Mystery



Do babies dream in their mummy's tummy?

Who thought us up anyway?

Why is it that lobsters can grow a new claw but we can't grow a new hand?

Can God know each and every one of us?

What hannens

Do ants know where the others are and where they're going and why?

How can the ocean whisper

Can anyone really tell good from evil?

How is it that fish can make perfect circles?

Some things are just puzzles and we can figure them out. Some things are a mystery. Mysteries aren't for figuring out. Perhaps we can explore them just a little...

when we die?

What's inside this earth we walk on?

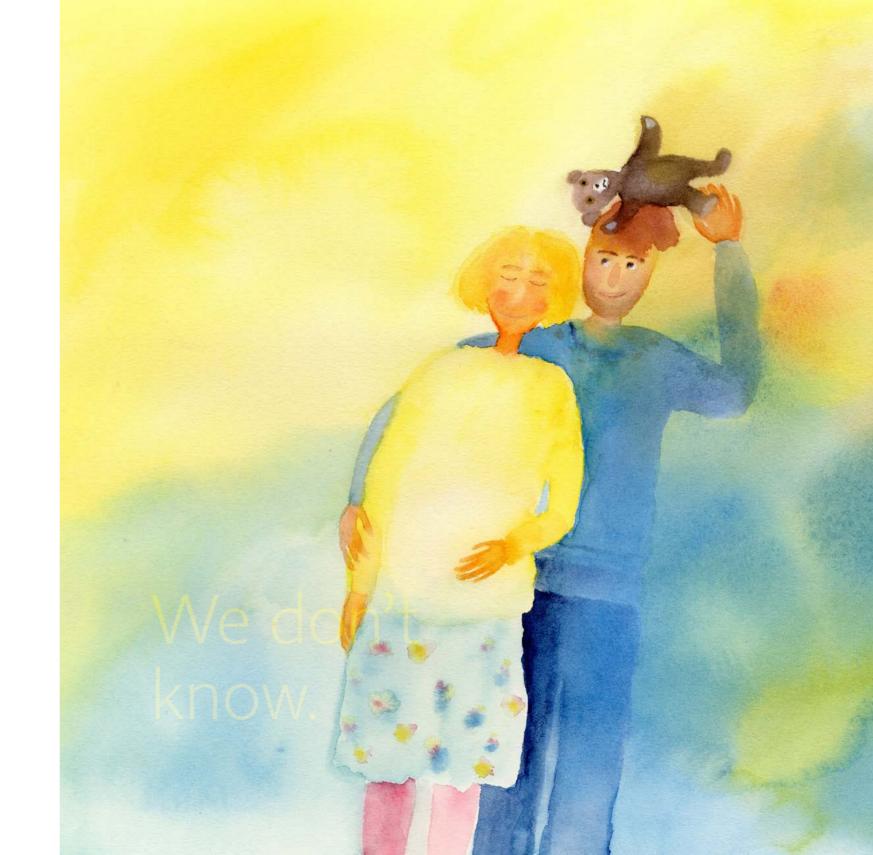
in a sea shell?

Where do we hide

In the beginning we're all hidden away. Mummy has a mystery tucked away inside. She knows some things: for instance, that baby inside isn't wearing a hat. But she doesn't know everything.

What does baby know about us on the outside? Does she know what we're doing now? And that we can't wait to meet her? What's going on in her mind?

That's her mystery.







How does it get into people? And why does it sometimes leave?

We're alive, we have a body and a soul. Maybe that's why mystery comes to us. A robot is a thing, it's not alive, even if it looks like it is. It can do lots of things better than us. Can it think at all?

Maybe, but it has no

Perhaps that's also why it has no mystery?



Living beings are full of mystery.

Take people: they play, build, make things, look after animals and plants, write books, sing, cook. In the end they die. Why? And where do they go?

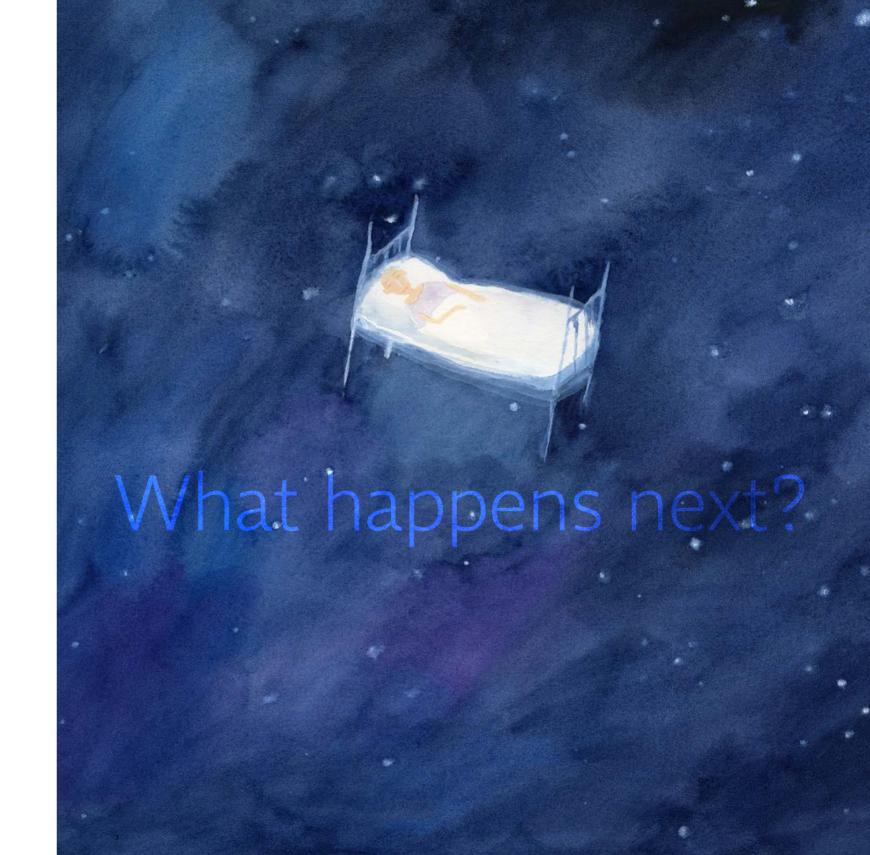
Where do we come from?



We don't know.

Maybe these mysteries are waiting for us somewhere.

When we die, they'll look at us and say, "You see, that's how it is."





Mystery.

Often we don't even notice that mysteries are part of our lives.
Only when they fly away do we realize that they were here at all.

