

As I rest in this “Abode,” I am suddenly aware that I harbor a strong preference:

“It should have been the first one we explored.”

How could I give Metta to a world so fragmented and judged by my own preferences? How could I be compassionate in a world so wounded by my own prejudice?

How, indeed, can I be loving and compassionate to myself as I cling to so many notions of “individual specialness”?

Especially resourceful and independent, especially wasteful of freedom and resources, especially experienced in diverse activities, especially cloistered in a tiny hermit cosmos, *etc. etc.*

Equanimity is, for me, a far more challenging ‘abode’ than either loving-kindness or compassion. I could avoid giving loving-kindness and compassion to myself while almost totally focusing on “others.” With equanimity, I am challenged to look into worlds that mirror my own projections, judgments, and reactivity.

And thus the practice expands:

Looking inward and looking outward, seeing whatever rises free of preference and prejudice.