

## 7. Curtain Links

**B**icycling is a link in a golden chain of humanity, one link after another, like rungs on a ladder to a higher understanding. It unhooks the curtain behind which puppet masters hide naked and wizened. Since its development irrevocably changed civilization, it also serves to shove aside any dusty shrouds that obscure past, gets you to think regressively, thus return to origins, revisit why things are how they are, revive sensibility originally behind progress. Bicycling alters attitudes. If you do it enough you'll perceive wrongs swept under rugs, and thus mine a mother lode of unasked questions, all those unraveled details the devil gathers.

Everything is interrelated if you understand its connections. Language deconstructs into simple terms, symbols representing words, as if rebuses. Chinese does this in a highly stylized way; in Western languages certain letters are used to initiate words because of what they signify, as *W* for *Water*, since it's actually wavy like water and based on a wavy Phoenician character. All writing goes back to symbols that meant some action felt or thing seen by someone unburdened by umbrage. Symbols represented a concept, as did cartouches, ovals containing initials of hieroglyphs that match letters in a proper name. The letter "*C*" came from camel, *gimmel*, also known as *gamma* in Greek, derived from Egypt and rode into Roman and all Romance tongues, as was every other letter in all alphabets in similar ways.

If all language is thus interrelated, and language represents human behavior, all behaviors have common ground. Until recently, subtle nuances were all that separated vast tribes spread over continents. Yet there was never a simple interface. Translating is just like writing from scratch; you must understand what was written or said, then say it in finesse and idioms of a second language, a process fraught with inaccuracy and seldom handled with complete success. It's why you get illegible email trying to pose as local but originating in India or Russia, interesting in its utter inadequacy. Communicating is futile, anyway. AI emailed thousands of pages to same language recipients, and hardly any actually read them. He knew because they didn't comment, never an important enough interrupt in their self-serving programs to rebut on a point-by-point basis, unless to humiliate and vilify, a source of cruel amusement among those who do.

James Burke outlined historical connections in coffee table tomes and on television. Progress is called a modern notion, but it's actually ancient. Some everyday realities, like governmental extortion, have been around for millennia. The underrated Dark Ages managed glories in architecture, which spun off technological advances in glass, ironwork, sculpture, music, paper, painting, printing, rigging, sandcasting, stone cutting, treadles, waterwheels, and weaponry among stuff people now take for granted. Without unflappable faith, challenging projects—castles, cathedrals, temples—might never have been attempted. Thoughtless to condemn an entire age for its rate of progress, especially since populations were much smaller. Practically all development since has just been more of the same, gradual improvement accelerated by experimental method, manpower, money, and mutual agreement. Consistency and repetition are more important than innovation if things are already as good as they can get, but can anyone guarantee they can't get better? Technology chronicles a disorderly flux of decay and growth; calls for continuously retraining dull new recruits. Who knows if the next generation gets it or remembers? Progress can't be totally additive; something has to get chucked out with each advance. This isn't necessarily bad if what's abandoned no longer serves any purpose and won't be missed, or worse, resurfaces to cause irreparable harm, as do shamans and superstitions.

Anally retentive, emotionally stunted, obsessive compulsives discriminate everything into discreet categories, hermetically seal facts in sanitized glass jars or stainless steel, inflexibly affix dates, pin down those who are accountable. Science couldn't exist without boundary and taxonomy. Brains are only good at gathering and sorting, not making sense. Advertisers further stratify things as simple as pigments into shades of mauve and puce so everyone can latch onto something that makes them feel somehow superior. Plain folk milk ordinary heifers, muck out barns, and sometimes wash their hands before dinner. All things to them are basic brown and more closely related. Actions or omissions cause distinct effects. Everything on hand or at a distance intertwines in murky ways. Infections are held at bay, like bad wolves lurking on the perimeter or bankers with foreclosure papers. Mad cow disease can be carried thousands of miles on a sneaker sole. Forget moon, nearby sun, positions of planets, or stars light years away and you'll surely hurt your harvest. Preparations neglected affect things months or years later. Earth itself offers naught but bug and decay infested soil over infertile stone; nevertheless, simple cooperatives gratefully manage to extract sustenance. Air pollution, availability

of rainwater, commodity exchanges, cosmic dust, hail, heat, hours of sunlight, lightning, long term loess loss, mechanization overseas, minerals, tornadoes, and warming globally all must be taken into account. Static discharges fix nitrogen in soil without which plants can't flourish. If migrating bees and butterflies don't pollinate plants, fruits don't form. Complex macro-chaos: How do you deal with it, understand what its elements mean?

Unity is a fundamental truth. In 1670 Leibniz, who was smart enough to invent Calculus, said, "Reality cannot be found except in One single source, because of the interconnection of all things with one another." One can directly link a bicycle with a defrocked nun, feminism movement, homophilia, Search for God, union criticizing folk singer. Some threads are causal and clear. Others are ripples from other splashes that overlap. The nature of interconnections—the link itself—is what's important, not items, nodes, products. How do you briskly discount ridiculous claims, find serenity amidst a sensory barrage, yet not simply tune out, stay connected? Anger at macrosystems has to be better than hate crimes against individuals, although who knows where either leads. Centuries of practice and earth-tone taboos embody complexities of chaos theory. Isolation only works for farmers. People feel that starting any new relationship, fraught with danger, must be carefully controlled. Hesitancy is a self preserving ritual which devours lifecycles.

Back before Science began to assert itself as the dominant mode of thinking, the so-called Enlightenment, there was a metaphysical concept classifying all life on a Great Chain of Being. Then discovered microorganisms existed on the bottom, all life arose according to its order of complexity until man, the center of chain. Next arose levels of supernatural beings through choirs of angels to God. Man stood on a middle ground in suspended state, darkly wise and rudely great, blessed by godhead but bound by base urgings and instinct, a blend of pagan and pious in perfect balance. Despite flaws, mankind's the master link in a chain without which all current and future life would not exist, at least in this conception. Likewise, the biblical and cabalistic Tree of Life stretched from Hell to Heaven. From these planar models flowed classification by taxonomy, then the concept of evolution, one of the greatest advancements in mankind's understanding of his World, on par with astrophysics, calculus, Euclidean geometry, genetics, physiology, psychoanalysis, relativity, and similar theories well supported by facts but continually fought off by religious fanatics in denial. Notably, each was postulated by individuals working primarily alone imbued with a few ideas from mostly mad predecessors.

This put too much pressure on humanity to perform, he thought. Glad most had forgotten this mental gem, which did nobody any good, something worth chucking out. It was a final vestige of a long age of belief in which mankind was ruled by merciless other-worldly entities, largely concocted by the powerful to maintain their grip, divine rule, and all that. Why should gods share their power with mortals? Bloody purges, burning at stakes, crucifixions, ethnic cleansing, human sacrifices, and loathsome abominations you'd be horrified at today in your so-called civilized World still go on every day in the Third World ruled by self-proclaimed kings without Westerners so much as acknowledging or lamenting. It's as if it would be too much for their porcelain minds to abide without shattering. Instead they insist on rights for violators, animal and human, over those of victims, let murderers who massacre millions of innocents run free, and this horror continues unabated if not totally unnoticed, shards plowed under by presumed progress, tossed into pits and covered with lime, or totally forgotten in barrow mounds. Despite testimony to opposite, there is no satisfaction in dying for merciless monarchs, oligarchies or philosophies. There's little evidence of justice prevailing, except that the worst die just like everyone else, inevitably sometime or maybe sooner. Each evil life-force gets somehow processed and then, perhaps, justice prevails, or not. Much lies beyond logic and physics. As if carborundum, negative emotions grind down one's spirit as surely as hills fill gullies, mountains erode into sand, terrain is erased, which is why most authorities want to channel or stifle them. Despots dig holes for those they want to enslave, produce pits out of which to clamber, start wars just to get attention they were denied while in diapers. Adults who wish to trade fairly meet on a level playing field.

Many a terrible person wound up lionized as a brilliant hero, pillar of their age, salt of the earth, when in life such individuals were actually insufferable with feet of clay. Take Bruno the Heretic, a legendary free thinker but difficult human being. Such people must serve some higher purpose, if only to teach others that they should be tolerant of another's viewpoints, instead of regressing into Neolithic superstition. The rut you furrow doesn't seem to matter except to you, how you feel about yourself, and how many regrets you collect. Many of his older acquaintances spoke of this before they passed. The word "regrets" often echoed in his mind while sitting by himself in hollow halls where mourners congregate. Anything you do for selfish gain at someone else's expense will be bitterly regretted, even if you did it out of self preservation.

Anything done selflessly will be recalled with warmth and sustain you spiritually. The trick is to avoid situations where it comes down to them or you, find ways of making things mutually beneficial. He had chosen long before not to go the same old route, kept notes, slyly coiled to survive then someday strike.

What compels people to pave such horrible legacies for themselves? He once had a supervisor, the very visage of Louie DeParma, vile dispatcher from the sitcom *Taxi*. He remembered how Louie used to attempt to get more work out of him, micro-manage his time, promise yet never deliver, push him around, scold him, suggest unwelcome neck massages or whatnot to accelerate progress. What this caveman couldn't consider was that demands were just insane, department was ill defined and understaffed, and his productivity had already been extraordinary. Didn't Gandhi warn, "It is the quality of our work which will please God and not the quantity." Louie's tactics made him belligerent, less productive, more neurotic, self-doubting. Instead of articulating needs, Louie always tried to tell professionals how to do their jobs to justify what was a do-nothing position. Amateurs! Of course, it all ended badly. Of the 30 or so underlings Louie accumulated, by the end he was the only one left; everyone else had asked for transfers or quit. The common factor was that nobody wanted to work for anyone like Louie anymore than he, but at the time he was better at accepting things as they were, a pillar of patience for an outmoded chain of command. Adulthood is supposedly defined by patience.

You can rationalize the fact of making a living under corruption, but you cannot reconcile it. Like dogs that lap from a toilet, you may be poisoned to the edge of your system's ability to filter it and stay healthy. People may espouse anarchy while ensnared in the very greed and hypocrisy they virulently oppose. No matter what you think, you're only one bad deal, management mistake, policy shift, or resulting general layoff away from complete desperation, living off what little savings were left, selling out for a loss, transforming from confident producer to homeless wretch. Paradigms of existence don't disappear because one wishes they would. You're forced to deal with them, but never need agree, be seduced, or bow down. Making a living is not dirty, hypocritical or underhanded. Feeding your children is noble, no matter what it entails, including riding a bike in circles. What's wrong is that employers make work an unbearable burden. Stick with an ambition for your entire work life and you might influence a tiny change that gets tossed out at the next new trend. Workers have rights to decide what they are willing to withstand, share in the profits of their labors according

to what effort they put in, take a day off once in a while, and think whatever they want. You cannot consider yourself free unless you can choose what you're going to do when you wake up on any given day. Cicero said this a couple thousand years ago. Any occupation where choosing not to accept the responsibility one day means you're fired, then possibly lose your friends and home, is no job; it's slavery, pure and simple.

Employers constantly arrange duties so that an individual's presence sets up life or death situations, as with each air-traffic controller, cop, doctor, fireman, nurse, security and technician. There should never be any such arrangement that compels strict attendance. Logical management would have backups among many who'd shoulder responsibilities equitably. Pressure is never evenly distributed, as it rightly should be. They'd rather hire one head and work to death than rethink job and have two minimum wage earners do it, because two represents a staff for an ambitious manager. This is done out of cheapness, cost cutting, entitlement avoidance heaped on an individual. Mail never ends. Some go postal—not those smiling out front who you see dealing with people face to face—those who are objectified, robots in the back room. What does that tell you about a post office? About a human's social nature? To some extent, individuals themselves are greedy for hours, scared of dismissal should someone be brought in that out-competes them. Again, unethical behavior by companies is ultimately to blame.

Imagine working for a Punchinello who spent 16 hours a day panning for ways to outmaneuver a sole subordinate. One day he reacted and told Louie, "What are you going to do with all your money? Leave it to your kids? Why don't you take a vacation? Go somewhere exotic, sip concoctions out of a coconut." Just wanted this bald pate, Dilbert type, mindless tyrant to disappear for a while, so he could calm down and get some work done. But the suggestion stuck. Soon Louie announced he was headed for Hawaii. Must have had a tussle convincing rat-faced wife Holda, who had designs on spending all on herself after Louie worried himself to death. Flew over, glanced at lava, got a picture with a parrot, laid on beach, played golf, returned relaxed, tanned, but no more professional. Should've suggested some seminars instead.

Always one to bring in a dozen donuts or buy a round of coffees, he merely reciprocated generosity he'd also received many times over. It wasn't always a matter of a kindness to someone deserving, it could also be being kind to someone who wasn't; this is particularly important, because it shames the greedy and

rude. Of course, it made him unpopular with this crowd, generally power brokers and suck-ups. Their infrequent idea of community was bringing in burnt cookies, day-old party leftovers, never anything fresh and wholesome. Who could abide a life without fond memories of sharing and receiving? He wouldn't wish that on his worst enemy. Better to touch someone with positive associations than toss them, Hoffa-style, into backfill and concrete.

Louie once asked him how it was possible to appear practically inert for weeks then suddenly burst forth with inhuman productivity, like a thoroughbred that faltered at the gate, followed pack spattered in mud, trailed to final pole, then whipped by entire field to win. Incredibly, the uninitiated always ask questions like that. They don't understand, it takes a lot of deep thought and meditation to sweep one's mental cavern then pulverize the grade of gravel that corporations crave, diamonds picked from tons of debris. Surprised? Doesn't come naturally. He was not one to try autohypnosis to get into any regular work pattern, preferred to take on each new project without prejudice so as to increase its uniqueness potential. To foil, he answered cryptically, "Was the Great Spirit flowing through me summoned from on high." Louie didn't appreciate this thought-provoking response, considered him touched and not to be trusted. Figurative language is lost on blockheads. From his standpoint, Louie was the very source of blight on American enterprise, a bureaucratic bean counter, dry gulcher, goldbricker, laden with intellectual fault lines ready for seismic disruption. He considered himself awfully courteous and kind-hearted to educate this Paleolithic throwback.

Being subjected to people like Louie was worse than shooting heroin or sucking down martinis for lunch. At least you die sooner, and not become scarred for a long life. Malaise of the soul taints everything you do, makes you unfit for any role whatever. His ambition was totally shot. It's what elevating a bad leader does to everyone. Better no chain of command than one that submits to bad leadership. If you can't do a something yourself, how can you conceive of any real expectations, inspire others to follow your good example, manage them? Leaders were once the strongest warriors, someone to admire and emulate in battle; those in charge today are slithering failures who can't do anything, offer no inspiration, set no noble goals, and siphon off your strength. The fact that life goes on despite ridiculous leaders shows that you don't need any at all. But they do breed more of the same or a willingness to submit to someone ambitious, handsome, smart and strong, which will never be in your favor.

Funny how going enterprises collect such losers and posers. They drag workplaces down like a human tar pit, evolution in reverse, ultimately result in the ruination of business, but insiders can't seem to disentangle themselves long enough to recognize what's going on. More precisely, situations just degrade into princes and serfdoms before anyone notices. Incompetent supervisors who repeatedly mistreat direct reports need to be reassigned or relieved. But, as Repeters always said, they instead get promoted and showered in silver. That's undoubtedly because those who do the promoting were thus raised themselves along the same ridgeline of privilege. Louies legitimize your loathing of leadership, while many worthy middle aged men are no longer retained to pass along corporate culture and production knowledge, details which now change quarterly, anyway, or get tossed out with mergers. A flat organization without boss drones or multinational acquisitions is a business plan whose time had come.

Companies run by marketing departments set pie-in-the-sky impossible objectives; they change wish lists so often nothing comes out right, don't understand you can't please everyone at once. Companies run by salesmen are backslapping boiler rooms, master/slave scenarios, nonstop parties only for aristocrats, oppressive drudgery for everyone else, where resources go up in smoke and stakeholders are screwed. One might argue that all are selling something if only themselves, and business begins when someone is sold. Hard to refute, but no rationale to let salesmen take over. Good closers, who are better at this than almost everyone, are also adept at convincing others and wresting control over coworkers. Companies run by accountants are penny pinching, small-minded fiascoes, where they forget you have to spend money to make more and nobody prospers. About the best model is when workers share a vested interest in success. When there's only one on top, this person soon becomes a tyrant. Cooperatives where everyone owns assets are ideal if a benevolent group assumes leadership, makes decisions based on principles arrived through consensus, and roles are rotated often enough. Without decent organizers chaos ensues. Because getting along is so hard, self employment is a major business model.

In decentralized companies, managers, and many others autonomous enough to get away with it, travel to escape a daily grind, have sex affairs under cover of business, and pad expense accounts. So much profit is thus absorbed and tariffs avoided, it practically becomes publicly funded executive perks with airlines and hospitality as secondary beneficiaries. When you suggest

restricting travel, managers enthuse over a 10% cut for employees, but not themselves. What they should be doing in looking at how travel is used, as a tool for increasing marketshare by attracting new business. That may happen among <40% of trips, but >60% of trips for employee meetings could be eliminated by decent email service, internet connections, and teleconferencing.

He could truly boast that throughout his long career, never as a supervisor, he actually avoided more expenditure for companies where he worked than they paid him in a 5:1 ratio, not that anyone noticed. This above the fact that he also made money for them in a 10:1 ratio by providing essential, if unappreciated, services. As part of a team, he increased one area of business for company by \$5 million net, that year alone exceeding all he'd earned in his entire lifetime. Sadly, even during such compulsory loyalty, he always felt anxiously vulnerable. As if worthless, in the end, right after enacting his plan that saved another \$800,000, they chucked him out—what you might call ungrateful. But it was America's new policy under Dudbubba, who apparently had no respect for biological life or individual contributions, only cheap and dirty deeds and how they made presidential friends richer. Politicians are mostly panderers, tough to distinguish from covert crooks. All was done for appearances, akin to putting a gate at the end of a road to bar traffic altogether instead of building stanchions for bicyclists to pass through. So little is actually planned, carefully reasoned out, and carried through with diligence. Temporary solutions, such as chip seal over broken roadbeds, spread dissatisfaction.

You can never let prospective bosses feel as if you might be so capable that you'll replace them. This is usually easy to do, if you're so inclined, but who wants all that responsibility? Only egotistic megalomaniacs and Greedy Wacko Bastards. When you've hung around long in the same avocation, you kill in sheer numbers of objectives accomplished and projects completed. You're a threat, no matter how inept you act. Arguing your case only works against you. Only by making your bloated monstrosity of a boss feel it was his idea to begin with works, keeps you out of trouble, preserves your revenue stream. A better alternative was to find superiors who were smarter than you and willing to take you under their wing, then advance elsewhere. Move *out*, because *up* is never an option unless somebody dies. Every day someone is writing a self help bible one memo at a time for some wet-nursed neophyte half his age who thinks business was invented with latest MBA textbook. Records show commerce was alive and well in the days of Sumerians, thousands of years before Christ, and spread across

entire planet without having to change its principles one iota. World's gone mad when applications search for needs rather than problems that require solutions .

Self help books spun out endlessly by compulsives are wasted on incompetents, who not only can't read but couldn't apply their principles so they'd work. Doesn't stop authors from generating more and more cheery nostrums, when they don't have the least idea what they are talking about either. It's done to capitalize upon stupidity and weak wills. They try to force everyone to think like them, be similarly successful, so they don't have to pay for them. Frankly, this won't work; somebody, namely each of them, already holds the position of annoying advisor. They don't understand that diversity is a species survival mechanism. Behind it all, they begrudge any community chest into which they must contribute, want you to go out and shovel shit so they, like parasites, can pick your pocket while you're at it.

Trying to impose sameness is a fool's errand. Conventionality is boring. Society doesn't need the petty pabulum of self-appointed arbiters. All anyone needs beyond food and shelter is one very simple, all purpose notion, for example, "Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you." This precludes excessive control, by the way. When are they going to stop telling you what to think? Should be reserved for only those things that are terribly important to everyone's survival, like, "Don't toy around with nuclear weapons." Cannons of law are so all encompassing not even Supreme Court justices have a sufficient grasp after studying them all their lives. Whatever it is you do, even if it's nothing at all on certain occasions, is already illegal in many states.

There are misfit leaders, potential statesmen with some fatal flaw, usually imbecility. When things don't go their way, they become downright rude, impatient, intolerant, malevolent even. Convenient to forget another human being might have a different viewpoint; demanding to work out a strategy that lets differing viewpoints coexist, even harmonize. Lazy expedients simply deny basic dignities, fill jails, persecute oddity, slap down opposition, subjugate factions. This somehow pleases leaders. Where did they learn such a behavior? Inevitably this deals out death and destruction. Hitler, Hussein, Stalin, warrior emperors were driven by a erroneous belief they were right, when nobody on this finite earth ever is. They resemble SUV drivers and teenage hot-rodders carelessly driving vehicles of state. Nobody's ever in total control, on top of every situation. Nature conspires against it with its sudden

instances of ineffability. Can't just kill whoever stands between you and fulfillment of perverse desires. Must find a better way to cope.

Society is remarkably screwed up because of botched policies and half-truths, he thought pedaling along alone. Business plans that were more than a few sentences couldn't be grasped by a wide segment of workforce. Best intentions were buried in an avalanche of witlessness. Visions crumbled away. Nobody he ever met was smart enough to ask sensible questions, listen to answers, sort out important facts, then act decisively. Entitlements were buried in thick prospectuses scrawled by lawyers. Only one worker in a hundred grasped the millennium old Pythagorean Theorem, how to apply it, or why exact mathematics and scientific constants were better tyrannies than those of insane despots and legal teams. Charisma beats constants, like paper wraps rock, rock breaks stick, scissors cuts paper, and stick jams scissors.

Nobody should be asked to train someone to fill their own shoes; it's tantamount to forcing people you're planning to kill to dig their own graves, who do what they're told if only to extend the last moments of life until this backbreaking chore is complete. Meanwhile, they hang on to a remote hope of redemption. Faced with the same choice, he chose to train a replacement in the worst possible way, so as to drive rival away or subvert all future transactions. He often felt just as The Boss sang, "I'm hard to handle/but easy to hold." Why not try being nice? Passive aggression? Self service always trumps loyalty to a company. Drag the process out as long as possible, or let them preemptively lay you off, just don't make friends of coworkers or supervisors. That's not part of the job description. Only pain need be stomached, not interpersonal hell.

Researchers Gilbrat and Willsin have scientifically concluded that people have a vast capacity to get over extreme traumas; only a small percentage are so deeply affected by child abuse or combat horrors as to become forever psychologically impaired. They better well say this, or any culprit could get off by pleading insanity. This is not to say traumas didn't harm, but given the right circumstances, most people get over their angst or grief. They find a little sane corner on earth where they can exclude people and get on with business. Yet society today operates in a global village, where every decision affects some group or annoys another, and ideals of charity to oneself, patriotism, and taking care of local business first mean great suffering elsewhere. It's almost as if all rational thought to date was based on microcosms of thinking that only exist in specific localities. Continental countries found it very difficult to agree to a European Union, which standardized coin among other

things to create a trading sector to rival United States. What had to be partially forsaken was a sense of local dignity, a personal set of attitudes, long held customs, without which one loses balance, confidence and identity, if only temporarily. Nobody wants change they didn't personally imagine. Arguments against always invoke nonsensical differences, sacred beyond discussion. The unknown can be more interesting and rewarding than you imagine if you take time to study it.

From the start AI could remember seeking *oh wow* instances of revelation and such mind expanding discoveries that the naïve think plentiful and the naturally jaded believe beyond hope of ever experiencing. For a quick route there's no hallucinogenic drug, guru, or spirit guide, only baffling, unrepeatable recipes. All you can rely on is your own faith and persistence. Truth is analogous to a peony, induced to open by insects, growing ever more beautiful and fragrant, just briefly revealing its innermost core in passing, then quickly shriveling. You must be present at the right time; stay attuned, humble, vigilant, willing, without doubt it will happen. Lennon said, "I love to turn you on," and he agreed, not because misery loved company, but because everyone has inspiration coming, a warm calming breath at the back of the mind, so strong.

Must invisible entities govern mankind's actions? Cities are built one brick after another and stand a long time; why exhume the architect? Kings, supposedly endowed equally with divine right, fought each other for centuries. Topographic lines and political borders on maps aren't visible from space. The entire World was annihilated once. Don't be arrogant. Only evil fights. Man's bestial nature must never excuse inhuman acts. Isn't it better to enjoy and love in the moment than gnash teeth amidst ashes and atonement? People grow to love one another one gesture at a time. Grudges are held only because of pride. Pride is a useless appendage. Lose it, and the chain to supernaturalism reopens, unity seems possible across many lands and levels.

People who advanced this World single-handedly were never proud, only driven. They sparked like flint, ignited cooperation, made relationships, rather than closed a curtain of iron fear. Why lend your strength to something you can't in good conscience request in prayer? Takes greater strength to open your heart and mind to those you meet.

