

On Point P



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BY LEAH KIRRANE

Meet Polly Picket, a paparazzi princess,
forced to face her own reflection
and re-evaluate her perspective of life.

“Another great piece of work! On Point Polly challenges readers to view the world from a different lens; to focus on what really matters. It is layered with messages of positivity and simultaneously takes the reader on an emotional ride with cadence and rhyme. A perfect book to lift spirits in hard times.” ~ Leah Bigham

“Love it! A strong and inspirational message. Love the style and illustrations too!”
~ Liz Cadogan

“An incredibly beautiful message. Had tears in my eyes.” ~ Lara Pellow-Jarman





On Point Polly

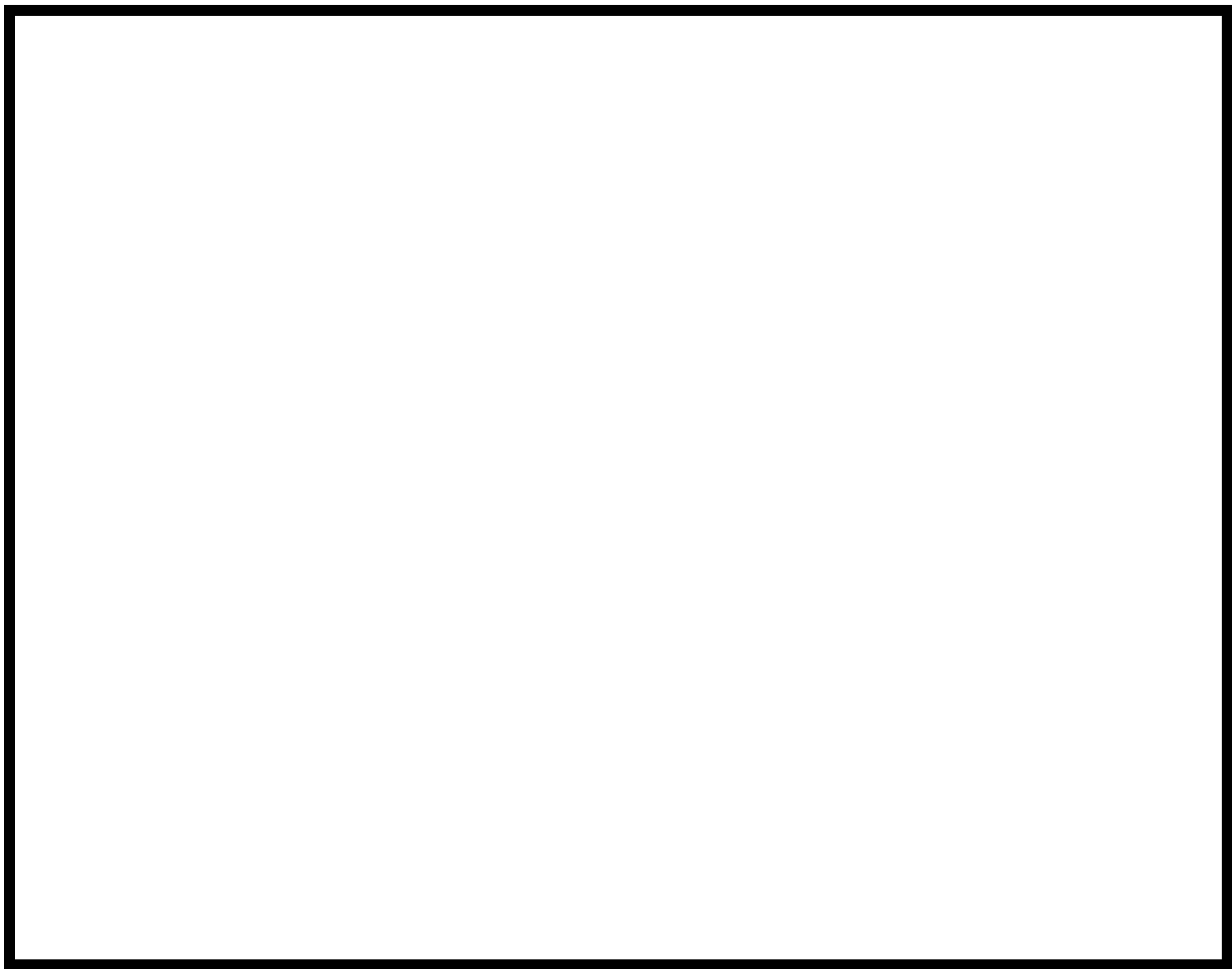
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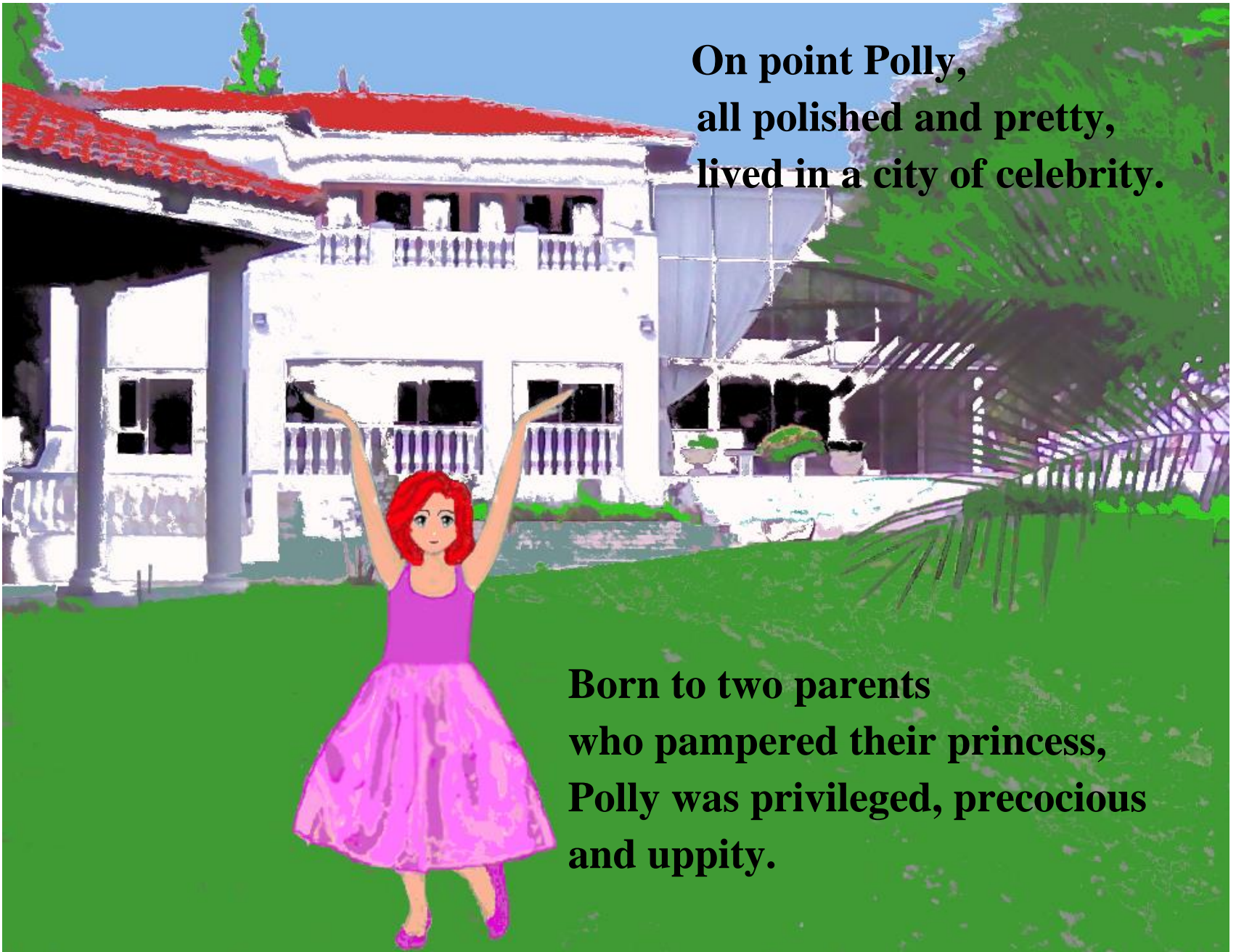
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**On point Polly,
all polished and pretty,
lived in a city of celebrity.**

**Born to two parents
who pampered their princess,
Polly was privileged, precocious
and uppity.**



She prided herself in appearance and poise,
and both girls and boys peppered Polly with praise.

She had brains and beauty and manners to match;
polite, prim and proper, she was quite a catch.

But alas, her sweet charm was a phase.

Polly, always straight and narrow,
shot her words out like an arrow,
aimed at other's faults and failures,
aired aloud and snide.

Always pointing out the problems,
never offering to solve them,
sometimes harsh and sometimes rude
and always full of pride.



**When Polly grew older, she grew a bit bolder,
and sold out her talents for personal gain.
She became a reporter for a popular paper,
a hob-knobbing job where the famous and vain
told stories of pleasures but left out the pain.**



Polly detested dishonesty,
so she made it her utmost priority,
to dig up the dirt of celebrity hurt
and plaster it on the society page.

She aired private matters,
she shared and she splattered
the smut and the spats
and the hopes
that were shattered.





And Polly would gab
and Polly would blabber,
and Polly was all the rage.

She poked and she prodded about petty things,
she would nit-pick at picnics,
and at parties would pry.

Polly never offered pity while digging up the nitty-gritty,
and when her stories hit the press,
she caused a huge outcry.



"Out with Paparazzi Polly!"
shouted people, by and by.

One day, Polly's boss called her into his office
and made her an offer she couldn't refuse.

"Polly," he said, "I'm sending you off
to a place far away to report real news."

Awful, is how Polly first felt,
Offended!

"Report real news?" She was rather annoyed.
Though it didn't feel good,
Polly quite understood,
if she didn't accept, she might be unemployed.



So she packed up her case and put on her best face with a fake, pasted smile where a smirk used to be, but her tears fell like rain as she boarded that plane and flew off to a place by the edge of the sea.

A place known for its poverty.



**Polly's plane landed on a white-sanded island
and she wished she could bask on the beautiful beach.
But relaxing was last on her list of to-dos,
for Polly was there to report *real* news!**

**You see, two-days prior, an earthquake had struck,
a magnitude seven-point-five.**

**From school-houses to hospitals, huts to hotels,
people's health and their homes were now crumbled shells.**



A collage of hands in various colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple, brown) reaching out towards the center, symbolizing global unity and aid. The hands are arranged in a circular pattern, with some pointing towards the center and others slightly away, creating a sense of movement and connection. The background is white, making the colorful hands stand out.

**So, hands from all over the world reached out
to help rescue, rebuild and revive.**

**Polly put herself to quick work doing a reporter's job,
taking pictures, asking questions,
writing down the things she saw.**



**But when she asked a volunteer
how his work made him feel,
he shook his head
and took her hand
and said to her,
“to understand,
you have to make it real.”**

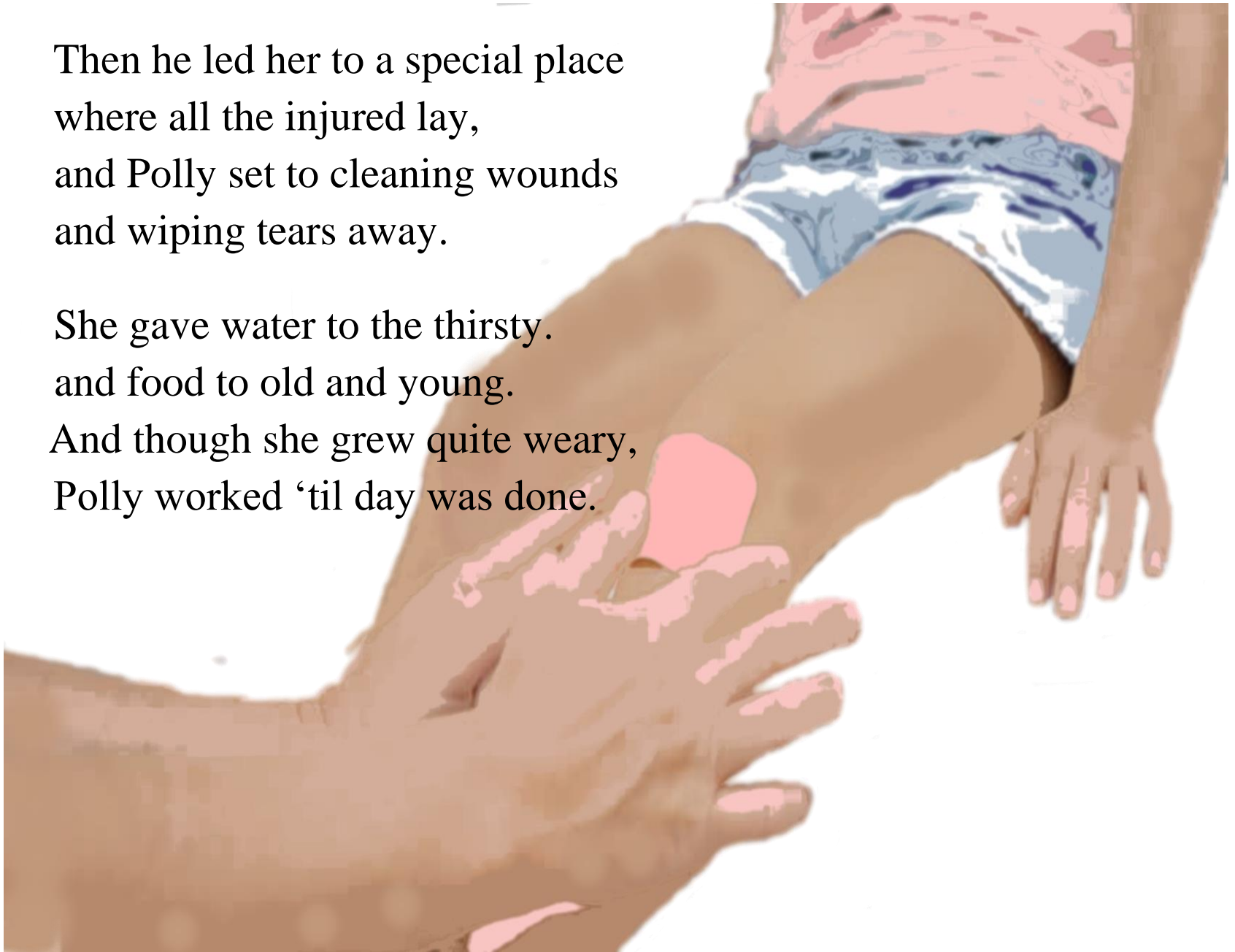


So, he handed her a pair of gloves
and handed her a shovel,
and rolled a wheel-barrow her way
and had her dig through rubble.



Then he led her to a special place
where all the injured lay,
and Polly set to cleaning wounds
and wiping tears away.

She gave water to the thirsty.
and food to old and young.
And though she grew quite weary,
Polly worked 'til day was done.





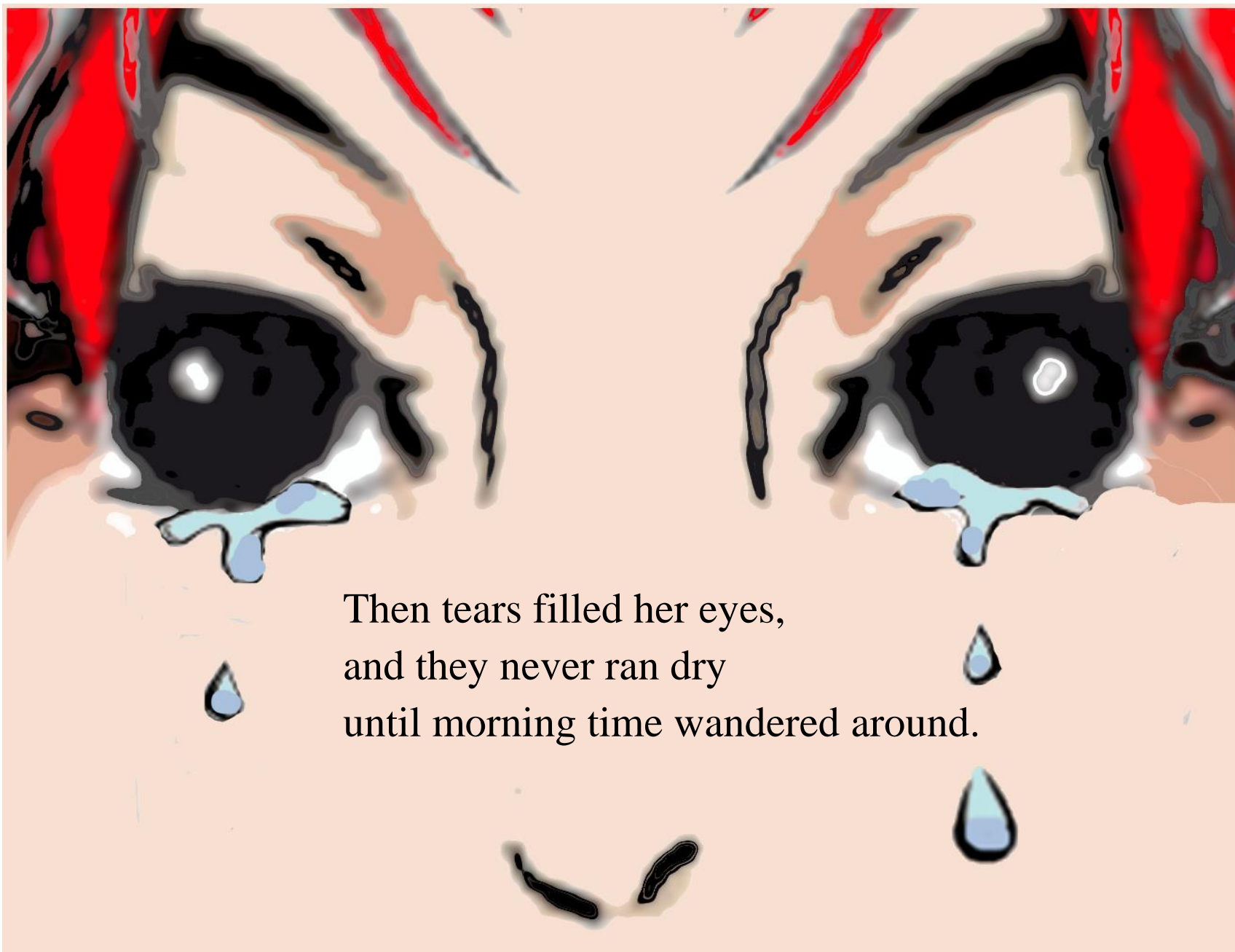
Needless to say,
by the end of the day,
Polly's posh and her polish were gone.

Polly looked at herself in the mirror and sighed.
It was not a reflection that puffed up her pride,
but it *was* one that made her look deeper inside
and consider her purpose in life.

She poked and she prodded,
and she picked herself to pieces;
she questioned and she answered,
she reasoned and she rhymed.

Did she live to build up or tear down?
Did she love to bring smiles or frowns?
“Well, up until now,”
Polly thought to herself,
“I’ve been living my life upside down.”

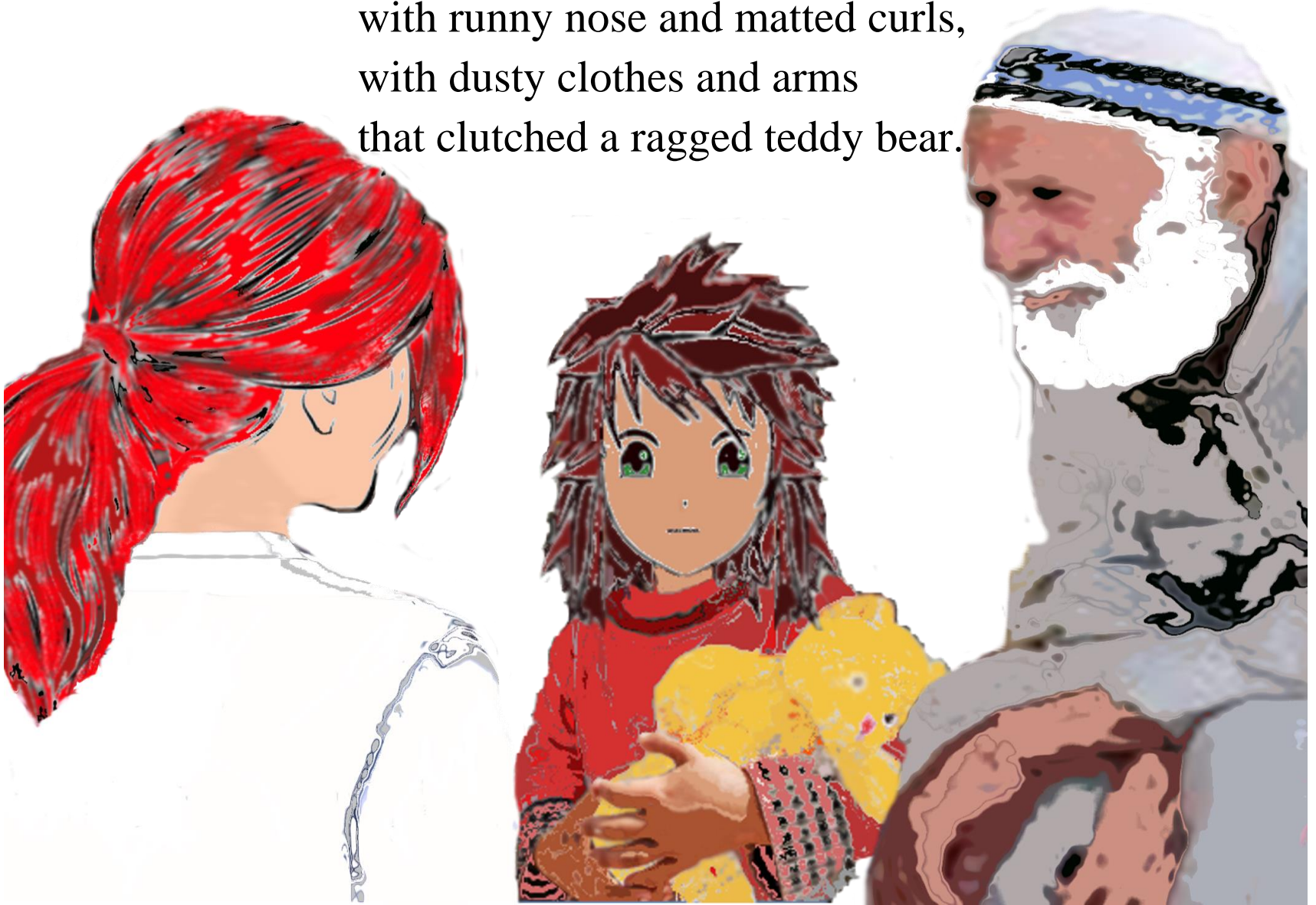




Then tears filled her eyes,
and they never ran dry
until morning time wandered around.

Next day, while in the clinic tent,
with swollen eyes and pounding head,
with aching heart and body,
feeling very near despair,
deep in thought and sighing,
every image made her feel like crying,
every woman, man, and child, coming in for care.

Especially the tattered girl
with runny nose and matted curls,
with dusty clothes and arms
that clutched a ragged teddy bear.



Polly knelt down to comfort the girl,
but encountered a sudden surprise,
for the child reached up and gently
wiped the tears from Polly's eyes.

Then a strange thing took place,
a change in the child's face,
from pain into pleasure,
as she held out her treasure
and handed poor Polly her bear.



“You are more hurt than I am,”
the little girl said.

“He will make sure your heart is okay.”

Then she smiled politely,
and hugged Polly tightly
and turned and ran away.



In the days that followed,
Polly went where she was called,
helping out where she was needed,
serving others, big and small,
making friends that felt like family,
learning lots while she was there,
mainly how to work together,
how to serve and how to share.

She experienced compassion,
and for Polly that was new;
then she added understanding
to expand her point of view.

What once she would have criticized,
now Polly saw with different eyes,
and she began to realize
that something else was true:
that which she saw in others,
Polly saw in herself too:
The good and the bad, the happy and sad,
the helpful, the hurtful, the mellow, the mad.

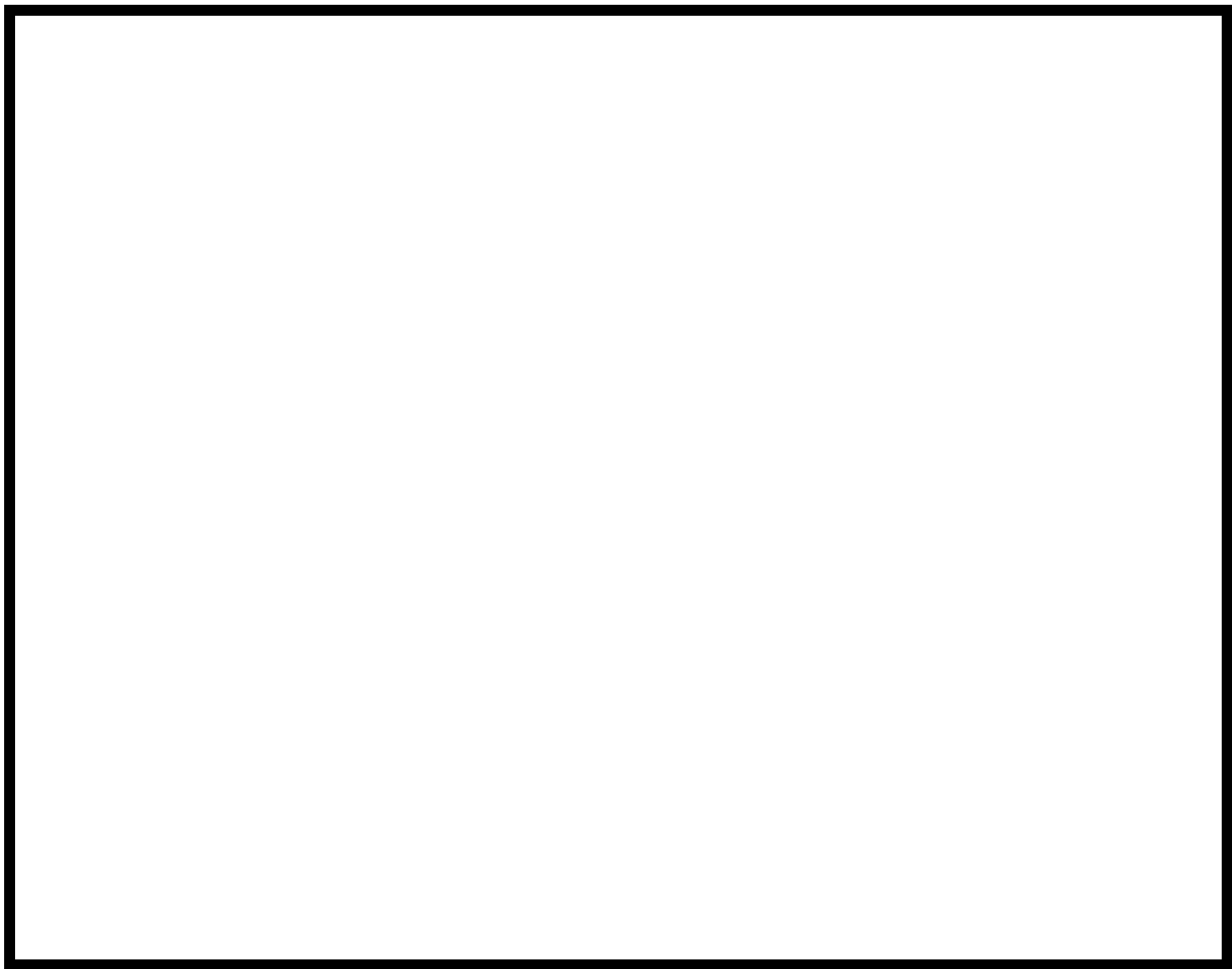
And she now saw that she had a choice,
as to how she could best use her talents and voice.

She could make a big noise about devastation,
or Polly could offer a new revelation,
one of love and of service and cooperation.

She could return to her old reputation
of bashing and trashing
and smashing of hearts,
or Polly could make a new start.









Our Vision

The Omni Foundation is a non-profit company set up to create and support the building of Soul Sanctuaries—Ecovillages (self-sustaining intentional communities) where the pillars of Awareness, Transparency, Responsibility and Cooperation uphold a framework encircling health of Spirit, Mind, Body and Environment; and foster Community, Productivity, Education, Creativity, and Leisure.

Our Mission

*To bring healing and wholeness to our world by living, sharing and teaching Spiritual, Sociological, Ecological and Economic principles of peaceful and sustainable community living.
This is the legacy we choose to leave behind.*

Please check out our website and consider donating to our cause:

www.theomnifoundation.com

About the Author

Leah Kirrane

Is a home-schooling mom and writer/musician, and co-founder, with her husband Cameron, of [The Omni Foundation, NPC](#).

She was born and raised in central and northern California, then spent some years in rural Edmonton Alberta, Canada.

She now lives in Mpumalanga, South Africa, where she and Cameron, are building their dream and sharing their message together. It is a message of Peace, Community, Self-sustainability, and the Oneness of Creation.

Leah and Cameron worked together on the illustrations of this book, learning some of the ins-and-outs of GIMP and graphic design. It is their first attempt at illustrating a book, and they are pleased with the results.

You can find her on Facebook ([Leah Kirrane](#), or [Leah Kirrane singer-songwriter](#)), or at their Omni Foundation website: www.theomnifoundation.com

