

The Law of Gender

Universe: the totality of all matter and energy existing in space
God: the one Supreme Being, the creator and ruler of the universe

Ask a religious person to define God and they will reply that God is an omnipotent force made of energy. God cannot be created, cannot be destroyed and is eternal. Ask a scientist what he or she perceives to be the cause of creation and they will say energy. Energy cannot be created, cannot be destroyed and is eternal.

Same thing, different words. Either way we all understand that there is a creative force greater than we are and whose infinite energy force operates in the Universe and this is an orderly Universe. Regardless of what you might think, nothing - no thing - operates by chance, there are no coincidences and no accidents for the Universe - or God - operates via a system of perfect laws.

As we need laws on earth to stop things getting chaotic and to instil order in our world, so too does the Universe. The Universe operates on 7 Laws. These Laws work in perfection and they are impartial, which explains why good things happen to bad people and bad things happen to good people, and these Laws are thought and emotionally driven. When we learn how to operate within these Laws we begin to understand how things *really* work.

Today we are going to talk about the Law of Gender. Whenever we say things like 'there's a time and a place for everything' or 'everything comes to he who waits' whether we know it or not we are acknowledging the Law of Gender.

This Law states that everything will happen in exactly the time it is supposed to. Let's think of a gardener: he plants his seed in a carefully selected spot in the best compost and he waters the seed every day in order for it to bring forth a beautiful flower but even as the best of care is given to the seed the gardener knows that the seed must take time to gestate, to develop below the earth and that time must pass before he sees the first tiny shoot poke up from the soil. He continues to take the greatest of care of his shoot, he makes sure it has enough sunlight, enough shade, he weeds around it, he waters it but still it takes time for this tiny shoot to stretch its little green neck further up towards the sunshine. Through time and care the shoot becomes a little stalk, then a bigger stalk, leaves start to appear, a flower head, tightly closed petals. Under the gardener's nurturing care the petals slowly begin to unfurl and he is rewarded with the colour and beauty of his perfect flower.

Now to the gardener this is no surprise because he already knew exactly what the flower would look like before he planted the seed. How did he know? Perhaps he saw a picture of the flower on the seed packet, perhaps he saw, in his mind's eye, just how perfect that flower would look in his garden, perhaps

he had grown this same seed years before and he remembered. There are many reasons why he chose that particular seed and so to the gardener it is no surprise when the shoot emerges from the ground. He knew that it would but the fact that he knew takes away none of his joy and pleasure when he looks at his flower every day and he knows if he wishes it to continue to bloom for the whole season that he must continue with his care and nurturing. So our experienced gardener plants his seed – already knowing what the outcome must be – but also knowing that he has to play his part in it happening.

And your seed can be anything – an idea, an invention, a business plan, a career strategy, a health and fitness programme, a (fill in the blank.)

A Parable to Explain the Law of Gender

Once upon a very long time ago there lived twin brothers called Brainy and Bodhead who lived on a little smallholding with their mother. The family owned two fields and the brothers farmed one field each. Brainy, as his name might suggest, was one of those extremely gifted individuals, who never had to try too hard, to whom things came easily and who seemed to breeze through life with an answer for everything, but Bodhead however was a different kettle of fish altogether. Poor Bodhead tried so hard at everything. He spent more hours on the river yet ended up with less fish than Brainy who carelessly cast his line a few times and headed home with a basket full of fish and with half the day remaining while Bodhead stood shivering at the riverside until darkness fell, ashamed and angry to return home with no fish yet again. When Brainy planted crops it seemed that God loved him so much, his crops grew straight and tall, his corn was more golden, his potatoes whiter and fatter and his peas more green and tasty than poor old Bodhead's meagre offerings. So it was no surprise that Brainy was his mother's favourite son and it was for him that the best cuts of meat, most succulent vegetables and kindest words were given.

'Everything that boy touches turns to gold,' the mother stated proudly 'it's a blessing to have Brainy as a son.' When she was reminded that she was fortunate enough to have two sons, the mother would sigh and say 'ah yes, poor Bodhead.'

Years passed by and the twins Brainy and Bodhead reached 18-years-of-age. Their birthday dawned on a beautiful June morning, you know the kind of early summer day that makes you so glad to be alive and even though they were now 18, Brainy and Bodhead dived downstairs to see what birthday treats awaited them. When the gifts had been given out and opened, Bodhead stood awkwardly, with a desperate grin locked onto his face although his eyes filled with tears. Once again Brainy had come off best and already he'd disappeared to try on the fine suit of clothes that were his present while Bodhead remained transfixed with the new fishing rod in his

hands. 'Maybe that will help you catch more fish,' said his pragmatic mother, who, like many pragmatists, did not really mean to be unkind. 'Er thanks mum,' Bodhead mumbled before dragging himself off to the river.

So it was that Bodhead spent his 18th birthday by himself on the riverbank with his new fishing rod although his basket remained empty. 'I'm going to stay here until I catch a fish,' he mumbled to himself over and over 'and it's got to be a big fish,' he said quantifying his assertion 'in fact I will not leave this river until I have in my basket the biggest fish ever to come out of this river!' With his vow made and flung out towards the blue morning sky and in the direction of God generally, Bodhead lay on the grass with his head under his arms. He expected to be there for a long, long time.

White summer clouds floated across the blue summer sky but Bodhead did not see them, a fish tugged on his line but Bodhead, immersed in his own thoughts, ignored it and allowed the fish to go free, his stomach rumbled loudly, signifying that he had missed his midday meal but Bodhead remained lost in his own reverie. *I must catch the biggest fish, I must catch the biggest fish...* on and on he went.

'Excuse me son, but is anyone sitting there?'

The strange voice pulled him from his fervent imaginings and Bodhead sat up, squinting at the stranger. 'Who are you?'

'Just someone passing by,' the stranger replied lightly 'is anyone sitting there?'

'Why are you asking? Can't you see it's free, the whole river is free?' Bodhead replied ungraciously.

The stranger eased his old bones down beside the young man unperturbed by his outburst. 'I'd have thought the river would be busy on a day like today.'

Bodhead waved a hand carelessly towards the village. 'They're all at a party.'

'A party? Well isn't that nice - but tell me young man, were you not invited?'

'Invited?' Bodhead cried 'it's *my* party - along with my twin brother that is - and as long as Brainy is there - and he will be, showing off his new suit of clothes - I won't be missed.'

'Oh dear,' the stranger said sympathetically. 'I know where you're coming from there. I'm a twin too you know.'

'Hmm.'

'I am,' the old man asserted 'and my twin is nothing like me, no sir, nothing at all. In fact most people wouldn't even know we are related.'

'Brainy and I look alike,' Bodhead revealed 'but we're still - different you know?'

'Of course. We are all different on God's good earth,' the stranger replied.

'By different I mean he's better.'

The old man laughed then and pushed lightly at Bodhead's shoulder. 'Go on with you son. I can't believe that for a minute.'

'He is. He's better at everything. Catches more fish, ploughs straighter furrows, chops more wood, he's more handsome, more clever, he's -'

'Whoa there son. Now I don't know you from Adam but you seem like a good enough lad to me, a little bit sad, especially on your birthday, but I believe that if you're sad it's only because you have good reason to be.'

Bodhead regarded the man seriously. He had the feeling now that this strange old man was talking to him as if he actually mattered - not as an eclipsed version of his twin, but for himself and this momentarily confused him. 'I'm trying to catch a fish,' he said.

The old man smiled 'I see that. Do you think you will?'

'I have to. I'm not leaving this river until I catch the biggest fish that's ever come out of it.'

'I'll stay with you. Keep you company if you like.'

'Haven't you got anything better to do,' Bodhead asked suspiciously.

'Nope.'

'Don't you have a job? I know you are old,' Bodhead stated with the baldness of youth 'but you must have something to do.'

The old man laughed. 'As it happens I do have a job. I'm a lawyer. And you?'

'Farmer,' Bodhead stated gloomily.

'Don't you like being a farmer?'

'Farming's hard.'

The old man lay back lazily, unmindful of the grass stains seeping their way into his well-cut suit. 'Everything's hard if you've a mind to make it so son.'

They sat there in silence for a long time. The old man was the first to stir himself. 'Getting cold and I better be on my way. It's been interesting spending time with you son.'

Bodhead blinked. 'You've got some lawyering to do I expect?'

The stranger nodded. 'That I do and I thought I might have done some here but I see it's simply not taking.'

'What's not taking?'

'The lawyering son, it's not taking in your head.'

Bodhead jumped to his feet. 'Now see here old man whatever-your-name-is I know my brother is the one with the brains but that doesn't give you the right to come here and -'

'And what son?'

'And...and tell me I'm stupid and...'

'Never said that,' the old man said airily 'lazy maybe but stupid - never.'

'Not lazy either.'

'Don't use your brain much do you?'

'Are you after a fight old man?'

The lawyer laughed, a strange, high, tinkling sound. 'That I'm not because sure as eggs are eggs a young fellow like you would make mincemeat of an old croak like me. Now if it was a fight of brains...' the old man let his words tail away and this angered Bodhead even more. 'Beat it!' he cried 'before I lose my patience and forget you're old.'

Ignoring the young man's ire the lawyer said calmly 'is it any wonder people think you're stupid? I'm beginning to think the same myself after just a few hours in your company son and that's a shame because I know you're really quite bright. But I'll tell you this, if I were you I'd be asking myself why a lawyer - a man of some considerable learning if I do say so myself - appeared here on the river in the middle of nowhere, and I'd also be asking myself why my twin - who is no more or less than you are - so successful while you, my friend, are not. I'd have been asking myself those questions this fine day and what's more I'd have taken advantage of my erudite companion and asked his opinion on the matter.'

'Eh?'

'Ask me son, ask me why your brother is more successful than you. 'Where's your passion boy? Where's your hunger for this knowledge because if I were you my belly would be on fire for this.'

'Do you know?' Bodhead asked quietly 'really?'

'I know.'

'Will you tell me?'

'Can't do that son - but I will tell you how you can find out. Ask your brother.' The stranger lifted his hand in farewell and turned away.

'What kind of a lawyer are you?' Bodhead cried after him.

'A lawyer of the Universe son,' the old man's voice faded remarkably quickly considering it was a calm evening. 'Go on now and ask your brother.'

Bodhead gathered his new fishing rod and equipment together, unsurprised that he had caught no fish. The old man was an oddball but lawyers are educated men so what the old man said must be true - Brainy must know the answer.

Ignoring his mother's outrage that he'd missed his own party, Bodhead shoved past her and collared Brainy at once. 'Tell me,' he hissed into his twin's face. 'Tell me right now why you're good at everything and I'm not.'

'Easy tiger,' Brainy said 'what's brought all this on? Are you feeling all right?' 'Never mind that just tell me Brainy. Why do things always work out for you? Are you using a spell, a magic potion - *what do you do that's different from me?*'

Brainy looked at his brother closely, he saw the flushed face, the sweat on his forehead, the feverish glint in his eyes. 'Bodhead I think you're ill.'

'I'm not ill but I'll have the truth out of you.' He grabbed his twin and thrust him in a chair and stood over him threateningly. '*Tell me what you do?*'

'All right then I will,' Brainy replied. '*I prepare.* When you're still in bed I'm up before daybreak spreading manure on my field, I plant at the right time; you plant when you remember or when mum nags you into it. When the weather is over-dry I water my field, when the weather is over-wet I dig drainage, when my hedgerows need cut I cut them at once so I don't have to spend three days, like you do, wrestling with hedges too unruly to work with.'

Bodhead stepped back, unprepared for the attack of honesty with which his twin was beating him but Brainy, once started, kept on going. 'As for fishing – I move to different parts of the river, walking miles sometimes, so I don't over-fish any part of the river but you Bodhead, you flop yourself down at the same site every time and wonder why you get a poor catch. Wood I chop as and when time allows, I do not, like you, wait until there is not a stick of wood left and I'm forced to chop wood in all weathers. I work like a horse and you think I'm *lucky!*'

'Don't say any more,' Bodhead pleaded.

At the golden end of summer a year later year Bodhead was fishing downriver and a voice hailed him from across the bank. 'Hello there son.' It was the lawyer. 'How are you?'

Bodhead smiled and raised his hand. 'Very well,' he called 'in fact so well I think I'm a lawyer of the Universe now too. My harvest is the best ever and I'm even catching fish,' he held up a brace of fat river trout as proof.

'What did you learn?' the old man asked.

'To yield a good crop you have to prepare properly. I plant the seed and although I know it needs time to germinate in the earth I now know that it takes action on my part to make sure it's the best it can be.'

The lawyer laughed his tinkling laugh. 'Excellent work son. And you learned all this from your brother?'

Bodhead nodded. 'And from you too,' he winked.

Although the Law of Gender states that all things must happen in their proper time, the results are always enhanced with a little care and nurturing from the one who plants the seed.