

## A Revelation instead of Prelude

... or just an "eye-opener"

## The Game of Life begins in the Sandbox

It was almost four, a sunny and cheerful kid who loved to enjoy itself and the world around. But it was a little bit self-centered, sometimes naughty and even mischievous, able to concentrate on the game and the things that grabbed its interest.

It played in the sandbox with its favorite buckets, shovels, oars, sieves and molds, and its grandmother watched it with joy. Overwhelmed by the sand castles it was "building", it did not notice how another child had come to the sandbox and took from its toys until it looked for its shovel. Then it met that look - uncompromising, impudent and even malicious, who looked at it through the two huge magnifying glasses, occupying the face of the "predatory" child, who had gripped the shovel with all its might. It was a good child, but in desperation to get back the toy that belonged to it, it could not keep the abusive word that literally came out of his mouth: "Spectacled!". Then it heard its grandmother's angry voice: "Whoever ridicules at anything, gets it!"

A few years later, when it started the school, its teacher noticed that it had difficulty seeing the letters on the board. It was referred to an ophthalmologist, and it soon acquired the same, even larger, magnifying glasses. When it looked through the loupes of its glasses in the mirror to see why the adults like its eyes, it met the same uncompromising, impudent, and even mocking look, this time in its own eyes. But it loved playing with the magnifying glasses in its grandfather's studio so much ... And now, as it sees the world so distorted and ugly through those magnifying glasses, feeling so offended, depressed and ashamed, it wondered if it would ever be able **to focus. the meaning of life?**

And it took a decision: it would put on its glasses in front of its parents and teachers to bear the punishment, but when it really wanted to see something, it always took them off. And it began to see everything - to such an extent that it did not allow any of its classmates to make mistakes during an exam or be offended when they played. One day, during school examinations, it was diagnosed with an arrhythmia - only it knew that she appeared when it covered up the mistakes of others and took the blame on itself. So it gradually forgot to wear its glasses, until one day it was revealed and scolded - this time - for the lie...

And again - to the ophthalmologist ... who, to his surprise, had to admit that a few months ago he obviously made a mistake, because instead of "severe myopia" he diagnosed "farsightedness" and replaced the diopters of the "thick magnifiers" with thin "glasses" ... And yet glasses that it had to put on its eyes to look ...

This time it openly stated that it would not wear them, but would put on its glasses only when it really felt that it could not see what was written on the board, (*i.e. when his mind refuses to accept a statement*).

Often, in life, to describe one's character, we use definitions such as "short-sighted" or "farsighted." We are short-sighted when we do not see and respect the feelings, aspirations and interests of others, (*which are not really different from our own*), and we are strongly attached to the things we think they belong to us. And we become farsighted when we strive to look beyond the horizon of reality, seeing all the feelings, mistakes and shortcomings, and trying to correct things as we think they should be.

And if we are given to manage our own organism, then just as we can expand our consciousness and change our worldview, so we should be fully capable of correcting our physical vision. Thus, **in search of the Pulse of lost Truth**, we could harmonize our own heartbeat.

*...It is enough to just Try, applying a certain amount of Diligence, seasoned with Good Will and a drop of Pure Love... Each time you open this book you will acquire newer and smarter knowledge to help you improve yourself.*

Sofia, July, 2020

*"To see a World in a Grain of Sand and a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
hold Infinity in the palm of your hand And Eternity in an hour ... "*  
William Blake, "Auguries of Innocence" (1803)