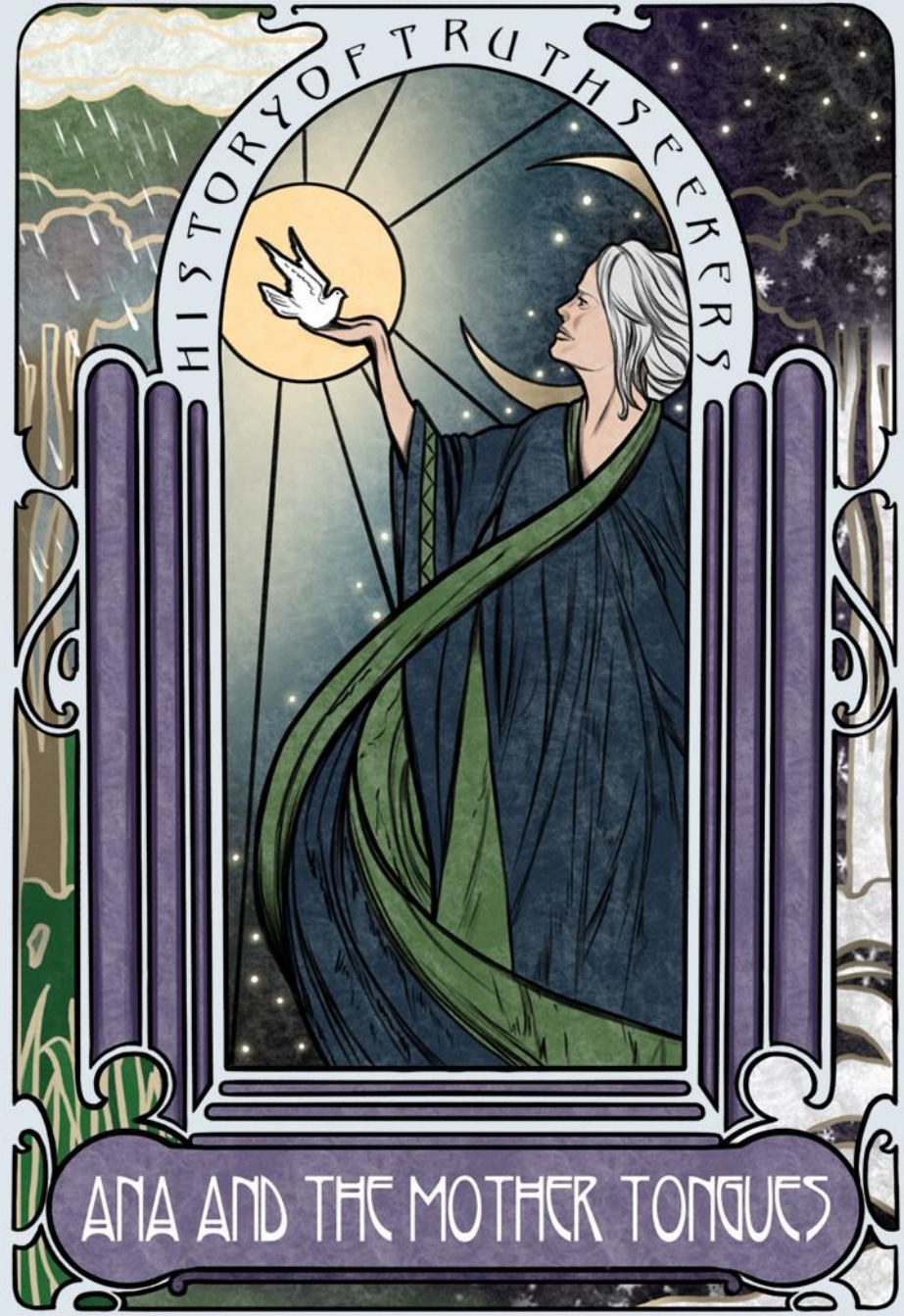


ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE



The Archives of Fudgemore

A History of Truth Seekers

Volume 2 Issue 1: Ana and the Mother Tongues

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Ana and the Mother Tongues

There was a certain city which had a long history of trade from many corners of the world. What a spectacle it was in the past to see the tall-masted sailing ships approach from the west, and the caravans and tribes peoples march in from the east. Centers of trade are after all places where more than goods are exchanged. Things like ideas, beliefs, customs and of course romance and love get all mixed up in these places and give birth to a more tolerant world altogether.

Much change had come to the city. The way of progress carries with it a wealth of new things, but where new things appear, old things, even good old things sometimes depart. And what departed was that mysterious feeling of wholeness, of the rightness of things. And the things that were whole and right had to do with the friendly ways in which peoples of different cultures held congregation with one another, yet in languages which bore nothing in common. It wasn't just a romancing of the past. It was a fact. There were not a few salt merchants from Pugwash as in the past, nor a few tea merchants from Kerala as in the past. More and more salt merchants meant enough to make it comfortable for them to set up their own quarters and keep to themselves. And the same went for the tea merchants, grain merchants, and them that sold pickled herring by the barrel. And so people began keeping to their own people, and as the city grew in material wealth, it deteriorated in a sensation of belonging to the larger world, and retreated into small self confirming groups of traders.

Ana's window oversaw all this change, all during her lifetime. She was old now and had very little time to live, but she was completely content. Looking back at her life, she had spent her days cultivating not only herself, but also many deep and diverse friendships. Like other truth seekers, her life was one of continuous learning about everything from stuffs to languages, but mostly about people, and of people, mostly about herself. Owing to her relations with the world that reflected a true understanding of things, she was not alone when she died. But

what happened after her death was so remarkable that her story was told to seekers of truth in many parts of the world. And many people on hearing the story, reflected often on what it communicated about the meaning of life.

We can grasp from what has been said that Ana was of no ordinary stature in her community, for not only had she cultivated herself to a level of self revealed authenticity, her life and her life actions served not only as a reference point for truth seekers, but her greatest talent was that, through her friendships, she was able to reveal to others their own real possibility and the way to seeking truth. It was because of this unique talent of hers that in the course of her life she had touched so many people, of such diverse and curious backgrounds.

It was autumn in her part of the world, and it was also the autumn period of Ana's life. Knowing she had but little time to live, she embraced her inevitable death as she had embraced the miracle of life, that is with acceptance and reverence for the mystery of it all. In August she became self conscious of what was happening. She grew weaker day by day until early November when she could no longer stand, nor look after herself and she knew that her every breath had a number, and the numbers left to her were not many.

Knowing this, word found its way out among those who had been touched by her life, and many of the same dropped all concern for other obligations and came to say their last good byes. In the course of a day, numerous peoples from all walks of life gathered outside her door. Not only from all walks of life, but from diverse cultures, backgrounds, and races. And most of them did not know each other, and all of them were astonished to understand the breadth and reach of her friendships.

As in her life, so now as she was dying, her door was open and this could be said to be a metaphor for her heart as well. One close friend undertook to watch over her and make sure that her last wishes were granted. And her last wishes were just this. That good friends might be around her and that she should have a chance to say her last goodbyes. On this day a strangeness occurred that became known to many truth seekers throughout the world, and what happened was this.

One by one the people who gathered entered her room where she lay, fully conscious and awake, but with minimal movement or discourse available to her failing body. As each one approached she looked carefully and lovingly into their eyes and said only these words " I remember you, and for the sake of all creation wish that you would take upon yourself the cultivation of meaning. If not for yourself, will you do this for me?"

And one by one they cried and tried to speak out. But something in her manner spoke past all their cultural conditioning and straight to their hearts. And each one after seeing her felt as naked as they were at birth. And at this point each one found that they were unable to speak in any language but their mother tongue. This lasted from the time of visitation until the passage of the old woman to another plane of existence, about which we believe much and yet know nothing. And as they gathered outside as one group of good friends the one not knowing the other, and each one speaking a different tongue, it became evident to all that they understood each other perfectly and in the deepest way.

A few hours after the last exchange of words, Ana's body surrendered the guest that had been living therein to the great unknown. And at this time, every tongue found that it could speak in the common language of the region once more, the way it was done years and years ago. And everyone who was there marvelled at what had happened and they began to ask many questions.

"How can it be that we understood each other?" They asked. "Was it magic, or a trick played on us by some mysterious occult forces? Were we dreaming?" These and like questions circulated around and the story grew, and people's imagination conjured all manner of occult and religious explanations. And this kind of thing particularly happens when people forget the mystery that surrounds every blade of grass, not to mention the grasshopper resting thereon, taking in the moon for a moment before hunger drives it on its way. It is not an occult mystery that happened at all. It was a rare and perfect expression of a profound and universal human truth which was articulated some years later by six of Ana's friends.

You see, it so happened that six of the people who were there to witness this strange event began to gather regularly in order to continue the question that was sparked by Ana's death, namely, what kind of language is it that is understood by every culture without distinction? And after six years of

conversation, these six persons were finally able to articulate an answer to the question thus:

Fear and opportunity form the basis of all subjective language throughout the entire world. It is based on interpretation of the environment and the judgement thereof. This is called the language of survival and it is different in every culture and in every person without distinction. Love is the basis of objective language. It is based on direct perception, freedom from judgement and appreciation for the cause behind all that is manifest. It is called the language of meaning and it is the same for every culture and every person without distinction. It is love that opens the doors to understanding. It is in our nature to love. Ana wished for us that we should seek meaning, and in so doing bring into right relationship the language of survival with the language of love. And if not for her, we might have missed this opportunity. And we now hope that her wish could find its way into every heart that beats for meaning, for meaning is the same for all. And as Ana wished for us, we now wish for our every brother and sister that they might seek truth and thereby discover the language of meaning. And in this way, we hope that the world would live in peace, because we have seen that it is a real possibility.

The End

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ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE

HISTORY OF TRUTH SEEKERS

These stories are based on
The Philosophy of Meaning®

These stories present to readers images of heroic individuals of all ages, races, and times who provide us with an example of living a meaningful life.

They also point out that meaning transcends all cultural and racial barriers, and has the potential to heal not only an individual heart, but the heart of societies of humanity as a whole. The question of what meaning is and what it derives from will be fed by these stories.

Ana and the Mother Tongues is a story about an elderly woman and the circumstances surrounding her death which caused some people to wonder about language and the meaning of life.

ANA AND THE MOTHER TONGUES