

## Breaking bread takes on a whole new meaning

by Mark Pavilons

God moves in mysterious ways.

Even the non-religious types in our midst utter this phrase from time to time.

I was reminded of this, and one other indisputable fact ? I am not alone.

A very nice King couple ? Roger and Irene ? treated me to a fabulous lunch, simply because they wanted to meet the person who writes about life, and is welcomed into their home every week, via the newspaper.

While they had a sense of who I was from reading my columns, they wanted to see what I was really like.

We got along like ham and cheese, or in this case, the ingredients of a great meal prepared by the chef at Iago Restaurant at Eagle Nest Golf Club.

Our discussion ran the gamut of our working lives, experiences, beliefs, and how we embrace Christian values. It had nothing to do with accomplishments, accolades or riches.

It was about wealth of a different kind. I was reminded that I'm not alone ? not in the world, and not in my current struggle with cancer. I am thought of, prayed for and warmly regarded.

These are not things given out like candy, but rather one has to work to earn such love.

And yes, we are loved ??ach and every one of us.

We are not ?islands,??living within marble walls and infinity pools. We are not braggarts, or self-absorbed tech giants.

We are average people, who strive to do better, be better, and share more.

The more you get to know someone, the more you realize we are more alike than we know. We share common concerns, ethics, morals and family responsibilities. Interesting, since we all come from such varied backgrounds and professions.

I'm no professional golfer, yet I understood Roger's passion. I'm horrible with numbers and insurance documents, yet I admired Irene's love of her various roles. I hope they learned something about me as well.

When you sit and chat ? I mean really talk and listen ? you get so much out of it. You connect and you feel the hearts of others.

Meeting relative strangers always comes with a bit of apprehension but when we sat down, it was like we've known each for years.

Again, that comes with a genuine openness, a willingness to listen and really hear. It comes with age and wisdom.

We could have sat and chatted all day long.

I was given much more than a bountiful meal. It was breaking bread in the true sense of the phrase.

I have been to countless work-related business lunches, the bulk of which are filled with superficial anecdotes and pleasantries.

This was different. It was a sort of min-Thanksgiving dinner, if you will. It made me feel blessed.

On my way back to the office, I couldn't help but feel lighter, a bit uplifted. It was something I haven't felt in a very long time. All because a couple of people took the time to be gracious. Imagine what we could accomplish if we all thought, and acted that way.

I through my routine, working from day to day. I create, write and put together a product that I hope residents enjoy. Maybe they learn something, and perhaps they're more informed about the goings on in King and beyond.

In my column I am quite open and present my thoughts and feelings for all to read. It has served me well over the years, and more recently, offers a great way for me to vent, and release some of that pent-up dismay.

I never really think about the impact of my words, even though some of my faithful readers have said I am a talented writer. What you see is what you get.

I write openly because I believe we are all similar and we're all connected in this huge, magical universe. None of us are here by accident and we all have a purpose. We should all be one another's cheerleaders, mentors, sounding boards and, yes, friends.

Again, we are not living in bubbles, consumed by our trials and tribulations. Well, of course, they do sneak in from time to time. But stoking the embers of one another's hearts is key. That's our job as spouses and parents. That's our job as good people.

We don't abandon our kids, our work commitments or ties simply because life is too much for us to handle. We don't give up easily, in the face of insurmountable odds.

Our resilience is a key aspect of our species, one that likely sets us apart from all other living things in the universe.

I don't know what's in store for me. I don't know what everyone else has on their plate, either.

But what I know is that sharing, extending a hand in peace and gratitude goes a very long way.

That's why we gather in church, in service clubs, in government and on council. We do this because we care about our fellow citizens and our community.

While we tend to think of our community as our village or subdivision, it's much more. It's literally everywhere, at least within driving distance!

We are much more. We are greater than ourselves, and part of the bigger miracle that is existence.

We often don't show it, as we trudge along, head-down, through the mud we've created in our lives. We gripe and complain, even criticize things we don't fully understand.

I don't get the soaring cost of living, house prices, Russian imperialism or bloodshed in the Middle East.

I get people, well most of them, anyway.

And I do appreciate goodwill, courtesy, kindness and an open heart.

I hope you do, too.