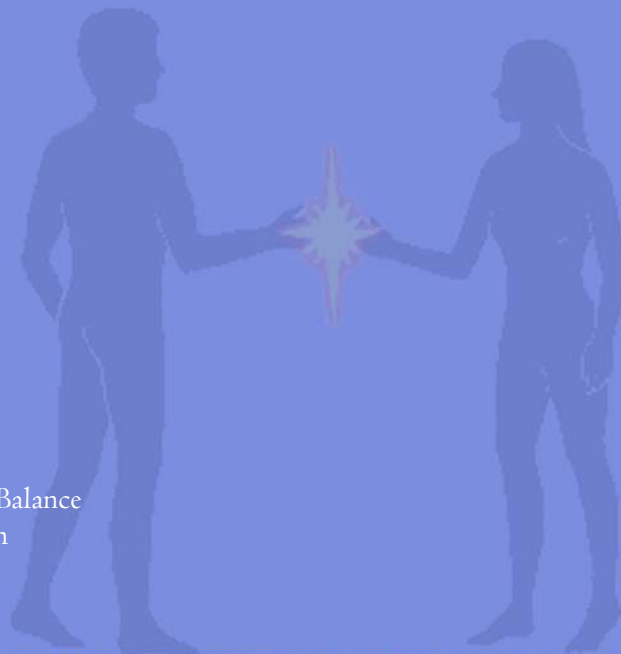




CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON

Let Us Create Life Together

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There was born a girl who, at a young age, felt her heart stir. She said to herself, "I cannot deny the truth I feel within my heart." Of course, at this young age, she hardly knew the magnitude of what she said, for few, if any, ever spoke of the truth. But she proceeded to spend many quiet years in her own searching. "I will come to know the truth," she said to herself. Such a determined young girl she was. But as the years went by, she began to become despondent, for everywhere she turned she could not find the truth that satisfied her soul.

One day, as this girl was in her quiet time, she felt her heart stir, and she heard the words, *Go to the town of your birth. There you will find the truth.* In those quiet words, she felt a deep peace come over her.

It took this girl many years to prepare herself for her journey. She needed resources and a job skill for when she arrived. Her family and friends really didn't understand her yearning, so she had to keep it to herself. It was not any easy good-bye, but now, as a young woman, she departed for her destiny. Upon her arrival, she began to settle herself. The transition, finding accommodations, suitable work, and otherwise acquainting herself took many months. She really had no memory of this town, for her parents had moved away shortly after her birth. But in its spirit she thought she could feel a depth within herself that she had not before experienced.

Each week she worked five days. On Saturdays, she tidied up and did her shopping. Sunday was her free day, and she would take walks through the town. After a time, she found a quaint park at the end of town, and was so delighted by it she began to spend every Sunday there. While at the park one day, while sitting by the pond in her own solitude, she felt her heart stir. The words that came forth said, *It is here that you will meet me.* The woman felt jolted by these words. It has not occurred to her that someone specific was speaking to her. "Who could this be?" she thought.

Every Sunday, she went to the park hoping to again feel her heart stir. But for two long years she heard nothing. She began to wonder, "Is this all foolishness? Why do I come here? Why do I hope so? My heart is weary." For the next month the woman did not walk to the park. Then one Sunday she returned. It was a beautiful day and for some reason she was joyously happy. And for the third time her heart stirred. This time the words she heard said, *It is I.* She immediately looked up and began to survey the others around the pond. "Could one of them be the person I am to meet?" she thought to herself. There were some couples with children, and others strolling on by. But no one distinct, she thought. Then she noticed a man sitting alone. There wasn't anything engaging about him. She probably would not have noticed him if she had not been surveying all the people. Suddenly, her heart stirred

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again. *It is I.* Emotion flooded over the woman's body. "Is this man to take me to the truth?" she asked herself. He was still just sitting there. He had not given any notice to her to confirm. "What shall I do?" she thought.

Undoubtedly, most people would have walked away. But this was a determined woman who wanted to know the truth and she had already gone this far. So she began to walk towards him, drawn almost by his own non-recognition of her. "Who is this man?" she thought. When she was a few steps away from him, he looked up at her and their eyes met one another. And for a moment this woman and this man just looked at each other, saying nothing.

After another moment had passed, the woman began to speak. "I seek the truth. I have been led to you, I believe. May you know the truth?" She noticed that her question did not surprise him. He continued to look at her and then replied, "I know the truth for only one who seeks. I seek only one for the truth."

The woman thought about this for a moment. Again she spoke to the man. "You know the truth and yet you also seek it. I don't understand. What is this truth?" The man looked away as he said, "I am a *man*. I only know the truth with *woman*. Man and woman *together* are the truth. I seek the woman who seeks me, that we may *create life together*."

The woman looked deeply into this man. So strange he would seem to most. Yet I understand him, she thought. So simple are his words. She said to him, "The truth then is a man and a woman creating life together?" The man nodded to confirm. "That is the whole truth?" Again the man nodded. "But that is so simple. A man and a woman creating life together. What could be more natural? I think that is fantastic. Yet you don't look very happy. You look lonely and hurt. Why is that?" The man turned to her, his gaze penetrating. "You are the first woman to whom I have told this. May you be the last."

The woman understood. She could feel the longing of this man, this man who knew the truth yet was without woman. The truth had just grown very personal to her. She said to him, "Why haven't you told anyone else?" He replied, "The truth can only be known by one man and one woman together. There is no one else to tell. Try it. Go out upon the world and speak this truth. I did that once upon a time, and the world did not believe."

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The woman flinched. She did not like the thought of the truth not being believed. She said unto the man, "Why would anyone not believe the truth?" The man quickly replied, "Because it was spoken."

But the woman felt incomplete with his response and wanted to pursue this subject. "If I go out and speak this truth, would the world also deny me?" she asked. "Yes," the man replied. "For, as I have so learned, the truth is not to be spoken. It can only be lived, man to woman, woman to man."

The woman was beginning to see the magnitude of the man's responses. The truth cannot be spoken—she had no idea. "But," the woman spoke, "how do you hold all of this within yourself over time? It must break your heart." The woman looked at the man and suddenly begin to flush. She saw that this man did carry a broken heart—so within himself he seemed to be. "What can I do to help?" she uttered. "We don't want the truth to die." The man responded saying, "The truth lives only as it is *reproduced*. The truth lives only through man and woman. If I have been sent with this message then I must not have been sent alone." The man paused and then trembled as he said, "May you be the one who has been sent with me. May you be the one to extend beyond me."

The woman looked to the ground as she captured her thoughts. She knew now that the truth was her choice, her surrender, to this man who knew of his incompleteness without her. She could feel that her life was on the line, her life's search had all come to this moment and her response to this man with the broken heart. Was not his hurt also her own that she had felt for so long? Could she receive his pain as her fulfillment and carry this simple man onward? That was her question, her truth. And once more the woman's heart stirred and she spoke the words even before she heard them. *Let us create life together.*



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About the Author

Christopher Alan Anderson (1950 —) received the basis of his education from the University of Science and Philosophy, Swannanoa, Waynesboro, Virginia. He also has bachelor of Arts degrees in philosophy and psychology from Sonoma State University, Rohnert Park, California. He is the author of some twenty-five books and booklets on metaphysics creating a new paradigm for life called Man and Woman Balance. He also has created and presents the workshop called *The Truth Process for Men and Women*. He resides in the transcendental/romantic tradition, that vein of spiritual creativity of the philosopher and poet. His quest has been to define and express an eternal *romantic* reality from which a man and a woman could *together* stand in their *difference* and create a *living* universe of *procreative love*. Mr. Anderson began these writings in 1971. The first writings were published in 1985.

On a personal note, when Mr. Anderson was asked to describe the writings and what he felt their message is, he responded, "**spiritual procreation**. Mankind has yet to distinguish the two sexes on the spiritual level. In this failure lies the root of our problems and why we cannot yet touch the eternal together."

"The message of man and woman balance brings each one of us together— *in love*— with our eternal other half right now."



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