

## The Table & The Cup

By Mark Allen Schmidt

We sat down to chat one sunny afternoon in Denver. My friend “Sid” is about 45, educated, occasionally religious and currently seeking what to do next with his life.



“Last time we talked you said you have a way, or a system that can help me figure out what do with my next with my life...now that I’m about grown up.” Sid said.

“Yupp, I’ve developed a process that can do exactly that” I said.

“Okay, let me have it. Believe me, I’m all ears.”

“How about a slice of PIE?” I said.

“A what, this isn’t a pie shop, what do you mean?”

“PIE is an acronym for Particular Part, Individually Indispensable, and Endgame engaged. A good way to start.” I said.

“Sure, go ahead.” He said.

I grabbed my coffee and took a sip, then set the cup on the table between us. “Let’s say this table is your life, your side it the beginning, my side is the end. This cup is what you are supposed to do, inside the cup is who you are. At anytime in you life, this cup is there, waiting for you. Do you believe the cup exists?” I asked.

“Yeah I do.” He said

“At what point in your life would you like to find the cup?” I said as I started sliding the cup toward me.

“Well, twenty years ago would have been great. Or, ASAP.” He said.

“How about now?” I asked.

“Now is perfect. I’m about done with all the other stuff, or systems I tried. How can I find my cup?” He asked.

“That’s what the Prime Process is about.” I said.

We both grabbed our cups and sipped some coffee. “Does everybody have the same cup?” He asked.

“No, every cup is individual and every table is personal. I imagine there could be more people at your table but that doesn’t change anything about your cup.” I said.

“Tell me about the PIE. Didn’t you mention something about indispensable?”

“Yeah, Individually Indispensable.”

“Would Indispensable be the contents of the cup, who I am?” He said.

“You’re getting it. The cup is what your supposed to do, the contents is who you are. There isn’t a conflict between what you do and who you are.”

“You’re referring to the old ‘doing or being’ argument.” Sid said.

“That’s it. What you were made to do is also who you were meant to be.” I said.

“Is that the ‘God-element’ in this whole process you’re developed? I mean God has to be the Prime-mover in all this, isn’t that so?” Sid asked.

“Prime is how things move at the God-level. The Prime Process is how you sync your movement with eternity. The ‘E’ in PIE is Endgame Engaged.” I said.

Sid sat back in his seat and clutched the coffee cup to his breast and . I did the same and waited for him to say something. After a few moments of silence, he kicked the bottom of the table between us and said, “In this analogy it’s pretty important to be at the right table, isn’t it?”

“It’s crucial. Let me ask you this, do you think it’s possible for people to spend their entire life sitting at the wrong table?”

Sid let out a big breath. “That’s a harsh thought; can one spend their in the wrong

place. And if you're in the wrong place, or at the wrong table then it would be difficult to know if you are doing the right thing. You could even be drinking from the wrong cup." Sid said.

"True. The table, the chair, the cup, they are where God put them, prepared for you." I said.

"Preordained, or destined you could say." Sid added.

"Whatever you want to call the table, chair, cup, they are there so you can do your part, your Particular Part." I said.

"Wow, that takes the whole 'free-will' or uniqueness concept to another place altogether." He said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"If I'm catching what you're putting down, you're saying that I have, that we all have something we are supposed to do in this life." Sid said.

"Yupp." I said.

"Let me ask you this. What if we don't find our table and cup and what if we don't jump in and become the contents, what will happen then?" Sid asked.

"What you are here to do, won't get done." I said.

"I was afraid you'd say that." He said.

"Do you still believe there is a cup with your name and logo on it?" I asked.

"Do I have any choice?" He said.

"Not if you want to find your table and cup. If you want to do something else with your life, yes, you have that choice." I said.

Sid set his cup on the table and pushed it toward me. "Now, I want my slice of the PIE."