

My Panache

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Introduction

Is it the right thing for anyone to be inspired by the characters from the books? By the words and actions that look like they were written and meant only for you or actually are you. That worked for me.

I know that because it helped me. It helped me to be and to live by the true and simple values I believe in. It helped me to be better prepared for the bad things coming. It helped me to better understand what is the meaning and consequences when you surrender yourself into what you believe. It helped me to make choices, not the easy but the right ones. I believe it helped me to be a better me. And it helped me to face the possibility of, like characters I admire so much, to be left to be alone, without the contact with someone they looked for, someone who is able to love them back.

Some people dear to my heart know that about me. Sometimes that makes them angry at me, when I look for solution to the challenge with the help of the characters and values I am inspired with. At those moments, they would see one unadoptable person, they would say "Wake up, that was not for real!", or try to point up to the faults in the intentions. What they forget is that in some point in time they have enjoyed and loved me for exactly those values. That kind of **intentional forgetfulness** from the people I love hurts me. It deforms the love, it removes simplicity and honesty as it brings calculus into relationship. That is not what I am all about.

Interestingly enough none of the souls I have find inspiration in, actually did have a family. And for that I am very, very sad. Maybe it was the only way for them to leave this world with the message about what is worth living for without complicating it. And they left it for us to figure out how to have a life, and for some of us how to have a life including the family, based on those values and the virtues of their souls.

So, I did that. I had a family like that, what would look to me as the perfect family. And to my happiness, and my peace, and my pride, I have lived that dream for over thirty years.

And now I will tell you about the three characters I love so much and I think everyone should know about...

One was almost real like us. Cyrano De Bergerac.

Second one, was not real, but the creation of pure and simple love. The Little Prince.

Third one was also creation of a writer who wanted to leave to this world a reminder of a

values worthwhile living for. That story was told through the life of The Seagull Jonathan Livingston.

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Cyrano and Me

For most Cyrano was a good person to be around. People enjoyed his sense of humor, his friendship, his brightness and honesty. He was brave and he could do what others were afraid of. For that he was inspiration.

But nobody, with one exception, bothered to be there for Cyrano. Because of his look none, not even his mother, could connect to him. Human judgement, to value the appearance before the idea or the substance, has made him the loneliest person on the world.

He was in love, love that he could never express. Not because he was shy, or he could not speak. He was a poet. Cyrano could not express his love because he was protecting the one he was in love with. What he needed was basic human need, a soulmate. Cyrano had mind of a poet and the warier. and he know that being with Roxane would be a great cost for the one he loved.

As a poet, with uncorrupted soul and heart, Cyrano loved Roxane the only way it was possible. He did things that made her happy. He gave his poems away so that Christian could be complete for Roxane. He protected Christian in the time of the war. He comforted Roxane in the time of the sorrow. As he said at the end to Roxane, "But thanks to you, I have had a female friend. Thanks to you, a dress crossed my life's path.". And that was his reward.

As a warier he served his role in the society. He was a leader, a protector of human values, fighter for the freedom and voice if the poorest.

And that was his curse.

At the same time society needed him for what he represented.

At the same time society hated him for the values he represented.

At the end society killed him.

That is why I love him. I think I understand him.

Even so we will never meet, shake hands, go to the battle together or share a table with the food and drink on it, I love him.

"I have a different idea of elegance. I don't dress like a fop, it's true, but my moral grooming is impeccable. I never appear in public with a soiled conscience, a tarnished honor, threadbare scruples, or an insult that I haven't washed away. I'm always immaculately clean, adorned with independence and frankness. I may not cut a stylish

figure, but I hold my soul erect. I wear my deeds as ribbons, my wit is sharper than the finest mustache, and when I walk among men I make truths ring like spurs.”

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Jonathan and Me

“We can lift ourselves out of ignorance, we can find ourselves as creatures of excellence and intelligence and skill. We can be free! We can learn to fly!”

Looking from the cliff Jonathan was a seagull just like all the others.

Seeing what is beyond the feathers, for the reasons beyond understanding, Jonathan mind was different.

Jonathan did not ask for it. Simply he was more curious, brave and instead flying to get food and back, he spent time thinking about the what is there yet to be discovered.

He was not afraid of making mistakes. He did not mind being hungry, or tired, or in danger. He was after this feeling of being accomplished and complete. That of course did not fit into the mind of mass thinking of seagulls living like the clones.

Jonathan was sad because of that. He deeply cared about all of the seagulls but he could not fight the mind of flock. Looking at the same thing, where Jonathan have seen the opportunity the others have seen disadvantage. Where Jonathan have seen a chance for something different the others have seen a challenge to the establishment.

But here it the thing... Jonathan was independent. He did not need approval for anything. Nor was he conditioning anything. He was doing thing on his own. No establishment, no government, is in favor of free and independent thinking.

Wonderful thing has happened when Fletcher joined Jonathan. Same as Jonathan, Fletcher was outcast from his own flock. Fletcher becomes Jonathan's student and at the same time they become friends. After Jonathan's departure Fletcher continues the same path. "Don't be harsh on them, Fletcher Seagull. In casting you out, the other gulls have only hurt themselves, and one day they will know this, and one day they will see what you see. Forgive them, and help them to understand."

So, you can only imagine how I feel about those two Seagulls. And when I got the message signed by Fletcher I know about, I knew that I have this kind of unbreakable bond between us. For the lifetime I was recognized as Jonathan. But the truth is I was as much as Jonathan as much I was Fletcher. In a way they have completed each other. Same way I had my soulmate flying along by me.

That is what I love about them. They have chosen each other. They cared for each other. And they cared about all the seagulls. The only way to make all seagulls better was for them to join, to learn from each other, to keep the legacy alive and to pass it to whoever is willing to dare. Unconditionally, without asking for anything in return.

What I want to leave you with is this. When you find your Fletcher, or Jonathan, commit to it, surrender to it. It will be worthwhile. Care for it, do not let it go, do not break the wings of your chosen one.

“Don’t believe what your eyes are telling you. All they show is limitation. Look with your understanding.”

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The Little Prince and Me

“And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.”

Little Prince is one uncomplicated human being. There is no simpler way to understand things, the way he asks questions, the way he gets to the essence of any matter is wonderful.

Possession does not matter to him. He does not despise, or wants to argue with the people who are constantly counting and inventorying. That is not his cup of tea. He does not see a purpose for it, it is a strange concept of living to him, but each to his own.

He does not want to rule. The Little Prince does see the need for Queens and Kings. He recognizes them as necessity of the society, the order and hierarchy that he does not need> But he sees the need of others for that so he leaves each to his own.

The Little Prince has his struggles with Baobabs. Because he cares about his Rose. He does not mind caring because he has chosen that Rose. He will take care of his Rose even when Rose makes him sad. All because that Rose was unique to him.

The Little Prince has befriended the Fox. Being friend was a strange to the Fox. Fox liked The Little Prince so to have this relationship, Fox explained it as being tamed. But when someone has to go do you cry because you are tamed or because you are losing something that was wonderful to be a part of and as equal?

When I got the note saying that I am her Little Prince my world has become uncomplicated, pure, honest, enjoyable. I was smitten with those words and with moving on a.k.a. The Little Prince. Someone has chosen me, and I have chosen someone, to belong together as equal. We were each other Roses, Foxes. I got my The Little Princess, and she got her The Little Prince.

“The little prince went back to look at the roses again.

"You're not at all like my rose. You're nothing at all yet," he told them. "No one has tamed you and you haven't tamed anyone. You're the way my fox was. He was just a fox like a hundred thousand others. But I've made him my friend, and now he's the only fox in all

the world."

And the roses were humbled.

"You're lovely, but you're empty," he went on. "One couldn't die for you. Of course, an ordinary passerby would think my rose looked just like you. But my rose, all on her own, is more important than all of you together, since she's the one I've watered. Since she's the one I put under glass. Since she's the one I sheltered behind a screen. Since she's the one for whom I killed the caterpillars (except the two or three for butterflies.) Since she's the one I listened to when she complained, or when she boasted, or even sometimes when she said nothing at all. Since she's my rose."

Do not be afraid to choose the Rose or the Fox for yourself, the one you could die for. Fond the one that will be your friend, make the unique, the only one in all the world.

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To what end this is?

I know I do not deserve to be in a company of Cyrano, Jonathan, Fletcher and The Little Prince.

They are perfect.

They are my inspiration. Kind of like a guidance. Because life is about making not easy but the right choice. And they are uncompromised in that area.

I wrote this to leave with something about me.

I cannot be them, nor do I want to be. I find comfort in sharing some values with them. I am not imagining those things as I remember, and I can read letters and messages, that are reflecting that. And that gives me a peace. As it would be that I was on the right track for quite some time.

Now, I do not know if there is an ultimate the right choice. Most likely not. Even more true if you have to make the choice reflecting on so many people, but you are left to do that alone. It will always stay on me as a burden as I am outcasted. And I do not know what to do about that. None of the characters I am inspired with had a family like me. All the troubles came from non-important people. But family is never that.

There is only one family and that is very unique. As Richard Bach wrote: "I'm here not because I am supposed to be here, or because I'm trapped here, but because I'd rather be with you than anywhere else in the world."

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The End