

Spoiled Fruit

~by Kimberly

Picture, if you will, a perfectly ripe, beautiful fruit hanging on the tree, just before the gentle breeze comes to release its last tenuous grasp to that which connects it to its parent tree. I suggest the reader picture his or her favorite fruit. For me, I will picture and describe the Bartlett pear.

Now, in this allegorical word-picture, this parent pear tree has grown up in a pristine environment. Its original seed DNA has not been tampered with or hindered in any way. The soil is replete with its full supply of needed nutrients for the tree's complete growth and health. The water that falls through the clean, clear air is likewise not contaminated with any toxins of any kind. No chaotic noise or aberrant energy waves disrupt its cells' messages. Its energetic blueprint is one of wholeness, perfection.

So this parent tree, living according to the Grand Scientist's original design, and acting completely according to inherent "knowing," or programming, gives itself wholly, fearlessly to life. In fulfillment of its "measure" of creation it can't NOT give all the necessary requirements for the proper bringing forth of its fruit, pears, season following season.

This particular pear, the one I am just about to pick, has grown up totally dependent on its parent and without a care in the world. The pear develops and brings forth the fleshy body and inner seeds, themselves containing the original blueprint of their parent seed, furthering the propagation of the Bartlett Pear species and continuing the cycle of life.

To continue this allegory, I gently pick this pear from its branch. With no need to clean anything off its skin (remember, there are no toxins in this world), I take a big, juicy bite from its flesh. Luscious, gritty sweetness fills my mouth as sticky syrup runs down my fingers and arm. My body is programmed to utilize the nutrient gifts of this pear to do just what it can for me. After assimilation and digestion, my body excretes the leftover (which, in this allegorical world, means directly onto the dirt), where the insects and microorganisms can feast upon the meal I have contributed for them.

The seeds, with their hard outer casing, have remained intact during their journey through my digestive system and, thus, are fertilized by the surrounding manure. Some of them may find ready ground where they can, as their parent tree before them, grow and flourish, bearing their fruit, thus fulfilling the measure of their own creation. And the cycle of life continues.

Alternate endings:

- 1) I do not pick the pear and the parent tree does not allow its child (fruit) to leave the safety and tender care of its branch and continues to cling to the pear after its maturity. The pear's skin becomes rough and hard, the fruit rots and becomes riddled with worms and insects and parasites who follow their programming to break it down to its most basic elements in preparation for continued life for other plants. Keeping the pear attached, the parent tree is not completely able to embrace its next stage of life by bringing forth a new batch the following year.
- 2) The birds of the air or other animals discover the pear. It does for them what it was prepared to do for me, and the seeds and other nutrients from the animal's body add fertilizer to the earth upon expulsion.
- 3) The pear is picked, finds its way into my refrigerator or as a part of a beautiful centerpiece and...sits. After a specified time, decay sets in, it begins to rot and we call it "spoiled."

Now a tree (like each plant and animal) "knows" when to stop pouring nutrients into its fruit. It does NOT find an extra large "gift" of nitrogen to lavish on its child, or carbon, zinc, or whatever the nutrient. No, the parent tree gives its child just exactly the proper "ingredients" in the correct proportion that it requires and that the parent has available to help all in its nursery to flourish. The parent tree allows the wind to blow its fruit; the bees to tickle its blossoms, sup on their nectar, and spread its pollen; the insects, birds and small animals to find home in its branches; all the while holding on and "raising" its child properly and for the correct duration.

Many human parents of today, however, acting with their "common sense," or parental instincts, extinguished by outside "authority" and fear, do not do so well. In a desire to give their child "the best possible," they overload him or her on:

"Food"—which "fills" but does not satisfy by meeting the nutritional requirements;

"Stuff"—which sets their minds and hearts on OUTside sources and takes up valuable space in their minds and hearts when they could be finding themselves withIN (Self-Realization);

Chaotic thinking and un-balanced demands on their time (life)—this, likewise, sets their minds and hearts on sources disconnected with their true, inner self, teaches them to live in fear, worry and doubt, dis-empowering them and causing them to look to the parent and other "authorities" too much and for too long.

And yet, it has become almost “second-nature” in our society to coddle our children. Somehow, at some point, the term “spoil” became an endearment, one that was meant to construe “love.”

But, do we really want to raise “spoiled” children? Do we really enjoy living with demanding, whiny, angry, dis-empowered “brats”?

As a child, without the “wisdom” of his trusted, more experienced parent, he or she will rarely deny grandma, mommy, or whomever, from overindulging him. It is the parent's stewardship to act in his or her best interests. Who wants to live with spoiled children?

Who enjoys eating spoiled pears?