

The Bridge

A Myth for the New Millennium

There once was a People who were at One with themselves, Nature and the Spirit of Life.
The People lived in harmony for many years.

One day, a leader arose from The People.
The leader taught The People fear and hate.
The People saw that they were not one.
They could no longer hear each other.

The People began to blame each other for their loss.
The day came when one of The People struck down another.
Spirit saw what The People had done and banished them to be separated and wander in a
Wild Desert for an eternity.
The People wandered in their Desert of fear and hate for countless millennia.

After a long while The People acquired much knowledge but
not yet wisdom.
One day a Bridge appeared in the middle of their Wild Desert.
A Bridge of brilliant Light and Color.

The People began to have visions of old leaders.
The ones who had led them to survive the dark millennia to the day that they could at last see
The Bridge.

The People came together with their leaders – old and new - before The Bridge.
The People crossed The Bridge in hope to the unseen side that awaited them.

When The People reached the other side they found Wisdom and Harmony.
Then they knew that all their age-old dreams were finally possible.

c David Woolfson, 1995