

Utopia and Feet that take us Home

- Jesse L. -

I had to see my fear of being known. Now I know there was nothing to fear about being known. Even more, there is a great joy in being known just as I am. Each word I write here lets you know me. We really don't get finished up with this being known, until we can write out everything we ever did, and nail it up on the courthouse door. I'm not there yet, but that's the direction I'm heading – with the help of my friends.

In the early days, I wanted a utopia, like Shangri La. But all utopias fail. There's a great hope and a great understanding hidden in that. We think we can figure out a community and even a world where all things are good. All the attempts that have been made at that have failed, except one. The one exception is the utopia that you and I live in today – this life of yours and mine. That is the real utopia. How can that be? Simple. All our self-created utopias banished the possibility of suffering, struggle, evil, and pain. They failed to see that humans, like the butterfly, need to struggle against the opposing force within ourselves to grow strong so we can fly. (That alludes to the butterfly struggling to get its way out of the cocoon. And that fibrous area just above its wings that holds it in there. A little kid says, "Well, I'll get a pin and free the butterfly." And he did, and helped the butterfly break loose, and the butterfly walked away. And could never fly, because that struggle was what strengthened his wings, so he would be able to step out of a cocoon in flight. The struggle that you and I are making against our addiction is like the butterfly's struggle that strengthens our wings, so that we can fly.) They failed to see that humans, like the butterfly, need to struggle against the opposing force within ourselves to grow strong so we can fly. Only a few exceptional people are young saints. All the rest of us have to suffer at each turn our devious mind takes, as we look for the way of no pain. We have to go down the blind alleys of the mind so often before we finally give up on our great minds. Many of us have to be right up to death's door, before we will finally look for a better way. The lies the ego tells us are all we have ever known.

We want to place what we think of as the enemy as "out there," someplace. We find all kinds of reasons for attempting that. We blame our parents, our churches, our relatives, our community, our family. Those voices we hear in our heads are the same voices those people in our past also seem to hear in their heads. But the lies that we hear in our heads seem very real to us. But the people in the past were telling themselves the same lies about themselves as we tell ourselves about ourselves. We can prove this easily by moving to a desert paradise, where we are all alone. Then we see how we have brought the lies with us. We still say it was their fault. We think this way in our island paradise, until we wakeup and see that we are the liars. We are the only enemy we have. Only on that day do we start to look for the truth that sets us free.

On that day, we finally see that all of our ideas about utopia leave out the necessity to grow and experience the dark side of ourselves. We come into the light on our own. Just as the butterfly needs its struggle, we need our struggle to break down the dictatorship of our minds that keeps us living in a half-world, that denies our part in the suffering we create, and blames it on others. And in that half-world of the mind, there is some pleasure, some laughter, and some tears. But it robs us of the rest of our laughter, the full measure of our joys and sorrows that let us finally experience life in the very fullest.

If you had mentioned ideas like these to the utopian, he or she would hoot you down as a fool. Utopians are so full of what they think is right, that they can't see the good that is right under their noses. They haven't yet seen the necessity that the dark side has its place in defining the light. The other world is all about pure light. But this place, our vacation from pure light, is about darkness and light. And that darkness and light is in each one of us – not just in the bad ones among us. We want to assume that we have the virtues and that those others out there are absent of the virtues. Finally we find that life is about understanding for each of us that we are totally absent of any virtue. Once we face that, we are free at last. Then we can look to the source of all virtue for the daily transforming of ourselves that sets our feet on our own tailor-made-for-us free path home.

I'll never forget a friend from New York who had the blessings of a couple of addictions. He was free of one but not of the other for quite a while. He said to me before he died early, "*Jesse, I would get off work and know where I should go. But my feet just wouldn't take me home.*" Now we can have feet that take us home, every day. What is there outside us that we lack? Heaven is openly shown to our eyes. All our problems disappear. They were just ego delusions. Now we make the real connection every moment. Every moment we are home. There are no dark paths to lead us astray. No more obstructions. Our dancing and songs and laughter reflect our true union. This Earth where we stand is the very word and thought of God. There is nothing other than that, anymore.