

If you can shake the hand of the drunk panhandling on the corner and look him in the eye and call him brother and mean it from the bottom of your heart, you understand inclusiveness.

If you can hear behind the obscene angry word of the street wise kid the melody of his immortal soul, you understand the essence of inclusiveness.

If you can share the dry bread and thin soup of an impoverished family and feel at ease in their environment, you understand the truth of inclusiveness.

If you can enter an unkept residence and feel at home among those whose lives are not defined by privilege you are manifesting inclusiveness.

If you do not turn away in disgust from squalor nor flinch at the odor of unwashed bodies nor judge another by their apparel or appearance you understand inclusiveness.

If you see with the eyes of the heart the innate dignity of derelict and overlord alike and do not differentiate but treat them with the same measure of respect and reverence, you manifest inclusiveness.

If you hold conversation on equal terms with those whose grammar, syntax and subject of discourse are not that to which you are accustomed and come away with deeper insights you understand inclusiveness.

If you can say in all truthfulness you are blind to class as well as race and stand in judgement of no one but yourself you comprehend inclusiveness.

Until then inclusiveness is just another pleasant word whose deepest implications are yet to be manifest in our everyday lives and our world of illusion.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "M. Jack". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent loop at the end of the name.