

#44 *The Two Pigs*



A pig that was getting on in years was remarking in a slightly accusatory tone to her husband, “Do you see me?” Her husband, who was not known to be very articulate, simply said, “Sure I do. I notice you every day in the mud pen and at every meal.” “I know that you notice me,” conceded his wife, “but that is not the same as giving me your whole attention.” Suddenly a thunderstorm blew through the yard and a great oak fell. It divided the fenced in pen, separating the two pigs. It was quite clear that neither pig could climb over the tree. The husband gazed across the divide at his beloved, with true longing in his eyes. His wife collected herself, then addressed her husband of oh-so many years, with a look in her eyes that can only be described as enamored, “Now, that is the attention I wanted.”

THE WAY TO SYNTHESIS IS ATTENTION