Thousands of Meanings of Life

by Kim Stafford

While riding our bikes along a path in the forest, the sun spangling through the trees into our eyes, young Guthrie called over his shoulder: "Dad! Maybe the sun through the trees is doing Morse Code telling us the meaning of life!" A little further on, he called back: "But every forest would have a different message. Maybe there are thousands of meanings of life!"

In search for these thousands of meanings of life, we might write short fragments in response to a series of prompts:

—tell the story of a time the weather turned... —tell the story of a phone call... —tell about a simple meal you will never forget.... —tell your relationship with a particular song... —a time you were your brother's keeper, your sister's keeper... —a time you were at the dizzy center of things... —a time of solitude... —three times of deep silence in your life: 1...2...3....of darkness...of strange light... —a time you woke before the others...a dream that remained for days... —a time you were woven into the resonance of a place... —the story of a photograph you have lost...failed to take...will always remember... —when you were the youngest... —a time you saw what others could not see... —a time you were left alone... —a time you put seeds into the furrow... —as the moon came up...as the sun went down...by starlight... —see this in my hand? this is all I have from that time... —there was this one tree... —you settled your accounts... —you made your peace with a person...an idea...a fear... —you saw light settle on the water... —after one door closed but before another opened... —the school where you were the only student... —the teacher you recognized only later was your teacher... —lessons in gratitude...

From a book-in-progress, "Writing for Happiness: Seeker, Artist, Witness"

—you were on a pilgrimage without a destination you could name...

a secret you are almost ready to tell...
a time you felt aged to perfection...
the time before any of us had died...
you felt the peace of the islands...
you saw the smudge of dawn...

—your public life, private life, secret life...

—a time you were blessed and how this blessing came....