

justis

BOWLING for columbine OR BATTING for BELMONT

There is a new documentary by Michael Moore that I recommend that you watch.

It's called Bowling for Columbine. It is about guns in America, basically, but is done in such a brilliant way as to expose what is in the very depths of the unconscious within middle class white America.

It covers issues such as guns, the KKK / NRA, Lockheed Martin and South Park; all woven into a beautifully poignant statement of what is behind not only the American psyche, but something I believe is inside of us all. The power to destroy.

For so long now I have been babbling on about the destroyer, the dark, the shadow. And most of the questions I receive have been about some aspect of those issues. I have been criticised and harshly judged for being "so negative" or that the concept of harnessing the destroyer is not valid or worse - simply does not work. I think anyone who is truly interested in seeing what the destroyer is capable of in the unconscious when it is not Mastered, should watch Bowling for Columbine to begin to

get some idea of the extent of what I am talking about.

Just because we are working with mastering this part of us, does not mean that we do not have the

light within us. I know from personal experience that without the darker aspect of us and what it is capable of, being integrated within our consciousness, then no amount of "light" work will have one bit of difference. If you are able to pretend that you have no dark, then you will probably be able to live a happy life, albeit with a nagging feeling that something is missing. I spent years pretending that

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the dark in me did not exist, so I know what it feels like. Let me give you a short personal history. For those that are not interested, click out of this page now, lest I bore you with a life less ordinary.

I was born in a small town named Belmont, New South Wales, Australia. A town that boasts being on the shores of the largest lake in the country. Home to, among other things, the now retired captain of the Australian Rugby League team who I went to school with.

I was, at school, everything you did not want to be, living in Australia and being a part of the public school system. I was fat, wore glasses, passed every test with top marks and got on with most of the teachers - a school bully's dream. Being someone who never fought back, never said a bad thing about anyone and was so internally insecure about everything that I was that it radiated out from every pore in my body, attracting only more abuse to reconfirm it. Let me tell you, I tried everything internally to be different. I looked at the school bully, as he had me on the ground kicking into me and saw what was driving him. I made excuses for his upbringing and my own. I looked for the good in him - and let him beat me up. I never reacted to what he said, I never fought back and never disagreed. I was the essence of positivity, so much so that my school reports glowed with recommendations from teachers about my ability to "rise to a challenge" and about my "wonderful, lovely and light" personality and demeanour. As you can probably imagine, any suggestion of my "perfection" only served to make it worse with my fellow students and I was constantly tormented in one way or another. Due to my internal chronic embarrassment about myself, I hated participating in anything that involved showing one's sporting prowess, of which I was certainly lacking and cause for constant taunting; especially being an Australian.

I remember this one time, when the school held a regional tournament of one-on-one student cricket. We were all told that we would be watching this spectacle, which involved two students, one batting and one bowling, competing for the coveted honour of representing the school at the regional championships. The object of the game was either to be bowled out or get to a score of fifty runs, within a certain time period. As you may have guessed by now, I was not remotely interested in this event, but somehow found my name on the competition list to "Bat for Belmont", with none other than our school bully bowling.

As much as I tried to get out of it, on investigation I had apparently "volunteered" for the job and I would be causing the school embarrassment if I withdrew; something I would have never done. "Cause the school embarrassment?? My god no! The teachers would be disappointed! What would people think of me?" Needless to say I turned up on the day; horrible school sports uniform on and ready to face the incredible failure that I knew would ensue. Sitting and waiting for our names to be called was probably one of the longest moments in the history of my life so far. Every excruciating moment was ever more painful than the next. I sat there and stewed in my own insecurity, my own dark, my own personal pain and simply pretended that it wasn't happening. Master of perfect denial, I managed to hear my name being called and went in to "Bat for Belmont". My first time at holding a cricket bat, I might add, is something I will never forget. What the hell is that thing about? I had seen it so many times as it was heading towards my stomach, wielded by the school bully or one of his cronies, but I had never held it myself. Just even the thought of having it frightened me.

So there I was standing in front of the three sticks (I believe they are called a "wicket") holding this thing, and facing "SB" who was throwing the ball up and down in the air, muscles rippling, school watching. Suddenly it occurred to me that he, "SB", had signed me up. This was the ultimate sport. Humiliate Justis more publicly than ever and seal once and for all my reputation as the school loser thereby gaining immortality for "SB" in the annals of school bully-dom. I had a decision to make. I could hit the goddamn ball, something of minimal hope and any attempt no doubt ending in complete disaster or I could embarrass myself and confirm what everyone already knew, that I was a loser. This knowledge in mind, I watched "SB" getting ready to bowl and simply turned around and used the bat to knock the wicket over, thereby losing and forfeiting the game to him. The school went

crazy. Lots of yelling ensued. Game over. I walked off red, listening to all of the taunts, no more than usual really, and sullenly walked over to where the sports teacher was standing. Waiting for the barrage, I looked up only to see Mr Mclean smiling back at me. "Well done Justis!" I looked at him in shock and asked what he meant. He told me that I had won. Whatever "SB" had tried to do to me had been stopped in one foul swoop. That he would never forget, and neither would anyone else, that "SB" never got the opportunity to play the game. He might have "won" technically, but some part of him would never forget that I had let him. The whole school was witness to it.

You might think this is a lesson not worthy of mentioning, however it taught me something very powerful about the darker side of human nature and the power of destruction. No matter how painful you think it is, there is always a way to destroy the destroyer. It might be simple and it might be chronically embarrassing to have to face yourself, but when you do, you will find that the realisation of what you are capable of is enormous. Better to go to that part of you and listen, rather than being bowled out by some part of you that you are not aware of.

When you use the destroyer in you, the result is always chronically embarrassing. When you have become aware of your own destroyer and used it to destroy something in you, there is a "taste" that follows. That taste is the light pouring into you; the full realisation of an extended part of you. You know something, that day Batting for Belmont was probably one of the most important days in my understanding of the dark and its power. From memory as well, even though the taunting continued, it was never as bad from that point on. Pity it happened about 6 months prior to my leaving school. Wish I had "got it" a long time earlier.

What I am saying is this - using the dark within you is as easy as Batting for Belmont. Go inside of you, find that place of darkness, your innermost

hidden judgements and criticisms and destroy them, knock over the wickets on the pitch of your unconscious. You may think it silly and it sure is going to feel embarrassing when you bowl yourself out but never again will you have to face it. After you have done it once, you will always remember, as the taste you get is pure remembrance. You will never forget. And isn't this journey all about remembering what we have forgotten? What we have forgotten is that we have the power both to create and to destroy. When accomplished, you realise that in essence they are one and the same. The light and the dark, working together in a harmony that is so perfect you will wonder why you never saw it before. All of the consciousness will make sense. The black, the white, the light, the dark; yin and yang, mother and father, masculine and feminine. Because what you will have discovered is an indestructible human spirit (spear it) that will never let you down. No matter what! Rather than having to create a cricket bat in your abdomen, or in the case of Littleton in Denver, Colorado, a gun to the face, you will have incorporated the thing that needs to destroy and be able to live and love from the heart of your incredible soul. Shining with the brilliance that only the internal union of your dark and light can emanate. Stop unconsciously destroying and start seeing the power contained within you.

The power to be God, and take charge of your own internal and consequently external destiny.

Score: Dark 1 - Light 1

NOTE : On completion of this article I was sent, through email, a link to an article that I think could not have been more appropriate to exactly what I am talking about above (Thanks Roberto). I suggest you take a look. Justis.

Suggested Reading

www.informationclearinghouse.info/article4086.htm

Suggested Viewing

www.bowlingforcolumbine.com