

WATCHING AND WAITING

Watching and waiting, hoping and praying,
A young man kneeled in the rain for hours.

The lightning ceased, the clouds blew by,
The sun came out.

He thought his prayers had worked.
He thought he was a fortunate man.
He thought he was blessed.

And he was right, for when he returned home
He found his house had burned to the ground.

A great relief flooded through him.
His burdens had gone up in flame.
At last, his prayers had been answered.
He was free from the tethers of materiality.

But he found that freedom had a price.
Grief at the loss,
Sorrow for the fruit of hard work undone,
Anguish for life's treasures destroyed.

Anger
—that this should be done to him, a good and honest man—
Was his constant companion, for a while.

As time passed, he became a wiser man,
Started his life anew, married, had a family.

He began to understand:
That material things are necessary to maintain life;
That the lesson is not to be without, but to un-attach;
That the physical realm needs cleaning;
That the emotional realm needs purity, clarity;
That being unattached constitutes True Freedom;
That True Freedom is an interior State of Being, without which
Everything else becomes, quite simply, burdensome.

He stood up, stretched tall, took a deep breath, stroked his gray beard,
And laughed at the unexpected way his prayers had been answered.

He was beginning to experience the Joy of True Life,
Now that he knew God had a quirky sense of humor.

