

Blind with eyes wide open

written by An Aspiring Breslover
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Based on Likutey Moharan I:65 (the Torah I am currently learning and living)

Riding the exercise bike in the garage, I noticed some movement under a shovel which had fallen over about 10 feet away. My blurry vision convinced my brain that the small moving object I kept seeing was a mouse peeking its head out to see whether the coast was clear. I continued to strain my eyes to watch this mouse pop its head in and out for another 25 minutes until I couldn't resist the urge to get a closer look to confirm my suspicion.

I slowly stopped peddling and dropped to the floor five feet closer to the mouse. I layed down on my stomach on the garage floor silently watching for five minutes figuring that the mouse would finally emerge once it heard complete silence.

10 minutes later there was still no mouse. During the time I was on the ground, I noticed that the little sliver of light coming in through window was disappearing and reappearing. Finally I got up and walked over to the shovel and noticed a small piece of saran wrap caught underneath it. Apparently the wind from the fan wheel of the exercise bike was making this piece of saran wrap move. This, combined with the fluctuating lighting, convinced me that there was a mouse hiding behind

the shovel.

This incident in my garage taught me that what my eyes see may not be reality. I now know that to come into contact with that which is real, I must make a concerted effort to spend time each day in hisbodedus with my eyes closed. Only by doing so will that which is real become revealed to me – a baby step closer each day.