



#88 *The Snail*



A snail was sitting by the side of the road. A human traveler stopped to ask him directions. "I know that you are but a snail, living quite close to the ground and therefore cannot see very far, but can you tell me where I am headed?" asked the traveler, gesturing down the road. The snail answered in rhyme,

*"We live in a very, very different time.
Changes come faster sans reason or rhyme.
We're accelerating, quickening, reaching our prime."*

“I don’t think you understand,” replied the traveler, “I was not asking where my life is headed, I just want to know where this road leads.” Once again, the snail launched into a rhythmic type of chant,

*“Observe! It is time to realize.
Observe! In the blink of one of your eyes.
Observe! The olden way meets demise.”*

Now the traveler became intrigued. “Are you saying that you are a seer? Are you telling me my future? Who are you, anyway, my small friend?” The snail answered slowly with a fixed gaze and dramatic emphasis, “I am speaking that which all of humankind needs to hear at this time. I, myself am blind. I simply happen to know in my heart that you must take a different road than the one you are on. Humankind has traveled the same road for too long - the one that does not OBSERVE the good of the whole - they have lost their SOUL - the one selfishness STOLE.” Then he went into a final chant,

*...
“Observation can see parts as a whole.
Rising above the small to the soul.
Restoring perspective that mindlessness stole.”*

OBSERVATION CAN CURE BLINDNESS