

The Past, Our History.

Of villains
and heroes,



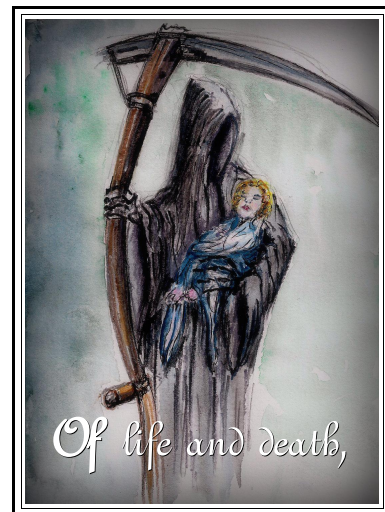
Of comedy and
Tragedy,.....



Of conquest and defeat,.....



Of power and poverty



Our history is the stuff of high drama.

The lives of men played out on a stage for our entertainment and what of it?

And self-fulfilling prophetic statistics;

We close our eyes

Lest we should see the buffers we're about to hit

And glimpse the shame of being a destroyer;

With fear and guilt lose hope.

What is hope and why do we lose it? Beyond a positive attitude it is the wishing for an "out come" where the nature of the vagaries make for a degree of uncertainty. Some hopes lie more in the adage of "wishful thinking" other's have the measure of directed planning that make to tip the balance of possibility to probability. Without a goal and a felt conviction of control, nebulous hopes can fade.



Man's existence is a profusion of endeavours. He sees and makes many small "secondary" goals. He can build great buildings, he can fly like a bird he has reached for the stars; he has seen a goal and has striven to achieve it. It must then be a mystery of all mysteries that the vigour, ingenuity and control he employs in the secondary goals is not mirrored in the primary goal. Why can he not consciously apply these skills and abilities to the primary purpose life? Does he not see the bigger picture? Would an admission of his selfish nature be such a bruise to his ego as to compel him to hide from it; depriving him of a vision goal, a goal of direction? There is nothing hidden or mystical about the future, unless we want it to be so. We can see. We can see the mechanism of existence and understand it; our self-awareness give us that. We have an intellect that can work out the inevitable consequences of inaction to our selfish trait. We have the ability to believe in an intellectually derived concept, that can change the perspective on our perception of life. A singularity of purpose, void of selfish drive: to help all life to survive. (including our-selves).

But all this is just words, that no matter how logically we view such a concept of unselfish survival, logic alone cannot allow us to feel the ethereal measure that such a change would make. So imbued with current cerebrations, like die soaked into a cloth there is no room to grasp and feel the difference of an alternate nature to our motivation, or is there?

STOP

*Diligo
Vita*

Stop4Take
Press Time
To
Think



Do we really learn from our past,
Our history?
Can we honestly say that, what has
Brought us to our "today" is the result
Of planned principled decision,
In pursuit of a greater goal?

Do you worry about the future?
Is it just a fear of the unknown?
We sometimes peek behind this veil of
Uncertainty and see our fears and
feel our impotence.
In our fear and guilt play ostrich.



Do we see, each day, we "cast the die"
that takes us to our future?
By commission and omission; decisions
Made in ignorance or willfulness. But
What comfort in blaming fate if we
Must live or die with choices made?

