

Knowing

He sat in an old chair and looked over the sawgrass during a gentle thunderstorm and he was happy. He'd found all of the answers...or... better to say, he'd discovered the *only* answer that mattered.

And, again, he thought about sharing it but caught himself. After all this time, he was pretty *certain* he *couldn't* share it. Whenever he tried to explain it, his connection became more vague. Every phrase or term he formally associated with it, appeared to diminish his own grasp of the concept.

He was content to die and lose everything without sadness or excitement. And that was *part* of the answer. Affection was another part, along with compassion—for himself and others. Purpose another piece.

But none of those terms, or even the linking of them, accomplished the totality of the experience of "*knowing*" as he called it. He often chuckled at the frustrating situation—comprehensive understanding *without* effective communication. That in itself, *had* been an alien concept.

People sought his advice. This had been going on for years. Long before he'd found his answers they'd come to him searching for theirs. Most came for small problems—upset with their jobs, spouses, bodies, and houses. And he was happy to assist them in these questions, to alleviate, as best he could, their suffering...and even sometimes, on rare occasions, nudge them gently in the direction of *knowing*.

That, was truly, his greatest pleasure in life.

He would smile when they were close and genuinely happy for those who found their way.

He never bothered explaining to them *what* they found. He didn't need to. That secret wisdom always brought them closer.

He imagined it had *always* been that way—*knowing* perpetually being "rediscovered" individually throughout history. Those finding it for themselves unable to assist others much other than to nudge when they were close to finding it for themselves.

He looked back through history. He saw those who tried so hard to make others see it. And yet, he also realized this was likely a minority. Most were more likely like him, content to observe, mildly assist, accepting the limitations that came with the experience.

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