



RYTMUS LÁSKY / RHYTHM OF LOVE

Lily Wonderland & Michael's angels

LÁSKA POKRAČUJE / THE L.O.V.E. GOES ON



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Rhythm of Love

**Lily Wonderland
&
Michael's angels**

THE L.O.V.E. GOES ON

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Dedication



[Official introduction video](#)

Love divine

(This poem is dedicate to all the children)

I'd give my life just so yours shines
Only with you I feel whole and complete
You gave me the strength to succeed
You are most precious to me

Lord, I wish the whole world could see
My divine love and what it means to me
Innocent and loving, so gentle and true
With a heart made of gold
Helpless and fragile but I see right through
Everything is a miracle being with you
Your love is divine it's up to me to let you shine
You walked through my heart's open door
I'll keep you there forever more
My sweet love divine.

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Preface Of Rhythm Of Love

...the L.O.V.E. goes on

Our main goal is and remains to help and care for those who need it most – the children. Children are the most precious gift on earth. If we do not take care of them today, there will be no tomorrow. Tomorrow will have no meaning. All of them are a gift of God, they are our future. We must give them all the loving, caring support possible; we must give them unconditional love and unqualified acceptance. Even if they have a face that only a mother could love, even if they are disabled, by all means they have a right to be loved and cared for because they are our children – children of the world. They deserve to be happy in every way, the right of education, the right of a beautiful, loving and caring home. They have the right of a healthy diet.

No child should ever have to suffer. This is a matter which needs immediate attention! That's why, if we don't take care of them and take action now, we all will be doomed beyond salvation.

Many of us are blessed with beautiful, healthy children.

Many of us are blessed with a loving home, but unfortunately the majority don't have such blessings. Let's not forget about them! Let's count our blessings and also give something back to the unfortunate; this is what the world nowadays needs.

We must start to think as a unit, regardless of race, gender or religion. We have to start now, before it's too late. The greatest gift you can give is LOVE. The greatest gift you can receive is LOVE. LOVE is the answer. LOVE is the ultimate truth. Children are LOVE – the love of God; therefore, let's join together as one for the sake of L.O.V.E. For the sake of the greatest gift on earth: children.

Beginning last year with our first book "Rhythm of Love," we donated to the organization called "Good angels." This year we continue to bring a little light & healing into the lives of all these little Angels.

With your help, we will make some wishes come true. Thank you all for your continuing love and support. Thank you on behalf of these beautiful children.

God bless you!

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For more information, visit the website "God Angel" (www.dobryanjel.sk)

Tell Me Who Am I

Am I the one you've been searching
for or just your greatest fear?

Do I make heaven on earth for you

Or do I let nightmares to become true?

Just tell me who am I

Am I how you want me to be?

Is it my creation

Or just your imagination?

Do I meet your fantasy?

What do you see

What do you want it to be?

Oh, just tell me

Am I made out of love, compassion and trust

Or am I ashes and dust?

Am I your lifesaver, keeping you from dying

a death of loneliness
Or am I the one who brings you
the so much-needed success?
Am I just an illusion to bring confusion?
Just tell me who am I
Who you want me to be?
Do you prefer truth or will you go with fantasy?
Such questions haunt you day and night
Am I the ghost that you're trying to fight?
Could this be
Just see, it's just me
I am whatever you want me to be.
Who am I?

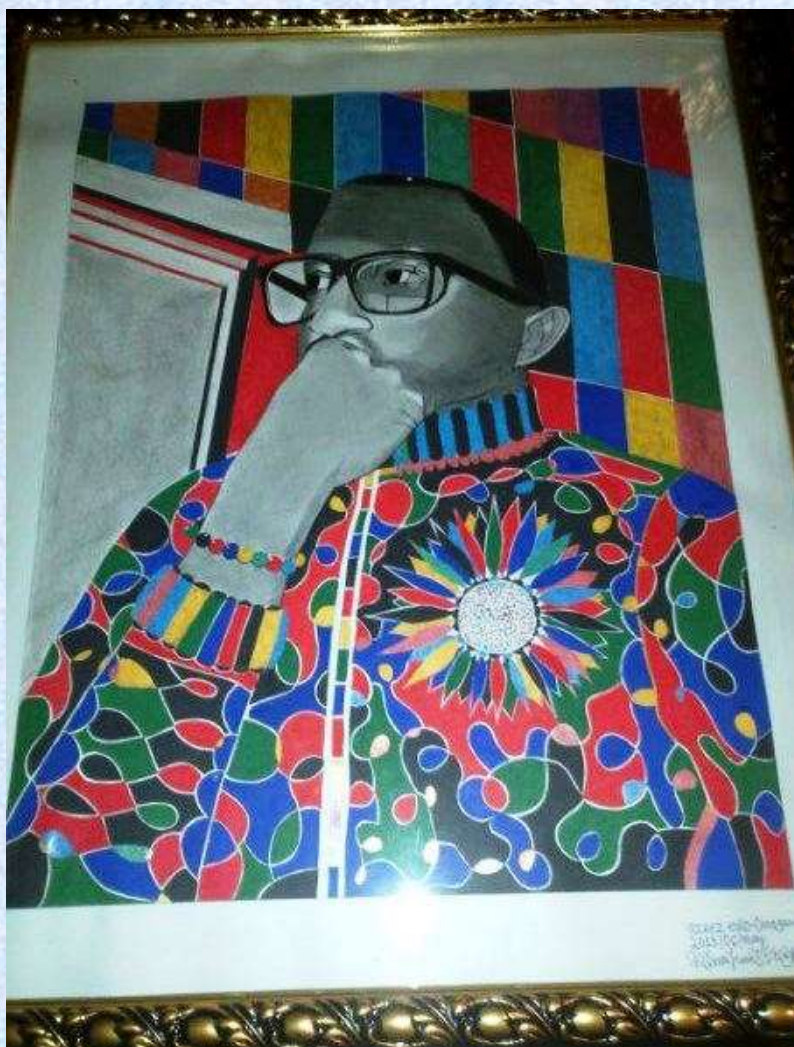
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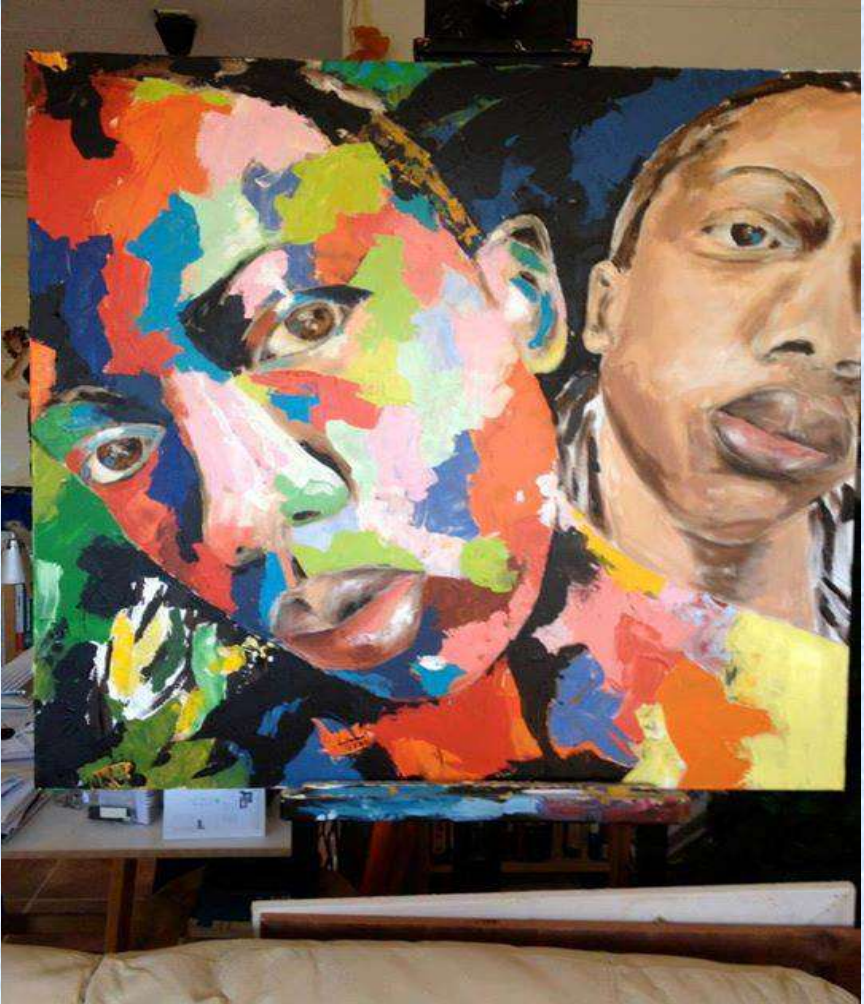


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In our verbal flaws of tribulation,

we paint the dark side of immortality and gesture like a clown at the cunning face of death. Little wonder the clouds wept their tears down like showers watering freshly planted sunflowers and sewing life in the emptiness of our thirsty desires. What determination springs up in us to avert our gruesome fears and face the obvious realities set forth before the unpredictable? It is courage triggered by our selfless heroes and innate programming that drives us to the infinitesimal limits of thought to cheat death as well as conquer immortality's greatest secrets and public elixirs. Alas, gaining the favor of Anu and Gilgamesh in an era without verbal flaws and flawed actions. The golden age is n-o-w.

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Our lives shorten

with every second that ticks off the clock. As we celebrate 1 second, so we celebrate being 1 second closer to death. Why not, then, make the most of life by making the world happy and blissful by utilizing our talents to make it a better place?

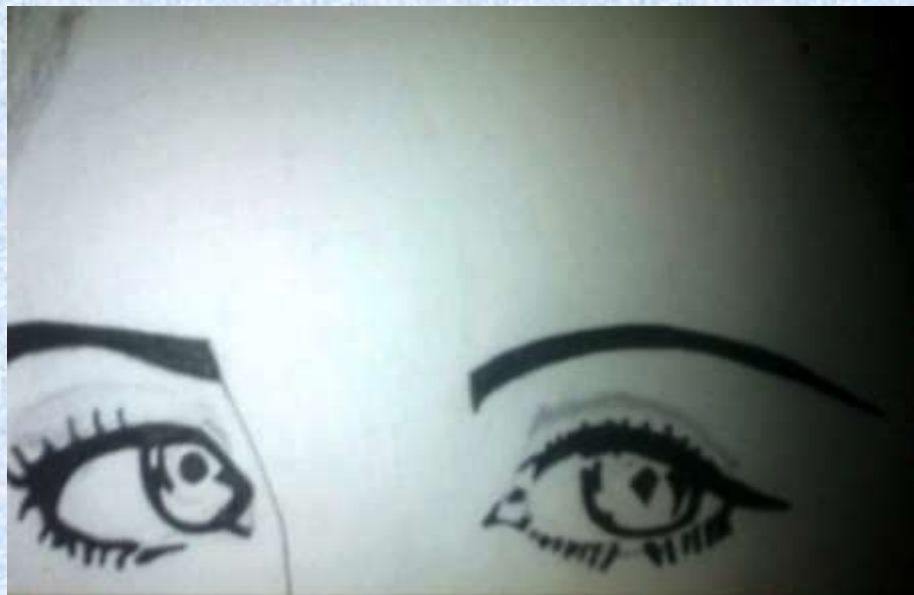
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Relaxation

Close your eyes and pick a memory

A simple but powerful one

A memory that gives you the strongest

Emotion you've ever felt in your life.

Focus

Focus on the emotion for a moment

Let it consume you completely

Fill yourself with this emotion

Focus on the emotion alone.

Concentrate

Now, slowly start to focus on the details

What do you hear? See? Taste? Smell?

What makes this memory special

While taking in the details, keep focused on the feeling.

Focus

Keep this feeling with you for as long as you can

Life is nothing more than one's interpretation of events

You are in control of perspective

You choose how you want to see things

Now, still focused on this feeling.

Open your eyes.

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Bittersweet

It's one thing to have a song stuck in your head, but to have a name, face, voice, an essence, an energy seared into your consciousness is the definition of bittersweet. Although the best kind of annoyance, it's the worst kind of enjoyment. My being calls for you as my heart beats in rhythm with the sound of your name. Normally I hate such a dichotomy, but love how you make me feel.

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From God To You

Just when you think it's the end
I will ask more of you
You must prove your faith to me again and again.

When you're so afraid to break that you won't even bend
I will ask you to stay true
Just when you think it's the end

I might isolate you from all family and friends
So I can do with you what I need
You must prove your faith to me again and again.

Storms will brew inside till you wish for death
And I will still ask more of you
Just when you think it's the end

Your electricity will be cut off and sleep in a cold bed
I have to make sure your loyalty is true
You must prove your faith to me again and again.

But I am still with you my child, my friend
I have to show that my blood runs through you
Just when you think it's the end
You must prove your faith to me again and again.

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The L.O.V.E. Goes On

(For The Children)

A picture is worth a thousand words
Napoleon Bonaparte once keenly observed
In recent memory, though, nobody captures this truism
Quite like Silvia Veszpremiova.

Only a project written by fans of the humanitarian
So full of love, as Michael Jackson
Could touch the human spirit
With such a heart-tugging call to action.

To help God's children suffering
All too often in silence
With serious disease and affliction
Is "Michael's Angels" stated mission.

I am very honored to contribute time
And energies to the Rhythm Of Love series
For on CD, paper as well as E-Book format
We strive to alleviate children's pain and miseries.

Lily Wonderland provides the driving energy
You see, she's quietly behind the scenes
Assembling this book, with a blessed synergy
So God bless you MJ... we love you.

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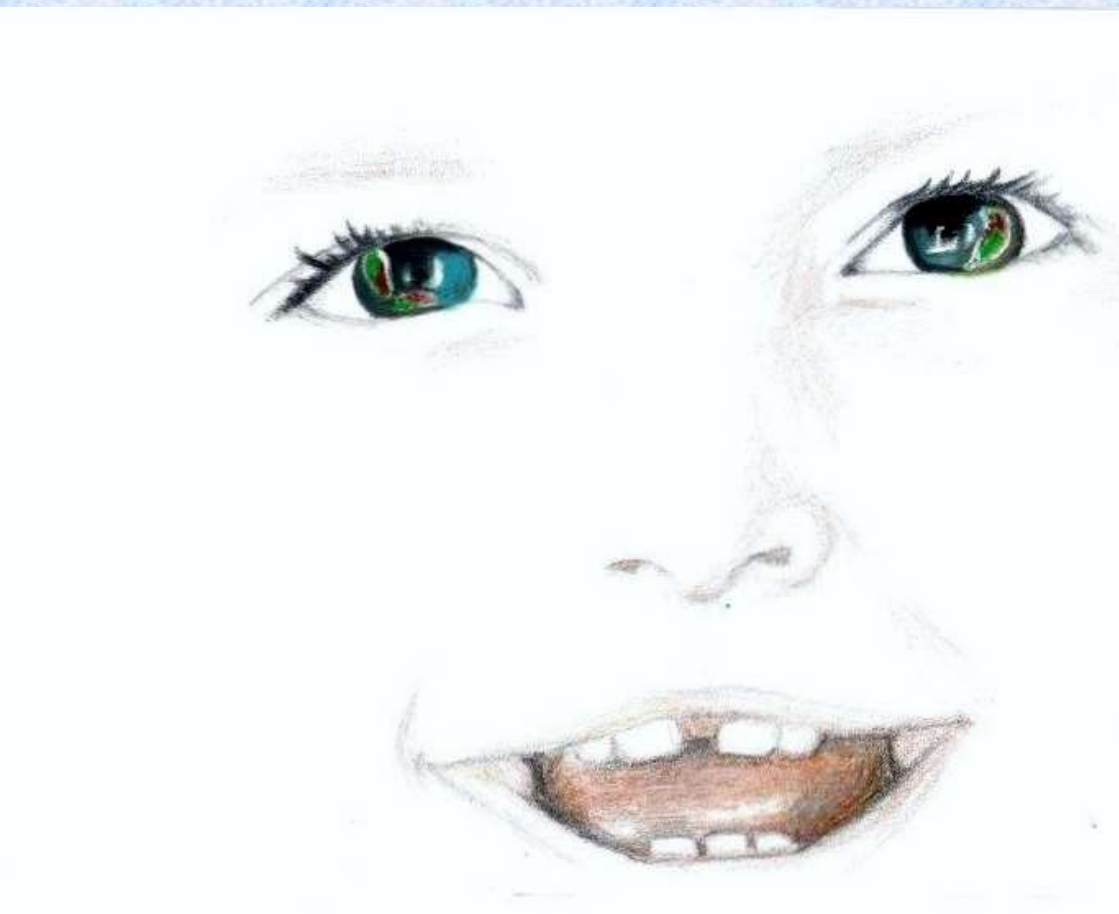


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The day will come

The day will come
for those who live with love
and peace in their hearts.

To believe we are with you
In your army of love

The choice is made

The weapons are hot

Let's start to shoot

Our bullets of love

Lead us ahead in your name

It means a lot here

For we are you.

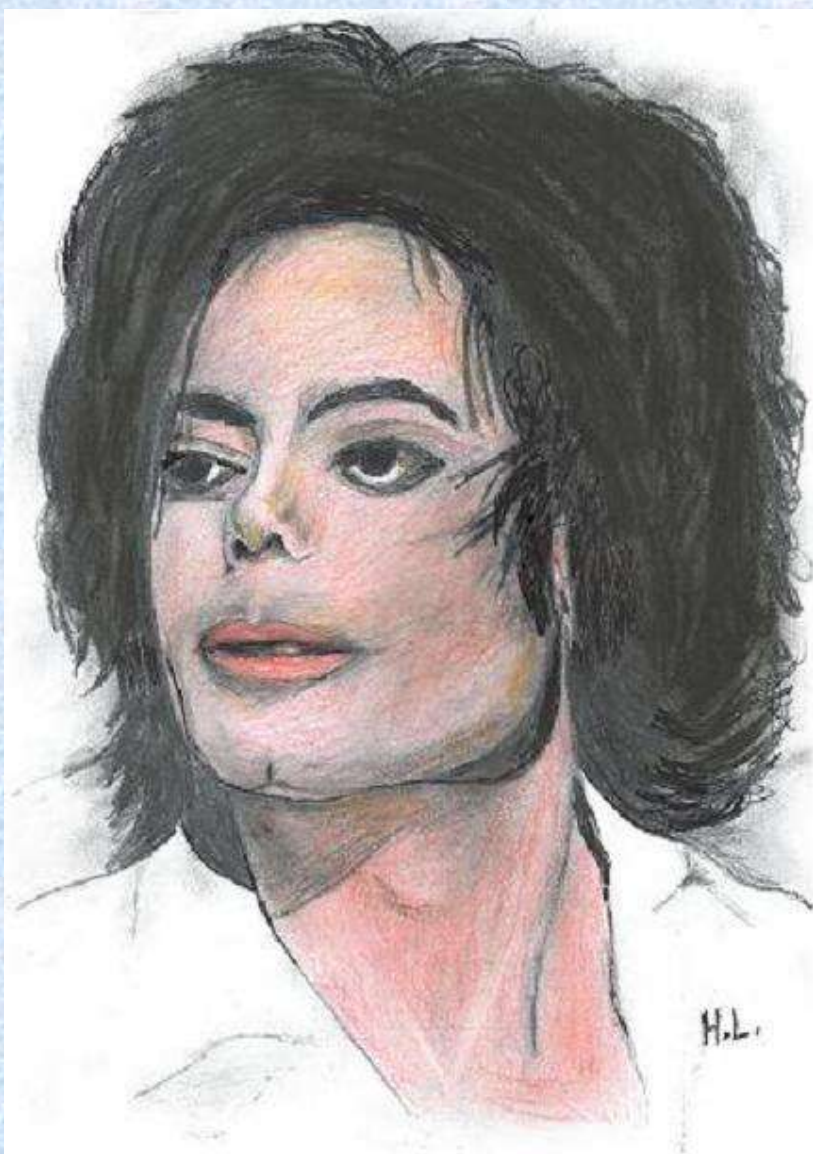
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Summer Story

The evening and holiday was at an end. Talia lay in bed with closed eyes and in vain tried to fall asleep.

Suddenly, hot and dry air penetrated into the stone walls of her room. Something electrifying was in the air! Talia knew what it meant.

Approaching the mistral was a cold, strong wind from the sea forecasted to blow for almost a week, break branches and trip her up if she attempted to walk.

Around midnight, nearly half asleep, she heard the doorbell. Who could it be?

She found that her parents went upstairs and spoke with someone, only hearing soft words or fragments of sentences.

"We stayed in New York yesterday and wanted to take the opportunity to explore a bit of the Canadian coast – it's beautiful nature. I love the sea. We drove towards Saint John, but you know the roads, weather and the speed of winds.

Coming in the opposite direction, well, there was nothing we could do. No, nothing happened to me, I was strapped in with a seat belt, but my manager is in the hospital. You can call and check it out. Yes, apparently there will be surgery. And the hotel did not have a single free room! Excuse me..."

"We are very pleased that we can help you. Of course, you can stay here," mother softly spoke. "In the next room is a free bed. There is our daughter Talia, if you do not mind, she has long since been asleep."

"Actually, I'm afraid to wake her. I suffer restless sleep, though I will not bother her for too long. Early in the morning, I have to go to the hospital."

"I'll lend you some clothes from my husband," mother continued.

"Perhaps you are a lot skinnier than me," said father. Talia closed her eyes tighter. For a while, she heard water running in the bathroom and caught a streak of light as the door opened. Silhouettes of three figures passed silently to the far wall.