

FIRST LINES

"ONE NIGHT,
in the highlands of Vietnam,
I was sleeping in the hut
in my hermitage. I dreamed
of my mother. I saw myself
sitting with her, and we
were having a wonderful
talk... It was so pleasant
to sit there and talk
to her as if she had never
died. When I woke up...
I opened the door
and went outside...
Walking slowly in the
moonlight through the rows
of tea plants... each
time my feet touched
the earth I knew my mother
was there with me. I knew
this body was not mine
alone but a living
continuation of my mother
and father and my
grandparents and great-
grandparents. Of all
my ancestors. These feet
that I saw as 'my' feet were
actually 'our' feet. Together
my mother and I were leaving
footprints in the damp
soil..."

Thich Nhat Hanh
'No Death, No Fear'

