

## The Common Mosaic

By Claire Beeli

In this new era of connection, distance is a feeble excuse for division. And amid a global pandemic, unity is what we need now more than ever.

Unity is what will ease our planet into one whole, cobbled together of diverse pieces. When we step back to observe it from afar, it becomes a cohesive image. A mosaic, its variance contrasted with unity the key to its beauty.

Apart, the tiles are discordant and weak. Together, when every lovely, tiny scrap of a human joins hands with his neighbor, they become something more than a group of individuals. A whole greater than the sum of its parts, as Aristotle said. A man born thousands of years ago. Yet, because the majesty of our unity is so intrinsically human, he understood then what we are living today. The world uniting to stand, a whole greater than its discordant parts, against the coronavirus.

So let us join hands. Let us rejoice in simple loves. In Africa's savannahs, we look to the same stars above grasses and warm breezes. In New York City, we crane our necks from the rooftops of towers and reach up to graze the stars with gentle fingertips. In India, we admire them through scented smoke and the bright sounds of life. In Tokyo, we watch sakura blossoms blot out the stars and collect brief glimpses as petals flutter to the earth.

All humans, all citizens of this planet, are united under one flag; and that flag is love. We all love, big and small.

You may love big things, yes. You may love grand ideas, or other people, or entire nations of them. But the truest, purest form of love is for small things. The stars. The particular

purple of that one flower that blooms from a crack in the sidewalk. It's the only one for miles, and you grant yourself a small smile whenever you pass it. The taste of your morning coffee. The feeling of wind on your face, of freedom and full sails.

We share these little loves, these common, wondrous miracles. Perhaps a stranger walks past one day and notices your purple flower. Perhaps together, our little loves are stronger than our hatred. Under love's banner, perhaps we could be free. Under love, perhaps we could join together and become better. Stronger. Kinder. Together, we could shape our mosaic to resemble the world we long for.

The only true freedom we can achieve is through this unity. The freedom to live without fear. The freedom to breathe in life without a mask, to have overcome isolation as one. The freedom to know you are safe, not by your own means but because you have a community—a world—of love to support you. The freedom that comes through complete, pure love for one another, as nothing but citizens of the world.

When you view our world from afar, what do you see? Discordant parts, or a new, unified mosaic?