

THE THREE NOTES

At the appointed time

gently, gently

three paper notes

fluttered down,

carried on a warm scented breeze...

THE FIRST NOTE

The first note fluttered towards the ground and was spotted by a woman walking purposefully along her road. Quickly (she did all things quickly) she ran to pick it up. The note was a small piece of paper folded in half; she read the outside:

Winning

“I want to win,” she thought. Eagerly she unfolded the paper.

Love Wins

Just those words, nothing more. She thought long and hard about this. She decided this was good news. She always tried to act nice, to act loving. She felt the message was: She wins.

“I deserve it, I’ve earned it.” Happily she pinned the note to her blouse, and showed it to everyone back in her village.

“I know my husband will treat me better, now.” She had always tried to tell him what he should do to make things right between them; now she was confident that improvement was coming at last.

Every morning she carefully took time to pin the note to her blouse; she was most devoted to keeping the note fresh in her heart. She trusted that as her husband looked at the note, he would change.

Instead he seemed to become more unruly than before. She was puzzled and frustrated.

THE SECOND NOTE

The same warm breeze carried the second note towards another village. Slowly and sadly a woman walked along her road, and noticed the note fluttering down.

She walked slowly forward. Waiting for the paper to settle before she picked it up, she read:

Winning

Carefully she unfolded the paper. It only had two words:

Love Wins

She sighed. Her husband didn't love her. She had long lived in sadness, and although she had taken good care of her children, they didn't love her either.

How could the message "Love Wins" help her? She was unloved. And that was that.

THE THIRD NOTE

Slowly, ever so slowly, the third note drifted down. The paper so light, nearly transparent, seemed weightless as it floated in the warm, scented breeze.

A woman saw it fluttering like a butterfly, gracefully dancing in the wind, seeming to wait patiently as she moved forward and caught it in her hand. She read the outside of the folded paper:

Winning

Mystified, she opened the paper and read:

Love Wins

What a mystery! What could it mean? She humbly admitted that she had not been truly Loving. She knew Love would be magnificent, yet she also knew that real Love did not flow through her.

Yet there was the message, clearly telling her “Love Wins.” Tenderly she carried the note home and told her husband about it, but he was dusty and tired and grouchy from his hard work and could not give the note any attention.

She placed the note carefully by some flowers in a special place, but she continued to ponder the idea in her heart. “Love Wins” echoed in her mind day and night.

“Love loves,” she thought, “but the question is: Who does Love love?” She searched her heart and knew that love must be powerful and glorious, desiring good far above and beyond all that she could ask or think.

Suddenly she understood. It did not say that she herself wins; the note did not say that the popular ones in the village win; it did not say that the self-controlled ones win; the note did not say that the domineering ones win. The note only stated that “Love Wins.”

She realized that no one could earn real Love, yet Love would continue to love expansively without limits. Even though no one deserved such Love, yet it would flow. Love would see all the difficulties, and still love. The thought began to bring light into her heart.

Love would pay any price, endure every difficulty to rescue the beloved ones. Of course, “Love Wins” she thought. Nothing could defeat it. Love never fails.

One night, she pondered this for many quiet hours as the soft moonlight glowed in the room. “Love Wins.”

She began to think differently about her husband. Kindness and compassion overflowed. He was born of harshness and coldness; she was born of sadness and regret. Yet “Love Wins.”

Joy unspeakable and full of glory began to surround her. She began to change deeply. Hope filled her: hope for her husband, hope for her parents, hope for her children, hope for her friends, hope for those who were so wounded by life that they were mean and selfish.

They too would discover the Truth that “Love Wins” and they also would be changed. Their old selves would be discarded, just like hers. She loved them all.

And her life blossomed into flower and fruitfulness.

And Love Won.