

The Burden and The Glory

Long ago in the land of love there were wishful thinkers who distorted the truth because they wanted something they could never have. They meant well in wanting some things to change, because it seems some things always need to be changed, however by destroying the truth they left love no place to live ... for love cannot live in a lie.

Truth was dismantled, relegated to an unimportant level where anyone's "truth" was just as good as anyone else's.

Love was made a menial thing. Lust and longing for things replaced it, for the best of love cannot survive when there is no truth for it to celebrate.

The hearts of people shrank over time. Children stopped loving parents. Parents stopped loving each other. Each struggled to achieve a never-ending goal, their separate purposes preventing their enjoyment of the only prize worth living for ... shared love.

So intense were those who taught the lie.

So angry were they at the imperative truth they wished to deny.

Still, truth persisted.

Truth was evident to each of them in every waking moment after all. No matter how the people meditated or prayed, no matter how many emails they sent or websites they posted, no matter how many mantras they chanted or messages they taped to the medicine cabinet mirror to remind them of the lie, truth sang louder, shone more brightly, and punctuated every instant with its own bright irrepressible light.

The lie fought harder, determined to make truth subside, determined to bring truth under the control of its will. Truth remained unchanged, however. Indeed, the truth always remains the truth, just as this everchanging moment is always "now".

The liars screamed.

They demanded.

They wrote books.

They used prime-time TV to promote their lie in sit-coms and feature-length movies. They destroyed the first sight of true love in others by proclaiming it a mere "relationship" where "having sex" replaced "making love". When they found shared love existing in truth, they got involved, stamped it out, made it illegal.

They passed laws.

They sold products for a market of lonely souls to worship in place of shared love.

They created opulent lifestyles too busy with things to make room for true love.

The planet nearly died.

Much of humanity wept in the secret of their lonely nights but, of course, few admitted this for fear of being criticized for the sin of believing in absolute truth.

One day a very small child asked a much older person, “Why do so many humans hate the truth?”

“What can you mean?” the older person asked, astonished to hear so serious a question from such a very young soul.

“See how those two over there refrain from touching?” the little child asked. “See how that other couple sit so far apart?”

“Oh, yes,” the older person acknowledged. “That happened long ago in an age when men were afraid to be men and women were afraid the world would fall apart if they did not step in and take charge.”

“What was it like before?”, the child asked.

“There was a time when kisses were more often seen. Men worked hard to be the best they could be, and women did their best to love and be loved for the sake of love itself. Couples enjoyed each other, made babies, and stayed together for the rest of their lives. They created a society of great luxury. Then their children began to worship all the things their parents made possible. They turned the joy of shared love into a hateful lie that infected the entire world with the poison of its mean-spirited deceptions.

“That’s what happened. As the old ones died off, a new generation proclaimed them fools and decreed a new world order by which they promised to rule the planet in peace (but without truth and, therefore, without real love).

“They declared that truth is a word with no certain meaning, an opinion constantly susceptible to change. They said, among other things, there’s no difference between men and women other than obvious physical differences. They insisted such foolish things were true and thus created a place of sorrow where all humanity suffers even to this very day.”

“How long must the suffering continue?” the small child asked, wiping away a tiny tear.

“Until we older ones learn to accept what is,” the older one replied. “Until we learn to love the truth more than the lies of our desired deceptions. Until we overcome darkness with light. Until we accept each other as we are. Until we work together to make a difference.”

“I sure hope that day comes soon,” said the little child.”

And I responded, “So do I.”

#