

JUSTIS

Suspicious Minds

Have you noticed the increased level of suspicion lately? Unless you have been living under a rock, I don't see how you couldn't really.

Once upon a time, in the not too distant past, I seem to remember that trust was a lot more commonplace. When someone wanted to be there for you, and simply love you, it was basically taken for what it was. Caring. Not now.

Welcome to the unconscious God of Suspicion. There is always, according to the God of Suspicion, an ulterior motive. This ulterior motive is never a pleasant one either, I might add. Someone is always trying to get something from us, lie to us, steal from us, stab us in the back. The God of Suspicion has its own children, too—Blame and Paranoia.

Since 9-11 the collective unconscious has begun to rise up and show us what is inside of ourselves.

It has delivered the God of Suspicion as its first gift. It comes with all of the latest catch phrases as well. “Terrorist” “Evil-doer” “Ego” and all of the associated “anti-s” (anti-Semitic, anti-War, anti-Christ, anti-Aircraft missile) and “un’s” (un-Australian, unpatriotic, un-American).

Let me tell you, when you are in the direct firing line of this particular God, it is difficult to escape unscathed and maintain a healthy level of trust, faith and belief in the goodness of the human soul and love for your fellow man. Your own level of intuition is under consistent question,

until you get to a point where you simply do not believe anything or anyone, which severally affects your ability to form relationships with people and basically function in this world.

The God of Suspicion is everywhere. If you believe in anything other than Church, you are anti-Christian, or if you are really outspoken, you could even be the anti-Christ.

If you like to carry a nail file on the airplane, you are, of course, going to kill the pilot. And forget about knitting needles. There are way too many granny terrorists running around these days.

If you are “just browsing” in a shop you are inevitably a thief, waiting for the right moment to stuff the \$2.00 glass potpourri holder into your pants and make a quick run for the exit.

You can't go anywhere now without your date of birth, passport, driver's license, birth certificate, mothers maiden name, credit card or if you have none of that - further identification. I mean really, where did your Granny pee last? And that's just if you want to post a letter.

Walking on the grass has now become a punishable offence.

Certain flowers are now “protected” and are earmarked with little numbered tags, requiring your signature and a contract to say where you got it.

Taking your bicycle with you on the train now requires that you purchase a child's ticket during certain mysterious hours of the day.

Crossing the road to get to the other side is not allowed, because obviously you are going to flip out half way across and jump in front of the nearest oncoming um...um...um...Army tank, and be a threat to national security.

McDonalds, KFC, and the secret wheat police I am sure are keeping us fat so we can't run either.

Botox is taking care of our facial features so we can't move too far into either joy or sadness. The Immigration Department' is making sure that everyone is a red 'X' somewhere on a map in the

God of Suspicion's Office (GSO), and if you have never been anywhere or met anyone then your red 'X' becomes your tax file number or your Video Ezy card.

Oh my God You kept your new release video for two nights instead of one? That will be \$400 thanks, and we will need an additional \$2,000 security deposit before you can rent any more videos.

“They” will not allow me to walk along the side of the road without a helmet or a roadside walking permit.

“They” are coming to get me.

“They do not care – they want to destroy me.”

Oh my God...look at what has happened! In a matter of a few minutes I have gone from being self-employed to quitting my profession, and I have started working for “them”, with the God of Suspicion as my general manager. Who the hell are “they” anyway? See my point? The God of Suspicion has done a magnificent job of presenting itself. We are consistently searching for the elusive “enemy”, only to realise that 'WE' are 'THEY'. (Very Zen, I know).

Perhaps it would be a good idea to begin to confront your fears now. If you think that what is coming in the future is going to be frightening, you obviously have been living under that rock I spoke about before. Because what you fear in the future is happening right now—in front of your very eyes. We have the power to change the future. We are free to do that. Somehow along the way we have forgotten what we do have.

Go inside of yourself now and remember how to love. Remember that you are free, loving, caring,

kind, understanding and kill the God of Suspicion, once and for all. Grieve for it as well. Feel sorry for it, for it has shown us something incredible about ourselves. That is, our ability to forget who WE are!

Who are WE? Incredibly loving, trusting, caring, considerate, living, breathing human beings. Nothing special really. I think in the scheme of it all, I would rather be nothing special than be employed by the God of Suspicion, needing to prove that I was doing my job by dobbing in my neighbour for having too many cats. Infinite amounts of red tape, paperwork, and a not very high life expectancy. With no annual holidays.

Being a fully functioning remembering human being is far more attractive – don't you think?

Or am I trying to trick you?

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#36mmiv

Disclaimer: This article has been proven to increase effectiveness by 51% if spoken aloud in front of a mirror with a flamingo in each arm, only with express permission from the author.