

## Sy and Chris



There is a man named Sy that I often watch over and I know quite well, but he doesn't know me. I wish he did. I don't like to force myself on anyone, so one day I left a gift for him along with a message explaining who I am. I made the gift out of simple sheets of paper; I carefully folded them and arranged them into an interesting shape – a cube. Sy likes to figure out the way things are made, and I thought the gift would please him. I said so in the message I left for him.

When Sy found the gift, he was intrigued. He began to study it in detail, trying to determine the exact configuration of folds necessary to create the sides of the cube and the steps needed to assemble it correctly. He worked on the problem for quite some time. He began to understand my creation, but the more he learned of the complicated nature of the cube, the more curious he became about its origin.

I waited eagerly for him to seek me out, to ask me about my gift, but I waited in vain. You see, he never found my message. He never understood the reason the cube appeared; he never discovered that it was a gift from me so that he could get to know me. Consequently, Sy became quite troubled and confused about what caused the cube to form from simple paper. He developed elaborate theories to try to explain the origin of the cube, but they always contained an unknown element – something he couldn't explain. I watched him struggle, and I longed for him to understand.

There is a man named Chris that I often watch over and I know quite well. He knows me, too. One day I left a gift for him along with a message explaining who I am. I made the gift out of simple sheets of paper; I carefully folded them into a beautiful shape – a cube. Chris appreciates beauty, and I thought the gift would please him. I said so in the message I left for him.

When Chris found the gift, he was in awe. He appreciated the beautiful creation. He read my message immediately and came to me right away to thank me. Chris didn't understand all the details of my creation, how I folded and assembled the pages to form the cube, but he knew I did it lovingly for him. He began to learn of other gifts I had for him. I longed for him to help others understand.

I sent Chris to meet Sy. I told Chris to tell Sy about me, but I also told him to listen to what Sy had to say. They have so much to learn from each other.

Sy explained his cube theories to Chris: the materials which form the cube, the configuration of folds necessary to form the sides, the process needed to assemble the sides into the final shape. Chris was fascinated. He never realized how complex the cube was and, through Sy's eyes, was able to see a different kind of beauty in the intricacies of the gift.

Sy then stated his Big Fold Theory to explain the origin of the cube: one day the elements of the cube spontaneously folded themselves into that particular shape – a very random, chance event, caused by some unknown force. He gave many details to explain how this could have happened, but admitted he didn't really understand why it would have happened, what the unknown force was that caused to form.

Chris listened patiently and smiled, for he knew that I was that unknown force. Chris explained to Sy the reason for the cube's existence, that I made the gift in love to form a relationship with him, and that there are more gifts available for the asking. Once Sy really understood that I was the unknown he was seeking, it all became clear to him. He was no longer troubled or confused. He began to understand.

Sy knew much about *how* the cube was formed. Chris knew much about *why* the cube was formed. By talking together, each gained a deeper understanding of my gift.

I still watch over Sy and Chris, and we speak often. I tell them both to share what they have learned, each in their own way. Others have much to learn from them. They speak to each other, too, still trying to figure out more about the cube. I'm glad they like it. Someday we'll all be together, and I'll show them exactly how I did it!

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