

Have you had an apple lately? Do you notice that the minute you bite into that red or green crunchy fruit, the flesh begins to change? What was once pure, untouched and untainted begins to stain and brown. What was once unsoiled is now bruised, reacting to the air around it. Reacting to the potency of having its thick covering pierced and ruptured. The tender seeds within the apple are now exposed, out in the open, assaulted by atmosphere. The apple has been invaded. And yet, when its seeds are left on the ground, when they are tossed to the side, they find new ground. They take new root, sinking deep into the soil then pushing toward the light, sipping sweet water. To grow again. To become a new tree with new apples, ready to start the cycle again.

We are apples. Many times throughout our lives our coverings are ruptured. We bruise and brown, taint and sour. Where we once thought we were free of emotional turmoil or strife, we find a new bite into our psyches, a new rupture to our hearts or a new stain on our souls. Like the apple's flesh, we react to the world around us. We notice the change in the air, the raised voice, the unfriendly gesture, the lie revealed. We discolor again and again. For some of us, the flesh is never quite the same. We may look for untouched parts of ourselves but there is always something around the corner that we didn't expect. Something we didn't see coming, an eating away, an eroding.

But what if we didn't react? What if we were more like the seeds of ourselves? What if when we are tossed aside and left on the ground, we find new soil? What if we rooted in, drew down, then up...and *grew*? Instead of letting the outer, surface flesh be battered and torn, scatter the seeds within. Learning to see our core reveals the depth of what makes us who we are and teaches us that no matter how many times the flesh is ripped, the seed remains unchanged. The seed within knows what it needs to carry on. It searches for fertile soil, or even digs into rocky ground. It drives its new fragile roots into the earth and reaches its young sapling toward the heavens. It drinks the clean water life provides, wraps itself in viable sunlight and rises....rises....rises. Have you had an apple lately?