

The Valley of Reality

In a luxuriantly green valley called “Reality” lived a small green caterpillar who had two bright yellow stripes running down his fussy little back and his name was “Character”.

Character was deeply in love with all the beauty and delicacies of life, but of all the beautiful things Character loved more than all else in the glorious valley of Reality was a beautiful butterfly called “Life”.

Character longed with with is whole heart for the awesome beauty of the butterfly called Life. Every time little green Character saw the beautiful butterfly called Life his breathe was taken away. So each day he'd waited and watched for her to float upon her way on the sweet summer breezes far above his head.

And one-day Life landed gently next to him upon a bright purple orchid; then she spoke to him in the kindest, sweetest voice he had ever heard. She talked to him in parables of wisdom so profound that only Life could speak. But little green Character could not understand her words of wisdom for her beauty was so great it blinded him to the truth.

Character was just stunned wondering “why had she befriended me?” Nonetheless, she carefully explained all the changes life must bring and the suffering that would follow. She would say: “If you want to live life in its fullest glory Character then accept the changes that comes with Life”.

Well Character fell in love with Life on that day, and in the weeks and months to follow she shared her wisdom, and kindness with him that only a beloved friend of Life could know.

But one-day when little Character went off to spend time with his wonderful friend Life she wasn't there; she had disappeared from the valley of Reality! So Character started searching the whole valley of Reality, but Life was no where to be found?

Finally Character noticed underneath a broad leaf of a plant the tip of a wing that looked like Life's? He slowly moved the leaf and there laid the lifeless body of his beloved friend Life. Her wings torn, dried, and broken, the once glorious colors of her wings were now faded and almost gone.

Little Character broke down and wept, he wept for days, he simply would take no comfort for himself. Until the two bright yellow stripes running down his fussy back turned coal black into hate. Now little Character looked across the luxuriant green Valley of Reality and his bright clear eyes turned from beauty to ugliness and hate. What lay before now was a harsh valley of Death and not his Reality.

So little green Character would start to weave a wall around himself to protect himself from the ugliness, and hate he saw in the valley of Reality. And when he had completed his task he found himself encased in a cold black cocoon called "Hate"; each and every strand woven precisely from Character own bitter heart.

And so as it was the winter snow came and inside the cocoon called Hate Characters heart turned still colder than the ice outside. By spring Character had been dead for many months, but when the warm rays of the suns fell upon his cold hard shell; warmth entered into Characters soul, and he awakened ever so slowly.

As he stirred his heart started longing for the beauty of his beloved friend Life. But then, just as suddenly, he was flooded with guilt when he recalled all the things she had shared with him about the beauty of life. And so spring would slowly change to summer, and with it Characters heart changed too. He finally said: "I must see the light of Reality and share the joy of Life, so I may never die again from all the hate."

So for many long hard days Character fought against the strand of Hate that entangled his soul until he finally made a small hole. Then he poked his head out of the hole to see for the very first time the light of Reality, and the whole valley of Reality was in full bloom; Life was everywhere! But once again guilt flooded Characters heart; for all the ugliness he had once thought about his beloved friend Life.

But he said: “No! I will not go back to the blackness of guilt and hate.” So he fought even harder and release finally came from his cocoon hate when he forgave his beloved friend Life for her ugly death.

Character now looked back for his last time at the cocoon Hate and caught sight of his own reflection; he had grown two glorious wings called Healing.

His bright eyes willed with tears of joy, then he said: “Oh Lord I too have become Life through all my suffering. And as Life would have it; the sweet summer breezes lifted him upon the wings of Healing as he floated across the luxuriant valley of Reality in sweet gentle peace.

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