

# How Does a Gardener Love the Rose?

A love  
story

Rolf A. F. Witzsche

Falling in love is a paradox  
in which we discover that the beauty that we cherish  
is a reflection of our own heart and soul.

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## A love story from a novel by Rolf A. F. Witzsche

Where do we find the heart of beauty? Do we find it in the rose? But to a rat the beauty of the rose has no meaning, and to a deer any rose means only one thing: food! So what is it that the gardener loves? And how does the gardener love the rose in winter?

We find that these kinds of questions pertain also deeply to how we love one another. We find that love, like the love of a gardener for a rose, unfolds not from the object primarily, but from our own heart and soul as human beings. That is where the beauty that we enjoy is anchored, and the love that flows from it. Thus, when we find beauty in the world we find that it mirrors ourselves.

Have you ever discovered how this mirror enriches our life? We know that beauty enriches our love? We find ourselves in that mirror. In love we find an echo of our own heart reflected back to us in countless ways. That is why love is a universal principle. It is not something that we create, but move with, and if we are daring enough, embrace in its universal splendor, as the protagonists discover, because nothing else makes sense.

In love, if we are daring, we cross the deepest mores, scale the highest mountains, take the greatest chances, and if we are lucky we touch the fringes of heaven. How much richer can life get?

The love story presented here, **How does a Gardener Love the Rose**, is made up of three chapters of the novel, [Discovering Love](#), the first episode of the series, [The Lodging for the Rose](#), by Rolf A. F. Witzsche.

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# Part 1 - Challenging the Limits

The sun was still high and hot when we left the beach that day. I felt uncomfortable being dressed again, especially with a slight sunburn over most of my body. Ursula fared better. She wore a thin, snow-white dress that was far more suitable for a hot afternoon than my black trousers and long sleeved shirt. I wished I had brought a pair of shorts. Of course it was still hotter in the car, but I enjoyed the drive nonetheless. We stopped at a phone-booth along the way from where she phoned Steve to ask if we could meet with him.

Meeting Steve was quite a different adventure. I was aware that the university has had a long history, as well as a reputation for excellence in scholarship. I had visions of walking through cool massive granite structures, built in ancient times. Instead, Ursula took me to the 24th floor of a modern glass and steel high rise that was as hot inside as my car had been.

Steve was unique, a short man, unpretentious, semi-bald with a short neck. I had expected a tall, muscular giant. He was almost hidden behind the huge desk that dominated his office. If it hadn't been for mountains of books and papers piled high everywhere, the office might have resembled that of a US executive.

Steve was most polite. He got off his chair when we entered the room and came forward to greet us - Ursula with a kiss and me with a warm handshake. He was well dressed in a dark striped business suit.

"So you are Peter," he said and smiled. "How did you enjoy the beach?" He couldn't suppress a grin as he said this.

"Remarkable," I said.

"Ushi told me on the phone that you wanted to meet me."

"I heard about your work," I said, "and I just wondered how someone with your background perceives a certain subject that is central for the survival of humanity." I said this as unpretentiously as possible.

Steve froze for a second, then shook his head. "I'm afraid that won't be possible, I have a meeting in half an hour and a lecture to do afterwards."

I looked down at the floor and started scratching my chin, wondering how I might motivate him to respond. "Tell me just one thing, then," I said. "The Ogarkov Plan, is it real?"

This startled him. "It's an option," he said quietly. He put a finger across his lips. "You shouldn't ask such questions. Remember, you are a foreign agent."

"It's being talked about on the beach," I said.

"Oh, the students," he said. "All right, here is your answer." He spoke even more quietly, now. "Yes, it is real. It is Russia's plan for a nuclear blitzkrieg to capture Western Europe. But you needn't worry about that," he said, almost whispered, "because the Soviet Union can't amass the economic resources to carry it out. The Soviets have destroyed their economy over this. The Soviet Union will collapse long before it gets to the war stage. The SDI race that the

West has imposed upon them has made Ogarkov's project unachievable."

I said that was an excellent analysis. I told Steve that he had said the same thing that the professor in the bar had told me earlier. I also told him that some of what he just said was already happening. "Nevertheless," I said to Steve, "I am looking for a simpler answer. I know that this plan is deadly real to Marshal Ogarkov and to the Russian military. It obviously is, because both of them work so zealously on it. But they work with their eyes blinded and their minds narrowed to such a tight focus that they can't see the real world. They see only a tiny bit of it, the bit that they're supposed to see, and close their eyes to the rest as if it didn't exist. And this tiny bit that they focus on is covered over with lies, dreams, and mythologies. Ogarkov appears to be an excellent strategist, but can he see what his plan is really a part of? Can he see that it isn't a project for capturing the West, but serves a totally different purpose? Can he see that he is playing a game that is far more sinister than the one he thinks he is playing, a game that may destroy us all?"

I paused and answered my own question. "The answer, I think, is no! What Marshal Ogarkov thinks he is working on doesn't exist. It isn't real. He is working on something totally different, something that he was cleverly drawn into, that serves a different objective for different masters. Therefore, in the way that the Marshal and the Soviet government perceive their plan, their plan isn't real, is it?"

I asked Steve to step to the window with me. "Outside this window there are trees, buildings, people," I said to him. "This is the subjective view. As you know, in reality, none of that exists as we see it, because there is no matter, right? It's all empty space. But superimposed in this emptiness are patterns of electrons, neutrons, quarks and such things, which create the illusion of solid tangible forms. Am I right? So what is reality, then? Is it that which the quantum physicist sees who works with electrons, and neutrons, and quarks, like you do? Or does a gardener's perception define the reality of his flowers? Now, relate this to the Ogarkov Plan. Is there anybody that you know who understands scientifically, that this plan is not real?"

Steve was startled again. Then a smile transformed his face and he shook his head. Moments later he said, NO. "There isn't anyone that I am aware of who can see beyond the facade. There is no one I know that can look at the facade and say: What this portrays is fake. What stands behind this facade is totally different, and serving a different purpose, for different people, benefiting a different world-power as an element of a different game."

He was quiet for a moment after that. While we were still at the window he agreed with me that the Ogarkov Plan was a foreign setup that was cleverly imposed upon the Soviet Union to accomplish a dramatically different objective than the planners themselves had in mind. He paused for a moment, as if searching for words. "I know," he continued, "the objective has something to do with the radical depopulation of the planet, or something similar to that, but I lack access to the details. Ushi asked me to look into this connection, and now you are asking it again."

As he spoke, he stabbed a finger at me, like a knife, as if to warn me about something.

My reaction, however, was jubilant. I was absolutely astounded by what Steve said. No one had spoken like this about those things before. "Steve, this is the first time that someone has answered that question with such clarity," I said. I reached out and shook his hand. "Most

people don't even understand the question. Your answer gives me hope. If you and I can understand this, then might it not be impossible that at least a few people in the various governments can understand that too?"

"No, that's absolutely unthinkable," he assured me, and he added with a grin that I, myself, had my eyes so tightly focused on one single aspect that I couldn't see the world because of that. He didn't elaborate.

He grinned. "Now it is my turn to ask you a question, and your turn to answer me," he said, still grinning. "If depopulation is the objective, who established that objective?"

"No one alive on this planet," I replied. "The first person who quantified the human population as a problem was a Venetian Monk, Giammaria Ortes, of the 1700s." I told Steve that a certain Reverend Thomas Malthus, an employee of the British East India Company, later plagiarized the man's work, in the late 1700s. He toyed with the idea of imposing population control. His take was that housing should be designed to be so highly unsanitary as to bring about the early death of the inhabitants, especially among the poor classes. His goal was later accomplished in the infamous workhouses. After Malthus, Charles Darwin took over the project. Darwin had based his theory of the survival of the fittest on Malthus' ideas. He freely admits this. Darwin's cousin, Francis Galton, then extended Darwin's idea further. He concluded in the mid 1800s that Darwin's work proves the existence of a natural division between people, some of which he said are naturally superior, who are thereby destined to rule, and others who are inferior, who are thereby destined to serve and be ruled.

"All this opened the door to the kind of racial division that Adolf Hitler used as an excuse for annihilating millions of people," I said. "Hitler used the Darwin/Galton 'scientific foundation' to get rid of whoever he didn't want in his 'managed' population, such as the Jewish people, the vagabonds, the retarded, the infirm, the elderly, the chronically ill, the orphaned children, and so forth."

"You didn't answer my question," Steve replied. "You came close, but not close enough. The answer should have been one simple phrase."

"The royals?" I answered.

"The royals?" he repeated, pondering the answer. "Yes, you could say that," he agreed.

"The royals and would-be royals of this world, the oligarchy, the zookeepers," I said cautiously. "The zoo being America, Europe, the Soviet Union, all belonging to the British zoo as the students at the beach had already recognized. Except they didn't know what to make of it. The zoo is for slavery, for exploitation, for depopulation, etc."

I added that I didn't think he would understand that the entire issue of nuclear war is fundamentally nothing more than an economic issue. I apologized for that. I said that I had the feeling that he wouldn't understand that every war that had been fought during the last 600 years had been an integrated aspect of the royals' war against humanity. "They had fought to undermine, hinder, and destroy everything that has to do with the self-development of nations."

"That process of destruction still continues," said Steve quietly. "You should read Peter Hopkirk's book, *The Great Game*. You'll love it. However that sort of thing is not really what I was after," he added. He shook his head and smiled.

I suddenly felt like some kind of an idiot that doesn't understand anything.

"That's not fair," I said. "Your question can have many answers."

He smiled more gently now. "Welcome to the real world my friend," he said. "Now since you found me unfair, let me ask you another question. Tell me, in how many different ways is it possible to prove the Pythagorean Theorem that in a right triangle the squares over the smaller sides equal in size the square over the larger side?"

"That's easy, Steve," I said. "The answer is forty-four. It is possible to prove the theorem in that many ways. Each one of these proofs is correct. But why did you ask that? You might as well have asked how many paths are possible to get to the top of Mt. Everest."

"You are right and you are wrong my friend," said Steve. "There may be ten more possibilities to prove the theorem, or three hundred more, or more than that, which have not been discovered yet. Since this was an unfair question too, with many possible answers, let me ask you another question that is fairer. How many ways are YOU aware of that the Fundamental Theorem of Algebra has been proven to be correct."

"Three ways, Steve, I think. Gauss has produced every one of them. They have all been developed in the complex domain where one begins to explore the universe with the 'eye' of the mind. As you said earlier, there may still be more proofs possible. But I am only aware of those three."

"You answered correctly," said Steve. "I asked you about how many ways you are personally aware of, and you answered truthfully. The way the question was phrased enabled a precise answer. Your answer also reflects what I personally recognize, but that's beside the point. That's outside the scope of the question. Now that you understand the pattern, I have one more question for you, a much tougher question. How many different fundamental models do exist for human interrelationships?"

"The answer is two, Steve," I answered like a flash, remembering Helen. "There are only two not four, or forty-four, but just two. There exists a horizontal model and a vertical model."

"Do you know this as a fact, Peter? Or do you speculate?"

I paused. "Of course I know this as a fact, doesn't everybody? When we deal with universal truth and universal principles, everything is aligned horizontally. We cannot say that one truth is greater than another truth, or one principle is greater than another principle. They all exist side by side in a lateral fashion, on a single level that we recognize as reality. There is only one reality in the universe, and one aspect of it is as profound as any other."

"I asked you about human relationships, Peter," Steve interrupted.

"That's what I am talking about, Steve," I replied with a smile. I could see it in his face that he understood what I was getting at. He was drawing me out. "Our humanity too, is anchored in the lateral domain, Steve," I continued. "It is an element of the truth of the universe, and the principles of our humanity are among the principles of the universe that govern it. The lateral model is the model of the reality of our being. What concerns our human relationships reflects the degree to which we recognize that our lives are anchored in this lateral domain. What we recognize of it makes a big difference, Steve. If we recognize our humanity as it is defined in the lateral model, then we recognize ourselves as relating to one-another on a lateral basis, existing side by side with one-another as human beings of a common universal humanity and a common universal human Soul, so to speak. On this horizontal platform of lateral relationships no hierarchical division and isolation is possible. We are human beings, are we

not, existing on the same platform, side by side? The reality of our being, therefore, is that we live in a lateral relationship to one another in which love cannot be hierarchical, but must be universal. That's absolutely profound, Steve. Can you imagine what this means?"

"Of course I can," said Steve, "but can you?" He began to smile again.

"I can imagine a tiny bit of it," I replied. "However, this tiny bit is revolutionary. Universal love is a revolutionary concept that seems almost magical to me, even as it reflects the reality of our being. The problem is, Steve, that we are not used to this kind of thinking and living in absolute terms. We imagine ourselves to exist in an extremely small world that is multiply divided, in which we live universally isolated by countless customs and axioms, and philosophies of shallow thinking. But we are not stuck there. That is why I say that there exists another model for human relationships, a vertical model that represents science and its progressive stages of scientific perception."

"So you say that developments in science govern our relationship to one-another," Steve interrupted and continued to smile.

"Of course they do, Steve," I carried on. I began to smile now too. "In the dark ages when the Earth was deemed to be flat nobody dared to sail across ocean out of fear of falling off. Even Columbus, who knew better, had to deal with that. We still live like that socially, Steve, governed by small-minded thinking. The whole world is divided sexually into two giant isolated camps, and socially into a vast sea of isolated marriages, and is fractured in the same manner politically, economically, ideologically, ethnically, religiously, and so on. My point is, that what we perceive as the reality of our being, determines how we relate to one another. That perception is governed by the degree of our scientific development, Steve. While we have long cast away the primitive notion that the Earth is flat, and overlaid it with the scientific recognition that the earth is a sphere, we haven't made a similar kind of breakthrough in recognizing ourselves as human beings. We still live with the same old 'flat-Earth' mentality in the social domain, which reflects a very low level of scientific recognition, Steve. In other words, mankind is still far from recognizing itself according to the lateral model that defines us as human beings with a universal common humanity unfolding in life in the form of universal love. To the best of my knowledge the faint recognition that we have made of the lateral model represents the leading edge of our scientific development. In this sense, the vertical model that represents our science is truly our gateway to the truth. Speaking for myself, I love what I see at the very leading edge of that gateway to the lateral model. I know of some profound cases of healing that have been achieved at this gateway, at the leading edge of science. Unfortunately that is rare. Most of mankind evidently lives at the opposite end of the scale of scientific development, which may be defined as ignorance, as in the flat-Earth days, or something still worse, like utter depravity."

"Do you know this as a fact, Peter?" Steve interjected again, and continued smiling.

"I know this to be a verifiable fact, Steve. The bottom end of the vertical model of science come to light as a total perversion of science that turns the progressive vertical model into a destructive hierarchical model. This, unfortunately is the model that most of society lives by, which also determines its perceived relationship to one another. This perverted vertical model still puts Truth onto top of the scale, but it does so in a hierarchical fashion by defining it as an ideal that is out of reach for mankind. It puts mankind at the bottom, living in the dust of the

Earth, as a lowly worm, untouched by the truth. Then in between these two poles, the perverted model that has become a hierarchical model, provides a place for a mediator or interpreter that tells mankind what the truth is, and in some cases what is the will of God. In ancient times the priesthood has put itself into the role of the interpreter, so it seems, for the purpose of gaining power over society. The priesthood probably invented the entire perverted model in the first place so that it could cast itself into this kind of a role to dominate society. Later, the church fulfilled the role, or the ruler of an empire that 'owned' the church. In later years still, countless philosophers also cast themselves into the role of the interpreter, and after them numerous types of a self-appointed elite were added to the scene, including the financial oligarchy and the now countless masses of corruptible politicians. There have been numerous variations on this theme, Steve, all carefully crafted over the centuries, but they all reflect the perverted vertical model of science turned into hierarchical structure that is as distant from real science and truth as one can get."

I paused. "You want proof, Steve?" I added. "No proof is required on my part that the perverted vertical model exists. The proof is everywhere. This perverted vertical model is the model under which every hierarchical society in history has operated, and still operates. A hierarchical society requires this model to exist. It requires it, in order to subjugate the masses of society that it is looting. A hierarchical society requires a model for human relationships that enables it to maintain its imperial processes. The perverted vertical model fulfills this requirement, as it creates countless forms of terror and war to keep society subdued, and forms of social, religious, political, and economic division, opening the gates to the isolation of human beings from one another. That's the face of the perverted vertical model, Steve. The proof that it exists is everywhere, socially, politically, and economically. War, terror, poverty, and deep-reaching division are all the hallmarks of this model. The model is imperial by design and fascist in nature.

"The perverted vertical model is best illustrated in history by Rome becoming an empire. It is the model that the Roman Empire was built on, Steve, and very other empire that ever existed and still does. The existence of this model is verified in history by its characteristics and its destructive effect on society. Of course that model existed long before Rome. It has ruled the world for millennia. It is also verified in that it is basically an artificial model. It has no principle to support its claim. It is the model that Aristotle was hired to popularize, which he gave his name to, but which had been developed a long time before him. This imperial perversion of the vertical model of science takes us deep into the sewer of inhumanity and far from the truth. It takes us infinitely far from the lateral model that defines the whole of mankind as human beings existing horizontally to each other, united by a common humanity and a common universal human Soul. In the lateral realm of the absolute where we are simply human beings all the imperial hierarchical considerations are invalid. But to get to the truth from the imperial sewer that society is stuck in right now, the only tool we have is science, the real model of science, the natural vertical model of progressive scientific development. The discoveries we make in this progression, and the understanding that we gain there of the truth, determines what we acknowledge as the reality of our being and how we relate to one-another.

"Steve, this means that we have only two distinct models operating. That's the way I see it. A third fundamental model is not possible."

"But why do we have those two models, Peter? Why don't we have just one?"

"Isn't it obvious, Steve? We have two models, because the absolute model, which is the lateral model that represents the Truth and universal principles of the universe, including us, lies beyond the perception of the physical senses, like the perception that the Earth is a sphere. That reality can only be recognized with the mind's eye that lets us see into the complex domain where we discover principles and realities that no one has ever physically seen. A tiny example is the recognition that the Earth is a sphere. That recognition was made 2,500 years before we could actually see the Earth as a sphere from a distant vantagepoint in space. Science gave us that capability to see with the mind's eye what otherwise would have remained unrecognizable. Science still does that, even in the social world. Science is a human element that sets us apart from the animal world where relationships are governed by instincts. Science is a powerful element of our humanity, Steve, which gives us the capability to create a bright New World for ourselves, or make a terrible mess of it. This means that we must recognize science as a distinct model that determines our relationship to one-another, even while it gives us access to the lateral model which represents the nature of the reality that we discover in science. That is why we have to have two models. If we don't recognize that duality we deny our humanity, Steve. Surely, you can agree with that."

Steve just kept on smiling, but didn't answer, as if I missed something that I should have thought of.

"I may not know what all of this means for the future of our civilization," I said to him. "I think this part has not been discovered yet. I have asked myself that question many times, but I do know that these two models exist. I agree, as you suggest, that there should be only one model in operation, Steve. Maybe some day science will become so natural and far advanced that the two models merge and only the lateral model remains to determine our relationship to one-another. The progressive vertical model for science would then be obsolete. But we are not there yet. I would say, that until we get there science has a progressive development role to play, and that role, really is our only hope that some day society may grow up and put away its childish games that have become so destructive to it. Until that day, the two models remain. The vertical model of science will continue to widen its gateway to the Truth and Reality, and the perverted form of it, where science is denied, will continue to drag society into the sewer of hierarchical abominations. I don't think anybody really knows how, if, and when this confrontational game will end, by which society is presently doomed. I also think that nobody truly cares about the answer to that question, even while the future of mankind hinges on that answer and is determined by it."

"Can you prove what you just said," Steve asked without changing his expression.

I shook my head. "I would be lying Steve, if I said that I could. I think the possibility exists that science becomes so progressive that it obsolesces the model in which it unfolds. But we may never get there. Until then, we'll simply have to work as diligently as we can to advance the development of science. That's the best we can do, Steve. I am convinced, however, that as we progress along this line we will find that all the problems in the world that plague us right now are artificially conjured up under the perverted vertical model, and all the good things, like love, honesty, beauty, ingenuity, and so forth, come to light universally as elements of the lateral model in which we find the reality of our being."

At this point Steve's smile turned into a grin. He reached out his hand for a handshake. He almost interrupted me. "Congratulations my friend," he said. "You have answered a question that no one of the entire faculty of the University of Leipzig has been able to acknowledge as a valid question, much less provide such a profound answer for it, and with such clarity. This achievement earns you the honorable title of Doctor of Humanity." Steve kept his hand extended for a handshake and began to laugh as he said this.

"Actually, I really mean this," he said moments later when we shook hands on that. "You have not only answered correctly, but also honestly, especially when you said that you can't fully prove your Vertical-Versus-Lateral-Relationship Theorem. To be honest, neither can I prove it, but I fully concur with you on what you said. It is nice Peter, to know that Ushi and I are not alone in this. However, Peter, you may want to consider that there exist actually two distinct vertical models of science, each of which represents a distinct form of science. The predominant one is the one you have already described, the imperial vertical model of top-down control, the perverted model. It claims to have a scientific basis, but it is really a perversion of science in every respect. The other vertical model represents honest science, which you have also recognized. The real model of science is that of a bottom-towards-the-top upward progression in scientific and spiritual development, enabling discoveries and understanding. This profound vertical model renders science as our gateway to infinity, to the absolute of truth, as you have said. You are right on the mark with that. That's real science, Peter. Some call the top end of this model, Christ Science, or the Science of Man, or even the Science of our Divinity as Human Beings.

"Imperial so-called science is the total perversion of it as you have also recognized, Peter. It has no substance. It is a structure of lies, opinions, and mythologies misnamed science, which are all dehumanizing society and inhibiting human development in every possible way. This means that you want to be focusing on getting out of this trap. For this to become possible you need to focus on real science and dig deep into reality and its principles. I also recognize that we have barely begun to do this, because the imperial vertical model is still very much in control of our lives. It is hard to get away from its doctrines and its influences that have ruled society for so long. It is extremely challenging for anyone today to think in terms of universal love, especially socially, and much more so to implement it as a universal principle. You invariably open up a huge can of worms if you open yourself up that. People will hate you if you tell them the truth. They may even put you in jail, because you would challenge the foundation of their world, even if this foundation is rotten to the breaking point. It may take a long time yet before you can talk constructively about the Principle of Universal Love and implement it. You would challenge Adam Smith and greed-based economics, and those two, my friend, are the most revered gods in the world today. Nevertheless, we have no choice but to respond honestly to what we recognize scientifically as the truth. That's the only proof that we have that we are human beings."

Steve began to laugh again. "Isn't it remarkable how history repeats itself. Here we are back to the same stage in history when the Flemish mathematician Albert Girard first formulated the Fundamental Theorem of Algebra in 1629. He made a breakthrough in extending the leading edge of the science of mathematics. As you may know he recognized that an equation with powers of  $n$  must have  $n$  possible solutions. Up to his time it was believed that a

mathematical equation can have only a single solution. Gerard poked a hole through this small-minded concept. While he couldn't prove it, he knew that his theorem was correct. As you may also know, nor could anyone else prove it for another 170 years until Gauss came along. I know that our Vertical-versus-Lateral-Relationships Theorem is correct, Peter, as you have described it, with the division of the structure of science added. I have worked on this theorem for some time, but how is one to prove it conclusively, as Gauss did. Will the proof for this too, take 170 years to come to light, or longer?"

I raised my hand to interrupt him. "Maybe the kind of proof that you are thinking of may not be possible at all, Steve," I replied. "Maybe the Vertical-versus-Lateral-Relationships Theorem will have to be proven in countless small ways, which all together add up to an earthquake. For the Pythagorean Theorem forty-four different proofs have been developed, and for the Fundamental Theorem of Algebra, Gauss discovered three possible proofs. For our theorem, if I may call it that, there may be an infinite number of proofs possible and they may all be necessary to prove the theorem. Many of these proofs may exist right in front of us. Maybe we only have to open our eyes to them, like Gauss did in the complex domain. I am certainly looking forward to making some of those profound discoveries that bring the lateral model to life in our world. I bet you are just as excited, Steve, for such a project to happen. I would even say that if the three of us here can't make these discoveries, who have made some strides into the complex domain, who will?"

"Wow!" said Steve and looked at me. Then he glanced at his watch. "Let me say this again to you my friend, congratulation! I accept your answer. You seem to understand vaguely what is involved, and that is a lot. It is absolutely amazing, really, what you have discovered already."

While Steve still spoke, he put his hand on Ursula's shoulder and grinned. "Be careful with Pete, Ushi," he said to her, "he may be a sleeping giant. We must help him, if we can. One thing is certain, that a great deal depends on the answers we will find in the domain of science, and I mean for all of us, for the future of humanity. We are all in the same boat together, Ushi. Pete is obviously right, if people like us don't make the breakthroughs, who will make them? And if the breakthroughs aren't made..."

Steve stopped in mid sentence. He looked at his watch again. This time a sense of shock was reflected in his face. He excused himself abruptly, saying that he is already late. He left the office with a quick, good bye.

## Part 2 - How Does a Gardener Love a Rose?

Ursula shook her head after Steve was gone. Her face was tense.

"Let's have a coffee, Ushi," I suggested. I used the name, Ushi, with some hesitation. I liked the way Steve addressed her. The short form didn't belittle her, but gave the impression that she was exceedingly precious to him. I dared to address her the same way. "I'm inviting you," I added. "You may choose any place you wish, Ushi. I'll take you there."

Rather than protesting against me using her intimate name, her face lit up. "I know a perfectly romantic spot that's not far from here," she replied with a sudden grin. "We can walk there, would that be suitable?"

"That sound's delightful," I said. Her agreement promised something exciting.

Minutes later she had Steve's office locked up and we were on our way.

The cafe that she had in mind wasn't on campus, but not far from it. The building looked old and shabby, evidently from years of neglect, but inside a different world unfolded. The atmosphere was lively, filled with the laughter of students. In the middle of the room a young man was playing the accordion. We were shown to a small table, tucked away in a corner. The table was lit by a candle and was graced with a green leafy plant with pink flowers that grew in a ceramic pot. The coffee came quickly, and with it, a small bun with butter and jam. The coffee was fake of course, roasted barley perhaps, but who cared?

Ursula enjoyed herself in this lively cafe. Evidently, this was her kind of atmosphere, a carefree world of optimism and friendship. She smiled at the people and at me, and listened to the music for a while. Her faintly 'red' hair made her stand out from the decor. A light shining from a lantern behind her made her hair look more brilliant around the edges where the red hue was more visible now. It shone like the halo of an angel. I told her about it, and said that it was justly so.

She didn't reply. Some minutes later she sat up and leaned across the table and asked how I thought it was possible for one person to change the world.

"By being an angel, Ushi," I answered immediately. That kind of question didn't fit this place and this time. Or did it?

"We can change the world by leading it beyond itself," I answered, "by being honest with ourselves about the reality we face, and by being responsible towards each other. We must enrich each other's existence, as we do now, and do this on a global scale. We must develop each other's potential to live a richer life with more vitality and power. Humanity is so rich in itself. All we need to do is find a way to start this thing that enables our self-development to really take off, and everyone else's too."

I said she should consider the two of us for an example. "Something has been started today. We have made a small change in the world, at least towards each other." Here, I hesitated and blushed. "The fact is, I am in love with you, and have been from the moment we met." I

paused, but then continued, boldly, "I find you beautiful, extremely attractive, highly intelligent, caring and gentle, and so full of life. Should I not acknowledge this recognition to you, and honor you by it? Of course I could deny all these feelings, like a good husband should, and blot them from my thoughts. However, everything that I feel for you is real. I must acknowledge this reality. In fact I can't avoid it. I can't avoid the resulting joy. I think this honors you more than if I were to hide my love for you, or were to deny it altogether. Am I right? Maybe this should become a universal pattern. Wouldn't this help us as a society to become more human again?"

She nodded her head, somewhat embarrassed, and grinned.

"In this case, we have discerned a fundamental principle," I continued. "Number one: It is better by far to be true to oneself, and to be responsible in all that one does, than to subject oneself to the role of being another person's property and let that person take the responsibility to impose a rule that sets aside taking responsibility."

"You are moving too fast, Pete," she responded and pulled back.

"No, I am moving too slowly, Ursula," I protested. "Just think about it? The required discipline that our marriage vows invoke is supposed to be for the purpose of honoring one-another, loving one-another, and supporting one other. But Peter, these vows contain not a single clause about property rights and the mythology of ownership of one-another as the royals pretend to own humanity. We should not see ourselves as being owned by anyone. We are human beings. We are free to love. We are free to love one-another. That doesn't take anything away from your husband or my wife, doesn't it? To the contrary, it adds a whole new dimension. All mankind should be free to love one-another. Can't we break those barriers and divisions, and the dehumanizing ideals on which the power of the world's imperial royals is founded, who claim the right to own and rule the whole world as their private zoo? So, why should we think that anyone owns us? All human beings are inherently free. All too often people give away their freedom. We all do this. But why do we do this, Ushi? I don't know what the answer is. This kind of thinking is still new to me, but it strikes me as odd that we have imposed such limits onto ourselves that are destructive to our happiness, our honesty, and ultimately to our existence."

I leaned back into my seat and thought about what I just said. "I do feel that we have to change ourselves first, before we can change the world," I continued. "We have to learn to love, and this more honestly, and universally. Did you realize that a similar embrace of universal love once ended 80 years of war?" I asked her. "This happened in 1648. It changed the world. It created a platform for peace, the kind of which had never existed before. Maybe we should start this kind of revolution again? How many people does it really take to start such a revolution? Shouldn't two be enough?"

"Are you saying that we can begin the transformation right now, right here between us, as we are sitting in this cafe?" she asked.

I nodded. I couldn't hide a grin coming up. "We need to unleash a revolution in loving," I replied, "and that can unfold wherever two or three people meet with honest hearts. It begins when we enrich one-another with higher ideals, with daring new ideas, with a focus to open up new forms of freedom, freedom to love - yes, freedom to embrace universal love."

"Hasn't this process already begun?" asked Ushi. "It's happening now, right here. It is

really is."

I paused searching for words. "When I cross the border and return to the West," I said quietly, "I know that I will do so as a richer person, simply because we have met. I don't think we have harmed anyone by allowing ourselves to be open to the wonderful world that we have been able to share? We have talked about love with a daring to be honest about it. That's revolutionary. At least to me it is. What do you think? I didn't hurt you, or offend you when I said that I love you, did I?"

She reached her hand across the table for a handshake. Perhaps the gesture meant to say thank you. She smiled and said that she wasn't hurt, bewildered perhaps, but not hurt. She nodded when she voiced the thought. "But what do you mean when you say I love you?"

"How does a gardener love a rose?" I asked. "He finds in the rose a reflection of the beauty that he holds deeply in his heart. He becomes enriched by that reflection of himself. That's why he nourishes the rose and protects it, and honors it, and is grateful for its existence. He cannot do otherwise without denying himself. I think that is how I love you. I am grateful that you exist. I am grateful that I find in you an echo of myself, an echo of what I deeply value, and honor, and am compelled to protect and nourish in any way I can. Maybe that is what love is. It is gratitude for one-another that we exist."

She reached her hands across the table with tears in her eyes.

"As a scientist I would say that gratitude is the total opposite to entropy," I continued. "In the entropic world everything diminishes to nothing, like the energy stored in a spring of a wind-up toy. I think, gratitude has the opposite effect. I think that the gratitude that I feel for the privilege of seeing you across the table, or wherever I see you, enriches that love within for our humanity that I hold dear in my heart. I find it imaged in you and in other people, and in the world around us. I think this process can light a fire in us that enriches us more and more, which makes love the brightest thing in the universe. Shouldn't we all be grateful for one-another that we exist, and for the great miracle that human existence is?"

She squeezed my hands gently as our hands met. "This would revolutionize the world and end wars," she said quietly as if with great caution so as not to break the spell of the moment.

"If that's what love is, what is universal love, the kind that ends wars?" I continued, "Maybe there is only one kind of love, that which unfolds to become universal."

She shook her head. "To me, universal love is still but an abstraction that I can't get my arms around. Maybe, in order to find an answer for what it is, we must first learn to love ourselves more and be grateful for the love that we have in our heart?"

"Like the gardener does, Ushi?"

She shook her head again. "Maybe we need to do this more directly. Maybe we should do this in the same way as the gardener loves the rose, but without the rose. We should be the rose ourselves?"

"How would this be possible, Ushi?"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly and looked at the flowers on our table as if she could find an answer in them. "I don't have an answer to that, Peter," she said a few moments later. "The question never occurred to me; how does one love oneself? Maybe one loves oneself like the gardener does in the depth of the winter, who loves the rose even then. That love comes strictly out of the riches of his Soul. Maybe in that we find our own reflection. However, love is

rarely seen that way, Peter. Maybe that is where the problem lies. Most people who are ungrateful live poor and barren lives, regardless of how wealthy they may be financially."

"But is this kind of gratitude for one's existence and for the riches of our humanity is still just love," I countered her. "Or is it something greater for which he have no word as yet, since the term love has been so abused? People spout out a great profusion of fancy words and sing of love, and bring you presents and say I love you, but what are they talking about? Words are easily spoken. I think love becomes an abstraction unless something rich and substantial stands behind it. A grateful heart a garden is, someone told me not long ago. She said that in this garden there is always room for the wonderful quality of grace that we have as human beings, to come to perfect bloom. That's developing our humanity, isn't it? Is this how we love ourselves and each other?"

"That's how it should be," said Ushi with a beautiful bright smile on her face, but that smile suddenly vanished. "Too many games are played in the name of love. I have seen far too many of those games and the dreadful results," she said cautiously. "First it starts with coercion, then seduction, followed by demands for marriage. The song becomes, 'to have and to hold!' But those who sing this song think in terms of domination, abuse, and even violence. Two of my friends went that way. One of my friends lived like a virtual slave for ten years. She was abused and put down. This went on and on, until she lost all self-confidence and suffered a nervous breakdown. It took her six years to get her life back. Believe me, I know what you mean. But you talk about the freedom to love. You talk about gratitude and enriching one-another with nothing more than just being oneself. You talk about enriching one-another with our humanity, building one-another up. You talk about loving oneself as the kernel of that love. Maybe if people could really love themselves that way and find gratitude for that, just maybe, those terrible games might end. Steve sometimes talks the way you do. He is totally committed to the idea of the freedom to love one-another. Except, he never speaks about it in terms of loving oneself and thereby one-another."

"This may be the key Ushi!" I reached out my hand to her for another handshake. "This may be the key to humanity's outflanking of the royal masters who are pushing the world into war games. They do not know how to love, much less how to love themselves. They may know that they have no real power of their own. They take the power that humanity gives them at their bidding, and then ask for more, and they get it. They shape their game to get it all. They have even turned the love between people into a game. But if we can start a revolution, you and I, so that people begin to love themselves, and find value in themselves, humanity may find it in itself to deny the royal masters their power over them. They have the potential to deny them the power which they demand, which they do not have themselves and never had. If we can change ourselves to love ourselves with a sense of gratitude, we can change the world by exposing their impotence. After all, how many people does it take to start a revolution?" With this, I reached my hands out again, boldly.

I wasn't sure whether I expected Ushi to agree, or disagree. I expected a handshake, nothing more. The ultimate didn't seem to matter at this moment. The ultimate was something that neither of us really understood.

For me the important thing at this hour was that we lay in the right course. But how does one begin to love oneself? I felt that this question could be answered, and that the answer

would have to be related to universal love, because we all share the same humanity as though we are children of a common universal Soul.

In this manner, whatever was unfolding between us mattered to me. It mattered in a different way than anything I had embraced before. What we shared seemed richer. I enjoyed the time we had together, especially the desire to love ourselves with the deepest gratitude for our humanity, which seemed to have put us deeper in love with each other. This was crazy. It was a totally unexpected outcome. Of course, I didn't want to see its magic spoiled. In fact, I wanted it to last, to go on and on. So, I had to be cautious, even though I knew that the magic of the moment hadn't been built on caution, and that that there was really no magic involved. "This is reality! This is Life!" I said to myself.

"What you are asking may never come about," Ushi broke the silence that had ensued. "There are so many challenges that need to be overcome before we truly love, and there is so little time left to do it in. We are in a predicament. And on top of it all, we don't know the first thing about really loving ourselves. That's the honest truth. It's all too new."

I agreed.

"Still, this can change. We can learn; we must; we must do something profound," she added. "If we don't change ourselves and world with it, and move ahead, we are already dead, and the physical death will follow in due course."

Ushi's hands were shaking as she spoke those last words as if this dreadful realization had brought her back to the reality of the Cold War that hung over the world like a dense mist that chills the soul. I felt that chill in her, so honestly was she affected by it.

I held her hands still, without a handshake. She may have envied the others in the room who knew nothing about the dangers unfolding on the horizon. I certainly envied them. I felt stupid, now, for allowing our precious meeting to be overshadowed by fears. I had hoped to transform that shadow into hope, a hope for freedom, and a commitment to it, but I had not succeeded. The dread had reasserted itself. I was ashamed that I had failed. Nor could I answer the question that I posed myself. How is it possible for one to love oneself deeply and honestly, and so much that it spills over to embrace everyone? Nevertheless, it was that environment around the question of world peace that had made our meeting precious. The depth of our concern for the world had made the entire day precious to begin with. Without it, we would not be in this place at all. Without it we would not have come as far, or as near to each other, as we have.

This crazy contrast of love with the icy chill of the reality of our world had become a paradox that needed to be resolved. My heart went out to her, and my love, without reservation. I felt close to her, close enough to touch, and yet so distant out of fear to say one word too few, or one word too little, to break that which held us together. Still, there was a response forthcoming across this gulf that lay between us in spite of our love, and that response was more than just an agreement. With a few words she had opened the scene to a whole new horizon for us to explore. She had spoken about the connection between freedom and truth that forges love on a higher level than that which can break. Maybe that is where we can love ourselves more fully.

We agreed on one thing, that we had barely begun. I suggested that we could really begin by endeavoring to raise the platform of our thinking to a higher level in every situation that we became involved in. Where people are bent on complaining and violent criticism that gets them deeper into the hole, we realized we could intervene and talk about the truth of the human dimension. We could talk about the scientific and spiritual capacities of the human being that we all embody universally in terms of building a great and beautiful world for ourselves, even in terms of what our love can accomplish, which after all, was rooted in reflecting truth in universal terms. We realized that we could work to uplift people's thinking onto this kind of platform and thereby change the world in real terms.

She suggested that it wouldn't be easy to uplift every situation that we become involved in.

"But then, what have the difficulties got to do with anything?" I asked, just as Helen would have asked. "The difficulties don't alter the principle involved, and the truth."

Actually, we spoke less and less as the time passed. I was fascinated by her intelligence, her keen insight, as well as by her charm and her face that one can't help but love. I needed time to take this all in, to correlate it, relish it, and savor it as one savors a violin concerto that can't be hurried without the music becoming lost.

At times we just sat still and looked at each other while we sipped on our coffee. I treasured those moments. These were moments when time itself, slowed, or stood still altogether, when I rejoiced to be there with her.

The quiet moments became moments of taking stock of what has been happening, a time for asking deep questions. Was my love for her like that of a gardener for a rose, a love that came out of my own heart? I was able to see beauty in shapes, fragrance, color, in being touched by her thoughts, her smiles, her face, her hair, and the sound of her voice, and most of all, the gestures of her own loving. Perhaps I was the only person in the entire cafe that saw her as excitingly beautiful as I did. It was a joy to be that rich. It was a joy to be that human, to be alive as a human being with open eyes.

During those quiet moments I heard someone sing in the cafe, a woman's voice. The music, apparently, was a popular song, but to me her voice sounded like the voice of Delilah, the beautiful voice from the Samson and Delilah duet that Sylvia had sung so long ago. It conveyed the same feeling. I had been in love with Sylvia from the sunrise each day till I fell asleep. We had just met. My world had changed. I had felt that my life would be forever empty without her. I had gone to every performance to hear her sing. I knew that if Ushi were on the concert stage now, I would want to do the same.

But why did Sylvia come to mind amidst the intensity of this new unfolding love? I pondered. And why did she come to mind in such a richly beautiful way and in a manner that I had not experienced for a long time? Sure, I had cherished those memories, but why did they emerge at this time and seemed more precious? They seemed to be adding to the brightness of that new flow of love that enveloped Ushi and I.

The thought came to me that this additional love, this newly unfolding love, had brought the springtime back into my garden, with a new beautiful sunshine. It was as if the heart needs to find its own beauty echoed in the beauty of another, like the gardener sees his soul echoed in the rose. The thought came also, that unlike the cycles of the Earth, which bring a new

spring automatically by the interaction of astronomical principles, we human beings are demanded to create our own springtime by the purposeful interaction of the principles of our humanity. Meeting Ushi had brought into my garden the warmth of a new spring-day and I was grateful for it. I was as grateful for it as I was for the greening each spring that follows the winter. I realized that in this particular new spring, which was now unfolding, all that had lain dormant was coming to life by which this new spring was enriching my love for Sylvia too, which in turn strengthened the love that now enveloped Ushi and I.

The image of Ushi and I meeting for the first time at the beach this morning suddenly came to mind. It became more precious in my mind. I remembered the moments when she allowed me to touch her breasts as we were drawing ice cream pictures on them, of hearts and stars, and hugs, and kisses. She was sharing with me a part of her humanity, a part of her soul. That's where our hearts met at the deepest level, where we met as human beings, where our hearts met laterally and we stood side by side, enveloped in the sunshine of Love. That's what made this moment more beautiful than if we had just drawn those pictures in the sand.

By remembering this moment other precious moments came into my thoughts, moments with Sylvia, like the precious time when Sylvia began to share herself with me more fully. Seeing her breasts for the first time was like a holy event, like the unveiling of the Holy Grail. Oh, to touch them, to feel their softness. The physical touch probably wasn't important, but the thought surrounding the event, the 'holiness' of it, was. There was sunshine in the garden in those days. The world felt like it was incredibly bright.

I felt the same feeling now up-welling again as we were sitting in the cafe, sharing the brightness of our new sunshine, the intimacies of our thoughts, our fears, or hopes, our innermost joys, and ourselves as beautiful human beings that reflect back to us the echo of our heart.

On the surface it seemed that I had done all the talking while we were in the cafe, but we really hadn't talked all that much. We had touched upon infinity. We had stood in awe before it. Long quiet times had separated our talking into a drawn out stutter, while the real thing that we shared, gently asserted itself with a brightness that words could not convey. Oh, why had this springtime not been brought to life more often? Still, I felt infinitely privileged to be in its sunshine at all.

"May I touch your breasts for one last time before we part?" I asked, breaking the silence.

I was afraid she might be shocked. She smiled warmly instead. Oh, how I loved her for that!

"Why would you?" she added to the smile.

"Because you are so incredibly beautiful," I replied and closed my eyes to drink in and store away the beautiful image of her, the brightness of her smile and of the intimacies we had shared.

"But why would you?" she repeated, when I opened my eyes again. "Aren't you already touching me in your thoughts, and possibly more intimately so?"

I nodded slightly.

"Tell me, what did you see just now when you closed your eyes? Was it something more beautiful than what we had shared physically? I bet it was!" She waved a finger at me like a schoolteacher might. Her smile became a grin as she did so.

I relished that smile. And more than this, I valued it as something profound. I remembered Helen's episode of her involvement with mental healing in providing support for a person in hospital. I suddenly saw what Helen had seen who has spoken of an infinite lattice of laterally connected hearts all providing their support for the heart in need. However, I saw a higher image. I saw not hearts, but human beings sharing One Life together and One universal Soul; all supporting one-another in this infinitely connected lateral array. The threads that bound us where the threads of this universal Life and of this universal Soul. No one appeared isolated in the lattice, as no one truly is in life, or exists outside of it. In this lattice of human existence we are all married to one-another by this One Universal Life and this One Universal Soul, linked in a marriage without borders, as boundless as the boundless seas and the all-pervading air that we breathe. In this we 'Are One' indeed.

No, I wasn't asking her as a stranger, nor as the wife of someone else, but as a sovereign individual human being and fellow citizen of this infinity that binds us, that is richer than a garden of a million flowers and the richest forest in the world; or gold.

"No, this thinking is not heading in the wrong direction," I said to myself for my reassurance once I had collected my thoughts again. "Who knows what the answer is?" I replied to her question. "I don't have the answer, but I do recognize that the need for a physical response remains. There is a need for it, because this physical response represents something from a higher plane that isn't physical itself. Does this make sense, Ushi?"

Ushi shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, Peter."

"Look at it this way," I said cautiously. "As human beings we live on a higher plane than animals. In the animal world, sex is primarily for procreation, just as existence itself evolves around survival. But that's not us. We human beings live on a higher level than merely existing. We live on a level that unfolds above the physical world. We live on a level where we are creators; engineers; scientists; artists. We live in a spiritual world that is constantly evolving and unfolding, and developing further and further. That is why we have artists in the world," I said and looked Ushi in the eye.

"Artists?" she asked.

"An artist looks at a flower and raises it up above the cellular level," I explained, "to a level of principles reflected in shapes, colors, patterns, tone, reflecting principles underlying the universe, such a symmetry in geometry, richness of life, profundity in being. This is what the artist sees. Still, there is a need in art for a physical response with which to put the image on a canvass. An artist never portrays a replica of a cellular flower, but portrays an image of an idea that is reflected in the flower or has become associated with it. Thus, the physical painting represents something that doesn't exist in the physical world. I think our sexual intimacies belong into this context."

"Except, why is an artist driven, then, to produce a physical painting, when the image that the painting portrays is not physical, but exists primarily as an idea in the mind?"

I shrugged my shoulders. Then I began to laugh. "As artists we are determined to drag the physical domain up behind us, to give it a new dimension that it never had. No landscape ever existed as Van Gogh saw it, or Rembrandt, or Emili Carr. The artist expresses the world of Spirit that gives a new dimension to the physical world. In this world of Spirit, sex is then no longer primarily a physical thing, but a thing of the beauty of our human nature that is

reflected in all mankind. That is the substance that unites us in a universal marriage, so to speak. It unites us by our humanity that we all share, and by our common universal Soul. I think we also need a physical expression of it, a physical element to express the universal unity it inspires. An artist needs a canvass, and a musician and instrument. We seem to need some form of physical expression by which we can drag the physical world up behind us to those higher levels of universal principles. We can't dictate what the expression of those principles must be. But we can embrace them."

"So, what's the problem?" Ushi asked.

Moments later her face lit up. "I know why this must be so," she added. "It's the salvation for our world, Peter."

"Oh, what makes you say that, Ushi?"

"Isn't it plain, Peter? The more fully we drag the physical world up behind us to the spiritual level, the more profoundly will we uplift the political and economic scene of the world as well, which is a terrible mess right now."

My heart went out to her for this beautiful thought. That's the reality of the human dimension, I thought to myself.

"That's how we can get rid of nuclear weapons," I said to her in total agreement. "We have tried for fifty years to get rid of these monsters by building a whole series of issues around them. It didn't get us anywhere. Now you say don't go for the issues, forget the issues, go for the spiritual world of universal principles and universal truths, like the principle of the universal marriage of the whole of mankind as the reality of our being. Is that what you are saying?"

She nodded and smiled. "Isn't that what you meant when you said to me that one person with a profound idea can change the world?"

I answered that I had understood this as a principle vaguely, without being aware of any possible physical correlation. "Now the idea is laid out on a broad canvass, but what are we going to do with it?"

Ushi had no answer.

As for me, I rejoiced. I needed no answer.

Oh how 'small' our day would have been had we just stayed at the beach? How much would we have missed? I would have missed Steve. I would have missed our meeting here, at the cafe. Perhaps the day would have been simpler. Also, it would have been easier to say good bye at the beach, and walk away. I shared those thoughts with Ushi and added that nothing could have been any better than the way things had turned out.

She shook her head. "Remember, you asked for it," she said. Moments later she added, "I am glad you did."

This was her confirmation of the way I felt. Maybe loving her was an act of loving myself within the lattice of our humanity that we all share. Maybe it was this alone what made the outcome so precious. I reached out to touch her hands again and smiled.

She smiled back at me, took my hands and held them against her breasts. "Why must everything be easy?" she said when our eyes met. "There is often more life in the difficult moments than in the easy sunshine," she added. She withdrew our hands and raised her cup.

"I wonder why on Earth I asked Steve whether he thought the Ogarkov Plan was real or not." I said, just to reply something. I was almost astonished to hear myself say that. The subject didn't fit the atmosphere of the moment.

"And Steve gave you his answer, Peter, but he may have wondered about who he was talking with. It was an honest answer that Steve gave. I know he is terribly afraid about what he already knows of the state of the world. He knows that too many people have jumped onto the bandwagon of the politically correct. They blabber out slogans without the faintest realization of what they mean. Steve is totally aware of that. He is also aware that most of the so-called elite that spout out the slogans for the people to memorize and repeat, are mere technicians themselves, who simply carry out their masters' demands. They babble the slogans they were told to memorize themselves. And then there are those others who do the dirty thinking for them. They are selected for their talents to speak their masters' thoughts. That's how it is in the West, and that's how it is in the East. I believe that Steve may have regarded you as a breath of fresh air when you jumped boisterously in front of the bandwagon to challenge its legitimacy, instead of jumping on it. I think he likes you. Maybe he is hoping that some day you might succeed in stopping the bandwagon, and in kicking everyone off." She began to laugh at this thought.

I looked at Ushi with some amazement. Ushi then urged me to speak to Steve again, but warned, "I never told this to anyone, Steve is dead scared. He knows how serious the challenge is that we all face. He may also have some doubts that you are serious enough to be of any help. But I think he would be wrong in this case. Maybe if you met him again he might give you another chance."

"The real question is, what can we do to help still his fears?" I replied. "Maybe I should go to London and really find out what's cooking over there, at the center of it all," I added quietly. "Maybe my boss can arrange a mission."

"You'll find nothing there," Ushi suggested. "You'd be looking for issues. There is infinitely more, right here, to be discovered. As you said yourself, we can make the vital breakthrough right here, this very minute. Just consider the vast changes that were once wrought in the fifteenth Century when the Renaissance began. Something really big happened then, and it happened relatively quickly. Up to the point before the Renaissance began, 98% of all people had lived extremely primitive lives, as serfs, slaves, or worse. Suddenly, the idea emerged that the human being is created in the living image of God. That new self-perception spread like wildfire, it uplifted society as a whole. Out of this background of self-love a brand new social institution was born, the nation-state, which has become one of the main pillars of our modern civilization. Of course you know all that," she added. "But did you ever realize that this may be a historic example of the power of loving oneself, which we can use and develop to a still higher level? I certainly never realized that until now," she added with a smile.

I nodded in agreement. "Do you suppose, that if we make it possible, today, to regard one-another as the reflected image of God, that even bigger breakthroughs can result, than resulted during the Renaissance?" I asked. "If we manage to do this at the grassroots social level, its unfolding will percolate also in the political and economic domains."

Ushi nodded. "Especially if we do this at the social level, right down to the very grassroots where we deal with one-another as human beings," she said.

"Don't you think that this is how we should see each other right now, you and me, and Steve, and everyone else, and that this higher perception of ourselves can transform society and uplift the world? Would Steve agree with that?"

"Steve would be impressed with this kind of thinking, especially if it can be transformed into something concrete, something real," she said. She paused. "...And into something daring that has never happened before, that starts a revolution," she added and grinned.

"Something that envelops us in love," I added in reply. "Forgive me, I have been wrong about you," I said with a grin, "you are not just an angel, you are a genius and an angel combined into one, and more than that."

"Angels are God's thoughts passing to man," she said and smiled. "How can they be anything less than that? And you are an angel, too," she added, "because what you propose has never been achieved before in history, as far as we know, but it should be achievable if we dare to put a 'hand to the wheel.'"

I nodded, but I didn't say anything more on the theme.

It had been different at the beach. Things had been so uncomplicated there. Even in Steve's office, things were still rational and secure. But now, in honest contemplation, and with our time together fast coming to an end, we were forced to seek out higher grounds where we had never stood before, a stage that had been untried and was unfamiliar, the ruler of which could only be honesty; wide open honesty. Some of this honesty was already revealed in the way we looked at each other, touched each other, and in the tone of our voice. There was caution, daring, love, and excitement all mixed into one. Sometimes we would kiss right across the table, spontaneously.

When it was time for us to leave, I felt a great and deeply seated joy. The quiet intensity of her fears had made her seem more precious than before, and Steve, too. But something new and bright was up welling that began to overshadow all of that with its brightness. I hugged her for a long time when we stood up to go. I held out my hand, which she responded to. We walked out hand in hand.

I felt that some of the fears that had held her captive might have been overcome in the cafe, and that still more could be overcome by changing ourselves more deeply. But, did I have the right to expect her to change that much? On the other hand deep changes were already unfolding. We had enveloped one-another in love almost unconsciously and spontaneously, so much so that the world had changed already. At least for us it had.

Once we were outside again, walking hand in hand, the world seemed different than it had been before. It appeared less troubled, more serene.

## Part 3 - An Invitation to Heaven

Ursula suggested that we sit in on Steve's lecture, something related to quantum theory that I knew nothing about. Of course, I could learn, but that wasn't the point. The point was to be there, to speak to Steve once more and to make an impression that would open the door so that we could meet again.

Of course his lecture went way over my head. Integral calculus was like a foreign language to me. There was a lot of it interwoven into his lecture.

Steve seemed pleased to find us attending. He came up to us afterwards, to the last row where we were seated. He seemed happy to see us together. He greeted Ushi with a kiss, even though she still hugged me close to her. He reached his hand out to me for a handshake. "Would you like to have supper with us?" he asked.

I was surprised at Steve's reaction. "Please take Ushi home, and stay and have supper with us," he said. "We would be honored by your presence."

Before I could answer, one of the students had taken him by the shoulder and commandeered his attention. He disappeared with the student towards the blackboard. "Seven-thirty, tonight," he called back.

I was stunned. Something big had been set into motion, which I didn't fully understand, but I did understand Ushi's arm that was holding me tight. I remembered my own words from the cafe, "...something real, something that envelops us in love." This love surrounded us, and united us.

"Seven-thirty," Ushi replied to him in confirmation.

Now I was faced with the task of drawing the pieces together. How did they match? How could I correlate his response with my attraction to Ushi and her deeply honest response that could not have gone unnoticed by Steve? Maybe it was her love that was the moving power of the moment?

Eventually I gave up puzzling this out. I had never been good in drawing ambiguities into one. I simply took Ushi by the arm and invited her to show me some of the sights of the old university.

Still, Steve's generous invitation puzzled me.

Ushi said not to worry, "he overpowers everyone until they get to know him." She paused, then continued, "I am ashamed, though, that I didn't invite you first."

"I never expected you to," I replied, "but let's not have any political talk tonight. If I start, shut me off."

She squeezed my hand.

In this manner, hand in hand, we strolled through the old campus. There were only a few students visible now. She was a delightful guide. Also, she showed me one of the old buildings that finally, fully met my expectations, as if she could read in my face that this kind of history interested me. It wasn't exactly the kind of large granite building that I had imagined I would

see. It was something in the style of an old castle, like a fortress. It took some effort to open the heavy door carved with a crest of lions on each panel. The halls and rooms were sheathed in dark wood. Creaky stairs led to a large upper room that occupied the entire floor. It was dimly lit, with an odor of stale wood-polish in the air, mixed with the smell of dust and old leather.

I sat in a hard leather-covered chair at the head of the large table that dominated the middle of the room, then leaned leisurely against the high back. With my arms crossed. I imagined myself transposed into the age of King Arthur's court, an age renowned for its own renaissance, one of a few spots of hope in mankind's long night.

I drove Ushi home as Steve had suggested, with a stop for groceries on the way. The question that I had asked myself on the beach came to mind again. Was she just as beautiful with her clothes on? I embraced this thought as a welcome relief from the tensions that are invariably associated with political discussions. The answer was spontaneous. YES, she was just as beautiful with her clothes on, perhaps even more so. The type of clothing one wears reflects an element from deep within, and what I saw was beautiful. She seemed beautiful to me in any situation. Even choosing cabbage with her was beautiful and exciting, as if there were a connection between her, the Earth, and things Earthy. I kissed her right there in the grocery store. The proprietor saw it, smiled, and looked away.

I was overcome by the recognition that she reflected something that I felt deeply about. My love for her seemed more and more an acknowledgment of myself that had remained dormant until this time. I kissed her two more times in quick succession. I think she somehow knew why. She responded shyly. Afterwards I felt ashamed.

Actually, it was Steve who intrigued me the most. I could understand Ursula, I respected her immensely, and I loved her deeply. Still, this love was different than love is generally understood. It wasn't the type of attraction that becomes possessive, but one that sprang from an up-welling joy in the beauty of her being, an appreciation of the moments that we shared.

Steve touched me in a different way. I found in him a rare mix of humor and a depth of perception that had made our conversation appear like a game of chess. We both expected the other to comprehend what we barely comprehended ourselves, and to find in that a limit that we could challenge and move beyond. In addition to this, Steve was sensitive, gentle, kind, and secure in his feelings. He appeared untouched by what he understood was happening in the real world. No political activist that I knew had ever been like Steve. Furthermore, Steve was a family man. He cared about Ursula, his students, his university, and his world. To me, he was a puzzle, because of this. I felt like an intruder in his world. Why had he invited me to his home? A blind man could have seen how much I cared for Ursula. Still, here I was, at his request, alone with Ursula in his own home. Together, we were getting dinner ready.

Steve came home precisely on time. The dinner was almost ready when he arrived. We had everything in the final stages, pork chops, red cabbage, boiled potatoes, and carrots. Everything that we had bought on the way was cooking. A sour sweet aroma filled the apartment. I was still in the kitchen when Steve arrived. We both were, getting the various items organized. Steve took his coat off, washed, changed his shirt, and then kept us company.

He stood in the open doorway to the kitchen. At this point the table had already been set.

He just smiled and shook his head. "Is the Ogarkov Plan real?" he repeated my earlier question. "I wonder if there is one person in the Soviet hierarchy who would agree with us that it isn't?" he said. He turned to me and added, "When we met in my office this afternoon we weren't on the planet Earth at all. Our kind of thinking was more like the kind of thinking that is being ascribed to advanced species from outer space. You may find it in science fiction movies, on rare occasions. On still rarer occasions, if one is lucky, one finds a trace of it here." He grinned as he said this. "How many people can understand what we talked about in my office, Pete? Hardly anybody even knows about the Ogarkov Plan, and those who do, like the military planners who carry it out, can't imagine that it isn't what they believe it to be. But let me ask you a similar question," he added. "Our precious societal values, are they real?"

"Do you mean our moral values?" I asked.

Here we go, I thought. Was this question a subtle hint about my affection for Ursula that I couldn't hide?

"Steve, you chose to invite me here of your own free will," I reminded him. "I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable," he laughed. "No, you're like a breath of fresh air." He stepped into the kitchen and made himself comfortable in a chair next to a small table that Ushi had used for getting the dinner ready, "I couldn't have this kind of conversation with anyone else on the planet," he said. "I can tell you this with certainty. There isn't another person in the entire university that would even acknowledge our Vertical-versus-Lateral-Relationship Theorem, much less understand it. There may be just a few people in the entire world who are willing to acknowledge what we have talked about, but you are committed to proving it. This makes you an extremely rare phenomenon, did you know that?"

Steve suddenly began to laugh and reached his hand out for a handshake. "You are like a breath of fresh air indeed. I would even say that your being here is a tiny bit of this infinite body of proofs that you expect will add up in time to an earthquake. Are you prepared to acknowledge this, Peter?"

"What choice do I have not to acknowledge it, Steve? I am here. That proves something. But what does it prove? Does it prove that we understand anything? Is my being here the result of some sense of duty to prove a theorem? I don't think so. Or is it the result of a privilege that we extend to one-another to explore the limits of the as yet unknown? I doubt that. Or is my being here the most natural thing in the universe, based on what we have both already acknowledged? I think this must be it."

Steve just laughed. "Your being here is as natural as breathing the air that surrounds us. That's what I think."

"What do you think?" he called out to Ushi, who had gone into the 'good room' to arrange the silverware on the table. "Is Pete's being here not the most natural thing in the universe, like breathing the air that we simply cannot avoid?"

"I would say that this is a correct assessment," Ushi called back from the good room. "But can we prove it?"

"How can we prove that we have entered a New World?" Steve called back to Ushi.

"That's easy," Ushi replied. "The proof unfolds when we find the Old World conspicuously

absent."

Steve looked towards me again and grinned. "So what about society's moral values, are they real?"

"No Steve," I answered quickly. "What moral value is there in building bombs for one-another."

"That's not a part of the question, Pete, forget about that stuff. Look at the grassroots level. Look at the way we relate to one-another as people. Look at our social values, sex, marriage, the way we isolate each other, the stuff that society defines as its values. Are they real, or are they like the Ogarkov Plan, something totally different in purpose from what they are claimed to be?"

I shook my head. I had a speech of all sorts of smalltalk planned out, of what I would say to him when he came home. I would tell him that I admired the view from his place, across treetops, towards some faint lights in the distance. I had a thousand items for nice idle conversation prepared. I hadn't expected anything like this. I answered, NO, to his question. Obviously that's what he expected to hear.

"How are our social values not real?" he asked.

Oh God, I had no excuses left now! "Our social values aren't real, because they force one to become dishonest with oneself," I replied slowly after a lengthy hesitation. "They literally force us to live in the imperial, vertical domain, while our humanity demands that we live in the lateral domain.

"Why Peter? Why do they do that?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's always been like that, Steve."

"So you say our social values don't reflect the truth and haven't done so for a long time."

I nodded.

He reached his hand out for a handshake. "I fully agree with you," he said and smiled. "In the 1440s the Golden Renaissance brought about revolutionary advances in the way people looked at themselves as human beings, in a philosophical kind of way. But this revolution hadn't filtered down to the social level. We still live by the same axioms in the social domain that were created thousands of years ago during the early imperial ages in support of imperial goals. We live by imperial axioms, which we call our values, because they have been imposed ages ago and are still promoted. These axioms reflect imperial values, vertical values, not our own values, the lateral values. Therefore our social values don't represent what they pretend to represent. They don't represent us. They don't represent what we truly value about ourselves. They don't represent honesty. They don't represent love. They represent the games of empires. They are actually at war with us."

Steve paused. There was a deep silence now between us. A cool breeze swept through the apartment. The sun had just set. Sounds of children filtered through the trees from the park below.

I wondered what he was thinking.

After looking at me for a few moments longer he stood up and went to the living room, the good room. I followed him. He had gone to the window and leaned out, sniffing the wind as he might have done on any other day.

"Don't you think, Pete, the time has come to start a renaissance in the way we regard one-

another socially as human beings?" He spoke to me from the window. "Since our precious societal values aren't real anyway, as you say they won't allow us to be honest with ourselves, what do we have then that is real? What do we have, but the truth, the truth which we find anchored in our humanity and our love for one-another?"

Wow! "But what is Truth, what is Love, what is Real?" I called back to him from the kitchen, from where I had gone to help Ushi.

"Society developed the most advanced concept about love in 1648 with the Treaty of Westphalia," said Ushi to me in the kitchen, loud enough for Steve to hear. "That has put the concept of a broad universal love on the table."

"Yes, but that was applied only at the political level," said Steve from the living room. "This leading edge concept never filtered down to the grassroots social domain. The social domain hasn't had a real renaissance ever in the entire history of mankind as far as I can tell."

"Are you surprised, Pete?" said Ushi.

I shook my head.

"Now tell me," said Steve, "how many people do you know who would agree with us that our modern day societal values aren't real and haven't been real for a very long time? How many, Peter? A hand full?"

Steve came back to the kitchen where leaned against the doorframe again. Everything was ready to be dished up by then, except the potatoes.

"For years I've puzzled why World War I was not avoided," Steve continued. "The facts should have been obvious. The goal was to destroy the industrial capacity of Central Europe. The people at this time had dared to draw up plans for a railway link that would have connected Germany and China across the vast expanses of Asia. The British Empire destroyed this hope. World War I was fought to prevent this project that would have challenged the British Empire's dominance. You know the phrase, **Britannia Rules the Seas**. The Empire couldn't allow this dominion to be broken. For this reason they destroyed the European and Russian industrial machine. Afterwards World War II was fought to make the Eurasian economic development project impossible even to contemplate for a long time to come. But why didn't anybody see this? The Empire's goal should have been so obvious. Everyone should have recognized what the nationalist rampages were all about, that had set the nations at each other's throats in the shadow of Palmerston's Mazzini-nationalist movements. My point is, the people had become trapped into this narrow-minded national self-isolation that was thrust upon them, just as society had been isolated socially into a sea of tiny little empires that they weren't allowed to see beyond, under the dictates of social values."

Steve continued after we checked the potatoes. "The second world war was fought for the same reason, probably in order to depopulate the European part of the world of its finest men, and of course, to destroy the nations' economies. The Empire knew that after a really big war the Trans-Eurasian Railway project would not become feasible again for a long time. The oligarchy couldn't have been more blunt in forecasting their intentions. Every element of their plan had been out in the open in some fashion. Still, nobody had seen past the facade. Nobody moved against the unfolding madness. Everyone was focused onto the tiny little enclave of their domestic concerns. Thus the world was set up to be destroyed without anyone giving a hoot. And so it was destroyed."

Steve came to help us drain the potatoes. "The three of us together would have prevented World War I if we had been around, then," he commented and laughed. "People didn't see past the glitter of nationalism that had been whipped up by the Mazzini networks. The German people imagined that there was a totally different plan in progress than the one that destroyed their civilization. They were like lambs ready for the slaughter, and they were slaughtered by the millions. The same happened again when World War II was staged," said Steve. "People didn't react. This time they were slaughtered by the tens of millions. If they had only opened their eyes, they would have known about the real game. But then, who can say that we are any better in our present world?"

"We are just as blind in our present world," said Ursula as she was bidding us to be seated once we had brought the food to the table. "Why has nobody seriously considered the world's nuclear weapons in this manner? We are facing today's danger of a nuclear war no more intelligently than the people had faced the developments towards the previous world wars. It is a miracle, actually, that we are still alive," she added as she was filling our water glasses.

"Ah, but by what miracle is it, that we are still alive?" I asked. We were getting seated. "What did we do? We must have been doing something right," I said, "but, what?"

"No, we haven't done anything right," Steve answered my question. "We can't say that we have done anything right until this game is over. Remember that it won't be over until it's over. The war danger won't be over until the foundation is eradicated on which it is founded. No miracle has occurred. The game is still on. In fact, we are teetering at the edge of a cliff right now."

As we were helping ourselves to the food while this conversation was still going on, Ushi urged us to help ourselves generously. The table before us was a festive scene. It was decked with a white embroidered tablecloth, real silverware, crystal water glasses, and two white candles in the middle.

"The war danger won't be over until we see a new renaissance unfolding throughout the West," said Steve. "Only then can we say that there is hope on the horizon."

"Ah, but I see movements towards this," I countered Steve. "Things are moving everywhere, even in this room."

"Especially in this room," Ushi added.

Ursula urged us once more to help ourselves while the dinner was still hot, and wished us all "guten appetiet."

This wish was not required. Nothing could have spoiled so lovely a dinner, except a lot of scary talk, and this was now suspended. The focus was changed. We drifted back into our small and lovely little world of imagined serenity. Steve got up and put some music on, a Mozart piano concerto, which created an interesting and gentle atmosphere.

"I want you to know that I admire the founders of the USA and its European supporters, the cream of the world, who together created the greatest republic on the face of the planet," said Steve when the music ended and the time had come for making a toast. He spoke about List, Leibnitz, and Benjamin Franklin. "I also admire Alexander Hamilton," he added, "and Quincy Adams, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Carey, and so forth, and Franklin Delanor Roosevelt.

My science hero, of course, is Benjamin Franklin. I admire the man for his contribution to the scientific tradition of America. I really should live in America," Steve grinned, "but I came to this country, partly to gain an understanding of how a person survives under an oppressive regime. Strangely, it was here where I found the greatest freedom and one of the most advanced thinkers I know." He was looking at Ushi and smiled. Then he paused for a moment and reached for his glass and grinned. "I found a whole new dimension of freedom, here," he said, "and now this dimension has been expanded again, now that Pete has come into our lives." He raised his glass of apple juice high. "Let this day never be forgotten," he added and nodded to me.

I couldn't answer.

He glanced at me and smiled, as if I should make a speech, too, in the old scholarly tradition. It appeared to be expected.

"There are people who aim to advance humanity, and people who aim to destroy it," I said. "There are people who honor each other and work to make the world secure, and there are people who claim to own humanity and claim the right to annihilate it as they please. The good that sets the one apart from the other, is found in rich measure in this room," I said. "We, in this room, have the power to elevate the world. The power of right ideas is a greater force than nuclear weapons. By this power of advanced ideas weapons can be defeated that nothing else can defeat, together with the forces that would use them. This is the great significance of our gathering, here, tonight. This is a historic occasion." I raised my glass.

Ushi, too, made a speech, a short one. She asked us both a question. "Which profession provides the highest service to God and to man in God's image? Is it that of the clergy, the scientists, or the politicians?"

Steve grinned and motioned me to answer. "There can only be one answer," I said. "The clergy speaks about the glory of God, and of man in the image of God. But they speak only words. The scientist puts into practice what the clergy merely hints at. The scientist searches for fundamental principles and applies them to create a civilization in which humanity can live more richly and fully than it would otherwise be able to live. The scientist opens that gate to the truth that the clergy merely dreams about. This, the scientist provides a higher service. More important, however, is the work of the politician who creates the institutions that enable the scientists to work and the clergy to speak. Without creating institutions of government committed to advancing the welfare of the whole of society, the fruition of the dreams of the clergy and the ideas of the scientists cannot be achieved. Without the politician dedicated to the highest principles, society remains a collection of slaves. Thus, the highest tribute falls upon the politician."

Steve approved the answer.

Ushi raised her glass and said something to the effect that whenever two or three are gathered together with a right idea in their hearts, they can change the world. She smiled at me. "Right, Pete, would you agree then that the building of the greatest infrastructures ever imagined has already begun, and is now happening in this room?"

I applauded her remarks.

The whole day had been like that. We had poured out our ideas to each other in one

continuous stream. I could feel a movement going on that became rich and vital, and beautiful. No one complained about anything. We were moving ahead. We had no reason for complaining. Something big was moving us that night that was still unfolding.

Dinner had been served in the 'good' room. Their apartment was on the top floor of an old building, on the fourth floor or maybe the fifth. The apartment had Ushi written all over it. I could see her touch everywhere. It was spotlessly clean, decorated in a way that said this is home, our home. There were also private 'spaces' reserved in this home, for both Ushi and Steve, places to work, places to ponder, places to grow.

The furnishings were of a modern Swedish style. The attic above the apartment had been converted into a library, crammed with textbooks, novels, reference books, and magazines. Ushi had given me the tour of the apartment almost as soon as we had come in. The balcony off the kitchen served as Steve's study during the summer months, with a portion set aside for her typewriter. The balcony was one of their private places. One could hardly see out over all the Geranium plants, except upwards, to the sky.

For dinner, Ushi had laid the fine china out. And Steve had a surprise waiting for us. He produced a bottle of wine from under the table.

"We really shouldn't," he said with a grin, "it is bad for the mind. It disturbs the delicate chemical balance of the brain that is essential for clear thinking," he grinned.

"He is right," said Ushi and got up to get the wineglasses. "Sometimes he breaks his own rule," she said to me and smiled, "usually when there are guests around."

"Otherwise people might wonder," Steve defended himself as he started to fight the wine bottle. The cork wouldn't come out. He had some words to say about the corkscrew that had its thread made too shallow. The cork tore into chunks. He struggled to get all the pieces out. Even then, there were bits of cork floating on top of the wine.

"We experience our knowledge," he joked as he put the bottle down. He had filled our glasses barely half full.

Ushi looked at me, embarrassed by the half-empty glasses.

"Let's drink to Truth!" he said.

"Truth?" I asked.

"Isn't that what a scientist does every day?" he replied.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Priest's look for God," he said. "By definition, religion is an instrument for finding Truth. But by nature, Truth is absolute. That is something that no man can ever reach. Truth is something we can only strive towards. Our glass is never full. There is always more that needs to be discovered, that can be understood. There will never be an end to it."

I raised my glass, smiled at Ushi, and suggested we drink to that. So, we drank to Truth.

Steve grinned at me. "Most priests, religions, and institutions, literally prevent you from filling your glass, but freedom requires that one's glass be filled to the brim and be overflowing. This presents a great challenge," he said, raising his glass again.

We all drank to that, too.

"Our lives depend on our glasses being full," he said as he put his glass down.

I must have looked at him with a blank stare. What did he mean? He didn't refill our glasses.

"It's a natural phenomenon," Steve explained. He insisted that we take a moment to think about that.

I shrugged my shoulders. Ushi didn't say anything either.

Steve stood up and raised his glass as if it were for another toast. "Oligarchies are very poor," Steve continued, "their glasses are empty; they are never free; they are constantly manipulating the world in order that they may have their glasses filled for them by the labors of other people. They steal, loot, and plunder, but nothing happens that fills their glasses. In a sense, they are desperately poor in spite of their stolen riches, or because of them. This vital point they cannot understand. That is why they steal more and more. They are determined to continue down this road until they own the whole world and everyone else is dead."

He paused and reached for the bottle and filled his glass up just a pinch more. Then he continued his lecture.

"The oligarchy cannot understand what makes humanity truly rich," he said. "What makes us rich is not what we take from the cup, but what we put into the cup out of the riches of our human Soul, our intellect, our ingenuity, wisdom, caring, etc. Our glasses contain only what we create for ourselves, what we discover, and the joy that we find in the beauty and the strength of one-another and of the whole of humanity. Our glasses contain all that. One might call it the substance of love."

Steve turned to me and said. "You must never forget this little parable, Peter, because it embraces everything. What the world calls God, I recognize as the creative Principle of the universe, the source of its existence. Everything that exists in the universe unfolds from this Principle, from the greatest clusters of galaxies to the tiniest part of a particle of an atom. Everything is ordered by universal principles of that Principle of the universe. The universe manifests that Principle universally. It is its source and the reason for its being, as well as our being. Our universal humanity manifests this principle to the fullest. It renders us the tallest expression of life in our universe. The principle of our humanity is Love. Love is its name. We live it."

Steve reached for a slice of lemon that he had prepared for his soda water. He held it high. "If I squeeze the lemon, what do I get out of it?" he asked. "I get lemon juice, right, because that is what is in it? Now if I touch a human being, what do I get? Well, unless our humanity has dried up, I'll find myself surrounded by love. The name of our humanity is love, among other such elements. We radiate it, because it is in us as the substance of our being. It is a part of the design of the creative universal Principle that shapes the universe. If we touch a human being, that is what we get. We get a manifestation of the Principle of the universe, the Principle of Universal Love. We get its substance of good, and we rejoice with a great joy over it, which is love. However, in order to live love, it has to be alive in us. The Principle of the universe has been our life, consciously. Then love will be the natural result. However, this love must be a joy for what we are. It must manifest the joy that we find in our own humanity. Joy manifests our self-love and its expression as universal love. It expresses these in the highest possible sense as the tallest expression of life in our universe. It defines us as a spiritual species with near boundless capacities and potentials. There is so much to love in our humanity, Peter, that it's

unfolding borders on the miraculous. Our love for that, Peter, fills our glasses. Nothing else does. It becomes a radiant sun that enriches the universe around us. That is why I say that what we put into our glasses is the substance of our humanity and our love for it. That's what counts and enriches our lives. The rest is secondary.

After this, Steve paused and looked at his still half-empty glass and asked us if we were satisfied to have our glass only half full. He said that one should not be satisfied with that. Then he continued his lecture, still holding his near empty glass.

"Here comes the part that very few people understand," he said. "If we only embrace science and knowledge and discoveries, our glasses will always remain half empty, because our knowledge, our science, and our discoveries will forever be incomplete. There will always be higher hypotheses superseding the highest hypotheses that have been created. Our understanding of the absolute is never full."

He smiled at me. "But love, my friend, has no such limits. Love is boundless at every moment. No limits are imposed onto our loving in appreciation for our humanity and one-another. Love is an infinite source and presence that fills our glasses right to the brim and lets them overflow at every moment of our lives. This flood, of course, doesn't reflect how well we ARE loved, but how well we DO love. To love, means to be joyous;" he added, "joyous with appreciation for the beauty of our humanity and of one-another."

"We have much to be joyous about," he assured Ushi. "This is what fills our glasses," he said emphatically to both of us, "and our glasses will be overflowing. Indeed, we expect them to be overflowing constantly, to be flooding the whole world with the substance of our love. Naturally, as our glasses overflow, we thereby enrich one-another's existence with the outflow of this love. This is what happens naturally when we begin to love universally. It is a natural process. This process defines what it means to live as a human being."

Steve then turned to me and smiled. "Be careful, Peter, to never limit the flow of loving. Never create the slightest barriers that inhibit your loving, or another person's loving. You must become sensitive to this requirement, because such barriers are all too easily created, especially against the loving of those whom we profess to love the most. Don't let your marriage ideals create boundaries that would hinder your wife in developing herself and experiencing the fullness of her love in her daily living."

Steve raised his glass again. "Remember, our cup must be overflowing, because that is what it means to be human. Everyone's cup must be overflowing if the substance of our humanity is to be a light by which the whole world becomes enriched. Then, and only then, can we hope that as we inspire the same flow in others across all boundaries and creeds, and numerous divisions, that the need for nuclear weapons will fall away. Only then can we allow ourselves to feel secure."

He turned to me again. "The worst thing we can do," he said, "is to build barriers against another person's loving, or against our own. If we do this, there will be no light and our world will drift into a Dark Age. This drifting into darkness has already begun around the world."

Steve sat down after his speech without taking a sip. "That's why I won't fill your glasses," he said and grinned. "This responsibility belongs to you." He reached for the bottle and gave it to me.

"But no flooding, please," Ushi requested, and laughed. We all laughed at that.

Steve said that the analogy wasn't intended to become messy.

I took the bottle with a smile. I would have been lying if I had said that I wasn't impressed by Steve's speech. Except he stopped short of answering the two questions that puzzled me the most. I put the bottle back onto the table. Its time had not yet come.

"Steve, what is universal love?" I said to him as I put the bottle down, looking directly at him. He seemed surprised at the question. "Steve, it has been said that the 1648 Treaty of Westphalia that ended eighty years of war, was founded on a platform of universal love. But what is universal love, Steve? And most of all, what is self-love? Are the two really the same? We've been throwing the terms around too casually. How we understand them at the leading edge of science?"

Steve looked puzzled.

"I am not talking about selfishness, Steve, when I say self-love," I added. "You know that. I am talking about self-love in a sublime sense. This puts us at the leading edge, doesn't it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Selfishness is usually considered a rotten trait of character, which is deemed synonymous with self-love, but you obviously expect a different answer. You expect a positive answer. You expect an answer that uplifts the human scene as it did in 1648. To be honest, Pete, I don't know what the leading edge answer is. You've got me on this one. I simply haven't considered such a question before in terms of sublimity. It certainly appears to be a worthwhile project to explore. But what's your own take on that? What do you think it is?"

Steve paused momentarily and held his hand up. "I know how we can explore that. Let me ask you a hypothetical question, Peter. Let's do some role-playing. That sometimes helps to explore deep issues in a somewhat detached manner, from a higher platform, so to speak. But don't answer superficially. Think about your answer."

"All right Steve, ask away!"

"OK, here it goes. Suppose there was to be convention in heaven, a kind of competition that involves all the would-be creators of the universe. Suppose you were among them. The grand prize would be given to whoever would present the most perfect design for the highest form of life in the universe. Suppose you wanted to win that competition badly, that had never really been won before, through many have tried. The previous attempts gave us all the creatures that we know, like insects and animals and so on. So, what would you propose, would your highest species of life in the universe be like? What kind of species would you create?"

"What a question is this, Steve? Obviously, I would propose to create a human being."

"Oh, would you kindly describe your creation, Peter. What characteristics would you give it?"

"That's easy to answer, Steve. I would propose for the species of my dreams, what I had ever hoped we would be. I would create a species of spiritual beings with qualities so rich that no one has ever seen the half of them before. Also, I would create them so that they would love each other on sight as a matter of principle."

"What principle, Peter?"

"The principle that defines beauty, such as ascetic beauty, beauty in character, poise, expression, and countless other aspects like that. They would love each other, because they would value these elements of their humanity in their heart, as a matter of principle, and therefore they would value the manifestation of them in one-another, also as a matter of

principle."

"What do you mean by a matter of principle, Peter."

"I mean by that they really have no choice, but to respond in that manner, because that is a part of their basic design. It's in the Blueprint. It's cast in concrete. It's just the way it is. A principle imposes an imperative that is greater than oneself. It's an element of the Blueprint of the Universe. It defines something that is ultimately not an option, Steve."

"But one can't see a principle, Peter. So how can you be sure that your super-humanity will recognize your principles?"

"Of course they can't see them, Steve. No one can see a principle with the eye. That's easy to fix, though. I'll give them spiritual senses. I give them the capacity so see with the mind. That's revolutionary, right? No animal has ever achieved that, but for my super-humanity that's a normal way of living, as a matter of principle.

"Some of that already happens, Steve. No one can see love, right? Still we respond to its imperative. Neither can you see truthfulness, trustworthiness, honor, gentleness, generosity, and so forth, as a principle. But you know that there is a principle behind them when you see the expression of them in one-another, because that expression touches you deeply. You may even recognize it as one of the cornerstones of civilization. My super-humanity would have a keen 'inner eye' to recognize the existence of all the principles in the universe, and a keen mind to understand them, and the spirit of infinity to utilize these principles as a foundation for building a new world for themselves.

"So you see, Steve, in my super-humanity the mind becomes an extension of the visual senses. That design is in their Soul, together with a lot more like it. I would say that we are already doing some of this to some extent. For instance, we can see far more with our mind than we can see with the eyes. The eyes lie to us because of their physical limits, but in my super-species the mind operates on a principle of truthfulness that corrects those visual lies, so that we do behold the truth. Isn't that a revolutionary design concept?

"Actually it isn't all that revolutionary," I added. "I can prove to you that a bit of that is already happening. Just open up any dictionary and search for terms that reflect spiritual qualities, the kind that the eyes cannot see, you will find many of them. The very existence of these terms, which describe qualities that the eye cannot see, proves that they have been seen by the mind, or else these terms wouldn't exist, like honor, integrity, gentleness, care. And then there are underlying principles, such as the principle of universal sovereignty, universal love and so on. My species would be endowed with the capacity to bring all of these principles to full fruition in their lives. They wouldn't just recognize them. They would understand them and build their life around them and on them, and this universally all across the board. They would all have one universal Soul, one Blueprint that gives them access to the universe itself. You think I would win the competition with that kind of a design?

"And Steve, listen to that! They would have all those principles, like the principles related to beauty, implanted in the very heart of their being, and this not only as an abstract idea, but also in a quality that is made manifest physically. Then, as the people look with their 'eyes' at one-another, and thus find an echo in the 'visible' world of what is already in their heart, would they not all cherish that? They would cherish one-another. They would cherish in one-another what they already cherish as a matter of principle? They would be champions of self-

love and unite on that platform in a community of principle."

"They would do this in recognition of themselves as human beings," commented Steve.

"Oh no, more than that, Steve. They would unite in celebration of that recognition. They would cherish each other as a precious jewel, and take absolute care not to tarnish the glist and sparkle, but bring light to it abundantly. Indeed, they would constantly endeavor to enrich one-another, as a matter of principle - a principle that they value as it enriches their life and their world. Wouldn't I win the competition with that design? They would have no need for marriage institutions to circumscribe their relationships to one-another, as they would already operate on a much higher platform where they are a platform of honor, integrity, responsibility, care, affection, and so on, that is greater than any which institutional marriages have achieved. Dishonesty, distrust, jealousy, dishonor, hate, greed, violence, lust, insensitivity, rape, and so forth, which have no principle, would simply not be a part of the platform of their being. They would recognize their platform anchored at a higher level, the level of universal principles that reflect the absolute divine Principle, the all-in-all principle of the universe.

"By my design, Steve, all the aspects that have no principle, such as lust, hate, and violence, would have no basis to exist, and even less than that, enslavement, looting, murder, war, and all the divisions of humanity that drive these evils. My people would live on a platform above that quagmire, the swamp, on a platform of principles that reflect our orderly and constantly developing universe. Nor would there be such a thing as sexual division by male and female, or by lesbian, gay, celibate, single, or married, or whatever. My people would operate completely above that level of constant conflicts. They would regard sex in humanity as something far greater than an animal propensity. They would reflect it as something beautiful, and as a rich element of our human individuality that manifests itself in countless beautiful forms and manners of appreciation. They would regard it as a celebration of our beautiful human nature. That is how I would create us as an ideal humanity.

"I would give them in my design the mental capacity to discover, understand, and acknowledge all the countless principles of the universe that have been laid before them. I would also give them the intelligent Spirit of God, the spirit of the Creator, to enable them to create for themselves in the physical world a metaphysical paradise. They would have energy resources without limits, which already exist, but remain dormant, which can be developed as a matter of principle. They would also have in their hands infinite material resources, which likewise already exist, but remain dormant, bound up in rocks and in the mantle of the Earth. They would become builders of worlds with these resources, worlds without poverty and toil. They would even have the capacity to enrich the universe with life. Wouldn't I win the first prize with that design, Steve?"

Steve shook his head. "Let me tell you about a great tragedy," said Steve, "that is directly related to your design."

"A tragedy?" I repeated. "I don't understand."

"The tragedy is, Peter, that this beautiful, supreme species that you have described already exists. Indeed, it exists in all essential aspects precisely as you have described it, as far as I can tell. But that's not the tragedy. The tragedy is, that this beautiful design is not recognized to exist, and the little that is recognized, though faintly, such as the Principle of Universal Love

for instance, is denied to exist to such a degree that it puzzles you and you can't figure out what it really is. The point is that it needs to be understood and be experienced. It is denied to be something real. So, my friend, what does this make you? You are either a beautiful dreamer, or a great genius that has discovered what humanity refuses to see. No one that I know has ever described our humanity in the fashion as you just have, and I think you hit the mark dead center!"

"I was just giving you my wish list, Steve," I replied.

"Well, you couldn't have been more right, Pete. In real terms, humanity has been drawn into a conspiracy against itself. We deny everything that we are, and commit our life to be something that we are not. And this, Peter, in a nutshell, is the reason why our world is in such a mess. Unfortunately, it is also extremely difficult for us, after all those years of being trapped into what we are not, to pull ourselves out of this imperial vertical conspiracy and become human beings."

"You mean I really wasn't dreaming in what I said, Steve?"

"Peter, I don't think any of us can dream tall enough to create a better design for our humanity than that which already exists, which we have the power to implement." Steve replied.

"How about creating a people who keep their eyes and their mind open, Steve?" I joked.

"That capacity already exists, Peter. Don't you think that the creator or designer of the universe has not also included a provision for us to become responsible beings? The universe is not a dictator, but an open door. We have to take the footsteps to walk through it."

"You mean footsteps like caring for one-another," I added, "and enriching one-another's life? You mean footsteps to uplift one-another out of the quagmire of irresponsibility and violence, and untruthfulness, and dishonesty and so forth, through moral, spiritual, and scientific development? You mean footsteps towards becoming human beings?"

Steve nodded. "It appears to me, Pete, that the greatest challenge that we face in the world right now, is the challenge to recognize ourselves as human beings. Once we cross that hurdle, the rest will be easier. What do you think, Ushi, am I right?" Steve added.

Ushi smiled and nodded.

Steve raised his glass and proposed a toast to us all. He likened us to explorers at the leading edge of life, "a rare consortium of geniuses," as he put it.

"I suppose, self-love is what I am engaged in," said Steve quietly a while later. "Look around you, what do you see? You see us living in a low-grade apartment that's heated by a wood stove. We don't own a car. Still, we get by, and that's sufficient, because the real thing lies outside of that."

Steve suddenly laughed. "If I were working in Chicago I would be making almost ten times as much money. We would have a fancy house with a Mercedes in the garage. We would go on luxury cruises for vacation, instead of traveling by bicycle with a tent. I could have this life if I wanted to. But I won't have it. It's too expensive, Peter. This kind of life would cost me what I value the most."

"And what would that be?" I asked.

Steve grinned. "It's your turn to answer that question. Tell me what it is that I could possibly love more than money and a luxurious life?"

"Your work?"

"You are getting warm. But don't guess. Reason things out. Who am I first and foremost, and am proud to be?"

"A human being?" I replied. That's what a friend of mine seemed to have indicated as being linked to the roots of self-love.

"Ah, you see, Pete, you didn't have to ask that question. The fact is, in Chicago I would have to sell my soul for the money that gives me a luxurious life. I would have to play the game that scientists are demanded to play for the political objectives of whoever owns them. Believe me, I've been there. I know what I am talking about. And that's too high a price to pay."

Steve explained that bowing to greed is utter stupidity. That has nothing to do with being human. It actually shuts the door to it. Greed and love are opposites. Greed leads to poverty. The other opens the horizon to a beautiful life.

Steve said. "To be a human being, I have to be free to be honest with myself, and with humanity. I cannot respect myself if I cannot do that. If I am forced to lie, I am forced to lie to myself. I love myself too much as a human being to allow this to happen. If I cheat humanity by my actions, I cheat myself, because I am a part of humanity. By the same token, if I elevate humanity as the result of my work, I elevate myself, and that's what is important to me. That's what I work for, because that is what it means to be a human being."

He smiled to me. "What good is a Mercedes car and a big house, if I have to steal, cheat, or lie, to get it? I would be destroying myself, bit by bit to get these things. But that will never happen, Peter, because it is a far too wonderful thing to be able to love oneself as an intelligent, honest, and caring human being."

He asked what greater reward one could possibly find than being able to uplift another human being above falsely perceived limits, onto a higher platform of existence, for greater freedoms and a greater potential to uplift others. He challenged me to recognize that no one lives an isolated life on this planet, as we might have done so once as hunters and gatherers tens of thousands of years ago. He said that we have learned since those days, that if we support one-another, we can enrich the world in which we live. We now do this to such a degree that the same planet Earth can now support 5000 times as many people as it did in the primitive days.

"That's what it means to be a human being, Peter," said Steve, "and that, all by itself, is the greatest treasure in the universe. Imagine, we can uplift one-another to such a degree that we can improve our civilization and enrich the whole of humanity. This can't be done with money, or with all the gold in the world. That's not possible. It can only be done with ideas, with the ideas that evolve from our discovery of universal fundamental principles that we translate into new technologies, new industries, and new energy resources. That's what we create out of the depth of who we are. And yes, Peter, I love myself for being able to do that, for my capability as a human being to take part in that process, to be able to contribute something to enrich human civilization for all times to come. And that's what I love in others, too. I love to see this quality and capability reflected in other people, because that is what I love and value about myself. And, Peter, that's an exiting way to be involved."

Steve told me that he has friends all over the world who reflect that humanity in their own lives. He said that together, by breaking down barriers of outdated perceptions, we all became

more effective human beings. "Sometimes we challenge age old traditions, just to establish new horizons that have never been established before. And out of that, tremendous freedoms and capabilities evolve.

"Do you call that self-love?" he asked me. "Maybe that's what it is."

I nodded.

"In my book, that's called the principle of economy, the economy that makes the world go round," said Steve. "The real economy doesn't exist to distribute, or redistribute wealth. It exists to create wealth. It exists to make the world a richer place, and oh, what a joy one finds in that. It electrifies the very air for one to be able to create something great out of the riches of oneself, to create what a human being is capable of creating, which no other species in the universe can match. We have become builders of worlds, Pete, of our worlds, the worlds that we build for each other. That's love, Pete. That's where you find truth."

"Wow!" that was all I could say. What an answer! "And all that stood behind the 1648 Peace of Westphalia treaty?" I asked.

"The essence of it did," said Steve. "The focus, evidently was different. They had to stop eighty years of warfare. But the principle was the same."

"The Principle of Universal Love?" I asked.

Steve shook his head. "What does that really mean? Does anybody really know what that means?"

Steve poured himself another cup of coffee and told us about a dream he had had a long time ago, that had meant so much to him that he still remembers it. He said in essence that he saw himself all alone in that dream, hopelessly destitute and crying for the simple reason that he didn't know what to do.

He related his dream like a storyteller would present a magical story:

"In my sleep a man appeared before me. He gave me two things. He gave me a violin and a black coat with tails. He said nothing to me, but I understood what I had to do. Although I had never thought about playing an instrument before, I became a violinist in my dream. I learned to play in the open fields, and when I learned to love my music, I began to play for others. Later, I joined an orchestra. We all played in support of each other before very great audiences all over the world. Many people's lives became enriched as the result of what we did. I was satisfied with my life that now had a meaning.

"I also observed the life of another man. Whenever I saw that man he was in a hot tub, relaxing, together with his wife. They had a television installed at the hot tub, for their entertainment. The last time I saw them, their hot tub was filled with red wine.

"We all met each other again in St. Peter's realm. Steve told us that he had overheard St. Peter evaluating the man. St. Peter tried to make the man understand what a terribly poor life he had lived. He hadn't loved, not himself, or anyone else. He really hadn't lived at all. Moreover, he had enslaved many people to provide for his opulent living, who likewise had never lived at all, who had toiled for sixteen hours a day."

"Sure," said the man to St. Peter, "I haven't accomplished anything, but I have paid those workers for their work. I provided their living."

"Oh, have you now? You have taken their life and paid them a pittance, and a few pennies more for overtime," St. Peter scolded the man.

"Poverty corrupts, and so they were corrupted," the man said proudly to St. Peter. "So what? How else could I keep them working for me, for sixteen hours a day?"

"But nothing was accomplished!" said St. Peter. Thus he rejected the man's answer. "You threw your life away, and they threw their life away at your bidding, and nothing was accomplished as the result of you having lived. The end result was the same as if all of you had never existed. That is a crime against life and humanity," said St. Peter.

The man protested, but St. Peter waved him off. "When will human beings ever learn?" he sighed.

"So go on, send me to hell," said the man to St. Peter, "what do I care?"

St. Peter replied that he is not a penal institution. Life is not a penal process. "You don't get it, do you? You simply don't get it. If you don't love yourself enough to let life explode into a fountain of fire that lights up the world, you remain as dead as if you were never born. You have earned nothing to your credit that outweighs your mortality. Consequently, you will fade into oblivion as though you were never born. Nothing that you have done has put your name into the book of life."

"And what about those whom I have enslaved?" the man asked. "I have given them employment. I had a brother among them."

"What about them?" St. Peter replied. "Doesn't the same principle apply to them? You didn't give them employment. To the contrary, you have made the divine spark of life go out in them. It was their responsibility not to allow that. There are no innocent bystanders in life. They had the same spark of life when they were born, and the same requirement to set their world on fire with it, to brighten it. That they allowed themselves to be corrupted by you doesn't change the end result, which is, that they never truly lived. Therefore, I have to disappoint you, and the likes of you, because I don't run an association of dead people up here. Go back to your graveyard where you will rot nicely. That's your style, isn't it?"

"After this encounter, I saw them no more," said Steve. "I awoke from my dream."

"With a dream like that," said Steve, "one finds oneself pondering about ones own life." He explained that he didn't want to play the violin, that he wanted to be a scientist. "I always wanted to explore the universe and help my fellow man to discover what makes the world tick. I also wanted to explore how we can utilize that knowledge to make our world as bright as the sun with the products of our intellect and our capacities as human beings. That's how I became an economist? I always wanted to do that, just as some boys dream about being a fireman."

"But you are a theoretical physicist, Steve, and one of the top people in your field," I said to him. "You never said before that you were an economist."

"My scientific career is secondary," said Steve and laughed. "Primarily, I am an economist. That's how St. Peter measures us. He measures the result of our life in terms of our contribution to civilization. That's economics, Peter. He measures our love for our humanity and its reflection in the world. He measures us by how we have enriched one-another's existence. He measures us in the same way as we should ideally measure ourselves. We should measure ourselves in terms of loving ourselves for our humanity, and for letting that love shine in enriching the world. That makes us all economists, doesn't it, fundamentally?"

"The bottom line is," said Steve. "One cannot truly live or love, without also becoming an economist in the truest sense of the word. Economics is a broad concept, of course. It includes everything that ennobles us. An economist is one who understands what truly enriches our world, our civilization, and one-another. We must always be active in this field. My point is, if one is not an economist in that fundamental sense, one cannot truly love, nor ever truly live."

He looked at me, as though he could sense my puzzlement. "Does that answer your question? Is that the meaning of universal love, Peter? Maybe it is. Isn't that also why I have invited you here, Peter? You have told me in so many ways that you wanted to become a great economist, one who uplifts humanity out of the coffin of war, even nuclear war, the coffin of the living dead. Let me welcome you to the land of truly living, the land of love, and everything that is associated with it, such as the beauty of the human Soul with which we enrich one-another in countless marvelous ways."

He paused and laughed. "Like St. Peter, I am not interested in running an association of dead people. What you call universal love appears to be really the qualifier for life. It is probably the most fundamental criteria with which we must all measure ourselves."

Ushi applauded.

Steve raised his hand. "I am not finished yet," he said to her and began to smile. "Universal love also means that we are living in a world without division and isolation in the widest possible sense. It means no political, religious, racial, social, economic, or even sexual division. The reason for this is that we are dealing with a universal principle. That means, we cannot say political isolation is bad, but sexual isolation is good. As a scientist I must say to myself that any form of division or isolation in society is invalid, because no principle or truth supports it. Consequently we must treat all forms of division the same, including the sexual division. What is invalid in one case is invalid in all cases. One cannot single out certain aspects and exempt them from the rule if one finds them too inconvenient, or too difficult to deal with. Universal means all. It's as simple as that."

"But this has never been done, Steve," I commented.

"That is why we are still at war with a feudal empire that exists by the motto, divide and conquer, divide and isolate, divide and rule," said Steve, "and why we don't live in a new period of renaissance and in a bright and radiant world."

Ushi applauded. "This means that we must also talk about a lot of other things," she suggested, "beautiful things, human things, holidays in the sun, trips to Hawaii, flowers in the garden. There is honesty, truth, and love to be found in all the beautiful things with which we enrich our world," she said and smiled, "because it takes a beautiful soul to appreciate beauty, and to create and enjoy beautiful things. In that we are at one with our humanity, are we not? That's a part of love, too, and a part of living? We create beautiful things out of love for our humanity, because it is our humanity that is reflected in them. Our humanity is reflected in the beauty that we cherish, and in the love that we embrace each other with. In appreciating beauty, we truly appreciate ourselves. It makes our humanity more precious and richer."

"And that is economics? Wow!" I said astonished.

Steve said that it was.

We talked till late into the night in this fashion, during which Steve referred back several

times to the Principle of Universal Love.

"Do you realize what a huge subject you have touched upon with your question about the Principle of Universal Love?" he asked me at one point. "As a scientist I understand the absoluteness of a fundamental principle. Nothing short of the adherence to such a principle could have created the Peace of Westphalia that ended 80 years of war. But can you appreciate the far-reaching consequences for us when you speak about the Principle of Universal Love as a valid principle? Universal means all embracing. It applies to you, me, Ushi, the whole world, without exception, without division. We cannot be selective and exclude certain elements from that universality that we would rather not deal with. We would become hypocrites if we were to do that. We would be lying to ourselves. We also know that the Peace of Westphalia must be established again and again until humanity is totally free of the wars and atomic bombs that the royals of the world, and the would be royals, have prepared for our destruction. This means that we must be true to this principle, and this without exception, which poses a greater challenge than we might want to face."

Steve added in another context, that he dearly hoped that we would all be up to what it takes to explore that challenge.

"Well, we have to try. We have to take whatever steps are necessary," I said boisterously. "It would probably be a great tragedy for the world if we sidestepped that challenge," I added.

Ushi agreed.

Steve just nodded and smiled. "Are you sure?" he replied.

Steve told me at one point in the conversation that I had been right during dinner when I suggested that this night was a historic occasion. He said that we had demonstrated an element upon which rests the highest form of civilization. "We have established a community of principle," he said, "which is not a trivial thing, but something rare and powerful. We have established a community of principle in that we share the same perceptions of right, the same ideals, the same commitment to good, the same commitment to the advance of humanity, backed by a common understanding of fundamental principles. Isn't that the most powerful platform we can have for enriching one-another's existence?"

Steve said that the tremendous value of a community of principle was first understood by President Monroe during the early period of the American nation. "It was the heart of the Monroe Doctrine, the defining factor of the nation which had become drawn together into a community that shared a fundamental principle, which was its commitment to the common welfare and the common defense of all its citizens. Monroe pointed out that the so formed United States nation had no community of principle with the European monarchies. The European powers, fundamentally feudal in nature, had not the slightest commitment to advancing the general welfare of society, such as the commitment that bound the individual States of the USA into one nation. The European powers stood far apart from this community of principle." He added that this recognition had helped him understand his dream, and the power of it, and the challenges that yet needed to be faced.

Steve pointed out, that individually, the United States are sovereign in their union. Only in their commitment to the fundamental principles that assure their common welfare are they committed to one-another. On this platform they become a single nation. "That's, how our

nation was developed. Isn't that what St. Peter signified in my dream, in respect to his heaven? He was looking for a community of principle in terms of enriched lives, measured in terms of uplifted civilization and a love for one's own humanity reflected in a love for one-another?"

Steve paused and leaned back into his chair as if to reflect on what he just said. "This is the type of bond that binds us three together," he said after a moment of silence. "I just don't know yet what this means," he added. "I only know it means something, and that this is something profound, something big, something that might be significant enough to help us to change the world. We mustn't lose sight of this, because there are not many fundamental principles to be discovered that we can unite under. There is only one principle for each situation. If we meet on this level, something with a far reaching significance may be unfolding."

Having said this, Steve went upstairs to his study and brought a jar of apricot preserves down, which he said he had saved for a special occasion. He decided that now was such an occasion.

# More works by Rolf A. F. Witzsche

Selected stories from the series of novels The Lodging for the Rose



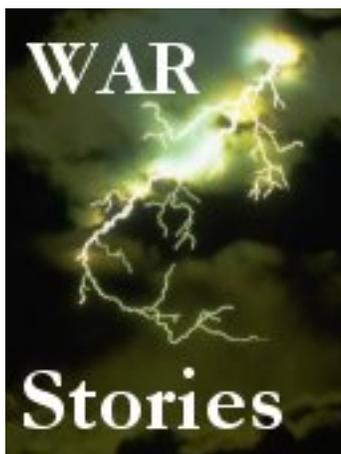
## A selection of love stories and stories about love

The primary focus is on the Principle of Universal Love in social relationships.



## Stories focused on healing

The focus for healing is wide-ranging, from bodily healing to the healing of perceptions, limitations, small-minded thinking, etc..



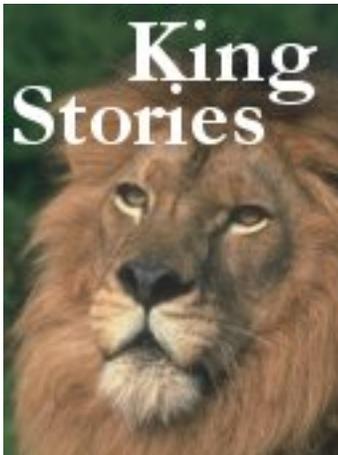
## War Stories

There are many types of wars being fought with the ferocity of lightning that flashes brilliantly until the driving energy is spent. Then peace resumes.



## Stories about sex

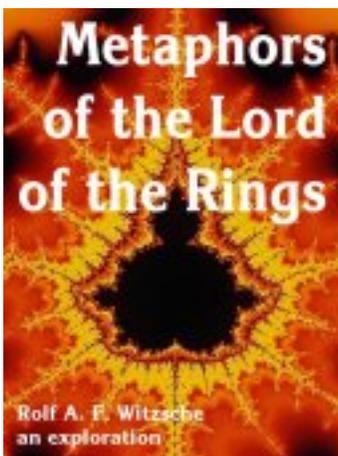
While the focus is on sex, the explorations focus on a passion for love in a higher sense than erotica, opening to the Principle of Universal Soul reflected in the brotherhood of all mankind as human beings.



## Oh, to be King for a day!

If we had the power to change the world, how would we change it? But don't we have that power already in our hand?

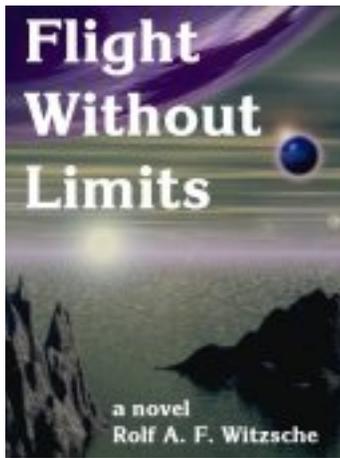
## Political exploration



## The Lord of the Rings' Metaphors

It is a rare thing in literature that one finds a tale written a long time ago that is reflected in the present to such an extent, that it seems the writer had created a script for the future and the future has obeyed. Such a thing can be said about the story of J.R.R. Tolkien's mythical tale, The Lord of the Rings.

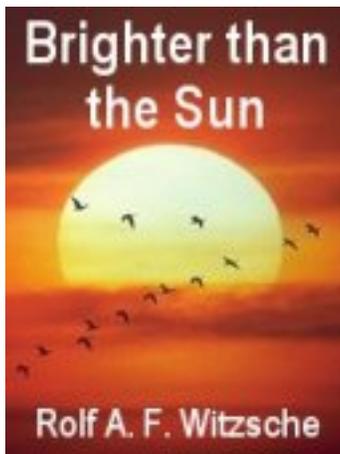
## Novels



## [Flight Without Limits](#)

(science fiction)

The novel is a science fiction work with a touch of reality. It is about a space voyage to Alpha Centauri, the nearest solar system to our own. But in metaphor, the novel is really about being able to move mentally without limits. Physically we may never be able to overcome all limits, but what would hinder us to break all limits mentally?

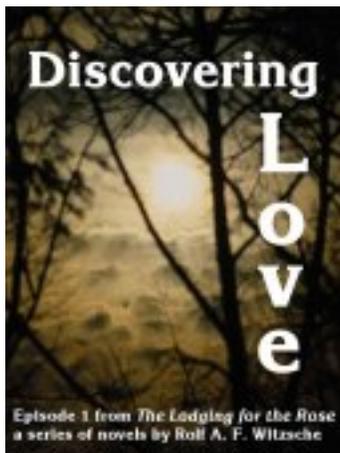


## [Brighter than the Sun](#)

(playing with nuclear matches)

This novel has two opposite centers. One reflects the tragic domain of our nuclear armed world, and the second the domain of spiritual freedom where old axioms become discredited and fall away while love unfolds its universal face. Will the latter prevail?

## **The Lodging for the Rose** a series of nine novels



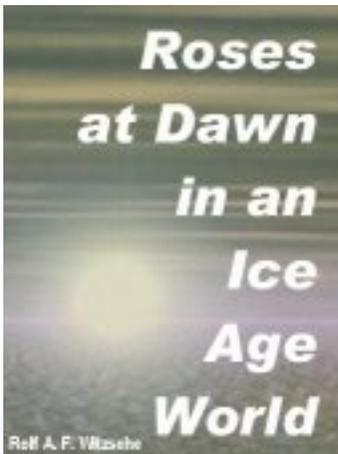
### \* Episode 1 - [Discovering Love](#)

Here begins an epic story that spans eight novels. The subject is freedom powered by universal love, the largely unexplored 'country.' Few people have dared to cross its borders and travel its landscape.



## \* Episode 2A - [The Ice Age Challenge](#)

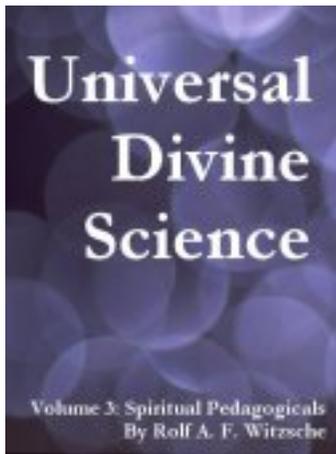
"The Ice Age Challenge" refers to the challenge that we face to create a new foundation for living when the coming Ice Age climate shuts down most of the world's agriculture. The resumption of the Ice Age could happen possibly 100 to 150 years from now. It may take that long to build the vast facilities that will be needed to feed the world from indoor agriculture. But is our love big enough that we can achieve the physically near impossible in order to assure a future for mankind beyond the space of our time? What limits would we put on the dimension of universal love? It appears we are in a triple race to meet all of these challenges. The big question is, do we have the skills to stay the course?



## \* Episode 2B - [Roses at Dawn in an Ice Age World](#)

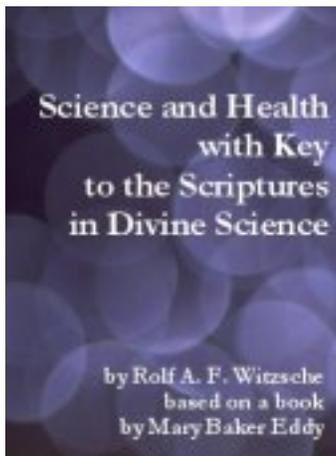
With the Ice Age resuming 100 to 150 years from now we are challenged to embrace the still rejected renaissance principle, the Principle of Universal Love, without which mankind may not survive. But will we be able to upgrade our human dimension sufficiently to accept the Principle of Universal Love and to reflect it in our daily living? God is Love, universal divine Principle. Do we dare to love universally in the social domain? Or do we pretend that the divine Principle of Universal Love doesn't apply there, especially when it comes to our personal loved ones and friends?

Spirituality and Healing - research,  
exploration, pedagogicals



## [Universal Divine Science - Spiritual Pedagogicals](#)

Unknown to the world, Mary Baker Eddy created a scientific monument in the form of a vast pedagogical structure for the advance of universal Divine Science. The pedagogical structure is so large that she made all of her major works a part of it, and so far-reaching that it may have been a contributor to the rare period of nearly 50 years of peace in the world between 1866 and 1914



## [Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures in Divine Science](#)

A special Divine Science exploration of Mary Baker Eddy's book, **Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures**, in a unique presentation interwoven with editorial notes and research into Mary Baker Eddy's pedagogical structure for what she hinted may be termed Divine Science.

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