

AN END TO SEEKING

'We are a Work in Progress.' ~ the often said words of the allegedly wise, repeated without question by those drawn to the inculturated humility of the idea.

And so lives the **perilous myth** on which our human existence appears to have built itself. We are not yet enough. There is someone we must become. This life has conditions.

And the world at large echoes the deceit at most every turn. Imperceptibly deep within each society's fabric. **You must become someone.** Perpetual betterment towards the Gates of Nirvana. Or Heaven. Or Success. Or some cultural equivalent.

A target to seek. A life to understand. To master. A reward of self worth and peace for the successful.

And so continues the **relentless and exhausting game of becoming someone.** Someone of worth. Someone who is enough. Along with its self imposed imprisonment with no hope of remission.

This is a game that **cannot be won.** This *game of life* we've found ourselves unknowingly complicit in, forms the almost perfect riddle. The more earnestly we seek 'it', the further from an answer we find ourselves.

Because the answer lies in **surrender**, in the letting go of the game. In an end to seeking.

We were wrong. Entirely and painfully wrong.

There was no game we had to take part in. There was no one we must become. There was never any condition. We had simply forgotten. We are not a work in progress. You are not a work in progress. **Call off the search**, and experience all there is to experience in these brief and endless moments we call life.