FLESH + BONE

Photo by Tim Mossholder on Unsplash

A few weeks ago, I attempted to repair Hopper's cat tree, and I lost grip of the flathead screwdriver that I was holding.

Before I had time to move, gravity anxiously pulled the tool toward my right foot. Naturally, I thought, "ugh,

upstairs to find something to clot the blood, my mind lunged toward a far

more critical thought, "why is it that we as humans are so caught up with skin pigmentation when regardless of skin tone, the color of our blood stays the same?"

This inquiry is the primary driver behind our mission to shift humanity from "me" to "we" through greater compassion and less hate.

Which begs the question, when you think about your neighbor, what do you think?

I consider many things such as "I love their wrap-around porch" or "I wish that I could swing under their oak tree." But, I do not assume that I could not have anything in common with them because their race, color, religion, sex, or national origin is not identical to mine.

From my perch, our differences are what draw me in.

When I cast my gaze outward, I see people who, like me, have a personal history and heart, a heart that keeps

We have so much to learn from one another.

When we show mindful curiosity, our relationship dynamics shift.

Consider for a moment how you feel when someone shows genuine interest in better understanding who you are, rather than some unformed assumption. Ah! Sweet validation. Now that is worth its weight in gold.

Until we meet again, recall that the sun rises, even on the darkest of days. ❤️

Yours in Solidarity, -akm

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