

PARCEL

He could do nothing but smile, upon viewing the parcel at his door. After a long walk, after playing catch with newfound friends, after finding a store of new instruments and now this! Remarkable, the world we live in!

He picked it up, immediately coming to the conclusion that he will likely need to share some of it, upon feeling its weight. Otherwise, it would be tragically gone with 2 days and there would be one very, very unhappy stomach.

It sat on the table as he slowly reconnected with the space. Coat on the hook, shoes in the closet, etc. Emails. And then, finally, he turned to the box.

What a large, solid, fortified object. What was held within? He retrieved a knife, knowing that the trees would like it if, rather than tearing it apart like he used to, he acted with care, and gave it a second life. It being fortified with so much tape, it could probably be around for the next 100 years.

Carefully, he sliced the tape.

The contents may as well have been alive. Perhaps they are, in a way, for they jumped out with such exuberance as to almost be a jack-in-the-box, instilled with the generosity that only comes from those who understand the beautiful parts of being human.

First, of course, peppernuts! Pfeffernuten (sp?)! Amazing! Immediately a few were eaten, and then put away.

More baked goods were next. Carefully wrapped, with as little waste as possible, they were remarkably intact and, yes, also nibbled immediately. The wax paper was tucked away in the single cabinet of the spice shelf, to be used for who the hell knows what because why does wax paper even exist? He would find out what to do with it.

After pulling out a few more books, the moment became one of such hilarity that a story could not help but be commenced, half-way through opening what lay within this magical expression of love.

Now we've caught up! Here I am, and I will go open the rest of the gifts.

Next up: enough cheese to last a lifetime (unless you eat it every day at lunch, and especially if you eat it with home-made bread).

And then, ingeniously (or maybe just really oddly) packaged blocks of sugar. Wait, oops, I mean healthy things that taste sweet, so it's OK to eat more than a few. A quick slice for now, and then into the fridge (that is, the space between the two windows) they'll go.

After looking at each book individually through this process of eating all the sugar, he gathered them to look closely while typing.

“Précis de grammaire française”

I love you both, he thought, but I may give this to someone else because grammar is one of the least fun things in the world, unless you really like grammar. Which I might. So I'll take a look.

A french Sears manual on using a table saw. High-quality education awaits.

“I am David” - I changed my name last week. My family doesn't know yet. Funny they'd send me this book. But then, what are names, anyways? “I am”, that's probably the easiest way to go about it. But David seems to be in a new place, experiencing new things, and so is worth listening to, although perhaps a bit more immigrant-y of a story than my own.

Lastly, a love story in French. Well this is simply too much. It might have to wait because those love songs really did a number on my heart. We'll see.

Remaining, the large package, and the two cards, apparently for two different people, Keenan and Keenan Paul. I'll be both.

So that LCBO. What the heck. Upon seeing that quantity of cookies, he immediately took two of the three packages to his neighbours, one to be given directly with much appreciate, the other left at the door to be found. He ate half of one then realized that vegetables existed, and that was probably enough for the day.

Lastly, the letters, of which there turned out to be three.

He left to computer and went to read.

Beautiful, absolutely beautiful. Gratitude is a wonderful, wonderful gift, and there was

lots of it.

The reminder of the epicentre was placed on the fridge.

The remainder will be lovingly recycled.

I will end this story with a simple thank you. It warms my heart that you would think of me in this way. I feel so blessed, and I will be sure to let to gifts go around. Your kindness is wonderful. I wrote this story as a way of documenting how I went through the experience of this 11-pound package, as a thank you, and as a way to reflect on how wonderful it is to receive from the hearts of others, almost as wonderful as it is to give from your own heart.

Of course, it is one and the same. We are really giving to ourselves, in a selfless, loving way.

Love always!

Keenan

As an afterword, he made sure to pay homage to the gigantic bar of chocolate, as well as the bag of nuts. They knew him, and his cavities, well.

Why didn't he write about the money? That's an odd question. A gift of \$50 lay in one of the cards. And it was not included in the story. Why not? This is revision number 4! Funny. Money is a funny thing. Perhaps its lack of inclusion speaks to his relationship with it. Some things are unquestionably good, whereas money is ambiguous - it's value, rests entirely on how it is used. As a gift it is wonderful. Bathroom break. Actually, as a gift it can certainly be harmful. It can have dire consequences. Its power lies at the heart of greed. The nature of it being coveted and protected has led to a global imbalance in wealth. But it also has such wonderful ability to affect change - or is it us, who have this ability, and it is merely manifested on occasion through money?

I think I prefer to think that; it is a medium, and it is our choice how to use it. A dangerous medium, much more dangerous than cookies. But, apparently, necessary in today's world. Hopefully not in tomorrows, where the value will be solely based on what one thing is to another, a matter of heart alone.

And the following day, he remembered one final thing, as a result of rearranging candles. Why had he not mentioned the beautiful, wooden holder for these candles? Perhaps it is that the gift of love was tinged, also, with a touch of sadness. He recalled the emotion that he felt from his grandfather, when he mentioned that the former candle holder had been given away.

How people wish to be seen, loved, their expression nourished and cherished. Perhaps, though, I am off the mark. One can never know.

It's hard to see, sometimes, the depth of meaning behind a simple object. It passes us by. We look at things differently, we hear things differently, and then suddenly, for example, the tape was turned off on the drive up to Temagami. And so, another opportunity missed, or perhaps, a context misunderstood.

The value of what is created will, inherently, be different to each person who interacts with it, and that is its beauty. But of course, we yearn for people to see the value in it as we, ourselves, feel. This can take away from the simply joy of giving and creating.

However, a beautiful thought can respond to this: that you are not feeling it alone, but feeling with the object that you are interacting with. It is with you, and it is everything. It is the truest, most steadfast relationship you can have, that with the object.

For you are not projecting onto it, but rather it is showing you the beauty that exists within, revealed through interacting with it, and it can always show you more. All you can do is hope that others, too, can see what the objects have shown you. Sometimes they don't see it the way you do, but that's the beauty.

A piano, wood, a ball, silks, tiles, clay, rugs, sketches. All things are the true teachers, showing to us what exists in them inherently.

And so he paused, exhaled, and hoped he had not let down another artist - but then, that is the lesson, isn't it?

To let go of the need for others to see, recognizing that the relationship between yourself and the wood, yourself and the piano, yourself and it, is the truest of all, and the only one that is lasting and constant.

And of course, by that I mean the relationship between you, and you.

