



The Bucket Men

You ask "Why the Bucket?"

We say;

Our ego has created a dark and mystical swamp deep within the forest of our souls that is rarely visited. We have heard all of the fearful stories told about the dangers of approaching such a place. But it is this place where the ego tries to hide our brilliance, our courage, and our light and we are drawn to it knowing that there must be something more. Love has been hidden deep beneath and the mucky waters filter out the brilliant beams of our light trying to shine forth. This swamp is our ego's attempt to separate us from God and although it is but an illusion, it has appeared to us to be a very effective means for separation.

At this point in our lives we have made the decision to drain our swamps and clear the darkness covering the light hidden below so we grab a bucket and venture into the darkness of our forest to find it. When we reach the water's edge we see the vastness of the ego's illusion and we feel frustrated. The swamp is even bigger than last time we visited and its limitless volume brings forth a feeling of fear and a perception that this is an impossible task.

We have bailed at this swamp before only to just eventually give up. Perhaps it was the fear that the eventual darkness brought with the haunting howls from the shadow figures from our past. Perhaps it was the weariness of bailing the water alone, or even the isolation we felt trying to undertake such a seemingly impossible task by ourselves. But whatever it was, the swamp remained covering what we were so desperately seeking. Eventually days turned into years and years turned into decades but the swamp remained.

Once again we are bailing and again we grow weary as we are seeing little progress. Surely it will take a thousand years of bailing with this bucket to reach what we seek. For a moment the muck separates and in the brief clearness of the water we see a reflection of our face looking back at us. We see a tired and scared man looking into our own soul. We feel so very alone here with this bucket in our hands. We put our head down in defeat and we start back to the little world that our ego has created for us. As we are returning we hear a splashing and the sounds of a man crying out in frustration. As we investigate we see another man with a bucket kneeled before another swamp with scares on his palms from bailing the swamp before him. He joins us in leaving the forest when we come upon another man, and another, and another. We are tired and weary and we band together. We are the "Bucket Men."

We circle up as we sit on our buckets and share with each other our truth and the stories of our lives. The night has fallen upon us so we light a brilliant fire in the middle of our circle to remind us of the light in each of us. It is our flame. We each take turns giving to the flame our worries, our concerns, our sadness, and our sorrows. We express the feelings of our failures and where we didn't get it right. We let go of our past loveless actions and the loveless actions we experienced from others. We weep together and reach out to each other as a father to a son. We feel support.

We then look into the flame and take from it the brilliant light and warmth as we describe all the expressions of love that we have given and received. The shadows of the light dance across the face of every man and their dirty faces suddenly gleam with heartfelt smiles as we celebrate with our brothers. We are experiencing real life in the moment and we are drawing strength from each other. The flame grows brighter and suddenly the night sky seems almost a brilliant white.

We look around and see other men with buckets who have been attracted by the light and we welcome them to join our circle. We look around and suddenly there are thousands of "Bucket Men" in our circle. The night is alive with dancing, singing, and men without cares celebrating together in a primitive and ancient way. This night the dark and scary forest has suddenly transformed into a place of healing, of light, of celebration, and of limitless love.

As the morning light breaks we gather and meet at one of our swamps. Thousands of men with buckets start bailing the swamp and it quickly is drained and we see a large hairy man at the bottom. We pull him out and gather around. He is covered with mud, silt, and hair. He looks to have been down there for a very long time. He looks ancient. We clean him with the tears we have cried for that is the only pure water available to us. We embrace him and we dance around him celebrating his liberation. As the dirt is washed away a brilliant light radiates from Him like great rays of light. We realize that we have created a miraculous space that is only filled with love and nothing else. Yesterday is gone and tomorrow is not yet here. There is only this moment and all the fear and despair we held for so very long has folded back in the nothingness from which it came. We have arrived. We are finally home.

We can't get to where we are going without our "Bucket Men." We thank God for men with buckets. We thank God for the men of our Miracle Cell and the ones who will join us. We thank each man for helping us bucket. Together as brothers we will bucket out the swamps of this world and become better fathers, sons, brothers, lovers, teachers, and men. When the going gets tough we simply say "Bucket."

So, you now know... "Why the Bucket"

