
In Search of the AHP

Alone in the wilderness
I saw a red door
I looked at it and the red reflected onto me
And I didn't recognize myself
I knocked on the red door so hard that it turned white
I got a shock, a mental block and turned green
Every time I saw the red door opening for others but turning white and
adding bolts for me
Curious and green I watched the changing of the colours
Then I saw that I was acting like a traffic light myself,
And couldn't stop
Until a drunk driver crashed into me and I went out completely.
As I was trying to find out some colours for myself, I met the owner of the
door who stood out and politely asked if I had knocked
'I wonder if I did or if it was all a dream.'
'My door is open, but not for you
I gave you no right to come in
You haven't got the pass word
The Pass word is trust.'
I looked inside myself and saw that in my vocabulary, kindness came before
trust and kindness does not fear mistrust.
A cold breeze came through the opened door whispering. . .
Love is above kindness.
I looked for my love and found it torn in shame and disgrace.
The cold breeze gave it strength
And led it to a pool of love
And I threw myself in it!

Fatima