

## Question



Once upon a time there was this place called “Existence”. In the land of “Existence” there lived a young child named “Question”. Question was truly a curious being from his birth and all the way through his life. He had many . . . questions. He had questions about everything . . . Himself, Life, and all the things around Him. Why he even had questions about what he did not see or know. Perhaps that was just how his mind worked! He was just one continuous ????? question ?????.

One Spring day while taking a walk, Question noticed an unusual aroma he had not detected before. Upon his diligent investigation and tracking he came to a Garden where he saw many new Sprouts piercing the soil. As he continued tracking the scent, he came to a flower. He asked the Flower why was she imparting such a beautiful scent for the whole world when she could easily keep such a treasure all for herself. Flower without hesitation smiled and explained to question that giving was the total of her worth. She further explained that in giving of her scent to the Garden and thus the world that she was bringing Joy to the world and it's occupants. Question agreed, for he too was intoxicated by the beauty of her aroma.





**But “Question” in his overactive and querying state asked Flower what was to come of her when she ran out of such a treasured gift. Flower again smiled and told Question that she would loose her petals and would no longer have her beautiful aroma to share. Question became saddened, not only for her, but himself. In time. he would no longer be able to enjoy sweet Flower. Flower noticing Question’s demeanor quickly explained to question that she was quite happy to serve in her brief life time and she was patiently awaiting her new and coming fate. Question being puzzled, asked her what was that to be? Flower explained to Question, that all life was a process. She explained that the petals she dropped upon the floor of the Garden would nourish the soil which eventually would produce even more flowers in the future to come. Furthermore, her own life was just beginning. Question was now realty puzzled . . . “what do you mean” he asked. She told him of the Fruit of Life.**



**She explained to him that in order to become Fruit, she must make way by releasing her Petals. She said “In life you must let go of something to gain something !” Now Question was really becoming excited . . . he wanted to know every thing. His curiosity factor had now just jumped off the eternal cliff in to the bottomless void of unknowing. He began to open his mouth when Flower abruptly cut him off and simply began to impart her fragrance of Joy to the wafting breeze in the Garden. Question again being overwhelmed by the ethereal beauty of her countenance became very still.**

Flower spoke . . . “Life is such . . . at times we must stop and just “be” who we are that we may not only enjoy the beauty of life, but that we may add to it”. With that idiom, question was frozen in being and his incessant questions transmuted from the active thoughts of life’s query to the quiet observations of it’s beauty . . . and yet, all the questions he could ever ask were being answered.



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