



## C. Fear

*Fear promotes the preservation of life*

Evolution gave us the emotion of Fear to avoid certain things that are dangerous to us. Fear also keeps us safe from having things go our way, and so Victorious can appear like a big red tongue sticking out at you, not unlike the cover of the Rolling Stones album. I first formally met Fear through a film about the Mayan pyramid of the Evolution of Consciousness, in broad daylight, as documented in An Inklings Weave.

“After several screenings with friends the message screened Itself into Vision Occurring upon my intuitional Third Eye. And there did I appear to myself standing on a green grassy knoll under a blue lit sky with thumbs tucked under the wings of the knapsack on my back. Suddenly as I looked up to It did the sky tear a strip off Itself and out rolled a red carpet flapping in the wind like an excited tongue offering me a lick. Without missing a beat did I drop my neck and shoulders into the Still of Surrender which made a loud *pfssst* sound accompanied by soft giggle. With fingers tapping on loose packs straps in telegraphic outlander *thoughtspeech* did I hear myself calmly respond *Hmm...well, sufferin' succotash... there ain't no nothin' in This Here knapsack that could have prepared me For That!* “

Fear meets one where you need to go, but might not necessarily want to or even know exists. Fear and Love are both what might be considered “intense” because they are true Emotions. When you feel fear, that sense of being afraid or terrified, that the risk is too great, know that this is your Soul’s love manifesting for you to overcome the limitations between your ego and soul. Fear opens us to the truth of the Soul, just as Pain does. There are no barriers except those in your own beliefs. No one is your prison guard. You are free to do as you wish, to pursue what you wish. Then again, there are such things as unnecessary risks and also protocols.

This story of Fear came to me some years later, in the waking-dream state just before the Morning Star rises.

At the edge of a desert village lives a large black bird known to the People as Fear. Fortunately, when Fear first appeared the Elders remembered what it was and how to work with it. The Elders instructed the villagers to erect a large post at the outskirts of the village for the bird to rest on. And to bring food, water and offerings to the bird so it would have no reason or cause to ever enter the village or leave its post. For the Elders know that the job of Fear is keep guard and make sure the coast is clear. For many winters the People followed the teachings and lived in harmony with Fear.

One day a young man, bored with village life, wandered out to Fear's post. From a distance he began to throw stones at the large black bird. The bird did not take notice so he move closer and closer until he was right under the bird, throwing stones up at him.

Eventually the great winged creature stretched upwards, ruffled its enormous feathers and pooped right in the boy's eye. As you can imagine, this got a rise out of the boy. Though truly he felt ashamed, he allowed anger to get the better of him. He turned back towards the village and cried out, "Did you see that!? He shit on me!" A few heads poked out but most minded their own business.

With this the boy threw more and greater stones at the black bird muttering, "I'm going to get you!" Presently the bird flew off, away from its post and the village. Well, with nothing to entertain him, the boy became bored again and turned to walk back to the village. And as he did so, the black bird suddenly swooped down before him, plucked out his other eye and disappeared into the distance. Now the young man was thoroughly enraged. "Did you see that?" he called to the onlookers. "He took one of my eyes! Surely you can see the injustice!"

More villagers came out to the commotion now in full swing and the boy taught them to hate Fear as much as he did. This hatred spread like wildfire not only through the village but many lands. Strange vessels began to appear on the coastlines, the likes of which the villagers had never before seen. There came many wars and much suffering, all in the absence of Fear from its post.

Many winters passed in this way when the boy, now a haggard man, tired and beaten, returned to the village. On his way he stopped at the post, leaning upon it to rest. In just that very moment, the black bird lighted atop the post. Looking up sideways with his one good eye the man could just barely make out something small and bright in the bird's huge beak. "Hey man," said the bird without sound. "I took your eye to the Moon and she gave me some medicine for you. But you're going to have to face me to get it."

The man stepped back from the post and looked up to the bird fully faced muttering, "I hope, oh no, oh nope", over and again. "Yes," said the bird. "Ho'oponopono. I am sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you. I love you." And with that the bird dropped the bright object into the man's blind eye saying, "The Moon sends you her Love."

And then the bird began to sing, "When the Moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie..."

From that day on, Man lightened up. He could see clearly now, through his vessel of Insight to Love and Fear. The man in this story is you, the you who once misunderstood the mundane aspects of village life, the you who once mistook being ridiculed, the you that forgot to take your own medicine before giving it to the people, the you who feared being wrong and the you who once expected Hope to save you only to find that she is buried in a box.

*Fear is your strange angel and*

*Love the stranger kissing you*

Fear itself is just like any other thing; it has its Place. And as a thing achieves the Joy of Completion it moves on to its next galactic post, otherwise known as becoming extinct. But for now, Fear is in the Village, perhaps waiting upon Love to meet it. We really don't know, but it's worth a shot to get them together.

On a bio-emotional note, it has been said that refined sugar makes one timid and fearful. In a young child who is fearless, sugar now and then helps set a healthy respect for Fear. I find that if I am facing a situation that makes me feel uneasy, a little sugar (especially in the form of chocolate) helps me to see things more clearly and so make good judgment calls as to how best to proceed. So too does a spoonful of sugar help the Medicine go down. Yet be wise with the crystalline intelligence of sugar for it can easily get out of hand, particularly when combined with flour as to be nearly as potent as "crack", yet still not the Cause of Fear. For did Arjuna, the most skilled of warriors, defeat the cause of fear many, many moons ago in facing a battle he did not want to fight. It is said, "pick your battles." In my experience, it is Fear that guides us into that which we cannot not do.

Come now of sound mind, for there is no longer cause for fear yet Fear a valued guide, the Guardian of the village who stands alone, so you don't have to. In fact, you are never truly alone. For the Mother of your Soul is ever with you.

*Mother of My Soul  
cleansed to help me see  
you have given me  
all that I need to make me free*

*Mother of Love  
Lover of my Soul  
you have given me  
all that I need to make me whole*

*Mother of My Soul  
Soul to set me free  
you have given me  
all that I need to help me see.*

**Resources:**

Mother of My Soul - Shimshai

Fear – original story by Ne'ith Arrow

