

A Conversation

BETWEEN A BOY AND HIS DAD

Simple Truths Hidden in Plain Sight

BY
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DEDICATION

To my Soul, for putting up with me for all these years

To my awesome parents, Rosemarie and Prisco

To my editor, Nancy Keller, who without her genius,
this book would not be available to you

And, last but not least, to every person
that has assisted me to get this far

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

An earnest conversation with my editor as the final draft of this book was being finished:

Nancy: Prisco, I want to talk to you about your use of bold in the text, and capitalization. You should get rid of the bold. If you feel that you must exaggerate a certain word, you can use italics. But ideally, you want to just have your words stand for themselves. Also, I understand why you are writing “response-ability” with a hyphen, but you are capitalizing it, and you are also capitalizing the word “soul.” This is incorrect. These words should not be capitalized. I am going to change them. I just want to run it by you first.

Prisco: My dearest Nancy, I kindly appreciate your input and I value your expertise, as you have authored many books. However, as my mom would always say, I march to the beat of a different drummer. Throw out all the rule books, leave my bold alone, and keep your hands off my italics and capital letters. Period.

Nancy: Why would you want me to do that? If the reader is reading along and notices these things being incorrect, it will stop the flow of the thought.

Prisco: That's exactly what I want! You just made my

point! I **want** the reader to stop there! I want to get people to stop, and breathe, and notice, and think about these things, not just read along going to sleep! I want these things to stick in their minds, so that at some point, when life is happening and they are about to react to something, they will see it – **BAM!** – right in front of them – **Response-Ability**, in capital letters, and they will realize that they do have a choice.

Nancy: Oh, OK. Now I get it. Thank you for listening to my opinion, and now I do understand yours. You want me to leave all the bold, and the italics, and all the capital letters that you have written here?

Prisco: Yes! *That's why I wrote it like that!*

By the way, you have your own play. It is your story, and your roadmap to your Divinity. All of humanity is and are the embodied master. You just hid the remembrance of it behind your story—which is the divine play, your life. It is the truth, yours and mine, hidden in plain sight.

I will share my story and how I unraveled it.

I notice that there seems to be a pattern to most of our human lives. An event, or series of events as in my case, that shuts us down. After this happens, we are usually asleep within the dream of our life. Then there is another event or series of events that does the opposite, wakes us up and reminds us that we are Divinity embodied. This is that story for me, and how it occurred between myself and my dad. My hope is that it will serve you and others in seeing the good and the light within yourself, and everything in life, if that is your choice.



My Story

THIS IS THE STORY of a boy and his becoming a man, not only in the physical sense but in the spiritual sense as well. Metaphorically the title stands for many things and has many meanings, for myself as well as for all who will read this story.

My dad and I didn't really talk that much, so often I did not know what he was thinking and feeling, or why. Therefore, this story is mostly about the dialog in the six inches between my ears. As of late my dad and I do have deeper meaningful conversations, and a far better understanding of one another, and that sure is nice.

Choice determines destiny. But what determines your choices? And how and when do we start making these choices? As I share my story you will see how my choices and decisions about my circumstances, people, places, and things shaped my life. You will see how my formed opin-

ions and judgments created my perceptions, or I should say, misperceptions. In doing so, I will take you on a journey into my play, aka story, that may feel keenly familiar and may shed some light on some questions you may have about yourself.

This is my story. I'm choosing to tell it, and as I share it, I am releasing it in every aspect of my being and in all of my lineage that carried this story for all the eons that have passed.

My story kept me trapped in my dream, in that endless loop of doing and mediocrity that is most of our lives. You might even know it well. Basically most stories look like this: Somehow get up each day, go to school and/or work, come home, take care of whatever responsibilities you have – homework, the dog, the kids, dinner, etc. – and do this all as fast as you can so you can watch your favorite TV show, then go to bed, somehow sustain your relationship, and ponder, what the heck just happened? What am I doing here? Is this all there is to life? And the next day, get up and do it all over again, and again, and again.

No, this is not everyone's story, but it was mine. It was this story that I held onto for dear life, and it was the story that allowed me to stay asleep within the dream and create my most magnificent, distorted misunderstanding of love and my life. It stemmed from a misunderstanding of my father's

love, which in my case includes both of my parents as well as Creator, my Divine Father. However, my anger was directed mostly at my dad, not so much at my mom or Creator. I made my dad my fall guy, the proverbial scapegoat. He was and still is the lead character in my play. I realize now how strong he had to be to play that part, and I am grateful for it, for him, for all he does, all he did, and even for the way it was done.

This anger at the Male, including myself, came from many sources, the first of which was a distortion of my perceptions by my belief in original separation from Source, Creator, Divinity, God, or whatever that is for you. From there it splintered down through the eons of time in my many variations and incarnations. This allowed me to feel *insignificant, less than, not enough, and not loved*. This “not loved” perception was the underpinning of the story of my life, and it allowed me to feel and experience separation as being real in my life. It kept me longing for my dad’s approval and endlessly searching outside of myself for some validation or meaning for my existence. It allowed me to create a life of illusion that I was not enough, not good enough – and heck, I was never going to be enough, either.

You see, for me, in the beginning, Creator, God, Source was neither male nor female. At the

very least, for me it was a combination of all energies in this dance of oneness. Creator, with its amazing sense of humor, created me as it did all of us, as an aspect of itself, to allow it to have fun and experience the ALL in a way it hadn't before. And so, after much deliberation and conversation, down the hatch I went, into the experience of perceived separation and not remembering who I was, where I came from, or what I was doing here. It is safe to say that, at the very least, I don't think I was very crazy about this idea of separating from the comforts of home and coming here to have this experience, or so it felt.

Now, I know what caused me to come here, why I came, and why I am here. But that's a story for another time.

I know that when I first arrived here I was a clean sponge, ready to absorb all that was to be offered. I could communicate quite well, but only through telepathy, as we all could. Right from the start my parents were at a distinct disadvantage, as most parents are. (As the adults they are, most parents gave up this form of communication early in their lives. I will explain more on this later.) So these totally new parents were going to raise another being that they had produced, with no prior experience, no help, be responsible for it, and I didn't even have the courtesy to come with an

instructions manual or speak a language that they could relate to. Basically they were in for it. I don't know about you, but to me, I think having a child has got to be the most exhilarating and scary prospect that life can offer. Right there, this explains a lot for me, as this is where all the miscommunication and misunderstanding began for this lifetime.

Eventually I gave up trying to communicate and went into the usual learning process and learned to communicate their way, forgetting about telepathy. There is great significance in that "gave up trying" statement. It was a foretelling of how I was going to be for the rest of my physical life until now, when I finally woke from the dream, opened up and embodied my awareness and wisdom. This is what every experience in my life was trying to do, to open me up to this. Only I did not see this then.

There was something powerful in that "giving up," as this was one of the first times that I gave away my power to that which was outside of myself, and began to close down.



My Life

AS A YOUNG BOY growing up in Port Jefferson, New York, I would often play in our large front yard. Being outside and having fun was the best part of life back then. Playing in the dirt, climbing trees, riding my bike, drinking from the garden hose, creating a fort from the giant cardboard box a washing machine was delivered in at the neighbors' house, and hanging out with my friends. It was like you could escape everything, and anything that you didn't understand or that hurt you. It felt as if nothing mattered anymore and like nothing could touch you out there. I always felt different from others and felt like I didn't quite fit in. A bit of an oddball if you will, and as I remember it, I spent a fair amount of time alone.

I loved the summers as a kid. In the summer I would lie on the warm, soft green grass, letting the gentle summer breeze just caress my face. I would



This is a picture of me when I was somewhere around 3 or 4 years old, in our living room in our Port Jefferson, New York home, circa 1968 or 1969.

gaze up at the sky, looking up between the sparkling green oak trees at the beautiful blue canvas above. I would let my imagination run wild with all kinds of dreams, many of which have come to pass. In the fall, as I would lie there in the cool green grass, it was thicker and softer than usual, because my dad would always fertilize and seed then. I loved raking leaves into a pile and diving in. Yes, I said rake – there were no leaf blowers at my house, and man, we had leaves.

There was a neighborhood in a different section of town where the policy was to rake all the leaves to the curb and then the town came by and

picked them up. I loved riding my bike through them as fast as I could. These piles were as long as the streets, and four to six feet high in some places. Lucky for me, this development was hilly. I would gather as much speed as my legs could give me and ride my bike through the leaves at breakneck speed. Of course this led to the occasional crash, but hey, that's what guardian angels are for. They were always on high alert and working overtime with me.

Lying in the leaves in the fall was another favorite thing to do. I loved the way they smelled. I would lie there and just breathe. It was then that I would see the amazing color show before my eyes. I used to lie in wonder at how a little acorn knew how to grow into this mighty oak that I was lying under and/or climbing. How the trees and leaves knew when and how to change into the most magnificent of colors. Only an infinite imagination could create this, I would muse to myself. Little did I realize that this same Imagination created me, too, and kept every bodily function in perfect harmony at every moment of every day.

My eyes occasionally caught a passing puffy snow white cloud, and I would allow my imagination to see what it could create from that puffy white cotton ball in the sky. Funny thing what happened – often, as I noticed what I was thinking, what might be in the cloud, what it might look like,

it began to take the shape of that thing. I just knew there was something to that. I believed even back then that I could create shapes with the clouds.

In the winter months I would go sledding with friends on our Flexible Flyers, toboggans, and on anything else that would slide. We would go to any big hill or any sump that still had snow, have snow-ball fights, and go skitching (as we called it) behind random cars – and how we prayed for a truck!

What is skitching, you ask? Skitching is crouching into a squat position behind a car or truck and letting it pull you in the snow while you hang onto the bumper. Of course the drivers never suspected a thing. OK, so there was this one time we spied this guy as the perfect target. What is a perfect target? A four wheel drive truck. We all jumped on and I was crouching down behind the truck, as this all had to be perfectly timed and done so the driver did not see you doing it. Well, he did, as I saw his face in the rear view mirror through the pickup's back window, and I just knew. Normally we might go an eighth to a quarter of a mile or so, as they would have to stop at the stop signs on the street and we would drop off. He didn't stop at any, so after what seemed like a mile or so of this craziness we just all decided to tuck and roll and hope for the best. I had to give my guardian angels something to do, right?

When I was younger and much wiser, I stayed closer to home. I would get dressed up in a snow-suit, boots, hat, scarf and gloves, and my younger brother and I would build snow tunnels and igloos in the massive snowdrifts and in the piles of plowed snow by the curbs. It was always so peaceful, quiet and warm in there. I would lay in there for hours, just allowing my imagination to take me away. I would often say to myself as I looked skyward through a tunneled skylight, I know I am not from here, but I am here, and I am so confused.

I felt so separated and isolated in a world I didn't know or understand, and no one was explaining it to me in a way I could understand. I would be told things by my parents, but not explained to. I felt as if there was no place to go to ask questions or to get answers, and I sure did not have it within me to go within, as I was never taught or had the example of doing so, that I remember. (Although there was, for a time, when my mom and dad were practicing Transcendental Meditation when I was young. It was quite popular back in the 70s. I'm not really sure what ever happened with that.)

So, of course, the journey of too many moments to count began, of looking outside of myself. For, surely, there must be an answer for me, somewhere out there. It seemed as if I was often

trying to have some other experience, something other than the one I was having at that moment, looking outside of myself for some other something. I was rarely satisfied in the moment, and let's face it, I definitely was not present in the now. And so, I looked in all the usual places. I looked to the church which my family attended and relied on, especially in the tough times.

My extended family was a big influence, too – my Aunt Betty, Uncle Henry, and my cousins Prisco (yup, there is another one), Happy, Phyllis, Joey, and also my grandparents. They all lived in the same home, what to me was a house larger than life and filled with this special love that there are no words for. How I loved and still love them dearly. It was my second family. We shared so much, and their influence ran deep in me.

So I did my best to be a good Catholic, as that was my family's religion and, well, it seemed to be working for them. Or so I thought at the time.

It seemed that my parents thought the priests, pastors and reverends had it right and had all the answers. But to me that always felt just a bit off, and at times even turned my stomach, especially when you had to recite certain scriptures or doctrine. There was this one time, I remember sitting there saying to myself, really, you didn't just say that, it doesn't even make sense. Eeeeeek!

Then there were my teachers. Surely they must know something, as they were teachers, right? I was a sensitive kid, and learning for me was an emotional experience to say the least, so nothing ever seemed to sink in. Most of what they had to say went over my head and I always had this “less than” feeling as I struggled to learn at the same pace as the other kids. Eventually I gave up on myself (here is the supporting theme again), as I assumed that my teachers didn’t care. I felt so insignificant, as I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. It seemed everyone else just played follow the leader and somehow knew. (Although, fast forward to today, I’ve come to realize that a lot of them changed majors, schools, careers, wives, well you get the point.)

I distinctly remember this one time when I felt totally broken, in spirit mostly, but physically as well. I was in seventh grade at JFK Junior High and it was the final for my math class. It was almost summer on Long Island then, and it was hot that June day, with no air conditioning in school. (And let’s not forget, five miles uphill – oh, sorry, I digress, that’s a different story.) There I was in the middle of this test, and I just choked up. I don’t remember if it was a final or a state regents test, which is just another test you could take if you wanted that degree/diploma also. I just choked up. I couldn’t get my brain to function to figure out the answers or

remember anything. The fear and frustration got so great, I just gave up. Gave up right there. Quit, closed the test, and walked out. Every negative thought that little voice could come up with, it did. It was a concerto of cuss words. I remember my head reeling with confusion about what might happen. My imagination – you know, the little voice – went into overdrive. I'm no good, nothing I ever do is right, I'm never good enough. What would my grade be? Would I have to go to the dreaded summer school? What would the teacher say? And then the biggie – what would my parents say, especially my dad? To say the least, I felt like I had let them all down and that I was just some loser.

(Yet somehow I received a regents diploma in high school – go figure, right? I even scored a 1320 out of 1600 on my SAT's. I don't say this to brag, but to set a point for later in the book regarding where my focus is, and recognizing my own worth.) That day hurt so much, but it wasn't until I got older that I realized that the only person that felt let down and hurt that day was me. How could this have affected anyone else, when I never told anyone until now? So the only one that *could* be affected was me.

My main guides in my life were and still are my mom and dad. Don't get me wrong, they were great examples in many ways, but I never had the wis-

dom as a young boy to see it, let alone understand or comprehend it. I didn't realize until much later on that there is a world of difference between being talked *to*, or talked *with*, and being talked *at*. At the time, it just felt to me like I was not getting the love that I needed, in the way that I needed it. And, by the way, *No One Ever Said They Didn't Love Me*. I assumed from how I felt that this was so. Boy, did this assumption create a life!

And so it began. I built a world around myself in which I truly believed that I was not good enough, and that no one cared about me or loved me. Sometimes I wasn't even sure if I was seen, let alone heard. No matter where I looked, there was the same *no one cares*, reinforcing my feeling of *less than* and *not good enough*. I created this in my life right down to a religion that says that if you don't do this the right way, you're *less than*. I don't say this lightly, as now I realize those early misperceptions helped me to create my opinions and judgments, and these were the glue that held my story together and formed my belief systems. And all along I kept saying the same statement: I know I am not from here. As time went on, I began to follow that with: I must be from somewhere, but where?