



## #120 *The First Everyday*



*Mary ate breakfast, hung out the wash and took the boat to market. There she picked out food for the day and returned home. Later, she cleaned the house, read a book for a while, then took a walk by the stream. By and by she prepared dinner. When Martin came home, they ate, and conversation began. Martin vented that he didn't have enough time to build the shed he wanted. He grumbled that without the shed, fate was depriving him of the garden he had desired to plant. "My dear Mary, how do you achieve such equanimity; you are always so calm?" he moaned. Silently, Mary took his hand. He followed. She walked to the stream that splashed down the mountain to the lake. "See the water, Martin? It meanders, ever ready to change paths on*

*its way to the lake. It has boundless power. It is gentle, yet persistent. It has goals, yet it is not attached to any one of them.*

*You must be like the water, Martin. You must have your ambitions, yet amidst everyday life, achieve a state of mind where ... occasionally ... you have no definite thoughts, nothing planned, no strivings, desires, or expectations which aim in any particular directions. If you can do this, you will attain A LOVE OF FATE, and thereby achieve the sense of being capable of both the possible and the impossible!" Then Martin and Mary returned to the kitchen, put away the food, and cleaned the dishes.*

*IT'S GOOD TO MARRY YOUR PARTNER  
IT'S NOT GOOD TO MARRY YOUR EXPECTATIONS*