



In the beginning every one got along.

All were focused on what they wanted to do. Even the children with their gift of truth, tantrums, and tears were given hugs, and not necessarily their way.

It was a time of give and take, equal measure, laughter, learning, and love.

Then it happened that somewhere along the way anger flared, feelings got hurt, misunderstandings escalated, and positions got entrenched.

And every one got set in their ways, which became the *right* way, and then the *only* way. And they built a wall of attachment, brick by brick cemented with righteousness, making change unlikely.

Acceptance of other ideas was viewed as weakness. Understanding as acquiescence. Consideration as blasphemy.

And so it continued that all held on to *the way* as if nothing else existed, so for them, nothing did.

Until one day, a young man named Jesse Stone came upon the wall of attachment and saw a brick missing. There was light shining through. When he bent down to look into the light, he saw beautiful green eyes flecked with gold looking back. He quickly withdrew as if startled by being seen.

The next day Jesse returned to see if the light was still there. When he walked up to the wall he saw that two bricks were missing, and more light was pouring through. When he looked through the opening a hello greeted him, as well as the smiling green eyes flecked with gold, and he met Jennie Bond.

Instead of leaving they stayed. Leaning up against the wall, they spoke to each other of what they knew of *the way* on each side. They spoke of life experiences, lessons learned, dreams, and of loss and pain, differences in philosophies, expectations, and values.

They also laughed at the different styles of the people they knew, but grew silent knowing the controlling aspect of both their lands.

As the days passed they met at the wall as much as possible. Soon, when curiosity got the better of them, they removed additional bricks, and discovered a shimmering doorway they could pass through to explore each other's way.

When they stepped through the door they exchanged *I'm right* for *I'm listening*, and in a moment of transcendence knew how *I'm right* diminished their ability to know strangers and loved ones, workers and friends.

They saw that, over the years, citizens of both lands had closed the door, and built the wall until everyone forgot it was what separated them one from another.

Soon people on both sides of the wall noticed the open doorway. As Jesse and Jennie moved freely through the wall of attachment, they started taking more people to the other side. Some people even took bricks home as souvenirs making the opening even wider. They realized that a single brick is just a point of view and is part of the experience of life. But as a wall it was a boundary that kept them in and others out. It had become a thought prison of their making.

As more people passed through the wall they became aware that conflicts are natural, differences occur, and mistakes are made.

But this time they didn't retreat back into *I'm Right*.

Instead they listened longer, asked questions, resolved problems the best they could, and were in a state of wonder at how rich their lives had become when they appreciated differences. Relationships thrived.

Their lives became a grateful meditation and the wall of attachment crumbled to become an ancient artifact in the evolution of being.

And they lived happily every after ...

The moral of the story ... now is the time to take down walls built with bricks of attachment in your own life, and create an opening. You may be surprised and grateful for what you have and what you can see.

Happy Thanksgiving.

My love goes with you as you work with this uplifting moment