" is pushing to make this the end game, true love and freedom (which is our source) can never be dominated.

The "powers that be" can huff and puff all they like in this

dimension. They can even attempt to kill us all. What they don't understand is that, for eternal beings, fear of death is utter nonsense because we are part of a love that can never die.

How totally bizarre that billions of people are frozen in fear as they stare at an imaginary virus monster! This larger-than-life, computer-generated, spiked creature marched into our lives like the [Stay Puft Marshmallow Man](#).

Many have yet to discover that this Covid Hoax Creature instantly disappears if we disengage from the devices that keep its image and the evolving, nightmarish fairy tale blasting into our awareness. We've always had the power to make it go away by simply refusing to obey its oft-repeated demand that we give it authority over us.

For what ails us today, we don't need stronger leaders and we don't need saviors.

When the death-breathing monsters come stomping into our minds, our homes and our towns, we don't need comfort and protection. We need courage.

Of course, the truly vulnerable must be protected. But the rest of us must find our comfort in knowing that we stand with truth. If we lose our physical lives, then we "die" knowing we lived well.

Whatever is going on with this covid insanity, a great "unlearning" and a great unveiling of truth is going on at the same time. We are learning that [viruses are not living things that invade our bodies](#) (as we were all taught by the "experts") and we are also learning that [contagious disease is just a myth](#).

What spreads disease is ignorance, toxic behaviors and lack of love. In that sense, disease can spread if we pass on destructive and deadly ideas and behaviors.

But courage is also contagious. Genuine care is contagious. All that resonates with love and freedom is highly contagious, and strengthens the voice of truth that called us to be here.

Either define the moment or the moment will define you.

~ Walt Whitman

On this Thanksgiving Day, let's define our moments. Let's write our own contagion stories and make an effort to spread them far and wide. Let's be there for each other, reminding one another of who we really are and that, if we slip into fear, we are not seeing the complete picture.

Happiness, not in another place but this place...not for another hour, but this hour.

~ Walt Whitman

Let's stand our ground in freedom and with courage, while we hold the Happy Virus in our hearts – singing and dancing beneath the stars.

***How
Did the rose
Ever open its heart
And give to this world
All its
Beauty?***

***It felt the encouragement of light
Against its
Being,***

***Otherwise,
We all remain***

Too Frightened

~ Hafiz, Persian poet & mystic,
[‘The Subject Tonight is Love’](#), translated by Daniel Ladinsky

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