

The Journey of Hugh M. Being

Huge M. Being went for his daily walk. Usually this was a lighthearted moment taking in the world as it walked along with him. The birds singing. Children playing. Dogs barking in the distance. Cattle watching him as he watches them. And the smells that come from nature itself - the smell of life.

Today was different. All that was still there. But it was Hugh's mind that was different. The lighthearted thoughts were replaced with the burdens of the world. It all seemed to be piling up. And the weight of it displaced all the good, most of all in his heart.

It started slow. A minor offense really. He should have gotten over it. But as if organized by an unmerciful invisible foe, it all started to pile up. Some specific to him. Some directed at all of humanity. Hugh M. Being wondered if it was like this for all other Beings, or this was his unique load to bear.

Hugh wondered, "when the burdens pile up, does it go on forever?" Was this now his life? How should he approach others? Cover the challenges? Lay out his case against the moment? Accept more offense because people just don't understand? Hugh had a not well defined understanding that how he responded to this moment would send him on an unalterable trajectory. Bitterness. Defeat. Or strength and perhaps even increasing wisdom.

But now, at present, the lessons are not clear. Now was the time for humility. For the answers were not to be found in his own mind, no matter how many walks and stares from the cows. No, the answers were outside of himself. Perhaps outside of all other Beings. Where was this thing or someone? If he found it... could he trust it? Or was this what this was all about in the first place? Trust?

So many voices from other Beings spoke of this. From cynics. From skeptics. From those who relied on their own strength, wits and prowess. From others that advocated changing his thinking..focus on success. It seemed that this was common to all other Beings. That everyone goes through some pretty deep stuff. He had met Bitter Being and Cynic Being in the past. Oh how he did not want to fall into their state. Their walks were forever lost to the beauty, hidden now with the darkened lens in their mind.

Hugh M. Being had a new mission in life. He was going to find out the path forward. He was going to find out who he could trust. No matter where that path led. No matter what others thought of his journey. He already knew that if Bitter Being and Cynic Being heard about it they would tell their close friend Critical Being and the response was obvious. Hugh M. Being hoped with all his burdened heart that at the end of his journey he would not find those three standing there stating "we told you so." There had to be Truth that tasted good, that made all this worth it. So with the humility dictated by the moment... Hugh started his journey with a passion that it was the most important thing he had ever done.

Hugh M. Being and Skeptic Being

The first conversation Hugh had was with Skeptic Being. Highly intelligent in his own mind, Skeptic was viewed as fairly intelligent by others. Their conversation started politely. Hello Skeptic, said Hugh. How are you Hugh, said Skeptic. Hugh decided to start his journey off with an honest response. "I am well Skeptic but some recent challenges have made me wonder about the purpose of it all." "I have decided to take time to really dive in and find truth, if it exists." To Skeptic this was throwing gas on his ever burning flame of distrust and challenging everything. It started off with honest questions some years back. But it had now matured to the joy of the chase, without actually wanting it to end with knowledge or worse, facts. Being a skeptic has its own rewards and it would all end if you actually caught what you claim to be pursuing.

Skeptic thus responded, "that is great Hugh, I have been on that same journey for years now." "Very few of us Beings actually go on this grand journey to find "truth." "Most are content never questioning the things, well let's be honest shall we, never questioning the things that the more simple just accept with no inquiry." Hugh did not fully know how to respond. He thought better of himself that he was obviously in the questioning few. Skeptic did have a lot of people that looked up to him as intelligent. Hugh fell back to his journey though. He responded, "After this many years in your journey Skeptic, you must have come to some conclusions about what is true and what is not?" To Skeptic this was not gas on his fire. It was water and he therefore responded "Life is complicated Hugh, I have come to appreciate the journey more than the knowledge itself." "All the time other Beings assert things as true." "But it has almost become a pleasure for me (in this Skeptic was holding back, it was a pleasure) to challenge each and everyone. Even if there were some things that seemed close to actual truth, Skeptic was now trained in his own mind to question, question, question. Truth actually had no appeal now. After all, if "truth" were obtained where would that leave him?

Skeptic said, "Hugh you are now on the grandest of all journeys, to seek truth." "But don't be too fast to find it. The quest itself is where the reward lies." "I myself have been doing other Beings a favor by pointing out the flaws in their thinking whenever they start speaking from certainty." "In fact, I can help you with that too Hugh. If you come across something that seems real, let's talk about it." "Given I started my journey before you I am quite certain I would have encountered it and rejected it for its inadequacies." "Most are gullible. Don't be one of those Hugh. Go about your journey but be careful. Searching for truth can be dangerous. Especially if you believe you have found it."

Hugh thanked Skeptic Being for his advice. He had not fully considered that searching for “truth” was dangerous. But in spite of Skeptic looking for all these years and not finding any truth that he did not question, Hugh made the decision to keep going. Skeptic was intelligent for sure, Hugh thought.. But was he wise? Hugh had heard about Wise Being but knew he would not run into him for a while. Others had met him but they always seemed to have met him later in life. Hugh stated his goodbyes to Skeptic Being and went farther down the path now with a touch of skepticism himself.

Hugh M. Being and Routine Being.

A short time later Hugh encountered Routine Being. He was out for his daily walk. “Hi Hugh.” “Hi Routine,” Hugh said. “What are you up to today?” “Same ol’ - same ol’” replied Routine. “But I like it that way.” “How about you Hugh, What are you up to today?” Hugh again thought to himself how he might respond to that - talk on the surface or dive into his quest? He decided that one never knows where truth may lie. “To be honest, Routine, I am on a journey. I am on a journey to find truth.”

This thought was almost totally foreign to Routine. Life for him was about getting up at 7:00. Bed at 11:00. What came in between was well organized and had an almost unalterable rhythm. A focused rhythm that did not easily entertain thoughts outside of the details of living. “That sounds interesting,” Routine replied with a bit of glazed look in his eye. “Tell me.” Hugh stated “well a lot has been happening in my life and it got me to thinking about...” At the point Routine quickly interrupted. “I am sorry Hugh but I just realized what time it is and I have to have this walk done by 5” Routine stated. It was now 4:37. “I tell you what, let’s meet in a couple of weeks and I think we can have a longer conversation. I am simply booked until then” “Oh, nice weather don’t you think” Routine said as he started again his daily walk at a bit of a quicker pace. His dinner was at 5:05 and if he didn’t start then the rest of his well planned day would be off. As Routine left he wondered to himself, “what an odd thing to be looking for, truth.” But it was a fleeting thought. Dinner awaited. Routine’s list of meetings in a “couple of weeks” was long. There just never seemed to be time. Life was so busy. “How in the world did others have time to think aboutwell, whatever it was he wanted to talk about?” 4:50. His pace quickened.

Hugh moved on, understanding Routine had little time for his quest.