



#102 *The First Favorite*



Do you remember the first time you decided which color is your favorite? The question was not meant to be harmful or detrimental in any way. But it was. You were looking at COLOR itself - your right brain was not distinguishing between them - you were immersed in them. They were not even separate. You were surrounded by, and one with, COLOR. Then the adults asked you, in a perfectly innocent way, which was your favorite. But even to consider the question, you had to break up something that was whole. Then you had to discard or downgrade some colors in order for others to be exalted. It had no meaning to you. But the adults seemed to need an answer. So, you began learning how to label and name and analyze and rate the colors. In a way, it was as fine a day as any other, but in another way, it was the beginning of a downfall. You fell from a beautifully high position where every flower in the garden was good to seeing some as not-so-good. You started to see good and evil, separate and together, oneness and not-oneness or duality. So, the only question is, "Would you like to go back to the garden?"

GET BACK TO THE GARDEN