

# Copy and Paste

*As experienced by Glenn Wachler*

I had been sleeping for quite some time. The dreams seemed more like illusions until this one time when I was walking by myself through the woods. I was watching the sun light as it beamed through the branches of the trees and appeared to glow. It was one of those moments that stops you in your tracks and makes you appreciate the awesome beauty of the surroundings. I focused on the silhouettes of the branches against the blue sky. In between the branches you could see the individual rays of light peaking through and painting the forest floor with some color. The light and limbs were dancing as the gentle breeze swayed by. It was quiet. I became part of the moment and took it all in. I wasn't thinking of something that went wrong the other day. I wasn't thinking of anything I needed to do later. I recognized for a moment that I was not thinking. If I wasn't thinking, what was I doing? This was a question that would be answered later in the day.

I looked for a place to sit and noticed a fallen tree a little off the path. The sunlight continued to poke its' rays through the forest trees as I found my way. There was bark piled neatly beneath the tree which left it smooth and grey from age. I found a place where a large branch was veering off and sat down. I decided to spend some time there because it was more comfortable than I thought it was going to be. Then I noticed something off in the distance glistening on the ground. I got up to check it out and noticed how a ray of light filtered through the trees and was reflected into my eyes. Once I got closer I could tell that it was some sort of a book. I reached down and picked it up. The cover had a mirror like quality which allowed me to see a reflection of myself.

Where had all the time gone? I looked at my reflected image on the books cover and noticed the receding hair line. There were a lot more grey hairs than I had remembered. Well I still felt young most of the time. My eyes hadn't changed that much. They were the same eyes I remember seeing throughout my 38 years. They were soft and brown like my moms. The sparkle my dad said I was born with was still there. It's funny how our physical appearance changes even though something in our eyes remains the same no matter our age. I thought about the 20<sup>th</sup> year reunion I had recently attended and remembered how I recognized my old friends by their eyes. Twenty years had gone by and the only thing my friends had in common with the images in my mind were their eyes and the memories we shared.

On the cover of the book was written "Copy and Paste". I opened the book and noticed that many of the early pages were stuck together. I flipped past that section and started to read. It described how I was walking through the forest and watched the sun light peak through the branches. It told how my breathing had slowed and my thoughts were calmed as I took in the moment. The details of what I saw and how I felt were reflected on the pages with perfect accuracy. It recorded how I singled out the moment and marked it as special. How I found the fallen tree and rested and noticed off in the distance something glistening. It described how I approached the book and looked at my reflection in the cover.

I dropped the book and couldn't believe what I had just seen. I stared at the book on the ground for a couple of seconds as disorganized thoughts ran through my head. What was it? How could it be? Where was it from? I picked it up and immediately flipped to the section that I had been reading. It now described that I had dropped the book in disbelief. In clear type it displayed my every thought and my every action. As I held the book open

I began to flip forward through the pages. They were very thin with nothing on them. I came back to the page I was on and saw how that page had changed. It now described how I had flipped forward in the book to see what was there and noticed how thin the pages were. I closed the book.

How is it possible that all my actions and thoughts were being recorded in this book? My head was spinning and I dizzily walked back to the fallen tree and sat down. I looked at the cover and read the title "Copy and Paste." They were the only words on the entire book and were etched into the reflective surface.

What does "Copy and Paste" mean? I know on my computer I can take something that is already there and highlight it. I can then make a copy and paste it somewhere else. Is it possible that someone or something is taking my experiences and copying them and then pasting them in this book? It was more than possible it was probable. Who is doing it and why?

I opened the book again and tried to open the pages that were stuck together. I was able to turn to a page when my son was in a chess tournament. He was 5 years old at the time and competing at the Kindergarten level. I was sitting at a table with a few other parents waiting for the competition to end. It told how he came to me after one of the matches and told me that he had won. He was very excited because he had beaten a 1<sup>st</sup> grader. I congratulated him by saying, "Great job!" There was a big smile on his face as he looked around the room to see if there was anyone else he could tell. There was a smile on my face as I watched him.

It described how in that moment I began to think about my father teaching me to play chess when I was just a boy. He showed me moves and strategy. We were at the chess table in our lower family room in the childhood home where I grew up. I was not much older than five myself. My mom called out that it was time for bed. "One last game mom, ok?" I said. My dad said, "I think it's time. You have school tomorrow." "Can I ride your back?" I said. And he carried me to bed on my favorite daddy chariot. My son sat down and started playing with his hand held video game and some other boys crowded around to watch. I looked at my son and felt that I became my father looking at me. Wow. I felt my dad's love for me. Or was it my love for my son. I don't know. It filled me and became me.

I turned back deeper into the pages and found myself in college walking to one of my classes in the morning. I had my walkman on and Phil Collins was in my ears. It was cold outside and the wind was blowing. I was seeing many people as I walked by but I didn't appear to notice any of them. I was on autopilot to my class not paying very much attention to all that was around me. I was thinking about my girlfriend from that time and the fight we had the night before. "Why would she say I'm selfish?" I was mad because we were at this bar and we had been drinking. We were with some of her girlfriends. They were talking under the loud music and laughing. I was trying to hear what they were saying but couldn't and felt left out. I started walking around the bar glancing back to see what they were doing? They were having so much fun I felt like I didn't belong. I was lonely and jealous. I thought we were going to have a romantic evening. Now I was walking around a crowded bar by myself wondering why I had even come. I went back

to my girlfriend and said that I was leaving. She said, "See you later." The look on her face told me more than the words she said. I knew that she was disappointed in me. Hidden deep inside me I think I agreed but said, "I thought we were going to have a good time tonight - together." She said, "We are. It's just my friends didn't have anything else to do." She looked back at her girlfriends and started laughing and stopped to look at me. The feeling inside me made me turn and walk away. I heard her say "You're selfish!"

I kept looping the experience over and over in my head as I walked to class trying to figure out what I was going to say next. I guess I was selfish. I had certain expectations for the evening and realized that it wasn't going to work out that way. I turned the events into something much worse than what it could have been. I could have accepted what was and tried to have a good time. But I didn't.

I turned the page back to where I had originally started from and read how I looked back into the book to rediscover those times from my past. I was able to see the experience as they originally happened and then again from my new perspective. I studied how the words and expressions I received from my old girlfriend were typed directly into the book. Now I remember that day clearly. It didn't seem very special at the time. It was a day just like any other - essentially forgettable.

But it was not forgotten. This book had every detail recorded. The words, the expressions, and the feelings were all there. The only thing that didn't seem to be there was me. I was there but was I really there? It's like I've been on autopilot this whole time. When I was walking to class I barely noticed what was going on around me because I was so focused on what happened the night before. And the night before I was more focused on my expectation than on what I could do with what I had.

I guess at the time it was all I could do. I didn't know then how each experience affects another. That each choice made leads to a different outcome. How each moment passed is a moment gone. I have taken so many of those moments for granted. When the sunlight caught my attention today I stopped and took it in. I marked that moment by being in it and appreciating it. There have been so many moments that have invited me to experience them and be with them. I have been too busy, too selfish, too unaware to notice, too focused on the past or waiting for some future.

I closed the book and started to think. Where does all the information originally come from? This book is recording all my experiences and thoughts as they happen. It records my perceptions of what other people say to me. It records what I see and smell and feel and hear. It records these things based on my ability to understand them at that time. There are things that happen that I do not receive because I am focusing on something else. Like when I was at college walking past all those people and didn't even notice them because I was focusing on a fight I had the night before. And the fight was the result of expectations that I created that were not met.

It appears that I spend so much time thinking about things that I have little time to actually experience things for what they really are. My judgments are in the way. My expectations are in the way. My conditions are in the way. I've been in the way. At

least that is what my observation is telling me. If I have been in the way then what am I supposed to do and why am I here? These questions would also be answered today.

I decide to look into the book to see if I could find the answer to these questions. I noticed in the earlier years all the contributions that my parents had made to my book. What I heard and felt them say filled my pages. There were more positives than negatives. Do this. Don't do that. Say please. Sharing is caring. Stop! Clean up your room. I'm disappointed in you. You did great. You can do anything. You are so handsome. I love you. Do you want to play catch? It's time to cut the lawn. Did you do your homework? We need to talk.

I watched them hold hands and kiss when dad came home from work. I saw them argue about how to spend money. My dad would do yard work and my mom would string pearls. I watched my dad shave in the morning and my mom put on her face. There was a lot of laughing.

The TV shows I used to watch were there. I found bits and pieces of Gilligan's Island, and Flintstones, and Brady Bunch. There were sections of movies I watched, books I read, and pictures from magazines. I found day dreams, nightmares, and fantasies.

There were lots of conversations. Talking and listening. There were arguments and apologies. I was able to see how my anger would express itself in several directions and fill the pages with itself. It's almost as if I thought I could get rid of it by spewing it in different directions. I could see the temporary relief but now I realize I was just adding more anger to the book from which to draw upon.

My book was filled with information pasted from my perception. Once it was recorded it was there to stay. Even if I tried to cut it out and place it somewhere else it would show up in my book again. I was starting to understand "Copy and Paste." It wasn't about my experiences being copied and pasted into this book. It was about how we develop and grow. How our experience of life is shaped by our perceptions.

Of course I now realize that you can never "cut and paste". You can only "copy and paste". Because if you draw from a moment in your life when you are angry and you take that anger and try to place it onto someone else you end up replacing it back on you. Now it shows up in your book again. It's in a new place. It's in a new way. And even worse it now shows up on someone else's book if they allow it to. If they believe you.

Now I know that the information that people present to me is just that. It's their expression. I do not have to except it into my book. Maybe when I was younger and didn't know better. You don't have a choice unless you know you have a choice. Now I know. That is why it is so important to be careful what we say to each other, especially to children. We place a little bit of ourselves in each other's books the same time that we reinforce the expression in our own book. If all we express is anger than our book gets filled with it. Our most valuable resource is the one we can draw upon. The reflection of the world we see comes from within our book. We must choose wisely our expressions as they reinforce the structure of our way. Our ability to choose gives us the opportunity to have understanding.

If someone says “you’re an idiot.” It could get recorded “he says I’m an idiot,” but I know he is wrong.” Or it could get recorded “he says I’m an idiot,” and I wonder if he is right. Or, he is right. We can not completely control the information that we receive but we can control how it gets recorded in our book.

All this thinking was inspiring me. But it was not answering the two questions that still were on my mind. Why am I here? And what am I supposed to do? With out the answer to these questions it seemed meaningless. So I opened the book and tried to find the answer to these two questions. I felt like I would find them if I looked. It is said, “Seek and you shall find” so I was seeking.

I looked further into my past and found the day that I was born. I noticed that there were pages before this day so I started to peel them apart. They were blank like the pages apparently reserved for my future. I was able to free one page after another until I finally got to the very last page. This was the first page of the book. I had peeled several pages prior to my birth with nothing on them. I started to get discouraged as the blank pages revealed no answers. Why am I here? And what am I supposed to do?

And now I was about to turn the final page. I could only hope that there was something there for me to learn from. My growing anticipation revealed the page as my eyes looked for something. Nothing. Blank. It was not possible. There had to be more. I closed my eyes as tears formed and fears of unanswered questions surrounded me in the darkness. I felt alone. Empty. That was it. The answer I was looking for was not there.

I opened my eyes and looked around. I still saw the light of the sun shinning through the limbs of the trees glowing in the woods. It was quite and peaceful. The trees were still dancing in the breeze and swaying with the wind. A sort of grateful appreciation came over me and in me. I thought about special times I had experienced. Like this one. Like when I was a small child looking up at the sky lying on my back in an open field. Making shapes of animals out of the clouds. There were ducks and flying horses. And when night came I looked at the stars and saw the formations. How far away the light had traveled to reach my eyes. So many stars. So many galaxies. What for? Why was it all here for me to experience? What was it trying to tell me?

I looked back at that first page and thought I might have seen something that I had missed earlier. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a speck of something in the middle of the page. I brushed my hand across the page and felt the slightest variation. There was something there. But what was it?

I began to focus on it. I tried to remove all the other thoughts from my mind. I tried to get rid of all the distractions. I let my mind get quiet. The sense of gratefulness for this moment surrounded me. The image began to get larger in my mind as I continued to focus on it. Larger and larger it became until I could almost make out what it said. I repeated in my mind, Why am I here? What am I supposed to do? Why am I here? What am I supposed to do? Why am I here? What am I supposed to do?

And there it was. Right there in the center of the very first page of my book. The answer to both my questions. Why am I here? And what am I supposed to do? The answer did not come from my teachers and it didn't come from my parents. The answer could only come from one place. And I received it loud and clear. When I closed the book I looked at the cover and no longer just saw a reflection of myself. I saw something more wonderful. I saw things in a way that I had never seen them before. I wanted to share it with everyone, but how would I do it. I know. I will show them the book. So that's what I did. I ran out of the woods to find my friend.

When I got to the edge of the woods I saw my best friend. I screamed at him, "come here" as I ran. "What is it," he said. "Look, look, this book shows everything I ever did. Everything I ever thought." I handed it to him and he looked at the cover and saw his reflection. He said, "Copy and Paste," what is that? I said, "It's an amazing book that records all my thoughts, actions, and experiences." He opened the book and recognized the section of pages that were stuck together. He opened it past that section to where the book naturally opened and started to read. "I heard my friend scream at me telling me to come here. "Look, look" I heard as I saw him running toward me. He handed me the book and I looked at the cover wondering what the title was about. I opened it up past a section that was stuck together and started to read which brings me here." He closed the book and handed it back to me saying "What kind of a joke is this?" My thoughts were someplace else. I opened it up and read how my friend had read the words in the book and thought I was playing a joke on him. It said that I was wondering why he was reading events in his life when he looked at it and I read about events in my life when I read it. This wasn't just a book about my experiences. This was a book that records every experience. It then reflects those experiences back.

I said, "Look! This is no joke. This book is amazing. It's more amazing than I had originally thought. Look again and see what it says." He took another look and dropped the book. "What is going on?" he said. I told him how I was walking through the woods and how I found the book on the ground. I told him how I looked into my past and read about my experiences. I told him how I opened the pages that were stuck together and discovered the answer to why we are here and what we are supposed to do. He examined the book more closely and started to peel into some of his pages. He was laughing at some of the pages and crying at some of the others.

I asked him to try to look back before he was born but he was unable. There were pages left but none of them would come apart for him. I told him what my first page said and showed him how I was able to open up to it. He didn't see anything when I showed him my first page. He said "why don't you make a copy and enlarge it?"

I showed the book, "Copy and Paste" to three people that day. Each person had a different reaction to the miracles that were within its pages. Everyone was skeptical until they finally looked into the book deeper. They seemed to feel the book was amazing but didn't know what to make of it. One of them was not able to peel into any of the pages that were stuck together. One was able to get into some of the pages but was unable to get to the first page. And there was one that was able to get to the first page but was unable to see anything on it.

I got in my car and drove to the copy store. I opened the book to the first page and laid it flat on the copier. I placed the cover over the book, adjusted the magnification to 500%, and pressed the green copy button. There was a flash of light that seemed much brighter than I was used to. I opened the lid and took the book out. None of the pages were stuck together anymore but every page was blank. I looked at the first page the way I did earlier and was still able to see the message. As I flipped through the blank pages I was able to see the same message on every single page. I grabbed the copy that rested in the dispenser and looked at it. It was a blank piece of white paper. I flipped it over and the other side was also blank. I showed the book to a few other people that day but everyone just saw the blank pages.

My life and the way I saw the world had changed so much after I found the book. I now knew why I was here and what I was supposed to do. I knew how special we all are and what an outstanding opportunity we have to experience.

So I decided to write a book about the book I found because I knew that it might help remind people to focus on the beauty that surrounds us and is us. When you understand the message the book reveals on the first page you will find beauty everywhere. It may sound silly but that is how I now feel.

I will try to share with you the information I read on that first page. Hopefully you will be able to understand “Copy and Paste” for the important message that it reveals.

I will take you back to the day I first found the book, “Copy and Paste” and discovered the message that it contained. As I read the experiences from my past I noticed how the things that were said to me were recorded on my pages. I also noticed that what I said was recorded. All my thoughts were recorded. The pages of the book were like the pages of my mind. The only difference is that I was able to easily access each and every moment. I was able to study how my perceptions of events and expressions affect me in a profound way. I was also able to observe that most people are not aware of how important their thoughts and perceptions are. Everyone seems to wonder, “How did I get here?” They can’t believe that maybe they are possibly responsible. I understand their way of thinking because I have been there before. I have seen how the words were pasted in my book and how they affected the way I saw the world.

Our unique perception shapes and is shaped by the volume of information contained within. But there might be something more. There might be an expression in our book that exists without us. I believed that I could uncover it.

The evidence of the blank pages before I was born suggested that there was more. I needed to discover an expression that came before my perception. There must be a message in the book that is pure and without motive. This message must come without judgment. I looked for a message that came without expectation. And finally I must understand the message that was without condition. This is the message that would answer my questions. This is the message that I knew deep inside had to be there.

As I peeled the pages toward the beginning of my book I wondered if I would ever find anything but the blank pages that were revealed. I thought that there would be pages of

information that would guide me. I figured there had to be volumes of knowledge that I could draw from. With each page I turned my disappointment grew. Where was it? How could the pages be blank? There was nothing. The loneliness I felt in those moments was beyond painful. I felt like I was dying. My lungs were so heavy I could hardly breathe. My heart was pounding so loud I could barely hear. My eyes were so filled with tears that it was hard to see. But I kept turning because I felt that there had to be something more than a bunch of empty pages. If not volumes there must be something. There must be some kind of a message. Maybe even just a hint.

I got to the last page. It was the first page in my book. And now I know it was the first page in everyone's book. This was a message for everyone to understand. I knew the book that I was reading was "Copy and Paste". I had learned that we can not "Cut and Paste." Nothing ever gets removed. It is all recorded in our books and our minds. The more we express hate the more hate exists within us. The more we express fear the more fear lives in us. And I knew that I was looking for the answer to two questions – Why am I here? And what am I supposed to do? I had been copying from all my experiences based on what had been copied onto me. And I had been pasting this onto myself and others this entire time. And now I looked to this page with a sense of faith that there was something more.

I focused on the page with a sense of gratefulness that I generated from moments in my life that I had remembered. Like sunrises and sunsets, and the stars above, and clouds that fly by, and smiles, and laughter, and rainbows, and being held in my mother's arms, and watching my children being born, and making love, and the feel of warm sand between my toes, and seagulls flying, and waves crashing, and the taste of chocolate ice cream, and the light shining through the trees as I walk, and each breath of air that fills my lungs. These thoughts of gratefulness overpowered my empty feeling of loneliness and that's when I saw the glimpse out of the corner of my eye. There was a speck in the middle of the page that I reached for and touched with my hand. I knew it was there. And it was. I now knew the answer to my questions. Why I was here and what I'm supposed to do? I focused everything I had and everything I was and with all my faith I read, and I heard, and I smelled, and I tasted, and I felt what the words revealed to me. I now know where the words came from and why they were there. Look at the next page and see if you are able to see what I understood that special day.

# LOVE

(Copy and Paste)

This page reflects a magnified copy of the 1<sup>st</sup> page from the book "Copy and Paste" that I found. If you are able to see and understand the message that it represents you should feel fortunate to be among the few. Hopefully we will eventually be among the many.  
LOVE – Copy and Paste.

I discovered the presence of unconditional love on the very first page. It has always been there for us to find. It's so simple and obvious when we are ready for it. It is there to receive it and express it. Copy and paste it. The more we paste it the more it fills our book. The more unconditional love that we have to draw on the more we can give. The greater capacity we have. The more fulfilled we feel. The more love we see around us. I now recognize that I am surrounded by it. The air I breathe, the sun that shines, the snowflakes that fall, and the trees and flowers, and grass, and bugs, and animals, and especially the people.

All of my questions were answered with a single expression. I had overlooked it all these years. What an incredible little speck of unconditional love that fills the universe. I see it now. There it is. Within each seed is the potential to realize itself. Within the moment is the opportunity to discover our self. John Locke was wrong about one very important thing. We are not born with a *Tabula Rasa* or a blank slate. Each page and each day of our life starts with the most powerful message. It's the message of unconditional love. When you know that, it will transform your life.

I thought I was awake my whole life until I stopped thinking and woke up. I guess you could say that I'm a recovering thinkaholic. Following is the 4 – step program that I have been working with.

- 1) Observe without judgment.
- 2) Intend without expectation.
- 3) Love without condition.
- 4) Be

It's as easy as breathing if you can get yourself out of the way. You can't think about it. That is the challenge. Let it in and out with each breath. Let it in and let it out. Copy it and paste it. It will expand you. It will grow you. It will go with you. It will show you. It will know you. It will lead you. It will follow you. It will love you. It will be you. It will be. It Will. Be.

Love.

Copy and Paste.

Believe?  
Be love.