

## **Responsibility to People.**

A man always found himself alone. It was as if he could hear the aloneness calling him to come. It was as if he drifted to being alone without knowing where it was or even consciously wanting to be there. Being alone meant he was quiet and only responsible for himself: He didn't have to talk or even care about anyone other than himself. He learned he loved those times, and he cherished them. He began noticing he was happiest when he was quiet and had no responsibility to anyone.

However, the pull of his instincts to find a mate and recreate was strong, and he was pulled into a relationship after a relationship before realizing they weren't what he wanted. Yes, he liked, even loved, some of the relationships, and it wasn't that the other person was wrong or there was anything negative; it was like putting together a jigsaw puzzle and finding pieces that aren't part of the finished picture, and they should never have been included. Try as he did many times; the piece or pieces just didn't fit.

As his life continued and relationships kept failing, his prized relationships also began to disappear; Grandma died, followed years later by stepmom. Several years later, Dad passed away, and soon, his two sisters and brother had all passed away. His daughter was like the feral cat Sam that used to visit- Sam wanted food and water, but then it would leave. It never once purred or was friendly. Then, one day, Sam was gone. His son was like Sam, too. His two children told him his parenting had abused them, while he believed he had parented them well and that their upbringing had been mostly happy. He never used corporal punishment, but he confessed he sometimes yelled when they didn't listen to him for what seemed like the hundredth time. Their new-age therapist told them that his yelling qualified as parental abuse.

When he asked his daughter why she didn't listen to him one of the first three times he asked her to do something, like clean her room, she yelled, "Oh yeah! Blame the abused!"

Apparently, his children yelling at him hadn't been, and still wasn't, abusive. The man didn't care that they hadn't minded because that was all in the past. It was all part of his parenting and their growing up. Those chapters were all over, and they had started a new chapter.

Many decades ago, the man had learned that some things cannot be fixed or changed, and for those people and times, he learned to shut up and walk away.

His children were the last two external responsibilities he had, and he believed these differences between them could not and would never be fixed or changed, so after hanging up the phone, he decided it was time for him to walk away.

He had finally arrived where he wanted to be. He was alone, and his world felt good.

Yes, he wanted to keep his few friends, but he knew certain things were out of his control.

The man had only been fortunate a few times in the sphere of life where love and caring existed for a lifetime, partly because of his passion for traveling. But the Creator had given him a fortune in his ability to exist in the quiet, alone.

He learned to exist in all four dimensions and was occasionally shown the steps to visit the fifth dimension. Stepping into the fifth dimension was like stepping into a shower of the most overwhelming, powerful love and intense peace he had ever felt. He readily learned to accept these greatest gifts.

Now, accepting the entirety of his life without regrets, the man also accepted happiness and optimism flooding his mind and heart, banishing doubts of where and who he was.

Written by Peter Skeels © 11-15-2024