



The Pearl of Silence

Let me tell you the story of the fisherman and the precious pearl.

Deep inside the ocean lies the rarest and shiniest pearl ever seen. All fishermen on earth dreamt about her and the bright future that would come with it. They dived deeper and deeper to get it, daring to take more and more risks with their own life. One after another, the fishermen dived in the ocean, holding their breath, their body wrapped into the currents of the darkest blue. Many, many died.

One fisherman has dreamt this impossible dream for years. He would dive into the sea - alone - his eyes getting used to the dark and silent world of the ocean. One day, the fisherman saw the luminescent pearl resting like Sheba, the Queen of Egypt, on a bed of corals. Her shell - like a treasure chest - was wide open like two arms opening up, offering their precious gift to the unknown visitor.

He was just a few seconds away from his dream, holding back his breath, the pearl will soon become his. The pearl easily surrendered, no attempt to resist.

The fisherman swam back to the surface, very slowly, as silent as the deep ocean.

The pearl held tight in the palm of his hand. He wanted to rejoice but his whole body remained strangely calm.

The pearl spoke to him.

" You have found me, fisherman. I am yours. I was waiting for you all these years. You saw beyond my dazzling beauty under the layers of my white, precious nacre lies my dreaded enemy - anger - I tried to protect myself against it building up invisible shields but still I could not find peace. My enemy was still there. Anger became my shelter. I became bigger and brighter but heavier and heavier with sadness and despair. I was waiting for someone to find me and help me break down all my barriers and free me from my enemy. Fisherman would you help me, would you love me the way I am, a mere oyster?

- Dear pearl, you were renowned all over the world for being the rarest pearl the ocean has ever beheld.

What caused your anger? Aren't you proud to be sought after by all the men in this world? You are the ultimate perfection.

I spent my entire life to try to find you in the deep ocean, risking my own life. You cannot ask me to crash your revered beauty into dust. What would I get from this foolish request!

- Dear fisherman, by finding me you found the purpose of your entire life. I found mine when you entered my world. Can't you see it?

- The purpose of my life is to become rich and escape a life of utter poverty!

- Fisherman, what's your heart telling you this very moment?

- My heart wants to embrace life but I secretly know that envy and shame are lurking around and whispering to me.

- Fisherman, your heart is content with what you are now. Your soul is no longer slave to the riches of this world. By finding me, you found true peace. The deep ocean tamed all your dark voices, turning them into empty shells. You set yourself free, now let it go, crash me against the sharpest rocks. I want to be free from whom I am not.

And in the silence of his heart, the fisherman answered the pearl's prayer. A power unknown to him run through his entire arm, he rose his hand and threw the pearl against the almighty rocks. The pearl was reduced to glittering dust, washed away by merciful waves.

The fisherman was facing the quiet sea, his hands empty. He felt rising in his heart, pure compassion and happiness. It felt like being the richest man on earth, as if holding in the palm of his hand the rarest and shiniest pearl ever seen in the world

