

## In Search of Wonderment

*By Marilyn Reeves*

There are certain people, places, and things that ring true for me. They draw me in, make me stand up and take notice. They may not be perfect – often they are as flawed as I am – but they resonate, strike a chord within me.

I enjoy a wide variety of books, but the ones I truly love either sweep me away to some incredible adventure, or are written with words so beautifully rendered they are like works of art. I find myself reading certain lines and phrases again and again in order to absorb meaning and savor their beauty, before I can move on to the next line and the next.

The same is true of movies and television series. Occasionally, rarely, there can be found a gem amid the dross. The actors are so good at their craft I forget they are acting and lose myself in the story they are depicting. Sometimes the stories are so compelling that I feel as if I am taking part in them. Not just as an observer, but as a character with my own role to play.

Being a somewhat odd and eccentric person – and I know that I am – I often have difficulty relating to others in a meaningful way. I tend to sit back and observe the behavior of others, trying to understand where they're coming from, trying to relate to the words they say.

But there are those rare individuals who simply delight me. Perhaps they live in a completely different world than I do, but occasional exposure to such a person lifts my spirits, recharges my batteries, and restores my faith in human nature. I feel a sort of love and affection for these people, without needing to hold onto them. I'm just happy to be able to occupy the same space as they do from time to time.

Others I encounter are so far above me in knowledge, experience, and social status that I feel privileged to be in a position just to learn from them. I know I can never be one of them, but that's okay. It makes me realize the human potential, the things one can achieve in life if a person has the will and determination to move in larger circles than I do.

Then there are those, rarer still, with whom I feel a true spiritual connection. These people are my family, or they feel like family. They accept me for who I am and I fit in with them. They are not perfect, they are as flawed as I am, but we love each other despite the flaws. We connect at some deep spiritual level, and they make me feel as if I truly belong.

All else is illusion. All else is 'that'll do' even if it doesn't ring quite true. All else is compromise.