

The Law of Relativity

Relativity: The state or quality of being relative.

Relative: Having meaning or significance only in relation to something else; not absolute.

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.

I reiterate the following explanation from last week because the more you hear these words, the more you understand them to be true, the more you allow them to sink into your subconscious mind, the easier you will understand the Laws and how they work.

Today we are going to talk about the Law of Relativity. Whenever you say 'happiness (or any other emotion) is relative' or 'one man's meat is other man's poison' whether you know it or not you are acknowledging the Law of Relativity.

This Law states that there is nothing essentially good or bad in the Universe until it is related to something else. For example an earthquake, a tornado, a volcanic eruption or a tsunami are all events driven by nature and the elements. Who would view an earthquake as an evil thing if it quietly erupted somewhere so remote it could do no damage to life? So this Law states that any incident on its own is completely objective and is neither positive nor negative unless and until it is related to something else.

A Parable to Explain the Law of Relativity

Once upon a time there were once two princes who were brothers and their father the king decided one day that it was time they had kingdoms of their own. Being an extremely fair ruler the king decided to carve his own kingdom into three equal parts, retaining 1/3 for himself (for he had many years left to reign) and giving the remaining 2/3 to his sons. This he did and the princes, whilst unable to find fault with the king's equivalence, were initially dismayed when they saw how their father had divided the kingdom. The cultivated city which housed the townspeople, the royal palace, the gardens and the arable farmlands beyond fell within the remit of the king's 1/3 and the other 2/3, while being of exactly the same area, housed only desert terrain where nothing ever grew.

'Which 1/3 do you want,' the elder prince, Zebedee asked his brother. 'Does it really matter,' grumbled Zakariah the younger 'both are useless.' He let a handful of red sand fall through his fingers. 'It's nothing but as wasteland here.'

'Even so, these are our lands now,' Zebedee replied 'so we better just get on with it.' He turned away from the desolate landscape, his head already filling with plans and possibilities. Zakariah was less gracious 'I don't want it,' he stated flatly. 'I'm going back to tell father he can keep his barren wilderness. I much prefer palace life.'

'But you'll be a perennial prince Zak,' Zebedee warned 'father is not about to retire anytime soon. This seems like a good way for us to prove ourselves. Come on brother, what do you say? Shall we give it a go?'

'You can,' the younger prince replied 'but me, I'm off home.' And he went.

Zebedee surveyed the landscape for the entire day, his mind whirling with innovations and ideas. He was excited by his new project and looked forward to a happy future working and building something which would remain on the earth long after he'd gone. By the time he'd finished thinking these thoughts, his ungrateful brother had already handed his 1/3 back to his father and, with the whole distasteful incident out of his mind, played backgammon with his friends. Happy to help his enterprising eldest son in any way he could, the king put his own personal soldiers, horses, and craftsmen at Zebedee's disposal while Zakariah went on playing backgammon.

Over the course of the year the brothers saw little of one another. On the few occasions Zebedee visited the palace Zakariah was always out and about on some jaunt or other or else he was cloistered in his chambers playing backgammon. After replenishing his supplies from the kind king's own stores, Zebedee went to take his leave of his father. 'You've been working on your lands for 12 months now son,' said the king 'and I think maybe I'll take a trip out one of these days and see how your work is progressing.'

'I look forward to it father,' Zebedee replied.

A few months later and apropos of nothing the king rose from the royal bedchamber at sunrise, his usual hour, and announced his intention to visit the kingdom of Prince Zebedee. As his aides hurried to get everything ready to accommodate His Majesty, the king surprised them all by announcing that he would travel alone, with provisions only for one day. 'Is this wise Sir?' asked Simeon the king's personal valet (who, through long-service felt predisposed to voice his opinion from time to time). The king smiled gently at this, the oldest member of his staff 'Yes Simeon I do believe it is,' he replied and to these simple words Simeon had no reply. One hour after sunrise the king was on his way and Simeon watched the lonely figure ride away until he could see him no more.

'Father!' Prince Zebedee's head emerged from an 8-foot hole where he and his men were digging a well. 'You should have sent word you were coming! I am not prepared -'

The king dropped down from his horse with practiced ease and clasped his son by the forearms. 'It's you I've come to see boy, and the work too of course. Pomp and splendour I have in abundance at the palace. Now are you going to show me around?

The king could not help but notice the change in his son in one short year. Zebedee's olive skin was healthily tanned, his hands hard and capable and he held himself with quiet confidence. His tone of voice commanding yet not loud and the king could see his men respected him, and that this respect was mutual. As Zebedee showed his father each building, hewn from unforgiving red rock each field, scraped from dusty sand and the irrigation system which was better constructed than his own, the king was mightily pleased. 'Son, son,' he beamed 'you have done wondrously well with this land I have given you. From this Spartan desert you have made a living, breathing oasis.' Under his dark tan Zebedee felt himself blushing. 'Thank you father,' he replied 'for your praise means everything, but give me a further year and you shall see, there will be new settlers here, children, families and perhaps a bride for me too and -'

The king laughed. 'I have no doubt that it will be so, for a man who can make something out of nothing is certainly a man who can do anything he sets his mind to. Land is only land but it is a true king who works with the land and with the people to yield good crops, to provide work and shelter and in this way bring out the best in all who dwell here.

After a meal of succulent braised mutton Zebedee asked his father a question which he had buried at the back of his mind and the presence of the king brought it to the forefront. In truth, this question had niggled Prince Zebedee all day. 'Father why did you give us bad land?'

The king's eyes widened in surprise. 'Bad land? Would I give my sons bad land?'

'No,' Zebedee's guilty eyes slid away from his father's shocked gaze.

'Then why do you say so?'

Zebedee took a deep breath and decided he had no option but to continue. If he held back now he knew there would always be a part of him that believed his father had short-changed him in the matter of the land. 'The parts you gave us were desert land father and the cultivated areas you kept to yourself.'

The king nodded. 'You speak rightly boy - b do you know why I did this?'

Zebedee shook his head.

'Because when I was but a prince my father - your grandfather - gave me this land and it was *all* desert. I cultivated 1/3 of it and when your mother blessed me with you and then with Zakariah I resolved to keep 2/3 uncultivated for you both.'

Zebedee blinked. 'You mean this land was *all* desert?'

The king laughed aloud. 'Of course son. Think about it; is it usual for Mother Earth to divide her deserts into neat strips for the convenience of man? I cultivated the central 1/3 leaving the 1/3 portions on either side after the birth of you boys.'

Zebedee jumped to his feet and, entirely forgetting royal etiquette, flung his arms around the king. 'So there is no bad land?' he cried.

'There is no bad land, there is no good land. There is just land, and we make of it what we will,' the king confirmed.

'What news of Zakariah?' Zebedee asked some time later.

'He plays backgammon.'

'Still?'

'Still,' the king confirmed.

'And what of his land father?'

The king pretended to think for a moment before winking an eye most solemnly. 'Well I heard you mention that you may be looking for a bride one year hence and should there be a son from that union then the final 1/3 will be his.'

Overcome with love and the utmost respect for his wise father, Zebedee felt tears flood into his eyes.

'Come now son,' the king said kindly 'I think it's time for bed. We have a hard day's work ahead of us.'

Nothing is good, nothing is bad; it is our perception which makes it so.