

### My Little Easter Story

When I was six, and living in Hattiesburg, Mississippi while my parents went back to college, I went with my brother Arthur to an Easter egg hunt at a church that he was going to (to meet girls I'm pretty sure). I was as competitive as the next kid, and as the hunt began I dashed about looking for plastic eggs. While searching around a tree, I noticed a little baby crawling around on the grass. Something stopped me in mid-hunt and I scanned around and spied an egg hidden in the tall grass around the tree. I pulled it aside so the baby would see the egg and find it. I will never forget the look of pure joy of that baby clutching onto that plastic egg. I looked up then and saw the baby's mother smiling down at me. It was the first experience that I can remember of altruism, of how good it could feel to do something nice for someone else. That experience, that moment, likely changed the course of my whole life, and put me on the bodhisattva path. I bow in gratitude to that baby and that day. Om shanti, dt