

Landing Mabuhay.Land

For the better part of a decade, my life has felt like Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. I have taken turns I did not expect, held on through stretches I would not have chosen, and wondered whether all this motion was getting me anywhere.

Now I have a drawing.

It began on a bus, with a heart shaped rosary configuration (cross at the center) I have long arranged for storage, some icosahedrons hiding inside some regular hexagons and a prayer for a dream worthy of believing I could dare to do to help make Abounding Mercy right on the streets where we live come true. Around my heart song and the stand-in for my concept of a tesseract dodecahedron, encounters began finding their places. Stories. Songs. Log flume rides. Meals. Somewhere to remember our dead. Somewhere to help the living find work, shelter, care, and one another.

I am calling the attempt *Landing Mabuhay Land*. "Landing" matters. There is still ground to find beneath this imagination so this thing can be set down in a profitable and multi-laterally helpful way.

People have often told me to focus on one thing, because I just "had too many Ideas" to make them all practical. I am beginning to understand that my one thing has been large enough to reveal itself a facet at a time. And now... I don't have enough facets, even now. Some connections took years of thought. Others arrived this morning, even as I write this... they are still coming. The drawings lets me examine the facets of this jewel from Mary's Crown of The Mediatrix together as a whole—and finally gives someone else something to point at and question.

Even the little letters have been teaching me.

The *i* stays small in DIVERSiGENCE and DIVERGiSENCE. In the meanings I am coining for those words, one concerns the -i- of the person being formed within; the other concerns what that person's -i- carries outward into the world as the newly reformed I. Formation finds its purpose, and its retrospection for the next go round, in the always helpful presence -i- share with those who need the encounter with ME the most, right on the streets where we live.

Then the dotted T appeared: **Ṭ**.

A typical *i*, all grown up inside... because of the work of DIVERSiGENCE ratified by the work of DIVERGiSENCE that -i- follow up with. And there it is: a head above a body, now with the breadth of the Heh inherited from the dash and arms to offer like a thurifer carrying a censer (a thurible) to let folks know God is in this place by the power of his Holy Spirit... and that he loves you with Our Shared Human Heart of Mercy. There was the person hidden in my invitation to become the refreshing ICED-T you were always meant to be all along. Cool.

And the D, I discovered, needs a double-jointed hinge... just like the neck on Janus. It must look back at what we delivered with unvarnished eyes to assess the value of the Impact, Contribution and Engagement we encountered together with those who needed encounter, and then look forward toward what we have learned to do better, best next. Threshold keepers rejoice! We have another door to open and tend and sherpa people through. Because that's what threshold keepers like me do.

These are my symbols for learning to live a better, brighter life through the DIVERGiSENCE that has build this Mercy-Forward Theme Park design. Their usefulness will be in what they help us practice.

At Mabuhay Land, that practice begins with ordinary needs. Water. Rice. Gravy. A place to sit. Enough to eat. Someone who can help. A thrill ride or four and a great show of mercy. And if mercy is to become a management principle, it must reach the person who is tired, hungry, grieving, or unsure where to go. It must also reach the people doing the work, right on the theme park streets where we shall all live together soon for one day, one hour, one minute at a time. And encounters matter more that the product this will ever become to help our helpful collective presence of Mercy abound.

That is why this cannot become a one-man theme park build. Other people need room to bring their skills, challenge my assumptions, change the drawing, and take responsibility alongside me. I want to discover what they can see that I cannot.

I do not know whether the whole park will be built, or who will build it, or how long it might take. I do know that the next book, meal, story, and encounter I author and steward well can already serve someone.

On October 7, I prayed. Later, I learned it was Our Lady of the Rosary Day. And I had prayed my dreams that nights would be worth something to further my WHY: To Help Mercy Abound. Boy, did our Fabulous Holy Queen of Grace deliver another decade's load right where I slept. And to think I had lost track of the calendar, so I had no intention of gaming that day. As it turned out that day gamed me. Finding that connection to the significance after the motherlode fell into my lap felt like a gift of gifts. So... I receive these days of revelation in the immediate wake of that dream and what dreams may come ahead with gratitude, even while my impatient mind asks along with Bart of The Simpsons' fame: "are we there yet?" Even as I eat my bulk bin version of my butterscotch candy bar. These are chocolate covered toffee rectangles in this case.

Perhaps this is what turning a corner looks like: enough of the road becomes visible to invite company.

And perhaps you have always been meant to be the helpers I need to make this dream come true.

Come and Look at this with me at Mabuhay.Land (because the .com version of the URL was already taken).

Bring your heart. Bring your questions. There is work to share. There is work to be done.

And there are butterscotch to go along with the Unli Rice, Gravy and Water as a very helpful presence...

Always.

~G