

Eleanor Roosevelt

July 17, 2013, in Finnerty Garden, Victoria, British Columbia

Look to the real jewels, the children. They are precious beyond realms of wonder. There is art in simplicity, in clarity, in a story.

Once upon a time, a lovely princess was trapped in a tower. Her jailers were ferocious and mean and they let her out once a week only to tend to their garden. Even they loved flowers and trees and they knew the princess had a wonderful green thumb.

So, every Sunday from 1 until 5 p.m., the princess would share her woes and her tears with the flowers and the wood fairies. Gradually, over the years her tears sank down into the earth and something special began to grow.

Something wonderful and magical and private. Something simple and true. It was a dream. A dream of freedom. Along with that dream, a root began to push up through the floor of the tower. Unbeknownst to her jailers, it grew and grew and grew until it created a series of tunnels and branches and became her alter self, the one who was free to move here and move there and go in whichever direction it chose. One day, it chose to go straight up to her chamber. When she opened the door, the root of her dream had grown into a beautiful ladder and step by step, she descended. She walked away. It was a Tuesday morning at 10 past 10. Life was beginning again.

So, every day at 10:10 bless your freedoms, the present moment, and all your hopes and dreams for the future.