

The color of Hate blinds the beauty of Love



Imagine you were born **blind**. What would be your frame of reference to describe the dazzling sunset into the twilight of night, a **Garden of Love**, the shape of a dove? How would you define the concept of **beauty**, the concept of **beast** if only to realize their shape and size? How would you define the characteristics of a human being and the **color** of skin? Your standards would be based on nothing more than what you feel from being in the presence of another. You might use your hands and your sense of taste and smell to reinforce what you already know to be true based on those feelings. The validation of your senses emanates from the feelings within your **Heart**. For the truth to set you free, listen not to the nonsense of it, but to the commonsense of it and you will come to realize the **beauty** of it.

The only radar you can really trust is your **Heart**, especially if you are sightless. Your fingers are the instruments by which it receives the physical message and sends it off to the brain to process this information. A **blind** person won't judge you for the thinning of your hair to the fashion that you wear. A **blind** person won't make a judgment about you before you've ever spoken based on the **color** of your skin or the scar on your chin. A **blind** person won't consider you unsuitable or incompatible because of your size or physical disability. A **blind** person will see you for whom and not for what you are. Maybe you're afraid to get close enough to find out just who that might be and you still think the person with the cane has the handicap?

Your perception would change rather quickly if you had eyes with which to see, but apparently we've all been looking at the wrong pictures. After being confronted all day by images on television, in magazines and on billboards etc; we come home with a twisted concept of what we should look like and the revelation that we somehow don't measure up. **Beauty** may be in the eye of the beholder, but I bet you that the scales of justice would balance differently if we saw each other only through our unadulterated **Hearts** and not our adulterated minds into twisted vision. There must be a reason that the centers of them are called pupils. They're just poor students. It's about time we all learn a thing or two that's long overdue.

With your eyes still shut, take your hands and cover your ears. Now imagine that along with being **blind**, you had also been born deaf. Not a sound in the world could frighten or destroy your perception of it. A neither choice nor voice could tell you who or what you are, should be, must think like or do. No one could influence you to **hate** loudly or **love** softly. Words could never provoke, persuade, convince, damage or hurt you. If you could no longer communicate with words, what would be your weapons? To what extent and why would you use them?


Imagine every story you were ever told is not filed in your memory or controlling the decisions and actions that you make today in your everyday life. Imagine no one ever told you that you shouldn't, aren't, can't or won't never be what you see or hear what you fear? Just imagine how different your world would be.

Think about everything you accept as truth today because long ago someone else influenced you to believe it by saying it was so or pierced your **Heart** so deeply that you are still bleeding. Try to remember where your ideas and beliefs came from and ask yourself if you believe them because they are true or if they are true because someone brainwashed you into believing them.

Were you raised in a house with **God** or **God-less**? Do you **hate** blacks or whites, Jews or gentiles, Arabs or Americans, because of their color of the skin, country, ideology or theology? Do you **hate** because of the ideology of a Republican or Democratic Party out of ignorance? Or do you simply **hate**, because you can't think for yourself without it? Look into a mirror; are you proud of that person you see and for how that person thinks? Come on, are you really? Who is responsible for you believing you should **hate** a person, thing or a group of them at all? You didn't wake up one morning and decide that something or someone different than yourself was ruining your world and worth discarding, ignoring, destroying or **hating**. Someone or something influenced, prompted and taught you to believe it. As time passed, you sought out the experiences that sustained those ideas and gathered others as minion reinforcement soldiers to it. It doesn't take a lot of brains to become a valetorian of ignorance. All it requires is a controlled classroom with a charismatic teacher.

I can't erase what has been written on the blackboard of your life or mine. But I can ask you to take a look at who was holding the chalk and then I'll ask you to take away that chalk and start thinking for yourself with commonsense, as should all students of higher learning. You might also want to go ahead and invest in an eraser. We all need erasers for we all make mistakes, but sometimes they are harmful mistakes that we really need to own up to, correct and permanently erase out of our lives! Seek your truth but remember that everybody else's perception of it comes from their own vast or limited experiences. It doesn't make you or anyone else more right or wrong. It just makes them who and what they are as individuals. As students to knowledge, life is the lesson in its self. Open your **Heart** to that possibility. Nothing is written in stone unless the **Heart** from which words are formed or the recipient for whom they were intended is made of it.

I ask you again to close your eyes and cover your ears, without sight or sound to influence you. No vision or hearing imparting or impairing your perspective. No hypocritical hate mongers to influence you, no directors to answer to, no lines to memorize, no script to follow. Rewind the movie of your life and go back to the point where there was nothing but a fresh roll of film waiting in the camera to start documenting your existence before you were exposed to everything and everyone else's world. For nine months inside

your mother's womb you were exactly this being, this soul.  You were you in your purest state, nothing more than a tiny labor of **Love** waiting to happen and then you were born, a miracle of **God**, as pure as a dove, a beautiful flower of **Love** of evolutions miracle to grow into **God's "Garden of Love"**

Genesis 2:8 And the **LORD God** planted a **garden** eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

Whoever does not Love does not know God, because "God is Love"

1 John 4:8

So what is the color of **Hate**? **Hate** is a dull colorless dark hole into the pit of ugliness. **Love** is a clear white light into a **Garden of beauty**. **Love** is **beautiful** beyond the study of theology, trickery, deceit, hypocrisy and **hate**. A lifetime without **Love** is meaningless and all about a no account loser of ugliness. Try to remember that a "beautiful garden" tainted with weeds spreads its seeds into ugliness, dewed it out of **your Garden of hate** into **your Garden of Love**, because **Love** is the **Water of Life**. Drink it with **your Heart** and **Soul** and **you** will experience the **beauty** of it. With meaning and purpose, **you** can do this; because it was **your evolution** to **how, why** and the **way you** were **meant** to be **born** and **you** and the world around **you** will be better for it.

Isaiah 58:11 And the **LORD** shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered **garden**, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

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