

PlanIt

The Future Fable of An Action Designer

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A Project of
Benevolence In Dharmic Exploration

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It was a whole different world he was about to enter—not here or there, now or then but, potentially, all places and times. His Sage had warned him that first-timers, especially young ones, should take it one step at a time. That wasn't his way. His Sage had counselled moderation. **He** was going to take the trip from front to back—straight through; no time out.

He'd taken many trips in his short life, traveled many roads, but either without a map or with only borrowed directions. He was waking up to the idea that he needed what the PlanIt Society offered—guided creations of possible realities—education in getting from *Here* to *There*.

He knew that most people entered PlanIt and selected a particular departure point, traveling one Pattern in depth; then, used that experience to solve some specific problem or meet a single challenge. *He* wanted to start at One and take all sixty-four Patterns in a single, extended session. His Sage advised him to get himself in shape for the journey—take a month to eat better, sleep regularly, study the PlanIt Verses and Patterns morning and night, and learn to imagine in a new way.

This all seemed a bit strange—most people never had to go through such a program to benefit from PlanIt—but he couldn't afford to waste his life anymore. He felt downright impatient but knew no other way to set things straight. He also didn't want to have to start over from scratch, all over, *again*, unless he could know that he was navigating with some sense of certainty. The PlanIt Society was known for its success in helping people improve their lives. He needed help.

He ate better food, slept a little better, got to know the Verses and Patterns, learned the imagination techniques, and arrived at the day when his Sage led him to one of the Gardens of Enchantment—special environments that aided a person in their quest for internal transformation and success. He laid down on the comfortable divan and listened to his Sage give him his final instructions:

“You have chosen to take the full journey. Realize your position. All that will happen is guided by the PlanIt Patterns and aided by your acquaintance with the PlanIt Verses but depends, ultimately, on your own deepest mind and heart. We are here to help. You are the creator.

“Some events will seem very obvious and quite easy to live through. Some will be mysterious. Some will challenge you to the core.

“Be positive. Be grateful. Be aware!”

As he closed his eyes and induced the internal state necessary for his journey, he could only hope that this experience would lead to, not heaven, but, at least, something just above the hell he'd been in.

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***One***  
**Soul-Fire**

Let me  
Burn but not be  
Consumed;  
Let me  
Live in the  
Now.

Red and fire was all he saw and felt. The fire was inside and outside—inner warmth, outer brilliance. In the normal world, he would have been blinded and overcome with joy. In PlanIt's environment he could see and direct his sensitivities with ease.

But what to be happy *about*? What to search *for*?

He knew, somehow, that he had to take this intuitive force swelling inside him and shape it to some purpose—give it a goal. He was on this self-induced journey to make sure he didn't fail in the “real” world. All he could think of was to nudge the intuition back toward his own Self. Immediately, the flames grew brighter still and the inner warmth and outer brilliance were one thing, one indivisible yearning to go forward and take this light, this insight, wherever it led.

***Two***  
**Water of Life**

Fire warms.  
Water cools.  
Impulse with  
Value brings  
Wealth.

Redness persisted and the fire continued to burn but he could see a bit of water, shining, green as an emerald.

*Why doesn't it boil away? Will it put the fire out?*

As he neared this pool, he found himself beginning to wish. He wanted his life to mean something; not just be impelled blindly, ending up who knew where.

Even though the fire was good, even though he needed the warmth, he valued this water.

Standing now in its coolness, he understood something. Felt it deep.  
He was his *own* greatest resource.

**Three**  
**Wealth's Home**

To desire is good.  
To value is supreme.  
To shape is  
Divine.

So, he had the fire burning. He had some valuable water. But he still didn't know what to *do*.

As he walked away from the pool, he stumbled on a clump of earth, dark golden yellow in its freshness. He could hear his Sage whispering in his mind:

*What if you mix some of the water with this earth?*

What he meant was: What if you give your wish some wings? What if you combine the feeling of the water with the thought of the earth and fire it with your intuition?

He began to ponder as his hands poured water on the earth and began to knead it. His intuition flashed as he shaped the mud with care; flamed it into a bowl. Now he could hold on to things, gather what he needed.

**Four**  
**Elements Arrayed**

Gather what you will.  
Shape it as you must.  
Give it when you can.

Intuition still aroused, bowl in hand, he walked on. After some timeless interval, breathing the air of a deep blue sky, he stopped. Looking into the bowl, smooth like glass, he saw the sky reflected. He *knew* he had all the elements he needed to make, at least, a tentative decision about direction, goal, task.

The air had done it. Given him the sensation that, even though *he* was his greatest resource, there were other implements necessary, like the air—carrier of messages, medium of interchange. (Had his Sage said that?)

This was a new value, something to do. So, he decided to (as soon as possible) share himself.

**Five**  
**Journey's Desire**

Two feet walk.  
Two souls sail.

*Fine*, he thought, *I'll share myself. Just as soon as I figure out what somebody else would like to have from me.*

The ground he walked on was much firmer. His thoughts turned outward and he

imagined another person walking with him—his Sage. What should be said? What would his Sage want? What does anybody want, first and foremost?

???

His Sage said, “Where are we going?”

*That’s it!*, he thought. *We have to have something in common to do. If we don’t, we can’t share what we have. We’d have no common ground. We’d go nowhere.*

Now, he was really on to something but he didn’t know how to answer his Sage.

On they walked.

### ***Six*** **Sharing’s Power**

Go where you will.  
Will to have heart.  
Share of your fruit.

His impulse to move forward didn’t flag and his Sage wouldn’t make his decisions for him, so forward they went.

As their journey continued, his feeling that he had to share something kept growing. But, what to share?

They stopped.

They chatted about the weather. They admired the primitive scenery. They were just a couple of travelers trying to come to a decision about where to go. Even though they still hadn’t decided the exact direction, they were enjoying the process.

Then, suddenly, his pressing need to give of himself manifested as, “Can I show you how to make a bowl for yourself?”

His Sage said, “Sure.”

Still no definite direction but definitely more satisfaction!

### ***Seven*** **Sharing’s Vision**

Give what you know then  
Follow the  
Flow.

His imagination had given him a point of reference—his Sage—”someone” to share his thoughts with—a screen to show him the way.

*What to do?*

Imagine how someone else feels, thinks, dreams, breathes. Then, prepare to share what you know.

*Which way to go?*

Toward others...

***Eight***  
**Relationship's Promise**

See to the  
End though barely  
Begun.

Just as they changed direction, just as his intuition set them on a path toward others, his Sage disappeared.

The point of reference remained.

In fact, he knew that he would always think of himself, from now on, as one of many.

He wasn't really alone.

He didn't have to make everything for himself.

He would find others and see what they had to share.

Besides his naked body and his soul, he had his bowl.

***Nine***  
**Persistence of Fire**

The End in the Now—  
Pure  
Power  
Supreme.

Toward others—the goal.

Share—the task.

Still...

He needed more. More knowledge of himself.

He could make bowls. What else do people need? Certainly more than a bunch of ideas to fill up their bowls!

He imagined a whole society. Cups, spoons, houses, fields, crops, transportation, leisure...

He sat down and revisited his initial intuition, still flaming within, and he knew that he wouldn't fail if he continued to let others fill out his life's equation.

***Ten***  
**Power Within**

Who  
Are  
You?

Strengthen  
That!

Now, even though he'd yet to meet another person (besides the conjuration of his

Sage), he *knew* that his sharing of himself would be what made him continue to be Real.  
As he continued forward (toward others), he made up a little song; nothing fancy but it sure helped to make the journey lighter:

“In and out is roundabout,  
The cycle never stops.  
I’ve got to dare, increase my store.  
I’ve got to share some more!”

***Eleven***  
**Desire’s Haven**

Take your  
Self and  
Cast it  
Out.

If he was going to share more, he had to learn to make more. He set about combining fire, water, air and earth into some wonderful combinations, from everyday items to things never seen before. Since he was in PlanIt’s world, time wasn’t an issue.

Next, he proceeded to create a small town. The only problem was it had no people except him, since one of the guidelines of PlanIt was “People are people and appear when *they* want to.”

Well, whenever they showed up, he would have much more of himself to share. This self-knowledge made him feel almost complete.

***Twelve***  
**Desire’s Thrust**

Cast your  
Lure.  
Await the  
Catch.

His small town had its own small radio station. He composed a speech to send to any other people round and about. Basically, it said:

*Here I am,  
Alone.  
There you are.  
Can we meet?  
I’ve created my own town and  
You’re  
Welcome!*



***Thirteen***  
**Hope's Work**

Lying on a mat with  
No sound reason  
Only attracts bugs.

While he was waiting for a reply (or a visit), he set about writing the “laws” of his town—a sort of manifesto of what living there should be like. It was his town and he was very proud of it but he knew the spirit of the place would wither and die if he didn't take what others needed into account. He might want chocolate, they might want vanilla.

He worked very hard on this “constitution”, tried to make every allowance for people's differences that he could.

This task taught him even more about himself.

***Fourteen***  
**Dream's Reality**

Dream long.  
Act strong.  
Fear gone.

After completing the “bylaws” of his town, he sat down in his restaurant, got up and served himself some soup, and sat down and began to eat.

*Good soup.*

*Nice bowl...*

The bowl was the very first one he'd made. It reminded him that his impulses, though good, needed values to shape themselves around and those values needed thought to become reality.

Then, to share—the dreamer's dream.

Finally, he began to feel at home in this new world.

***Fifteen***  
**Dream's Repose**

Waiting for the  
Dream to  
Ripen.  
Planting still more  
Seeds.

Even though his town had houses and stores and ball fields and lakes and streets, there were no plants and animals.

*This couldn't be!*

He thought this because he was getting just a touch lonely. No other people had

shown up and he was surrounded by inanimate things.

Once he'd populated the place with a few trees and flowers, a few dogs and cats and rats and birds, he felt a little better.

***Sixteen***  
**Vision's Crown**

Waiting's a matter of  
Time.  
Action, a quality of  
Soul.

One day, right after the ninth time he'd sent his radio message, he saw a thin cloud of dust off in the distance; way off in the distance.

*A natural phenomenon? Cattle? People?*

*Oh my God! I don't have any roads coming into my town!!*

He promptly (and bravely, since he didn't know what was causing it) began to build a road out toward the dust cloud.

***Seventeen***  
**Action's Root**

Dream  
Wide and  
Deep.  
Prepare for  
Change.

His road met up with some very weary travelers. They were his relatives. Not the ones he had in the world outside PlanIt but the ancestors and relations from the past of his existence in this world—the world he was creating as he went along.

There was his great-grandfather, his great-grandmother, their adult children (the Grands), their children, and his brothers and sisters and their children; twenty in all. It turned out that they hadn't arrived because of the radio message. They were certain it was some kind of message but nobody knew exactly what it was.

He ushered them into town, got them settled and spent some time with his great-grandmother, sharing his vision of the future.

***Eighteen***  
**Mercy's Strength**

Share till you're  
Empty.  
Drink till you're  
Full.

The conversation with his great-grandmother lasted till the next morning and he

wasn't the only one sharing. By the time they'd wrapped-up and had a little breakfast and she'd gone to sleep, she had given him the whole history of his family.

Now, he had a town, a family and a past. This was an immense relief and a profound source of strength.

He didn't even think of going to sleep. He was busy all day (except for a brief standing-nap somewhere around four); busy talking, busy sharing, busy laughing.

***Nineteen***  
**Strength's Sanction**

Deep is the  
Well.  
Strong is the  
Rope.  
Vital, the  
Task.

The next day, with all his relatives helping in some way or other, they began to enlarge the town. Their goal was to turn it into a real city.

As our hero was walking down the street, on his way to a meeting, pondering the recent developments, his Sage reappeared. This conversation followed:

“So, you're well into your journey and you still have no name.”

“It appears so, oh Sage.”

“Would you like one?”

“Well, my relatives want to make me the mayor and I think a mayor should have a name.”

“Shall I bestow a name?”

“Please!”

“You shall be called Paul since you have traveled so well and gained such vision.”

It sounded to Paul like his Sage knew something Paul had no idea about but he liked the name (not what he was called in the normal world) and decided to keep it.

His Sage disappeared.

Since Paul had so many helpers, he also had some time to contemplate. Sure, he'd done some pondering in the past but now he was really Contemplating.

What did he think about?

About how much more real he felt having all these other people around him. He still knew the reality and value of his own individual being but, with their ideas and his ideas... My, my, what they could accomplish!

***Twenty***  
**Inner Power**

Act from the  
Depths.  
Think not of  
Cost.  
Value the  
Dream.

The city was built, ten times larger than the original town and that old town became the “center of town”—a nice place from the past that kept the city-folk (who hadn’t yet arrived) from feeling too big.

Naturally, this new city had its new and better radio station plus a television station. Broadcasts included various combinations of Paul’s clan. They gave speeches, showed documentaries of the city’s facilities, aired educational spots, and also offered a number of different devotional programs.

***Twenty-One***  
**Power’s Flow**

Plan through the  
Night.  
Rise yet again.  
Follow the  
Light.

Things were rolling right along. Paul was feeling more and more useful and stable in this new city-life.

Still, for a long time, no one else arrived. This got them all to thinking, overtime. Some of the thoughts were about whether folks in other cities and towns were happy and settled and didn’t need to travel. But why were there no return messages, no radio or TV from other places?

Now mind you, Paul’s relatives had come from somewhere besides his town but it had no place in this time—one of the qualities of mystery surrounding Paul’s self-created life.

They continued to think and talk and debate and, eventually, they had a plan.

***Twenty-Two***  
**Flow of Light**

Right behind  
Shadow is  
Glorious  
Light.  
Strive till it hurts—  
Most marvelous  
Plight.

The plan was to send certain people out as “scouts”. The only thing wrong with the plan was that no one wanted to leave.

They all thought and talked and debated a lot more. In fact, it seemed that a few months went by and that’s *all* they did.

***Twenty-Three***  
**Light of Dreams**

Call them in, those  
Yearning wisps;  
Clothe them with your  
Heart.

Suddenly, Paul had a bright idea. It had come from his remembering his Sage’s question: “Where are we going?”

Paul called yet another meeting and shared his awareness that people had to have overlapping goals to want to live and work together. This was fairly easy for relatives (even with the quarrels) but here they were trying to entice total strangers to come and live with them.

The broadcasts changed. Instead of just saying what the city had, they began to tell others what the city could become if they would only move there and share their ideas. The City’s motto became: “Together, we can build our future!”

***Twenty-Four***  
**Mirrored Dreams**

One small  
Thought takes wing and  
Flies.  
Wind conspires with  
Love.

Finally, one fine summer day, grandpa heard a feeble radio message:

*“We want to visit but we have no idea where you are.”*

They could send and receive a signal but they hadn’t yet figured out how to trace

a signal to its source. Plus, they had barely begun to map out the little part of their world that immediately surrounded them. But...

Other people!

Jubilant reign supreme!!

Plus, all those relatives were getting just a tad annoyed with each other.

### ***Twenty-Five*** **Possibility's Pause**

Just before the  
Arrow flies,  
Target makes its  
Claim.

Now things were really heating up!

Paul felt the need to take a short vacation even though the pressing challenge was to figure out a way to help those other folks find their city. He left instructions with the clan, giving them a general idea about how to approach the problem, and went off into the countryside to ponder.

His main question to himself was, *What's happened so far?*

He'd arrived in his personal PlanIt environment, gotten a powerful intuition, clothed it in value, given it substance with thought, and made it breathe with the desire to communicate. He'd conjured his Sage and learned from the experience—mostly to share himself so he could grow himself. He'd built a town, inhabited it with humanity's neighbors, sent out a message and welcomed his relatives. Together they'd built a city and made contact with others.

*Now what?*

### ***Twenty-Six*** **Future's Now**

Just because the  
Path leads on is  
Never a reason to  
Sprint.

Paul extended his vacation a little longer.

He needed to center his feelings before he rejoined the group.

What would it mean to *him* to have other people, non-relatives, living and working in his city?

Certainly, more varied relationships.

Obviously, more ideas to share.

And, definitely, more self-understanding for Paul.

End of vacation.

***Twenty-Seven***  
**Affinity's Dream**

Never will the  
Mirror speak, till  
Vision gives birth to  
Sight.

He went back to the clan-in-council and found them finishing the plans for a device that would help them locate the other people. He felt it very important to make a speech (being mayor and all) about the need to be very aware when the other folks arrived of *their* needs, probably very different from their own. Great-grandpa tried to say something about the way things had always been done but the clan as a whole seconded Paul and a major revision of the city's bylaws was discussed and drawn-up.

Paul's Sage briefly appeared (looking just like the old elm in the city's park) and congratulated him on the new bylaws, stressing how they reflected more depth in Paul's self-development.

***Twenty-Eight***  
**Vision's Drive**

Act with  
Spirit, burning  
Bright.  
Receive with  
Heart  
Unbound.

What they'd come up with to locate the other people was a device that was very similar to long-range scanning on the starship Enterprise. The big bonus was that they discovered most of the rest of the world (Paul's current world in PlanIt, that is). This resulted in many important meetings and discussions and conclaves and chats and even the spin off of a rudimentary form of the Internet.

This was a real God-send!

It made them all aware that their "job" wasn't to get all the rest of the world to come to their doorstep. The task was to communicate as much as possible and let the exchange of ideas cause growth all 'round.

***Twenty-Nine***  
**Quest of Heart**

All the world is  
Unified behind the  
Masks of  
Time.  
Every person shares  
Our fate in  
Ways  
Unknown to  
All.

Word was received that eight separate groups of people, 162 in all, were on their way to Paul's city. Arrival times: from one week to two months.

*Whew! At least they weren't all coming at once.*

This was all well and good. Paul was happy for all of them; especially, since he'd convinced everyone (even ol' great-grandpa) that the main reason they'd built the city was to let people do what they wanted, the way they wanted, and beyond that, basically, protect them from each other.

Paul was happy for them but feeling a bit lonely.

Lonely? In the midst of all those relatives?

Yes.

He was tired of sleeping alone.

***Thirty***  
**Glory's Well**

Just because we make a  
Splash is no  
Respite for  
Dreams not  
Met.

Things were taking on the air of a revolution. Messages were going back and forth between the city and the traveling groups at a mad pace.

Information was flowing.

Expectations were growing.

Inspiration was blowing to and fro.

And, Paul was despondent.



***Thirty-One***  
**Glory's Dream**

When everything seems  
Gone to hell,  
Rejoice that  
Heaven's  
Near.

Two days now before the first group arrived. Paul was back in the countryside pondering. Things were going very well from the standpoint of the whole group. It would grow and prosper.

Would he?

Was he just the mayor, a figurehead? His relatives had come up with the locating device on their own. Did they still need him? He *had* shown them the right way to think about others—the golden idea of sharing.

What was wrong with him?

He strolled back to the city, entered his house, and went to bed, alone.

***Thirty-Two***  
**Purpose Proved**

The darkest  
Night is  
Truth's sure  
Sign that  
Stars are  
Shining  
Bright!

One day till the first group of new people arrived and Paul had actually rested well. After a brief spell awake, in the middle of the night, pondering a strange dream where Noah built his ark but only had room for one pair of critters, he'd slept like a baby and rose with the dawn.

Final preparations for the newcomers.

Last minute adjustments to the welcoming speech.

One last supper of just the relatives.

Night and dreams...

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His Sage intervened briefly; didn't remove him from the spell but entered and instructed.

"All this you have created:

"You imagined me as a point of reference for your self-understanding. Your town was a construction of your growing strengths. Your relatives are aspects of your personality that help you connect with the rest of the world. Your city is a symbol of

your burgeoning self-development. Now, still within yourself, you begin to relate to the rest of your world.”

He replied:

“I’m more than ready!”



Thirty-Three **Soul On Fire**

In the
Gap between our
Dreams live
Visions
Real as
Life.

Here they were. Other people. Other people from other places, with other ideas and dreams, come to live in Paul’s city.

The parties were the main thing for awhile. Then, visits from house to house became frequent. Romances sprang up. Businesses sprouted. Clubs met. Partnerships were formed.

The whole scope of

“Hi, I’m _____.”

“Pleased to meet you!”

“Why don’t we _____.”

flourished in Paul’s city.

Paul was looking.

Paul found.

She was interesting...

Thirty-Four **Breath of Life**

Vision walking.
Dream beheld.
Soul
Waking to Its
Aim.

Her name was Madeleine and she came from a place up north. Her hair was short, her legs were long, and she was two years older than Paul.

She opened a deli on Main Street and worked hard all day.

Paul became a regular customer.

Thirty-Five
Relationship's Test

Dreams are shorn of worn-out thoughts and
Visions stride on strong.

The more he found out about her, the more he liked her.
They had serious discussions about the city and pleasant chats about nothing at
all.

The more she found out about him, the more she worried.
She tried to share her concerns and Paul tried to shrug it all off.
The trouble she spotted was Paul's growing tired and worn from being mayor.

Thirty-Six
Dreamer's Glade

When faced with
Visions staring back,
Relent and
Go for
Broke.

He started to loosen up because she learned how to be more diplomatic.
He began to tell her about his vision for the city, how it had grown, and how he
had grown in a different direction.

She asked him to give it all up and help her run the deli.
The next week there was an election and Paul was not on the ballot.

Thirty-Seven
Reality's Dream

Grab
Everything that
Fits
Your
Dream, then
Wear it on a
Dare!

With both of them working, the deli expanded into the two adjoining buildings. It
became a deli/coffee shop/bookstore.

Because of Paul's reputation, the place, *Madeleine's*, became The-Place-To-Go.
Everybody seemed to spend some part of their day at *Madeleine's*.

Thirty-Eight
Dreams In Action

When
Everything is
Flowing
Full,
Make
Sure the
Banks are
Firm.

Now, they had to spend large amounts of time thinking together. The expansion had made them hire and train managers. The managers needed to feel that they could contribute to the business.

Paul and Madeleine became the “mayors” of *Madeleine’s*.

Madeleine’s became the “city hall”.

The most important agendas at this city hall were increasing the flow of ideas, dressing them in the best values, helping them grow with the best thinking, and sharing them.

Thirty-Nine
Vision’s Reflection

If
Fate should choose to
Smile,
Embrace this
Mystic
Friend!

Paul was entering a new phase of self-discovery and its main impetus was Madeleine. The more he tried to understand her, the more she helped him understand himself. The reverse was also true.

Without even trying, they became the prime movers of the city’s growth and development. If they discussed some topic in their store, it rolled right into the street and became popular opinion. If *Madeleine’s* implemented some new procedure, every other business tried it’s best to adopt it.

When they finally got married, the city attained maturity.

Madeleine helped Paul notice many things and Paul felt blessed.

Forty
Mirror of Self

No matter what the “experts” say,
We
All
Must
Ripen
Solo.

Now comes the hard part.

It wasn't that Madeleine and Paul didn't love each other. It wasn't that they weren't happy with the influence they had on the city.

The challenge was that they each had to reach a new level of self awareness so they could continue to grow as a couple.

It's as true in personal relationships as it is in business partnerships: to continue to grow, the new must replace the old and, most often, this is painful.

Forty-One
Relationship's Secret

Give and
Get is
Well and
Good but
Yielding makes things
Smoother.

They found themselves involving themselves in separate activities.

If Paul was in the stores, Madeleine was in the woods. If Madeleine was meeting with the city's leadership, Paul was volunteering at a day care center.

Every evening they returned home and shared their different experiences. At first it seemed like a loss—less time together.

Eventually, they both realized that the time they did share was like no other; pure bliss!

Forty-Two
Living the Dream

Crisis breeds a
Special
Brew.
Drink it to the
Dregs!

Any city has its share of problem relationships, whether in the business realm, the

personal realm, or the spiritual realm.

Since Paul and Madeleine were living icons—examples to follow—they found themselves, over time, being drawn into the problems and confrontations of their fellow citizens.

They'd always been willing to share advice or reveal some special method of pragmatic worth.

What was happening now was their assuming the new role of Conscience-of-The-City—the people to call when things were just going from bad to worse.

Forty-Three
Fruits of Vision

Hold on
Tight to
Reasons
Bright.
Shine with
Fate's
True
Morning.

Over time, they found they were spending more time together again—dealing with the on-going challenges of a growing city and its growing relationships with other cities.

Their world of PlanIt was becoming a lot more unified.

Over some more time and by popular acclaim and official vote, Paul and Madeleine were made the Heads of City Council—totally new for her, intriguingly different for him.

Forty-Four
Fate's Call

When all is
Set and
Time runs
Smooth, be
Sure you
Follow
Through.

Now, the real work began.

Naturally, the deli/coffee shop/bookstore was owned by someone else and, still, it was the place to go. In fact, Paul and Madeleine spent a lot of their time doing business right there. What they liked best about it was that the problems they were attempting to solve often found a solution in the exchange of ideas that blossomed in *Madeleine's*.

No false appeals to status or social position. Just the free flow of ideas.

Forty-Five
Fate's Whisper

Now just calm down, there's
Nothing here that can't be laid to
Rest in greener
Fields, much
Broader
Plots—the
Answer is a
Test...

Over the years, the main issue that kept coming up, in many guises, was that the city, even with its trade and commerce with other centers, needed to expand to stay vital.

For some time now, there didn't seem to be any new service or industry that could induce the growth that was necessary without harming the people making that growth possible.

"Seem" is the key word in that last sentence.

There *was* an idea floating around...

But...

Naw.

Forty-Six
Destiny's Answer

Right when the
Answer seems
Absurd, pay
Homage to its
Birth. There's
Magic in the "craziest" things when
Scrutinized for
Worth.

"In order to get up off the ground, you have to use the ground." Famous old saying and totally useless here. The idea that was floating around was to get off the ground by using the sky; more accurately, using space.

The idea was, no matter how far-fetched it may seem, to begin to offer joy-rides in space (orbital jaunts, hotel accommodations, trips to the Moon) as a way to fund the development of a true space-culture that would lift the burden of industry off the Earth and bring the benefits of space travel to all. Just imagine one-hour-delivery of a package to any spot on the globe!

No pie in the sky; no government program; just destiny's dream built by visionary entrepreneurs.

Forty-Seven
Fate's Reply

Give in to
Feelings-absolute (make
Sure they're
Deep and
True). Now,
Don't hold back,
Release the
Bird to
Soar to
Mansions
New!

Paul asked Madeleine to step outside and sit in the park. She knew he had something important on his mind. How could she *not* know?

“What are you brooding over, Paul?”

“Well, I was thinking...”

“Wow, *you*?!”

“Seriously, Madeleine, all this work for the city and now the space agenda...”

“Yes...?”

“Why don't we quit and go to the Moon?”

“Now *there's* a way to reflect on your life!”

Forty-Eight
Sweet Dreams

The only thing that's bitter-sweet is
Never plucking
Fruit.

It took a few years and a couple of tears but people found a way to utilize space and they also found a very old Truth:

Growth demands new paths—Life leads on.

Paul and Madeleine got to the Moon and settled in.

Their reputation followed them.

Within a short span of time, they were elected the Heads of The Lunar Council.

Of course, there were a lot less people on the Moon than on the Earth so Paul and Madeleine had plenty of time to mix business with pleasure.

Forty-Nine
Purpose Honed

Bringing all to
Everything
Recaptures
Seasons
Lost.

Their new life made them aware of a whole new set of relationships they had to attend to as well as new ways to deal with old relationships. Being the Heads of The Lunar Council demanded they act in ways that brought people from all parts of Earth together in a unified whole. Being people that didn't forget old friends and co-workers demanded they make the time to communicate with Paul's old city. Even though they were in a new place and pursuing a new career, they realized the importance of maintaining old ties. Actually, due to new technology, they got to "sit" in *Madeleine's* and help the folks there find new solutions to old problems.

Fifty
World Renewed

Stay in the
Light to
Find the
True
Aim.

Being on the Moon and dealing with people on Earth gave them a distinct advantage when trying to work through challenges. If the challenge was on the Moon, they could draw on their Earthly experience to find solutions. If the challenge was on the Earth, they could bring the new insights and possibilities of life on the Moon to the table of resolution.

No matter what the issue, they were experienced enough and had the appropriate perspective to apply a few powerful truths:

Any action must be guided by where it's going.
Any path must take account of the people that inhabit it.
You can't make a plan without including people.

Fifty-One
Freedom's Throne

Build all your
Dreams as
Mansions for
Friends.

The Moon and Earth kept orbiting each other and Paul and Madeleine did the same. They were at the point now that demanded they train a few people to do much of what they had no time to do themselves. Always, consummate managers.

On Earth, they'd been living icons; on the Moon, they became symbols of life. Still just people but people that acted from an understanding of what matters most. Matters most? Simple:

Any action must be guided by where it's going.
Any path must take account of the people that inhabit it.
You can't make a plan without including people.

Fifty-Two
Rule of The Heart

Flight often fails when
Wings embrace mud.

Bigger plans were in the wings.
Madeleine and Paul were now, officially, old. This is the time to really start enjoying things.

They did!

Since the Earth had been saved from the burden of industry by moving it to space, the folks on Earth were in a new Renaissance—children were more educated, adults were more ethical, and social organizations were founded on justice. (Paul's Sage took the time to remind him he was still in PlanIt.)

Basically, things were going well and people were dreaming Big!

Fifty-Three
Consecrated Vision

Greater than
Love is
Love given
Wings.

In some year with a lot of digits in it, the Earth and the Moon, along with the colonies on the asteroids, held a grand gathering on Mars. Naturally, Madeleine and Paul were guests of honor.

What this awesome congregation of individuals decided (keeping in mind all the

people they represented) was to make plans to go to the stars.

Fifty-Four
Grace

“Up from the
Depths” is
“Reach for the
Heights.”

Go to the stars...

How? Who? When?

Why?

Fifty-Five
Memory Recalled

Always and
Ever what
Never has
Been.

Paul was called on to give a little speech. In short, this is what he said:

“To the stars? Why not? That’s where we came from. Each atom in our bodies was forged in some titanic explosion of a star. Death begets birth. Old becomes new. Past illumines future.

If we don’t go, we stay. If Spring waits, we die.
Let us find ourselves by leaving home.
Life leads on!”

Fifty-Six
Echo Rebounds

Strolling through the
Future’s heart;
Finding
Action’s
Soul.

Paul and Madeleine had no intention of going to the stars. They had a nice little bungalow on the Moon and all their friends on Earth to talk to and they were getting real old and quite feisty.

Still and all, they put out their best effort to support the push toward rebirth—this

radical and amazing thrust of humanity.

What they hoped for most (due to the increased life span medical science had been dishing out) was to sit in their rockers and gain some new self awareness by listening to all those young folks scampering around the galaxy.

Fifty-Seven
Unbounded Strength

See the little
Flower grow—
Magic only
Roots can
Know.

Relationships. They're always there, even when we enter a phase of life that seems it should include unmitigated solitude. For Madeleine and Paul, solitude was sitting in the same room and ignoring each other.

It's just that when you've spent so long with another person, intimately sharing everything, you get to the place that demands some time off; even if that time off is shared.

These people could share in their sleep. Just imagine what they did when they were awake!

Fifty-Eight
Future Recalled

Tomorrow lays its sleepy
Head in
Yesterday's warm
Bed.

When they were awake and attending to their (reduced) duties, they especially liked to invite a mixed bag of people to appear via Virtual Internet (folks from all over the place) and entertain them with a rousing game of "What if?"

This was the most popular game *ever* in the history of humanity. Why, there were children playing it and sending the results to governments. And, the governments realized the value of those results and implemented them.

Children were now a true force in society.

Imagine that!

Their real strength was their ability to relate so freely and with such pure intentions.

Life leads on...

Fifty-Nine
Renewal of Will

The
Seed can't see the mighty
Tree
Yet, still, it
Labors on.

Paul and Madeleine had no children of their own. They'd certainly done what it takes to create some, often and well. They'd discussed the options and pondered the facts. They didn't want to do anything "special" to be parents. My God! How many "children" did they really have? Hundreds. Thousands. Plenty!

They took advantage of their special status as "parents" to all these people and made a point of sharing any educative jewel they possessed.

What is a parent? What is a child? Who are the educators?

When does sharing cease?

Never!

Sixty
Memory's Mirror

Between what's lost and
What's regained is
Ample room for
Thought.

Here's where the story gets good. Here's where the path widens. Here's where Madeleine and Paul pass the baton to others.

There comes a time when you've contributed all you can—done your best job and feel it's time to just go out to pasture. But to just leave the scene, to just abandon humanity without making one last attempt to share?

Madeleine and Paul decided to make that last effort—give their all.

Here's what they did:

Downloaded all the information about everything they'd done.

Ran a program that put it into a readable format.

Had it disseminated to all points known to humanity.

Then, retired to the Earth.

Sixty-One
Origin's Roots

The past is dead?
Now, what a thought!
The future holds it dear.

You'd think they'd have been left alone.

No.

They were hounded for appearances and interviews. "Such glorious people come back to their homeland!" "They don't belong to themselves; they belong to us!" Such was the sound of the throng.

Still, they succeeded in avoiding what they didn't want and accomplished what they did want. They created copies of themselves—perfect replicas with all the intuition, feeling, thought and propensity for sharing that they possessed.

Hardly anyone knew the difference, progress being what it is.

Sixty-Two **Youth Reborn**

The air from angel's wings flew by and
Morning lit the
Night.

Of course, they had to tend to these other selves—update them, answer questions that no mere copy could comprehend, try to instill still more of their distilled wisdom into the flow of life.

Strange...

Now, when they were together, alone, they found they had *so* much to say to each other. Things half forgotten many years ago, feelings new-born even at an ancient age, and ideas. Always ideas.

Sixty-Three **Certainty's Cradle**

Who can say it ever ends?
Who can say good-by?
Mystery grows in quiet spots.
Truth can never die.

Paul was wondering one day what it would be like to be alive and not have Madeleine right there. He'd still have all his thoughts about her, all his feelings. He'd still be able to see her, inside. But, then, all this was what *he* had made of Madeleine. The real woman he had never touched. Her soul was inviolate. All he ever got to share was what her soul decided to let escape and then all he could do was shape it within himself.

So...

Even if she should die, all he had ever been able to share with her would still be alive!

Sixty-Four
Throne of Spirit

We reach the end,
It starts again.

Madeleine died.
Paul lived.
Madeleine lived on.
Paul died.



Another world...
So Real. So strengthening. So revealing.
He slowly ascended to his normal waking consciousness.
His Sage helped him stand up and asked him if he cared to share what he'd learned.
He looked at the Garden of Enchantment, slow-scanning each detail—breathing each energy. Hard to say exactly what he felt; easy to feel the flow of certitude.
“I feel... New. I know I have whatever it is that makes a person face life with hope and faith. I'll use it. I'll give back what I've gained.”
His Sage bid him well and handed him a seed.
“What's this?”
“It is a symbol of your soul.”
“I'll plant it in the best soil and tend it well.”
“There is nothing else to do.”

He left the Garden.
He noticed the setting sun, ruby red.
He walked out to the lily pond and splashed some water on his face.
His stride was sure as he walked the dusty path toward home.
He paused, from time to time, took a deep breath, and shared a big sigh...