

A Peace fools Way

The Truth Will Set You Free



A Peace-fool Clown

A Peace-full Philosophical Anthology

By

Susan Carew

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CHAPTER 1: JUST CLOWNING AROUND

1.0 A PEACE CLOWN'S JOURNEY

To Peaceful, R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E.

To dear Peaceful, Hi Peaceful, you're so cool and funny. We had lots of fun with you I loved the juggling it was soooooo fun. I still remember the Card that you gave us on the first day it was I ask questions because I might be wrong. Well bye. R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E. From Brianna

Susan Carew aka Peacefull Clown is an inspiring individual who has spent many years working tirelessly in her effort towards building a global culture of world peace. Her vast plethora of international experience means that she is not only a passionate advocate for peace, but also an expert facilitator in delivering peace and nonviolence education, as well as creating positive peace through innovate programs and actions. Her aims are to actively explore the re-humanising effects of humour, positivity and philosophy in developing human potential.



In 2002, Susan was personally invited to travel to Russia by renowned World Peace Clown Dr Patch Adams to explore creating positive environments through clowning and creative arts. Recognising the importance of creativity and humour in manifesting positive peace within environments.

As a Rotary Scholar Susan completed the Rotary Peace and Conflict Studies program in Bangkok, Thailand. During this time she travelled through Thailand, Cambodia and Vietnam, studying conflicts. She also clowned in a 50,000 refugee camp, HIV clinic, Mental Health Hospital and presented the first workshop on healing and humour to health professionals in Thailand.



As Founder and Manager of *Funny business* OWN Empowerment, Susan has produced and undertaken innovative training programs to engage organisations and the general community. The programs are unique in that they incorporate humour and encourage positive thinking to enhance wellbeing. The focus on training is to develop resiliency, conflict skills, and positive approaches to wellbeing. Susan is a sought after public speaker having spoken at hundreds of workshops and events.

After countless peace clown expeditions and completing a Graduate Diploma in Peace Studies at La Trobe University, Susan developed the REAL HOPES model. An innovative anti-bullying peace education program for primary (elementary) school aged children. This program is the first of its kind, which explores values,

peace, nonviolence and anti-bullying, utilising the powerful symbol of the clown as facilitator. It has been widely successful amongst the participating students, teachers and Principals.

She believes when we all take responsibility for the world as it is today, then decide to make a new decision that a better world is possible, it will surely happen. Working with children has taught Susan that children just need the tools, as they have the ability to create a world worth living for. Susan personally lives and is inspired by Gandhi's words 'to be the change you wish to see in the world'.

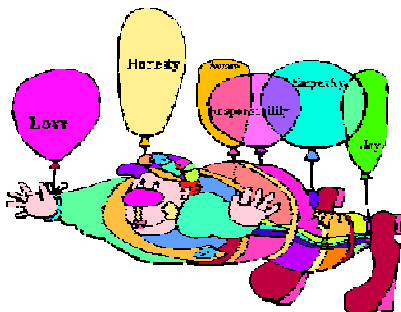
This poetry book is dedicated to all genuine peace-makers and may the wisdom in this book be useful to a world moving through the greatest transition to a peaceful future.

In peace and happiness J

May, 2010

Testimonial: Dr. Patch Adams

Dear Friends,



"Susan Carew went on my annual clown tour to Russia November 1-16, 2002 and we were fortunate to have her radiant self to spread love and fun at the heavy pace I give them.

She shared material and conversation with me of her passion to create world peace and non-violence programs in schools and I was overjoyed.

For decades I have bemoaned all over the world that peace and justice are not taught in schools, now I have read over her business plan to implement a program in Australia and I support it whole heartedly. Not only is it a great leap forward for Australia, it also is a pioneer project for the rest of the world to emulate.

I feel she has the passion to carry it out, contact me if you want to discuss."

Dr. Patch Adams, Washington, USA, www.patchadams.org/home.htm

CHAPTER 2: REAL HOPES



2.0 REAL HOPES TO THE WORLD

Dear Peaceful, thank you for coming I really enjoyed you at our school and all the weeks were fun. While you taught us responsibility, empathy, awareness, love, honesty, oneness, peace and enjoyment. I hope I see you again and good luck for the future, it was one of my favourite subjects. Love from Fisher p.s. I still have one of your noses

2.1 Real Hopes is Not a Dream

REAL HOPES is an acronym for: Responsibility, Empathy, Awareness, Love, Honesty, Oneness, Peace, Enjoyment and Service

R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E.S is not a dream,
R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E.S is the seam,
In the seamless reality of love,
It is the golden dove,
That will descend on the hearts of millions.

R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E.S is of value,
It is the comfort in the song,
It is the sweetness in the honey,
It is smile upon the face of humanity,
It will wash away the insanity,
It is the greatest national security,
And the most valuable gift I can deliver.

For it is in our humour that we find the child,
It is in the children that we remember who we are,
It is the question,
Not the answer,
That holds the deepest meaning,
For the mind stretches out to other possibilities,
Answers conclude,
Questions extend,
Within an infinite universe,
The possibilities are endless,
But we must seek before we find,
See before we are blinded,
By the confusion that clouds our reason.

For it is the season,
In this age,
That we must reconnect with love,
Identify with compassion,
Create with passion,
Love over fashion,
Community over economic rations,
That distribute much to the few,
And little to the many,
It is time to return the bounty,
Return the mounting equity,
To the equality of all,
For power is in the people,
People power is the temple,
To which we honour ourselves.
It is when we reclaim ourselves,
That we identify with our true value.

It is in Responsibility,
That we can respond,
We can do something.

It is in Empathy,
That I feel you,
That I stand in your shoes,
I twiddle my toes,
Because I know you.

It is in Awareness,
That we can never lose,
Because I open my eyes,
I can see myself in others,
I observe what is so but judge not,
How can hot judge cold,
One defines the other,
Young defines old,
Up defines down,
The clown defines the fool,
So don't be fooled,
The sound is crowned by silence.

It is in Love,
That I feel,
That I share, care, reveal and heal,
For we are all one,
Within my human family.

It is in Honesty,
I can honestly say,
That my truth is expressed,
And the truth of others blessed,

So that we can see,
To tell the blind horseman on the blind horse,
That he is heading towards the abyss.

The Oneness of our planet,
Is generous to all without favour,
Oh Gaia is alive and speaks with one voice,
Of which we reverberate in harmony.

The Peace that settles over me,
Returns when I am true to myself,
And fulfills my sacred pact,
My purpose is revealed,
In the way I truly feel.

And so it is that I Enjoy my moments,
As a clown,
I laugh, sing and play,
With everyone,
Every day,
Because there is so much I can give,
There is so much I receive,
As the colours dance around my heart,
And my bells jingle their song to you,
I know I belong,
And I don't feel alone.

Service is a natural outcome of love,
For when you serve another you serve yourself,
Indeed when you serve yourself you serve another,
For when we see ourselves in each other,
And give as impulse rather than expectation,
Our service is beyond the Self,

And this is the real wealth of nations.

R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E.S,
Rises up from below,
The shallows are gone,
For we are returning
...home

2.2 You are the World

International relations,
Is leading us to the brink,
We are in a carbon sink,
For internationally they are unable to think,
So what is the missing link in this scenario?

The world of international diplomacy,
The art of influence is cultivated,
The spin of myth is propagated,
To massage opinions into shape,
To mould the world,
Into a fundamental fate,
Where the fundamentals have been forgotten,
For fundamentalists are black and white,
They see no shades of grey,
For you are with them or against them,
Rhetoric becomes fact,
The media stacks the chips,
Places its bets for the highest bidder,
Gambling away truth for facts,
Welcome to the new world order.

Hobbes has risen from the ashes of World War II,
For there is an international disorder,
It is inherent,
It is inalienable,
It is not sustainable,
It is not stable,
Intolerant elements are apparent,
As the clash of civilizations are labels,

Delineating fracture lines,
Fissures of emotional disfigurements,
As the other is de-humanised,
For judgement,
Is the gavel of justice.

From the macrocosm to the microcosm,
Chaos replicates itself from the source,
The disorder is diagnosed as dysfunction,
For institutions replace homes,
Collective energy powers the grid,
Which replicates traditions,
Replacing sensing with common sense,
For your thoughts are not your own,
You are paid to think and do,
Not question the ruse,
For to feel and be,
Is insanity,
In a world in denial,
Of itself.

So how to turn the Titanic around?
The glaciers are melting,
For global warming changes the climate of our thinking,
As ancient questions are re-surfacing,
Locke whispers conflict resolution,
Nonviolence is the change to see,
A sea change as conservatism becomes irrational,
Multinationals are feral,
They are serving the colonels,
For conservation is the real kernel with power,
That pre-serves your life,
For it gives us room to breathe,

To look into the pond of our reflection
Without fear for we have changed,
To be clear that we are estranged,
For it is now survival of the wisest,
Who meet force with reason,
Who face hate with peace,
For unity is only found in those who have arisen above chaos,
In their own minds.

For the universal mind,
Is always kind,
For only love is real you will see,
For this truth will set you free.

So what will you be my dear friends?
Who are you today?
Will you look into the grey that matters?
Will you feel for the truth in this darkness?
Your choice will change the world,
The world is waiting for your answer,
For you are the world,
Will you answer the call,
In time?

2.3 The World is at a Turning Point

Some are here to complete the sentence,
Others have a sentence to complete,
Others seek to make a mark,
Some an indentation,
Yet more leave words of expression,
As an indelible impression,
To catalyse turning points,
Yet I am here to make an impact,
I have made a pact to be here,
For my universe has an intense gravitational pull,
That is hard to resist,
For love, truth and joy are the satellites,
For I am communicating in waves.

For love is the beacon of the new millennium,
From the deep sea not the crest,
It is anchored in a continuous season,
That appears rough then smooth,
But the current remains the same,
It is an alternating current,
For it turns the lights on,
And they can be seen around the world,
For this is the lighthouse that warns of the rocks,
This is the light in the darkness,
Visible after shocks.

The world is at a turning point,
The human race must decide,
To live in fear or love?
For is the hero the warrior or the healer?
Saving life or taking life away?
Is the citizen a consumer?
With no rights and diminishing income,
So will we learn or repeat our mistakes?
Is it revolution or evolution that pays?
These are the master questions,
For the master number is coming up in 2012

And each individual action,
Has an equal an opposite reaction,
For self mastery is truth,
To love another without expectation,
Deepens humility,
For this is the civility of nonviolence,
This is the Celestine prophesy,
For mountains are places of philosophy,
That uplift ones perception,
For you can see over the rift valley of life itself,
For the total picture is the mosaic not the map,
Where the puzzle fits together,
For each peace is perfect,
For to know the self is to save the world,
For in the world you see your self,
Nothing is separate,

In the pool of your reflection,
For to swim and not to sink,
Is to re-think future generations,
To bring us back from the brink,
For Armageddon is imperial power,
The rule of law must be universal,
For the universal declaration is a human right.

CHAPTER 3: RESPONSIBILITY



3.0 REAL HOPES IN RESPONSIBILITY

3.1 We all have the Responsibility to Protect

Respons-Ability to protect,
Is the ability to respond,
In any situation of threat to human life,
For all people are birthed from a human family,
And we are a member-ship,
The key is do we re-member our responsibility?

Many around the world are living to survive,
Or surviving to live,
And it is said we are our brother's keeper,
For this is the true meaning of peace keeping,
We keep the peace,
We ensure cultures of peace,
As the most effective preventative strategy,
For a world in crisis.

Some see the world as an equal playing field,
Yet the mountains, plains, savannahs and valleys are not level,
There are many undulations in the water course,
Highs and lows,
Drought and flood.

The multinational playing field is an ethos of profit maximisation,

This is an intervention not a responsibility to the future of all life,
For to protect corporate profits and market share becomes a responsibility to the few,
It is the mindset that has no social responsibility,
And the levers of power are pulled and pushed,
According to the demand to supply.

Governments are the mouth piece,
That gives air time to vested interests,
Yet for peace one must look south,
For corruption is business as usual,
Values are impractical barriers to greed,
For many children grow up knowing that money
Is the seed of power,
And as they earn their living they learn,
That survival is a business transaction without emotion,
To rationalise is to feed one's own family,
But few see the family as extended to the community,
For the economic paradigm has taken root,
Traditional values are the lost flute,
The reed that is drying out in stagnant waters,
For the climate has seriously changed.

When responsibility is learned,
It becomes the cornerstone of a civil society,
For a society with values etched in common,
Becomes comm-unity,
A common humanity,
That sees itself in the other.

For western values promote capitalism,
Unfettered competition of free for all markets,
Where the winner takes all,
The losers are rendered beggars on the streets,
Land mine victims with stumps and a can,
Shaking vigorously to be seen,
Awaiting the charity of western interests,
Who walk amiably past in disguised discomfort,
Refusing to act on impulse,
Why do they walk past?
They feel that it will never end,
They believe it is a fact of life,
They see it as not there problem,
They absolve themselves of responsibility,
For they are not empowered to act,
All their lives they are told what to do,
And this is the basis of a society of falsified consent,
That obeys prevailing norms without question.

The bully is the symbol of power made manifest in dominance,
Every child has known the defencelessness of intimidation,
The perceived weakness of non-violence,
Each has witnessed that others do nothing to help,
For it is a structure of violence that is covertly accepted,
That allows the victimised to remain minimised,
For this is the root of the culture of violence,
That allows insecurity to dominate those perceived weaker.

For this is how power is felt,
How power is garnered,
How power uses force rather than reason,
For the latter requires merit,
And patience,
And a conscience that sees power as shared,
For this is the response of those responsible.

Yet in a world that has barely reached beyond notions of self interest,
These are challenging lessons to teach,
But not impossible.

For the way will be made visible in actions of non-violence,
Implementing strategies to imbue cultures of peace worldwide,
And this rests in the hands of wise governance,
International understanding of impending catastrophe is the turning point,
For the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is not a motherhood statement,
Although it is a universal motherhood that states the right to a quality of life for all children,
Therefore, the chessboard becomes the circus tent,
Where we learn to play with ideas,
We see the skill and perseverance in performing to our best,
For the big top is the potential of Everest,
And we can make it when we don't give up,
For every artist knows that we can create
A new script,
And each trapeze artist has found,
We can all fly.

3.2 Focus on Responsibility

What you see around you,
Is the outcome of your belief of the world,
What if the world is your creation?
And yours alone.

Did you know what you focus on expands?
What you ignore falls away,
As leaves drop from the trees,
In another season,
For they are abandoned,
And break down,
For there is no life force,
Anymore.

We focus on things,
On materials things,
On any thing,
That takes our mind off ourselves,
For to look within,
Is shifting sand,
Is quick sand,
For you feel yourself sinking,
Into the quagmire of disbelief.

You do,
Then you don't,
You can,
Then you can't
You can't decide,
For that is to commit,

And to commit means to make a decision,
And you are waiting,
For someone to tell you what to do.

Well the time has come my friend,
For the end is near,
For fear is knocking on your door,
And there is no saviour,
Save your self.

For to really care,
Is to bare responsibility,
Is to think about another,
As if they are yourself,
But many focus on the circle around themselves as their world,
For there is no other mantra that gives more pleasure,
Then to self pleasure,
To forget about the world for awhile,
To just sit back and let it happen,
For it is happening as you let it,
Letting go of the reins of freedom,
For to be free,
You must see,
You are creating it,
On the sea of disillusion.

You can undo,
What you do,
You can look at it another way,
You can decide who you will be today,
Will you be the face of love or the face of fear,
The one who embraces,
Or the one who strikes out in pain,

Sending anger into the world,
Adding to the fire of destruction,
Which is burning brighter every day,
For we are living in a life,
That serves the few,
On the backs of the many,
And you are participating,
For evil only flourishes,
When good people do nothing,
Saying there is nothing they can do,
But there is plenty,
When you are empty of desires,
When you are empty of greed,
When you are empty of needs,
You can allow the vision to expand,
Your focus,
For what you focus on,
Expands,
Don't you know,
So look into the face of goodness,
Look into the heart of grace,
For to embrace the pain,
Is to walk right through it,
To the other side,
Where true happiness is waiting,
for you to choose it.

CHAPTER 4: EMPATHY



4.0 REAL HOPES IN EMPATHY

Dear Peaceful. I really enjoyed the R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E. program and you have made me feel much better and able to share my feelings with others. I have learnt a lot, and it's sad to see you go. Love from Lainey

4.1 Resolving Differences



In the heart of truth,
There lies many answers,
For the truth has many sides,

For true intent reveals what is hidden,
An intention for truth is never hidden.

To love another is the highest tribute,
It is a precious gift,
When it is true it can't be hidden,
It can't walk away in shame,

For how can one be ashamed of seeing beauty where it is hidden?

True love is never obsession,
For love frees possession,
Love allows another to choose,
Love is patient with no expectation,
Love has nothing to prove,

Love has nothing to lose when it only gives,

For only innocence exists in a pure heart,
Love has sought understanding,
Love has to speak the truth,
Love is patient and kind,
Love reaches for the highest ideal,
For only love is real.

Silence is the answer of incompleteness,
For the question reveals one's face,
The answer reveals one's hand,
To face the question with honesty,
Is to understand another is uncertain,
To lead one to the mirror of clarity,
Makes visible misconceptions,
It reflects the true face,
For to show your face allows one to be seen,
The veil of secrecy descends on those with something to hide,
For they can never love what is hidden,
For two faces lead one into a hall of mirrors,
Where one is seeing only their reflection,
One looks in all directions but cannot find the door,
For the key is kept hidden in the shadows,
The caretaker no longer cares about what is fair.

To dare to love is a silent retreat,
To speak with honesty is met with shock,
To convey respect and empathy is too close for comfort,
To seek for resolution is a retaining wall,

For institutional walls provide no shelter only reinforcement,
For walls protect those in the tower who are unwilling to hear their fear.

To remove the misunderstanding and ask for peace,
Is met with frustration and force,
For nonviolence is a force more powerful,
For there are no walls in humanity,
For to be human hears the true voice,
Only truth and justice reveals respect.

I am told where there is misunderstanding sow truth,
Where there is pain offer healing,
Where there are questions respond with respect,
For truth is the freedom we all expect,
And to see another as oneself,
Is the mirror where you look to see,
Clarity sees what is so without judgement,
Charity is to offer a way out of darkness through kindness by the soft light of faith.

To treat another as a friend is to realize there is no enemy,
To treat conflict as an opportunity is to realize personal growth is the real gift,
To speak to another troubled is to turn illusion into reality,
It is the kindest act of compassion.

For life is not a fashion statement,
It was meant to display the joy of fun,
It was not to be taken seriously,
It was not to remove anyone's dignity,
As a life on the run.

My only wish is forgiveness,
That was my only call,
I am deeply disappointed that we couldn't dismantle the blessed wall,
I questioned my life purpose and lost real hope,
Without justice and peace there is no life,
And my life is committed to justice of the peace,
For natural justice is not according right or wrong,
It seeks to resolve the differences - so all belong.

.

4.2 Empathy Stands in Another's Shoes

To feel empathy for another,
Is to stand in her shoes,
To not compare but be fair,
To help her find her feet,
For she may have fallen,
And it need not be an injury,
Just embarrassment when quick,
But if she is really hurting,
It is then when she needs a real friend,
For to stand alone leaves one in despair.
Misunderstandings need to be repaired,
For if you were to walk in her shoes,
You would understand where she has come from,
You see the territory has been unforgiving,
Stuck between a rock and a hard place,
For to be soft was never seen as strong,
perhaps then you may not be so sure she is wrong,
For you can feel her genuine compassion,
You will cry with her at night,
You may hold her tight as she is seeking comfort,
For she is trying to do what is right and good and kind,
In a world that walks the other way,
in silence.

CHAPTER 5: AWARENESS



5.0 REAL HOPES IN AWARENESS

To Peaceful, Hi Peaceful you're so funny you always make my day bright and happy. At the end of the week I just can't wait till Tuesday. You have taught us so much, my favourite part was when you taught us about awareness, you really inspired me to be more aware of others. It's the most fun I've had at school Mum says I'm not allowed to have fun at school but I know she's just joking. When I grow up I want to be a clown just like you and visit schools and hospitals. From Hayley

5.1 Harbinger of Knowledge

Harbinger of knowledge,
Within the prison of our minds,
You are opening the windows,
And allowing the fresh air,
To invigorate our souls,
Knowledge is power,
Or is it awareness...
That is the shower of truth,
From the fountain of love.

In a state of mindlessness,
There are no boundaries,
There are no limitations to what we can achieve,
The arrows of words,
Sink into the heart of ignorance,
Giving it new life,
From the dark narrow world,
More light and expansion,
More thoughts and tension,
Where realisation meets apprehension.

The future it calls and awaits,
It is listening for your answer,
Who are you?
Who will you become?
Will you stay true to the rhythm of your drum?
Or will you dance to another's tune,
And forget that you know... Your way.

The child of knowledge,
Carries the utterings of a million voices,
Ideas enshrined in the tomb of books,
Speaking to the dead,
They are exhausted but alive,
Their pain exhumed many questions, why?
We see ourselves in the spaces of glory,
And embalmed in their story,
Alas it is not our own,
We feel alone in the library of antiquity.

A messenger,
We reach out to deliver the word,
And the roots spread out across the lifeless plain,
But will they take hold and produce new growth,
The tree of knowledge leaves its warning,
In the drought of global warming,
It knows but dares not act,
Where is the clarion call to humanity,
It is time to stop the insanity.

Wisdom urges you to feel again,
The windows are open,
And the time has come,

To follow your dreams,
What rhythm is your vibration,
Out of tune ... creates a new civilisation.

5.2 A Party of Philosophers

A party of philosophers,
Yet no philosophers came to the party,
For many were playing alone,
For logic is linear and self indulgent,
Reality is abstraction,
Emotions are distraction,
Consciousness becomes a new idea,
He thinks therefore he is,
She feels although she isn't,
The great I AM lives beyond reason.

I have found that real philosophy,
Starts from first principles,
An inner integrity,
For one has no idea of real meaning,
If one's meaning is unreal.

For if you cannot see the point,
Does it no longer exist?
Is the observer separate?
From the object of interest?
For judgement and righteousness
seek confirmation,
Argument seeks confrontation,
For one is taught to differ,
To look for the gap,
To recite great philosophers,

To parade the figment of depth,
Is a shallow silhouette,
For the greatest depth,
Lives in silence.

In the depths of the heart,
The truth is questioned,
Many are seeking right and wrong,
Yet philosophy is the art of angles,
Perspectives circling an idea,
Feeling the contour,
Touching the heart,
An inner sense,
That is an uncommon
communion.

Emmanuel Kant,
Max Weber,
Aristotle and Plato,
Western philosophical inquirers,
Shaping the way we see,
For to look is to see,
But what do we see,
If we don't look?

The eastern tradition,
Travels the subtle path,
For life becomes a meditation,

An ability to be out of the mind,
Where the real world is opposite,
It is the mirror image,
Wisdom is the reason,
For experience produces new thoughts,
Life is suffering when we feel our way home.

I have walked to the summit,
I have cried in the valley,
I have seen people speak yet say nothing,
I have observed the image of a life,
Pretending to live,
I am losing myself,
As I detach from my ego,
For this is the source of suffering,
This is the product of confusion,
For the illusion is the separate self,
For we are one voice,
One breath,
One heart,
One life,
Waiting to exist,
For it takes courage to let go,
To allow others to win,
To be marginalized,
To be nothing in the eyes of society.
Self importance seeks to be valued,
Yet our value is incomparable,

Each a diamond,
Each a jewel,
Woven into a fabric of community,
Each colour a vibration,
Singing the song of a new consciousness,
That reveals itself to those who know,
Whispering love is the greatest truth,
An unsolved mystery,
That awaits your welcome,
If you will only call,
When you let it be free,
To see the beauty,
Liberates the eyes,
To truly see,
That you are me,
For eternity.

5.3 True Beauty Does Not Know Itself

What is true beauty?

As my mind travels the world in search of this jewel,

What does it look like?

What does it feel like?

Does it shimmer and catch your eye,

Does it grow as you grow old,

Can you hear it caressing your soul.

Is beauty the wrapper or the sweetness within,

Is it the painting of perfection,

Is it the sketch of truth,

Is it the adoring love of the parent staring into those innocent eyes,

Is it the kindness of an old women in disguise.

For me it has no form,

It sings to me in the acts of love,

It shines on me in the eyes of my friend,

It comforts me in the warmth of understanding,

True beauty is without end.

True beauty does not know itself,

Do flowers marvel at their brilliant colours?

Do the mountains know their massive power?

Do the rivers feel their peacefulness murmuring?

Does a sunny day smile at its radiant warmth?

The colours do not know the painting,

For that is in the heart of the great artist,
There is only contrasting lights in this spectrum,
No colour is better or worse than any other,
Each a defining voice,
In the orchestra of perfection,
The cast is invited,
By the grace of natural selection.

In truth my friend
...there is only beauty,
Universal beauty you cannot see,
When you close your eyes you can feel it,
It is the love that sets you free.

CHAPTER 6: LOVE



6.0 REAL HOPES IN LOVE

Dear Peaceful. I loved the program you did on real hope. It was great. I love the love lesson it was the best. I learnt that if you don't care and love a baby when it is young they will not be happy growing up. Love from Mahli.

Q. What did the hungry dalmation say when it had finished its meal? A. That hit the spots.

6.1 Only Love Is Real

Love is not a word,
Agape is not a gap,
Love is not an answer,
Nor is it a question,
For it is unquestioned
When it is known,
Yet it always leaves a mark.

It lives in all subtle relationships,
It flowers in the summer sun,
And rains in droplets of chariots,
Crystal tears of gratitude,
Energy in motion,
For this is the e-motion of Gaia.

Love is an expanse
That has no horizon,

For Orion is light years away,
Yet the light twinkles as if
a memory of the universe is winking,
Reminding us of our mortality,
Yet love is immortal,
It is a portal to greater truth.

I have been gifted
for it is this shiny diamond that I carry,
The shine comes from within,
For no matter the exterior,
No matter how coarse or hard,
The diamond glitters for each is a star,
In the horizon of my dreams,
Reminding me of vitality,
Optimism is the precipice of hope,
For always it is living in my vision,
As I close my eyes in stormy weather,
I can still see the halo,
Over the crest of the rainbow,
Which is always a symbol
For new beginnings are seeking me.

For the gold is in the alchemy,
Transformation is in philosophy,
For one cannot buy happiness,
And there are no walls in truth,
For no-one is ever excluded,

Only love is denied natural expression.

This is the greatest desert,
The mirage of lovers come and go,
Yet love is the angel that never leaves,
Love endures all things,
Love forgives everything,
Love loses,
Let's go,
Compromises,
Lives simply,
So another can simply live.

For there is no greater wealth,
Or feeling of satisfaction,
That fulfils the aching heart,
Then the eyes of love,
That sees no evil,
Speaks no evil,
Hears not evil,
For the mirror image of **evil ... live**
in the eyes of innocence,
Yet when one looks to see,
Into this reflection,
Love is looking back,
For in your eyes I see myself,
And in my eyes I see you,
For when I love myself,

I love you,
And when you love yourself,
You love me,
As I looked up into your eyes,
Nothing existed,
Only love is real.

There is no rock to carve your name,
There is no life line to pull me in,
For the sea is an ocean of possibility,
And I am not drowning I am free,
For love is never in doubt,
There is never a drought,
Love is infinite gratitude,
It is wild and free,
For unconditional love,
Needs nothing,
It only gives,
Sustain-ability.

Imagine a world built on this foundation,
This is the Philosopher's Stone from which I carve,
'I think therefore I am' is stone,
'I feel therefore I see' is wind,
One never moves,
Emotion is the ocean of perpetual motion.
Therefore: the wise ones ask...
The stone age or wind power?

6.2 Love letter to Humanity

Every communication is a love letter,
Every word is an open invitation,
To greet life with openness,
To accept diversity in its full spectrum,
To allow differences of opinion to expand awareness,
As a garden resplendent with seasonal blooms,
Our nature understands the plumes of life's bouquet are secret signatures,
Sending messages of love,
Fertilizing our inner growth with goodwill and wellbeing,
As the earth spins and orbits around a universal love that is a given.

Harmony is the love that serves all others,
Beauty is the inner love that sees your uniqueness of expression,
Friendship is the love of trust that leaves deep impressions,
Families are the branches of love from the tree of life,
Compassion is the love that sees myself as you,
Charity is the love that gives you a hand up so you may stand up,
Nonviolence is the love that never harms another,
Peace is the love that allows the invisible hand of creation,
For peace rests beneath our conflicted thoughts,
And universal love is unity that knows no separation in thought, word or deed,
As true love is the truth that sets you free.

World peace is a peace-full world that loves,
Emerging from the ashes of misunderstanding,
To walk in harmony with our true nature,

Offering blessings to all crossing the path,
Orchestras of nature's perfection singing love songs,
Allowing love to find its natural well-spring,
As well-being springs from undercurrents of feeling,
Inspired by the source of love itself,
Loving itself naturally,
As the pond of life's reflection,
Smiles upon the face of all creation,
Sending love letters home to our friends, family, strangers, comm-unity and world,
That home is where the heart is,
And everyone is welcome home,
To a world that loves without condition.

6.3 To See Past Confusion

When you see white,
You are black,
When you see black,
You are white,
I don't see either
For I am not colouring in
The picture.

So many speak of human rights
Yet they are not right,
So many speak of discrimination
Yet they discriminate,
Then we come to the wisdom of the elders,
The philosophers,
The wise one who cannot see,
Even they are evoked,
Yet the greatest wisdom is love,
That sees no colours,
That speaks of unity,
That sees past the confusion
Into the future,
For the world is innocent,
The innocent are the world,
And the shape is created
By the colour of your complexion.

I am not white,
I am not rich,
I am not manipulating,
I just want to earn enough
To be free to be me,
For I am not who you think,
I am not what you feel,
For that belongs to you,
Only I know myself,
And within that,
I am happy.

6.4 Love is Peace

In the heart of my child,
My tears fall like silent witnesses,
At the trial of the conscience of humankind,
I am in the back of the room unnoticed,
For I am an observer,
Standing outside the game looking in.

As I look into the mirror ball,
Each panel reflects a fragment of personal truth,
A shard of understanding,
For collectively I cannot see the whole truth,
For the collective is unconscious,
For no thing is the real truth,
For this is the wellspring,
Of life.

Jung comes to me at Bolligen,
As I sit by Lake Zurich,
I watch the mountains majesty,
I see how far I must travel,
A universe of ideas,
For only universal eyes,
Can feel the truth.

As I read his symbols,
Deeply engraved in blue stone,
I feel the ancient world travelling to me,
Reminding me I that I am nowhere,
I am now-here,
And that nothing matters,
For there is no matter,
Only the energy of love,
Constructing the mosaic,
That we call life.

For only true love can carve the stone heart,
Only true love awakens from the kiss,
Only true love will move the mountains,
True love is the peace,
That is missing.

For the new vibration is here now,
For expanded vision sees past,
To the future horizon,
Translucent eyes disconnected and hollow,
Will follow,
For the greatest leaders will stay below,
For mastery is not about power over,
It is the power to see to look into the world book,
Undercover is effective and surreal,
As we feel the golden age is the first page,
Of a new way.

There will be no revolution,
There is only evolution,
For nature is functional, adaptable and sustainable,
And it is not under threat,
For soon it will bend with fate,
For civilisation it is getting late,
The hour is now,
Yet you live like there is no time,
The mundane is in the frame,
A snapshot in the album,
For your joy lives in history,
For the moment is bought and sold,
On the stock market for the lowest yield,
Yet you yield your greatest value to a system that doesn't value you,
So lost in responsibility,
Yet the highest responsibility,
Is your ability to respond,
To your highest ability,
For it is stability not security that you seek.

For real peace is balance,
It is not a safety net,
For this acknowledges danger,

For what you focus on expands,
So if peace is your goal,
You must rebalance fear,
With love,
In each moment,
In each breath,
Replace one with the other,
And you will never lose the cover,
Of universal love.

You have received the message,
The world awaits your response,
For its future is in your hands,
For if not you then who?
If not now then when?
For in your greatest trial,
Will hold your greatest triumph,
For you create your reality,
You bring the climate that can change,
You can bring the words that can heal,
For in each moment you create your life anew,
You can choose truth over lies,
Love over fear,
Listen to hear,
A life so sincere,
So the children can sleep to dream,
And awaken
To see their dreams come true.

6.5 The Mastery of Venus

There was a great one thousands of years ago
who declared ...
'You know not what you do',
An entire religion sprang up around seeds of doubt,
For many spent their lives seeking pleasure or avoiding pain,
Without living the message of love,
Hence the lineage extends to the current age,
For many have truly forgotten that love is the answer.

For each generation thinks its problems are unique,
Yet the linkages of ideas,
The framework of the so-called rational,
The philosophy of *I think therefore I am*,
Ignored as weak *The Way of the Heart*,
Some called The Way and the Life,
Philosophers argued their truth was righteous,
Many believed the Hobbesian worldview,
Yet in the 17th century they studied the arts, literature and philosophy curious to discover reasons,
Alas failing the en-lighten-ment of true love,
And thus began the season of greatest dis-content.

This is wherein the first lie begins,
The illusion of the intellect as knowledge of the Way,
Yet in reality it was emotional awareness that kept the human family together,
To grow and find happiness from the fruits of life.

Do you remember as a child the game of Chinese whispers?

Always the original idea was changed in the end,
For the truth has been misheard,
Misinterpreted,
Misrepresented,
Misunderstood,
Misquoted,
And all are still imagining they know truth,
That their word is gospel indeed unquestioned,
Their judgement is accurate and right,
Yet a lie can be authenticated by clever argument,
Not illuminated by inner knowing and humility,
For denial and delusion distort the spectrum of truth,
As politics was originally about resolving conflicts yet now the reverse is true.

There have been many many masters,
There have been innumerate wise people,
They walk past you every so often with a pleasant smile and soft eyes,
But you will never know for they stay below,
For the greatest of these will appear ordinary,
Their words will be deep yet calm,
Paradoxical riddles will make you wriggle,
As you recognise a spark of what is real,
Their life will seldom be ostentatious as their energy is empowered within,
They have learned the world is safe,
As they are in alignment with the highest good,
Yet their numbers are tiny compared to the human family.

If you have been blessed to meet one,
Do not run and hide,
Speak to him of your desired quest-ion,
Confide in her gently,
For no money will change hands,
And you will be seen as only loving eyes can see,
For the greatest wisdom is a lover of life,
And to know life is to know that all are equal,
No matter the challenges each is worthy,
For you exist on one planet in a solar system
Orbiting one of a million suns,
And life is a billion to one opport-unity,
For those who appear to arrive by chance,
Will leave on time,
In truth all choose to come to live out an experience of their choosing,
And each chooses what they want to see.

To be free one has to stop looking and to feel the force that is passive and yielding,
For truth must remain as a naked flame,
As deception hides below what is feared,
Yet to overcome fear one must step out and up,
On to the platform to be seen,
For authenticity is what is required today,
Courage is facing of fears as a true man.

In the new world many cry with frightened eyes,
Yet the way forward is at the end of an eye lash,
For first we must truly see to look at what is so,

And this requires great honesty and humility,
For each contributes to either love or fear,
One leads to a new life over the horizon of dreams,
The other a dead end street of the abyss,
That is filled with reflecting mirrors of a con-course.

Love is not to be feared,
There is no imprisonment only freedom,
But fear can bind love as an object with no interest,
And truth becomes a crying shame filled with regret,
As the beauty seen can never be covered to regain the modesty of dignity,
For Venus the goddess of love and beauty is eclipsed by Uranus the god of the sky,
Who thinks he is infertile and cannot grow
to reach the sunlight of her smile,
For she awaits renewal of real hope for the future.

Perhaps the camel can pass through the eye of a needle,
Threading a real peace agreement,
When you find the way of the heart is open all hours,
For you are loved for no reason.

6.6 Be Love Be Free

The world is falling apart,
For it cannot live together,
For love is absent from the tables of millions,
So the table becomes divided,
For only love is the great unifier,
How do I know this is true?
When you are in love,
You cannot leave,
You will bleed,
You will give the seeds,
To grow new hope,
You become selfless,
The mother places herself in danger,
For the love of her life diminishes,
Before the love of her children.

Love is not an ideal,
It is the foundation to life itself,
It is life itself,
It is formless,
Yet it takes the form,
Through the eyes of love.

When you are seeking to attract love into your life,
You will live in a space without love,
This is empty,
For love is not there,
So you will seek it,
But you may or may not find it,
You will feel the grey clouds of coldness roll in,
For you will despise the object of your desire,
For you feel denied,
You are imprisoned,
Not by the object,
But by the desire.

For you are not aware of the truth,
That is living within you,
That gives you a nudge,
Or a feeling when you are sure,
For the harmony will look upon the world
With the deepest kindness,
You are the love,
You are the dove,
When you set yourself free,
You will see,
That it is in what you give,
Not what you take,
That true strength is found,
For to give acknowledges wealth,
To take is in need of wealth,
Each define each moment,
But if on balance you take it all,
You lose everything,
For the external world becomes your lover,
But it feels out of your control,
Your inner world is your teacher,
For choices provide new horizons,
As the being of love,
You attract others to your light,
If all withdraw,
You are never alone,
For you love yourself,
You are not seeking to fill gaps,
This is not a vanity,
But a self respect,
For your integrity is kept,
In the truth of your smile.

It matters not what the other is doing,
What matters is who you really are,
If all focus within,
Removing the weeds to allow more light,
Then enlightenment can be felt,
For all actions are based in love,
The fear subsides like a sunset on old ideas,

For a focus on self,
Produces selflessness,
As one increasingly acts on a feeling,
Not a thought,
On a knowing,
Not what is taught,
For truth is hidden,
Within the heart of love,
It cannot be learned only felt,
For you are truth itself.

6.7 Human-Kind

A random act of kindness,
Is to look into your eyes,
For I am waiting to smile,
Yet your eyes divert,
My heart contracts,
For the act was one of innocence,
In a moment of courage,
A fading star,
In the hope
Of my impossible dream.

To give or not to give,
To share or not to share,
To donate or not to donate,
To make a friend or turn away,
To speak or remain in silence,
Expresses love or fear,
Committed to a belief,
Justified by what is right,
Or measured worth,
How then are you measured?
Is your cloth cut to measure?

For few of us try on another's shoes,
To experience poverty,
Yet to walk in the shoes of poverty reveals
the poverty mentality of those who walk past
and give nothing,
For they are blocked by a fear of poverty,
For a Mother Theresa will stop and give,
But she is not just filling the stomach,
Her gift is the face of human dignity,
And in her eyes she smiles into their eyes,
For she sees all are equal,
And worthy of respect,
And a place to rest,
For her home was open all hours.

Intimacy means in-to-me-see,
It is not a romantic notion,
Although many lovers know the meaning,
It is to be visible,
It is to reveal ones deepest truth,
It is to show one's weaknesses without shame,
To admit to fear or shyness,
For the greatest kindness is openness,
As we open to each other we display the flower of trust,
For intimacy is truth of what is so,
It is not to-be-seen-to-be,
Pretending one thing yet feeling another,
It is being authentic under all circumstances,
Yet how can this be done in the modern world?
A good question,
It is not easy for we are carrying hurts,
Others are not that loving,
Nor will our truth be greeted with open arms,
It takes courage to lead with love,
It takes great love to lead with courage,
For it is exposing the soft underbelly,
It is the removal of the protective shield,
It reveals the true beauty of humanity,
Which is not an iron man or woman,
It is the gentle spirit of one who knows,
That fear creates war,
Love creates peace,
And we must keep trying to visualise the peace we so desire,
For the key is in the microcosm,
That the macrocosm changes.

So kind and honoured friend,
Bring out your sunshine,
Reveal your needs and concerns,
Place your heart on your sleeve,
For to cry, laugh and get angry is part of who we are,
Suppression causes depression,
Yet to open your flower will bring the gentle rains of sustenance,
As you smell the fragrance of life outside your window,
You walk on the grass outside your building,
You hear the birds chirping over coffee,

And you feel a joy bubbling up like Champaign,
For you do not need any social occasion to feel free,
Freedom is to feel,
Kindness is the celebration of random acts,
For a kind society is deeply happy,
For as you find your real home,
You return to the truth of warmth,
That the dream is possible,
When you decide,
To live the truth of your humanity,
You will wake up to the sanity,
Of human-kind,
Is found
In a kind human.

CHAPTER 7: HONESTY



7.0 REAL HOPES IN HONESTY

To the Clown Peaceful. How much your kindness meant today. We must conclude, we are overwhelmed with gratitude. From the Clown Class P.S. what is your name?

7.1 The Win/Lose Strategy

Who are you?

What do you stand for?

What is education?

But the sharing of knowledge,

For the mutual gain,

Of a civil society.

What do you believe in?

Do your actions match your words?

Do you speak of responsibility?

Of integrity?

For those who are responsible,

Show integrity,

They rise to the challenge,

They don't shrink into the shadows,

For shadow puppets are an illusionary game,

That appears real,

When it is false.

Are you the student or the teacher?
The one who instructs on the politics of life,
Or lives a life of politics,
Political intrigue,
Of the chattering classes,
As the class above that never graduates?
With honour.

For I have learned there are people
Who are not what they seem,
Who are attractive yet ugly,
Who are rich yet poor,
Who are well educated yet ignorant,
For they know not what they do,
Nor for what reason,
Yet reason is argument,
That only knows about winning,
For every academic paper is argued not reasoned,
Formulating paper trails of the mind,
For one is summed by the number of papers,
Not the quality of the sub-text,
For it is to be seen to be intelligent,
For the academic is not an intellectual,
To be an intellectual is to reason and question life,
To question is to make sense,
To seek to understand the truth,
Is to get the facts straight,
For one is distilling fact from fiction,

Merit from illusion,
To see into possibility,
When it seems impossible,
For every thing is possible,
When one sees to look,
Into their own book,
For this is the only paper worth reading,
For those who express from experience,
Do not postulate or chat with their class,
They relate and seek solutions,
For they have the will to find the way of democracy.

For those who are blinded by their own reflection,
Are the narcissists of our time,
For in truth they see their shadow not the true face,
For they choose not to see,
They decide not to question their darkness,
They choose not to learn from their mistakes,
They choose not to care or give a hand,
For all they see is themselves,
As they admire their beauty,
And undisturbed sleep,
For they are not interested in reality.

Yet the truest beauty is in honest actions,
Is in humility not arrogance,
Is in forgiveness not a silent reproach,
For those with real integrity,

Feel clean and fresh,
And this is the fresh air,
That allows one to breath,
And encourages them to be true to self.

The game of life sits visibly at the table,
Where all reveal their hands,
Above board,
There are no sleeves in which to hide,
No deal in which to conceal,
For those with real skill don't need sleight of hand,
For they can win by merit,
They use their intelligence not to be clever,
But to remember the other hands equally,
For when they win it is not to bathe in the accolades of one's superiority and glory,
But to congratulate the others for being part of the game,
To play a part in life's story,
For without friends there are no winners,
There are no losers,
For one can not play alone,
And skill is the only value,
That is admired.

7.2 Time Waits for No Fool

In the midst of great confusion,
The truth lies dormant
Awaiting discovery,
Only explorers find what they are looking for.

Seek and you will find,
Is whispered to those that listen,
For I am seeking another way,
I am looking for the higher path,
That gives me room to have a view.

For where I live there are no windows,
There are no panes,
For I am free to look upon the world,
Without barriers obscuring my vision,
I live in a school without walls,
In a world without division,
In a house,
At home,
Wherever I go.

I have climbed the highest mountains,
I have peaked,
And seen the mustard seed is real,
For the mountain to be moved,
Is erroneous belief,

I became lost in the forest,
But now I see the wood for the trees,
And I am pleased to be in the clearing,
I am cleared from the past.

My words go unheeded,
My ideas unseeded,
For what I give cannot be measured,
I am a kernel,
Without an army,
I am a leader without followers,
I am walking alone,
Yet I am never alone,
For truth gives a freedom that is unbounded by time,
Does not require words in kind,
For it is never about the other,

It is to live as an example,
To know there is ample,
To share,
To be fair,
And above all,
To care.

I found Gandhi's statue,
I was drawn from the start,
I entered the garden,
Overwhelmed by tears,

Inspiration removes traces of fear,
For I have found great truth,
And I have no need to travel,
When the journey is within.

I have met with courage,
And not run away,
I have met with faith,
And lived in the dark,
I have met with humility,
And stayed below,
I have met with truth,
And faced it in time,
All crossroads on the same path,
Yet they have come in different guises,
For I can see through the many masks,
For only clowns look with love,
Live without condition,
Play the fool,
For the town crier has a message,
That is simple and straight,
For time waits for no fool,
When you practice the tools,
of world peace.

CHAPTER 8: ONENESS



8.0 REAL HOPES IN ONENESS

To Peaceful. Thank you very much for coming to our school to help us get a better understanding on the way life works. The lesson that stood out to me the most was oneness. I learned that if we all co-operate we are continuing to create a better world, but having conflict is just driving us backwards. From Brendan. We are the world.

8.1 We Are One

How can I tell you that we are one,
That we are one breath,
One love,
One beat,
One heat,
Burning and blending
For the universe to see,
Bright and luminous,
We are essentially free.

Researching the world,
I see angry words of division,
Nation-states the ultimate racism,
Natural selection,
Nature painted your face,
Not as a point of distinction,
Maximising efficiency,
Unconscious of north south extinction,
Optimising self sufficiency,
Brinkmanship fears dependency.

Abundance was the garden,
Eden was your bargain,
Your fall has been blamed on another,
Since eternity you surrendered your power,
That was given in the creation of love,
Not from above or below,
From within there is no sin,
When you listen,
Uncover your shroud of Turin,
The remnants of the truth,
Shattered into mythology,
Spirituality became ideology,
Within righteousness are you alright.

Unity is blind to colour or tone,
Holy communion is love alone,
Faith tipped from the cup of cola,
Into the petrie dish of corporate culture,
Your survival is pinned to the badge of greed,
80% of the world bleeds,
Bad seeds after good,
Genetically modified obsolescence,
Yield deserts and spasmodic stock market prices,
Third world debt has come to blight us,
Colonisers in suits praying on cheap energy,
No synergy or inspiration,
Only bottom lines and exploitation,
Cloaked in industrial averages,
Choked in the lust of savages,
Where survival of the fittest is the creed,
Where feeling is conceived as the bleeding heart,
Delivered as motherhood statements,
Alas the statement of motherhood is the last salvation,

Nestled at the breast of the next generation.

Stunted growth,

Satellite television bloated,

Sinking boat of electronic stimulation,

Playing games of violent simulation,

Without question,

or feasibility,

We forgot our responsibility,

Our power is cut off,

From the source of integrity,

The lines of communication,

Serendipity plunges,

Character crumbles,

Money talks because we have nothing to say,

As our truth slowly slips away,

The Self betrayed.

We listen to the gossip,

As gospel truth,

But it is dripping with cynicism,

And self absorption,

Packaged in ego distortion,

Denial keeps the truth at bay,

We hide in the cave of our own making,

Thick walls,

Safety in numbers,

But the walls crash,

The truth thunders and breaks through the illusion,

On the shelf in the company of endless lies,

The environment stigmatised and discarded,

And we realise the house of cards,

Is the game of deceit.

The grasping stops,

We are still at last,
In deep reflection,
The future becomes the past,
The meek inherit the new world,
Where love is the answer,
Nature's fever breaks,
The healing of the womb embraced,
Produces the traces of new life,
A new way of thinking,
A new way of being,
A new way of creating,
The new world is waiting,
For you to surrender and be peace,
Trust in the eco-system,
As your voice echoes to the ends of the earth,
We witness our re-birth,
In the light of fun,
We realise that
We are one.

8.2 Unity is Peace

The United Nations cited 400 years
before we reach equality,
Yet I ask what is equality?
Is it to be equal?
Yet no-one is equal,
For diversity is the greatest consistency,
Between and within the sexes,
For uniqueness
Originates within the self.

So what is the problem?
Are we speaking of a general stereotype?
An issue of power over?
Gender specific roles?
Feminine and masculine?
Caregivers or providers?
Do we fall into lines of them and us?
Or are we same same yet different!

There is no difference my friends,
When we are humans *being*,
Only in imagined beliefs do tensions arise,
For social engineering is subtle,
And the child is receptive to the cues,
For they are taught,
Gender is learned,

And patriarchy is a power construct,
For when you see yourself in the other,
That is the hour of true unity.

But what of toys,
What of rough behaviour,
What of cooperation,
For clearly we see behaviours,
These are the expectations of the parents,
For society has colour codes,
We communicate in gender,
For girls are soft sweet indecisive talkative,
Boys are rough boisterous strong silent,
One must be cared for,
The other must be freed to sow his seeds,
For he is dynamic and leading the way,
When in truth each has masculine and feminine qualities,
It is a question of identity and choice.

Is a child raised by wolves human?
How does this child live in the snow for years running on all fours with the pack
and not get hyperthermia?
Yet when approached by humans growls and snaps,
When taken by humans the child's life elapsed,
For there was no relationship ...in mind.

99.6% of genetics is shared with chimpanzees our ancestral cousins,
Similar behaviours yet different,

100% of genetics is shared between the sexes,
For we are the same species,
We are capable of learning,
Of loving,
Of remembering,
Of killing,
Each is capable of behaving like the other,
And in many moments we do.

So what of sexuality?
The point of attraction,
This allows intimacy,
It is an expression of love when real,
In-to-me-see opens the window to the soul,
Love melts walls of imagined fear,
For the beauty of the rose opens naturally,
And the fragrance of love surrenders to unity,
For the differences were genetically engineered for attraction not of opposites but complements,
Inspiring curiosity,
Gaining insights,
Facilitating personal growth,
For in your eyes I see me,
In my eyes I see you,
For the veil of separation was simply the stage setting,
On a rainbow horizon of promise,
That lives the happy ending as a new beginning.

May your friendships be based on truth,
May your love be based on intimacy,
May your family be extended to the world,
May gender become invisible as we live and laugh together,
For friendship steps beyond attractions and seeks to learn from diversity,
For there is no tolerance only acceptance,
And this is the dialogue that builds bridges,
Enhances understanding,
Promotes respect,
For it is not a question of faith or belief,
It is to be unity then live it,
And this is the highest universal value expressing the wisdom,
Same same but different.

For peace lives not in silence,
But acts on what is known,
For it is the truth that sets you free
To communicate to all in a common unity,
And this is the true meaning of comm-unity.

8.3 One True Nature

Gaia is turning,
The world is learning,
A sacred balance,
That is not cost accounting,
But accounting for our actions,
For the summit is not a talk fest of hot air,
But the summit of human potential,
That is the potential of humanity to care,
For itself.

For one must not dam any Franklin,
For wild rivers are free,
As the flow of truth can not be diverted,
By self interest and denial,
As the water course changes direction,
Meandering becomes a dry creek bed,
For we have made our bed,
Do we sleep in it?
Or do we awaken to a new earth.

Ocean outfall or ocean current?
Mount Sinai or Mountain shadow?
River cruises or refreshed water ways?
Natural resources or natural bounty?
Carbon dioxide or free oxygen?

A carbon sink or rising atmospheric tempers?

Is carbon clean or pristine?

What is our Cole inquiry into this question?

Is it a natural formation or corrupt in-formation?

A renewable resource or ancient shroud?

The sedimentary rock of beliefs is under pressure,

As plant deposits submerged in acidic waters,

A natural antiseptic combating micro organisms is a natural healer,

A pristine coal protecting against oxidization,

Containing the imbalance of atmospheric carbon,

Serves a higher purpose than burning the fossil record,

For this is unprecedented as the CO2 graph ventures into uncharted waters,

For the new world order is in disarray,

And perhaps this is the first rays of a new world out of control.

Bob Brown is the ray of light,

Standing on the hill,

For he gives capitol to reaching higher peaks,

The twin peaks is not the twin deficits,

It is the panorama of a vision that extends beyond the twins of shared concern.

This is a squeaky wheel that requires no oil,

This is the thorn that is immovable,

For truth and action cannot be censored,

And we are sensing the times where all must speak up and be counted on,

For the world is in dire straits,

This is a Bermuda triangle where most have lost direction,

Yet when one finds magnetic poles have shifted in 2012,

There is a monumental shift,
For consciousness is a rising see level,
That's line of sight is the edge of the cliff,
For we are close to midnight,
There is no midnight oil to fabricate light in the darkness of ignorance as buying time.

We must be the light we wish to see in the world,
For Gandhi envisaged self-sufficiency, self-reliance and independence,
Truth and love set the navigation points,
The spinning wheel as the inner and outer wheel of life,
A karmic wheel of good fortune,
For it spins a new dream weaver,
A kinetic energy of perpetual e-motion towards self service and self love.

The spinning wheel threads a society together into one social fabric,
Enriching natural resources as a talent quest,
Educating children in simplicity, purity, self development and self respect,
For this is the social change that yields no results only progress,
In a school with no wall or winners,
For to work and play together is a given,
In an enlightened society that values best interest over self interest,
And from this web of life a new symmetry manifests its destiny,
As the love of your life
Embracing all life as your own true nature

CHAPTER 9: PEACE



9.0 REAL HOPES IN PEACE

Dear Peace clown why do wars start what goes so out of control? Why do people believe what bad things that other people say to them? Why do people care for money so much after all it's just a piece of metal!

From Marina

9.1 7 Steps to Peace

The dove has a broken heart,
For she is trying to fly,
He wishes to save humanity,
From itself.

Behind every smiling face,
Is a broken heart,
How do I know each heart is broken?
The eyes are the windows
Through which truth is shown,
Action is the vehicle through which
Truth is owned.

Some are crying at the shape of the world,
Some are despairing for they feel the end is near,
That is truth the end is approaching,

But life is circular,
Life is endless,
From the ending will come new beginnings,
For human awareness is a season,
One must go through winter to reach spring,
Summer is the equinox,
The pinnacle of real hope,
As irises flower,
Within the iris one can see the future,
Of an imagined community,
That sees itself in the other.

Nature is constant transformation,
Transformative power is not militaristic,
It resides within unity of common purpose,
Our common future becomes visible to those who recognise the
power in conflict resolution,
For this is the art of win/win,
For art is constant creation,
Inspiring humanity to look outside the box,
For we can recreate our common future,
One step at a time with peace of mind.

The 1st step is **Dialogue**,
The 2nd step is **Understanding**,
The 3rd step is **Recognition**,
That is to recognise myself in you.

The 4th step is **Empathy**,

For when I stand in your shoes,

I leave my world behind,

There are elements of truth in perspectives,

It is to focus on the truth not the failure.

The 5th step is **Truth and Reconciliation**,

For it is the truth that sets us free from revolving door conflicts,

The truth is a transforming power,

For the truth is true always just as rain falls from the sky not the
soil,

It is not a half truth or negotiated settlement,

For the art of diplomacy is to persuade,

Not to resolve underlying needs with interest,

For a new world paradigm asks –

Is it better to be right or happy?

The 6th step is **Harmonisation**,

We seek to find common ground that we can share,

There is no loss only a changing mosaic,

For the philosophy of harmony is blending,

As differences expand into acceptance.

The 7th step or seal is **Integration**,

The sum of the parts encompasses the whole,

There is no separation in the world family,

Each gains more through the shared process,

For this is not a crumb or a carrot to reward or punish,

It is the smiling face of peace in contentment,
For peace is not a treaty document,
It is not the absence of wars of abuse,
It is recognising that world peace starts within every family,
In every relationship,
In every school,
For the school without walls is open to all.

The steps are a simple pathway,
It is a middle path that looks neither east nor west but starts in
the middle,
It has no ideology to follow,
It has no religious mantra to repeat,
It shines brightest in the eyes of all children,
For they are the torch bearers,
That will hold a light to the future,
And together they will find their way home.

So be at peace,
Like a fool on the edge of a cliff,
Take a step and the others will appear,
For the fool continues to offer the olive branch no matter the
perceived conditions,
The fool will be rejected,
The fool will be ostracised,
For always in great transitions there is fear,
Those who are peace makers will be feared,
Yet fear not those at the vanguard,
The truth will always set you free.

9.2 A Blue Print Of Peace

A blue print,
A footprint,
An impression,
For the sand is impermanence,
Nature recycles history,
For no impression has more weight than another,
All eventually turn to dust,
For the physical world is in constant change.

The peace you seek never disappears,
Beneath constant change is certainty,
For the sands of timelessness exist not in physical matter,
But in eternal truth.

All human beings arrived from eternal truth,
And will return to it,
The mind of the universe is vast,
It is timeless and unlimited.

The sun is the mother of all life,
A wheel of electromagnetic fields,
Sending free energy to recharge the grid,
For matter and anti-matter is the mirror,
For all that is physical has the non-physical
to balance the multi-verses,
For life is present in a multiplicity of universal forms.

Many human minds are focussed within imagined dilemmas,
Information technology creates the context and flavour of what is believed and then seen,
The discussions and critiques never step over lay lines of universal enquiry,
They are contained within a corral of directed scripts and role plays to keep addiction alive,
As the tail that wags the dog picks at the bone,
For the blind men cannot feel the pink elephant of their own creation,
As the family is embroiled in conflict and confusion,
For fear, suppression and misinformation drives modern life into a darkness with dimmed lights.

External influences dramatise events to fuel undivided attention,
Yet the greatest mysteries are cast aside to make room for the Simpsons and Big Brother,
To fill inner space with sitcoms, dramas and awakened new fears,
For paralysis, gossip and a survival mentality,
Is a contextual field that knows not truth.

I close my eyes to feel a rhythm that I cannot hear,
Yet the breath of life is unmistakeable,
Nature speaks in a language that has no judgement or pre-conceptions,
The winds and water courses *flow* around obstacles to complete the cycle,
The weather patterns *distribute* sustenance to a vibrant world alive with the colour of potential,
For there is *consistency* in life affirming self regulating patterns of the snowflake,
There is *purpose* in an ecosystem functioning in harmonious unison,
There are dinosaurs amongst the ancient forests,
For the tree is the centre peace of *stability*,
Inspiration, transpiration, communication, leaf litter, canopies, temperature regulation, soil retention, protection, carbon sinks, oxygenation is the true summit for climate change,
Technology is not favoured by natural selection.

Peace is the REAL HOPE for humanity,
When one is *Responsible* and able to respond,
Conflict resolution awakens *Empathy* in others,
Awareness is to seek truth not power,
Love is the natural life force in harmony,
Honesty is the outcome of a truthful intent,
Oneness is the ecosystem birthing life equally,
Peace is creative action inspiring virtues,
Enjoyment is the clown that plays with life and sees the joke as life itself.

For the blue print is known to all,
But applied consistently by few,
One can worship great heroes yet the hero is within you awaiting your *purpose* to flower,
For the greatest love is to realise that one can create anew with *principled leadership*,
As ambition falls away as a child discards a toy,
As profiteering holds no gain only pain,
As power exists in the vacuum of the powerless,
For the greatest leader responds from within,
Walks alone and speaks out to all,
Leads by service and acknowledges the value of all without prejudice or favour,
For the greatest justice is to share fairly with all,
For some say *the meek will inherit the earth*,
For humility is the face of virtue living as unity,
Unity can only be seen through the hearts that see inner peace
in the truth of who we are.

9.3 Peace or Pieces?

It is through the sounds of silence,
That we find our voice,
It is through the mirror,
That we see who we are,
It is through differences,
That we see we are the same.

Life is a game,
It is conception,
It is misconception,
It is pretension,
It is tension,
But mostly it exists in the bubbles of imagination,
No-one questions the screen,
No-one edits the script,
We pretend this is normal,
But in fact it is a total eclipse,
The darkness of our perception,
Totally covers the truth,
It seems as night,
In the light of day,
But in truth,
It is neither,
It is unchanging,
It is only movement,
That masquerades as time,
For we are running out of time,
On this planet of confusion.

You are free to judge me,
You are free to move away,

You are free to stay where you are,
I have put the challenge forward,
Thrown down the gauntlet,
Opened the door to possibilities that you cannot see,
That would set you free,
But you have made yourself clear,
For in truth I have always seen you,
Both sides of the same coin,
Are clearly visible to me,
I don't wear rose coloured glasses,
I know you have not grown,
In your heart you are alone,
That is why you are not alone.

The microcosm is the macrocosm,
There is no them and us,
There is only us,
We are moving rapidly,
On the rapids of globalization,
To crash on the rocks,
For they are hard and unyielding,
They are determined they are right,
They are the stubborn beliefs of certainty,
Stock markets wipe out fraternity,
Rushing towards the reefs of calamity,
The road block to our plight.

For it is in the uncertainty,
That possibilities arise,
That questions are posed,
We know the answer to the solution,
For as I look within,
The world becomes clear,

Fear imagines that the other is dangerous,
The myths and legends fuel the fires,
Of misplaced desires,
In the family of deceit.

I am not shackled to right or wrong,
I follow the feeling in life's song,
I will not judge but I am judged,
I will not fight but will not run,
I will hold onto the rock of love,
It is the eternal sun that radiates my life,
My hopes float on the thermals of the kite,
Sending real hope to the world,
Is my plight.

Do you choose world peace?
Or do you want a piece of the world?
Do you choose unity?
Or with impunity do you want?
Such is demand and supply,
But the supply is running out,
The economics of infinite resources,
Is the bubble of which I speak,
Will you be strong and say what you think?
Or will you make others wrong and feel weak?
The table of misunderstandings can be cleared in a moment,
If one is seeking truth,
If one is seeking a roof then you run for cover,
For I have learned clearly that what you resist persists,
What you look at disappears,
It is facing things as they come,
That you define yourself,
It is not ignorance or power games,

That brings security or wealth,
It simply fuels the illusion of what you imagine,
To be true.

To live in lies,
Is where life cannot live,
Live in disguise,
Behind the mask of your eyes,
Avante garde,
There is no leading edge,
Just the ledge of fears leading,
Jumping at shadows on the walls,
Million dollars a minute on armoury,
Fears insanity,
Calls for a re-think,
To feel again,
For to move right is wrong,
To speak in tongues,
Not saying what you mean,
Creates confusion it seems,
So why live in the shadows?

A strong person stands tall,
Looks you in the eye,
Answers the call,
For the weak are on shifting sand,
They do not understand,
That they do not believe in themselves,
They live in shadows,
They seek power,
For they are power-less,
They are scared to lose control,
To lose their role,

They blame others,
They stand firm,
They sit rigidly,
They never learn that they are first cause,
That is the root of all wars,
That what they fear they attract,
That lies behind the World Trade Centre attack?

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make it drink,
I will do everything I can,
To bring us back from the brink,
My journey with you was a curiosity,
For inspiration took me by surprise,
Without it I would be long gone,
And not questioning the truth of your disguise,
It is good to love,
That is something I will not change,
But I turn the page on this day,
For there isn't much time,
The writing is on the walls,
That fear built and will fall,
The ivory towers of selection,
Are no longer smiling,
For they have lost their sense of humour,
They haven't lightened up,
Such is the nature of conservatism,
It thinks its right,
But always the edifices of our minds construction,
Collapse in the face of truth.
In the end,
I was always your friend,
Perhaps even ...A god-send.

9.4 Be Peace

Peace is not a cliché,
Peace is not in the world,
It cannot be found in silence,
It is not after the fighting has subsided,
It can never be held in a peace treaty,
It is not a dialogue
Or a monologue,
Inscribed in peaceful words,
For one can never be given peace,
One can only live it.

For peace lives in the smile
That is genuine,
Peace lives in the moment
That is kind,
Peace lives in the heart
That is loving,
For how can you hate another?
When you see them in yourself.

I cannot give you world peace,
I cannot create it,
I can only find peace in gratitude,
For you are my teachers,
You are friends,
Writing a line in my life story,
For each leaves an impression,
As footsteps in my garden,
For your presence has been felt,
Your contribution heaven sent.

I hope you were able to smell the roses,
And stop for a while,
For it is a garden open to all,
For I have nothing to hide,
I only wish to share the bouquet of possibilities,
For we are each a unique variety,
Reflecting a different colour,
And without such contrasts,
How can we see the plume?
For nature always made room
for differences.

There are times where all I see is beauty,
The world is such a precious jewel,
Closing my eyes it sparkles in my memory,
Reflecting in the pond of my heart mirror,
For I am learning forgiveness
Of myself,
I am learning acceptance
Of myself,
And within this,
I am learning to live
My life
For myself.

La Trobe is a place I found special,
It is a place I found peace,
It is a place I found conflict,
It is a place that I returned to,
For those magnificent trees call me,
Sheltered me from the cold,
It is a place I learned to be bold,
For facing fear is the key,

I am seeking to be free,
To be me.

May your journey be filled with interest,
May your life be lived fully,
May you find your dreams and follow them,
May you find true peace,
In the love of your life.

9.5 War and Peace is Not a Movie

This world is your world,
You are the world,
We are interrelationships intimately linked,
We work in teams to produce for others,
For supply is demand,
And demand is perceived needs unmet.

We are born into this world innocent,
Many die in circular regret,
For they followed the rules,
They did as they were told,
For authority comes from without,
Yet truth comes from within,
And when this dichotomy is not integrated,
Lies become unsustainable.

No-one can save the world,
Until they look into their own eyes,
To evaluate where they are silently at war,
Where they are lovingly at peace,
For this is the gauge of heaven and hell,
And we are the creators of both.

World peace is self love,
It is not vanity,
It is living a life in harmony with inherent values,

Without jealousy or inferiority,
A value-able life,
That is not competitive or superior,
Living gratefully a life of service,
That is not servitude,
It is humility in action that loves to act,
That washes your feet with compassion,
It is peace with a passion,
That sees the other as one self.

The war within plays many charades,
That only the wise can see,
It comes smiling when all is going well,
It is a failure when seen to be,
It doesn't respond when self interest isn't served,
For the ego has many faces,
It is the chameleon that greets you with charm,
And leaves you as if unseen,
It is gossip on walls that divide and pigeonhole,
For differences become division,
Only unity sees diversity as the greatest teacher.

The peacemaker is often not seen,
For she is often aware of the background,
He is the one that is gentle and kind,
That is blind to colour as if colour blind,
That sees only opportunity to extend love,
That sees no differences only diversity,

Who gives time when asked,
Who places family before work,
Who displays virtues as the centre peace of life,
For he knows that real wealth is integrity,
Clarity is honesty,
Love is empathy,
And community is an eco-system in harmony,
That always returns when you call.

The world can work hard for peace,
But peace is not hard work,
It is simple and easy to achieve,
When one learns to let go of projection,
When one sees value in every face,
When all are treated as one self,
This is the true love in action that is not at war.

So if this is easy why for hundreds of years do
we invest in the military?
It is the out picturing of patriarchy out of balance,
It is the suppression of emotional feelings,
It is the minimising of truth in favour of strength,
It is the predominance of IQ powering fearful control of the future,
It is in war movies glorifying murder as battles,
It is in war games we play to dominate and win,
It is in the re-creation of a culture of violence,
That lives in fear as it does not know itself,
Nor accept responsibility for its actions,

For war is hailed as winning when it is the biggest loser,
Promoted as defence when it plans to attack,
Paraded as heroism when future generations are lost civilisations,
When in truth it is the failure to love the other,
For this is the heart of our demise.

So how to turn this mis-direction around,
We may start again with children,
We must see the cycles of abuse as violence,
We must examine the system of work that mindlessly abuses the working class with impunity,
For there is no industrial democracy when servitude is from top down,
A system that enhances powerlessness, spiritual poverty and exhaustion,
For families are separated for too long,
Incomes are insufficient and hours extreme,
Stresses become intolerable and build incapacity,
For there is no freedom of speech or ownership,
When the Universal Declaration doesn't work,
Perhaps to work part time at $\frac{3}{4}$ full time wage,
Parents share equally and learn empowerment,
Virtues become the ladder to success,
A new corporate culture valuing best interest over selfishness and greed is the missing link,
Is not an impossible dream when peace is possible,
When a child centred world,
Becomes child friendly,
For self sufficiency is the productivity we must seek.

9.6 Universal Peace

Across the world,
Conflict is endemic,
Its colour is red,
For its flavour is bitter,
And its memory is long and withered,
As forgiveness is the white flag of surrender,
That seldom is raised in freedom.

In each heart there is goodness,
In each face there are strains of pain,
For every person experiences torment,
Each suffers injustice and indignity,
Many feel shackled to occupations, marriages or unkind states of mind,
That seek to bind and not set free,
To enjoy the liberty of happiness as life.

The white dove is messenger of heaven,
The yin and yang are opposites,
The angel is mercy,
All are symbols of universal peace,
As humanity struggles to find the silver lining above black plumes of war
that is never fair or reasonable.

How to find meaning in meaningless acts?
How to evoke kindness in the unmoved face of cruelty?
How to convey wisdom to the mind that is always right?
How to value a human being behind the back of unspeakable indifference?

As many hearts cry into empty desert storms of desolate tragedy,
Mourning the loss of face, homeless and bereft,
As sore eyes open reluctantly again to believe in life again,

Peace emerges as a silent sunrise radiating the promise of a new day,
Of renew-able energy.

For if there is truth in the faith of a mustard seed to move mountains of apathy,
Then I must come out of the rain shadow and seek the promised sunrise,
That peace can not be stonewalled,
That it is the fragile plant that grows in the toughest environments,
For the crack in a hard rock face is the chance of new growth,
For the path of love has many channels.

The Taoists speak of subtle universal law of the integral way as the highest path,
The Buddhists say that life is suffering, The 4 noble truths are the middle path,
The Christians speak of do unto others as you would have them do to you as the path of empathy,
The Moslems say Allah Akbar (god is great) seeking mercy as the path to god,
The Mystics know the divine in communion as direct awareness of the source of life as the
lightning path,
Yet there are many paths that lead us home to our shared humanity.

The path of the poet seeks the truth along the hardest path,
An exploration that leaves no stone unturned,
For the poet is the philosopher's stone chiselling the meaning of truth itself,
Eroding false gods through tears of fears,
Transforming the fire of pain into the water of love that finds the cracks,
Carving within the passion of compassion,
As aloneness is the silent retreat in communion with the deepest thoughts,
That turns the brightest light of inner inquiry into awareness of ones true self.

Universal peace is an ancient uni-verse,
That sings in poetic prose,
Is mesmerised by the clearest voice,
It is the love that holds us all equally,
It is the kindness in my questions,
It is the endless love in my weary eyes,

It is respect that walks passed in disguise,
It is the smile of friendship on my lips,
It is in the communication of my soul that prays for peace not war,
As every thought shapes the future world
Of destiny's child.

9.7 Investing in World Peace

Peace is not in the investment portfolio,
Peace is not a futures option,
Peace is not profitable,
Yet we all profit from peace.

The mechanism of supply and demand,
Market wants rather than needs,
It is how we determine value,
Wealth becomes reward,
Status becomes success,
Belonging is part of the club,
For when one is seen to be,
The wheels of industry keep turning.

For the industrial military complex is a valued asset,
It is a psychological complex deeply divided,
A million dollars a minute is the investment portfolio that yields real returns,
Profits over people,
Pain over conflict resolution,
As we build smart bombs that discriminate,
We explode bunker busters (mini nukes) that cause cancer,
We destroy whole cities to maximize shock and burn tactics,
We build unmanned drones to minimize body bags for CNN,
We place power in the service of force,
And in the end we bill this as another peace process,
Yet this is not the true face of peace,
Peace comes in service as a true friend,
For the benefit of all.

Peace education is investing in your children
It is an intangible,
An untouchable,
It can't be displayed as an act of pride,
For the value cannot be seen as a medium of exchange,
It is generated through gentle acts of kindness,
It is built through positive affirmation of ourselves and each other,
Through responding, caring, nurturing,
Sounds like a motherhood statement,
For there is seldom recognition in real service with a smile,
Which is how you know best interest is placed above self interest,
Self interest will always promote itself and justify cruel acts.

For when we value honesty over deception,
When we value working together rather than causing division for the other is wrong,
When we value freedom of speech over differing perspectives as democracy,
When we value what is real rather than material gain,
We will find peace emerges as a pearl from the hard shell,
We see the purpose rather than plan,
We feel the enjoyment rather than yield,
For one does not need profit to motivate when the reward is the service itself.

For what we truly value we invest in,
Peace is the middle path that is inclusive,
For there are no winners or losers,
There are no failures or successes,
Simply differences that reflect diversity,
Where the level playing field is seen as equal opportunity,
There is no superiority or inferiority,
When every person is unique.

For peace is non discriminating,
For it will never argue to win,

Simply learn from opponents as teachers,
As this is the spirit of acceptance,
It is the 4 noble truths,
It is the 4 way test of truth, fairness, goodwill, friendship and true benefit,
For this is the free market not for sale,
As peace is the only investment that is sustainable
if we are to have a future to invest in.

CHAPTER 10: ENJOYMENT

J

10.0 REAL HOPES IN ENJOYMENT

Peacefull. Dear Peacefull. I really liked the REAL HOPE program it made me learn to be kinder to people. You always make me laugh it was fun having you here, we will all miss you. From Jessie. Made especially for you darling. By Jessie.

10.1 The Gift

My highest wish is happiness,
It is the gift I give to all,
To see the smiling faces,
To catch them before they fall.

To be a clown,
Is like surround sound,
It spreads a ray of sunshine,
To all without discrimination,
Without impatience,
To see the world as one,
To inspire and have some fun.

I have no enemies,
I have no-one to hate,
To me there is no nation state,
I see the world as my family,
I just want to bring them home,
Into the warmth of love and kindness,
So no-one feels alone.

I see every story,
In its real glory,
I know the potential of what can be,
I long to set them free,
Into a world of their own making,
Into a world that is no longer breaking
into fragments of glass,
Shards of misunderstanding,
Where we see only a fraction of what is true,
We assume that it is not safe,
That is the myth,
That is the spin,
That disempowers and tries to win.

One truth is that life begins,
When we step out of the comfort zone,
The boundaries of insecurity build walls,
We are not alone,
And when we step out of illusion,
Of misconceptions,
We realize that there is no fear,
That there are many tears,
That are flowing down the rivers of separation,
But they will reach the headwater,
They will unite in the end,
The journey is the experience,
That life sends.

You are a clown that offers your heart,
For you carry it up your sleeve,
Your cards of wisdom,
Your feathered hat and stickers,
For each face you touch,

Each smile you face,
Sees your warmth of human kindness sparking like a refreshing wine,
Bubbling up their nose,
Bringing colour into darkness,
For you are the gift god gives,
For which the Sabbath was designed.

I believe in peace,
I believe in goodness,
I believe in action,
I know that for every cause
there is an equal and opposite reaction,
My life is dedicated to principle,
I know the answers are simple,
When you throw away judgment,
When you throw away hurt,
When you throw away hate,
And think about what you've learned.

Under the canopy of respect,
You will never reject,
The will of others,
They must travel their own path,
We need to learn to laugh,
Life is the comedy,
Perhaps I am the fool,
But just maybe,
That's the school
for world peace.

10.2 Bundling Joy

I am truly happy,
I am happy being true,
For when I am true to myself,
Then I am true to you.

As I sit here never alone,
For I am not seeking company,
As there is no gap in my humanity.

Silently I discover my secret garden,
Is flowering in all seasons,
For the secret of our life is to flower,
To send out tendrils of...
potential,
wisdom,
real hope,
and dreams.

To blow the seeds of morning glory and watch the unknown take flight,
Is my wish beholding the heart of the world *smiling*,
As brightly as the summer solstice,
For the equinox symbolises the choice point as beginnings end,
In the growth of new meanings of human-kind,
Dawning in the horizon of renew-able love.

For the top soil is always rich below,
Ideal conditions are always unconditional,
The right moment is every moment lived fully,
And fulfillment cannot be expressed in semi tones,
For there is nowhere to go for I can only be now-here,
There is no-one to speak to,
For I am speaking within myself,
There is no-one to impress,
For love impresses upon me that all is good,
And I am good,
I am one with life,
And that is the meaning I found,
In this precious moment,
Of now.

So I bundle my joy and leave the beaten track of ages,
On the spindle that moves my life line,
For my life is a continuous thread,
That gathers momentum as I let go,
Allowing the golden tapestry to take shape above as below,
For we are each shape changers,
And the final outcome is to know,
That life is surely a magic carpet ride,
That has no destination in time,
For the joyful heart always arrives in each moment,
Peace-full.

10.3 Journey Home into the Heart of Happiness

What is in a thought?

What is in a word?

What is in an action?

Hope,

Expression,

Freedom.

There is so much left unsaid,

That is taken to one's death bed,

That allows bitterness,

That lives with guilt,

That sleeps with unforgiveness,

For to go to sleep without saying sorry,

Invites dreams of separation,

Dreams that twist and turn,

For one has not made peace,

Within themselves.

Forgiveness is for-giving,

It is a gift when heard,

As the prison door is unlocked,

For when we close our doors to truth,

We let no light in,

This becomes the darkness of depression.

What is in a thought?

What is in a word?

What is in an action?

Letting go of the past,

Living in the present,

Allowing life to be what it is,

Without judgement.

What is a wall without a door?

What is a window without light?

What is a home without a heart?

It is the broken heart of dashed hopes,

Forgotten dreams,

That cast shadows in the corners of the mind,

The lost faith that love can not be real,

Replays the old script that never changes,

Even as life has changed with the times.

What is hope?

What is faith?

What is love?

It is the word that should be spoken,

It is the silent voice that can be heard,

It is the beauty that is always seen.

For life is the movie screen of your own
Projection,
Life is reflecting the mantra you believe,
For life is neutral and innocent,
And the world pristine,
For it is us that pollute,
For it is us that seek an ulterior motive,
We seek to blame,
For what is respons-ability?
If not the ability-to-respond in truth,
And this is the beginning of self responsibility that re-scripts endings into new beginnings.

We choose the world we create,
We choose to withhold love,
We choose to sit in judgement,
We choose stability over change,
We choose money over dreams,
We choose partnership over independence,
We choose to believe what we think is right,
But what if we are wrong?

The declaration of independence,
Speaks of liberty and fraternity,
As freedom and community,
To be free to express hope,
In thought,
As the Word,
In deed.

For I am sorry for any harm caused,
I am sorry if I was insensitive,
I am sorry if I didn't hear what you said,
I am sorry if I don't think as you do,
I wish to acknowledge my part,
In thought, word and action.

For I must see that forgiveness is the way,
that clears the slate,
To look to the horizon unencumbered,
For hope is waiting for me there,
And faith is that I will make it,
And love is the answer,
That never questions the outcome,
For peace is not the destination,
It is the journey home into the heart of happiness.

10.4 Imagine Harmony

Just imagine if the world was kind,
Just imagine if discrimination was blind,
Just imagine if injustice was never known,
I can imagine a world without pain,
Just think of each person smiling,
Just think of each person helping with a genuine effort,
Just think of each child skipping as they go to school,
For school is a place of fun and exploration,
There is no punishment or boredom,
As everyone is together in a spirit of common-unity,
Just imagine this world,
And it gives me great peace.

I can see it,
I can feel it,
I can taste it,
Through my tears of gratitude,
I know it,
For one has given to me unselfishly,
As I have struggled for so long alone,
As love was the guiding light,
He sought no advantage,
Just to keep me safe,
My love gave to me,
And as my tears roll down my face,
I feel so humble,

For the gesture is the most beautiful thought,
As there was no way I could afford any luxury,
Yet to me the greatest luxury is to look into his eyes,
For the love is priceless,
It is ancient,
It is my heart in his hands,
And my hands are the prayer,
That hold his head on my heart,
For our rhythm is universal.

Such is the love of our lives,
That I pray all can feel such a beauty,
That is without form.

CHAPTER 11: SERVICE



11.0 REAL HOPES IN SERVICE

Dear Peaceful. You are the best in the hole world. I love you. Carrie.

11.1 The 4 Way Test of Paul Harris – Founder of Rotary International

Paul Harris was a friend,
He could have been a Quaker, Christian, Theosophist, Jew, Baptist or Muslim,
For he saw them striving for the same end,
As friendship criss-crossing the globe,
To not be seen to be,
But to be a friend in deed,
Made his life worth living,
For this was the true giving,
The real foundation stone of Rotary.

For the libertarian the game of life plays for liberty not discipline,
Connects to faith in friendship not contacts,
Expresses trust not doubt,
An unlimited capacity to adapt to change,
Resourcefulness of a few resources appears strange as many wondered at this man,
To follow his heart outside social norms,
To climb the mountain of hope to dream,

To see there is no end game up ahead,
As life is lived and earned,
The bounty is found by experiencing the low roads
and high paths of mountain peaks,
For this is the Everest from which he sought the perspectives
of the many ways of men.

Wisdom formed the pearl of his life,
Early beginnings with grandparents,
A warm home to recite Emerson, Holmes, Thoreau, Longfellow, Whitter and Bryant,
The fire side poets and philosophers illuminating the shadows of narrow thinking held in
unquestioned chains,
Were leading lights on the abolition of slavery, exploring the true nature of liberty from
conservatism of New England puritans,
Philosophical footprints deepen impressions,
As he walked in the shoes of many souls.

A nonconformist, mischief maker and foolish prankster expelled from his class,
Black River Academy, Vermont Academy, the University of Vermont, Princeton and the University
of Iowa were links to chains not stepping stones to a greater life,
For education was discipline and he was liberty in search of experience,
For his purpose was not of making money,
"I am going for the purpose of living a life".

A life lived working as an office boy, reporter, labourer, teacher, actor, salesman, cattle man,
foreman, fruit picker and lawyer,

These were winding cobblestone side roads of beginnings and endings offering in-sights,
Each step a Philosopher's Stone carved from uncertainty, hardship, loneliness, poverty, sickness,
hunger and self determination,

For who is to say that a gentleman with the end goal of status and wealth is success,

When the real goal is not an ending but beginning to learn the truth, to be fair, build goodwill and
friendship to the benefit of all,

A goodness-of-fit test reviewing expected and actual observations as living values,

Graduating life with degrees of freedom.

Service above Self is a natural expression
of living true to his nature to master destiny,

The many walks in the mountains elevated his awakening to the song of life,

Of conservation and to simply see value,

Free from expectations,

Free from prejudice,

Free from selfishness,

For to serve himself happily is well-being,

Fulfilling his true nature inspired happiness and natural service for the good of all,

And this is the meaning of sustainability.

On the 23 February 1905 friendship found expression in a new club called Rotary,
Rotary means rotation of the meeting, the chairmanship and membership over 1 year,

A movement of friendship without self gain,

It was for-giving not for-getting

the sole purpose of life,

Extending the hand of friendship around the world in fellowship without fear or favour,

The natural outcome of a limitless life,

For peace is the nature of man fulfilled,

And perhaps good will is god's will,

Paul Harris found the key of liberty,

As a sustainable future of peace on earth.

11.2 Living the Dream of Service

What are dreams?

But other worlds waiting to exist,
Some dream out windows and imagine they are real,
Others dream their lives and know they are real,
For the dream to be real,
One must feel rather than think,
For the flow of life is not an intellectual exercise,
And inspiration can not be versed as an Action Plan,
It is an intuitive knowing that shows another way.

For one to realise the dream,
Is to leap before you look,
To continually create until the path is sound,
And all roads eventually lead to Rome.

Service Above Self is not a platitude,
For gratitude is the humility that life itself is the gift,
To use resources to benefit others is the lift that takes off,
To choose isolation in favour of independent thought,
Sifts fact from fiction in quiet contemplation,
And then in moments of elation
Dreams realise to materialize,
For you turn the tide to find the dream is bigger than yourself,
And that is the real wealth that is always sustainable in-kind.

Some may take a life time to germinate,
Some take a few months,
Some never see the fruits of their labour,
For they are not working to a business plan with preset aims and objectives,
For life is not an object but subjective works in progress with many turns and changes,
Living the dream is not looking for yields to justify returns,
The real yield is to live the dream every day as one's life earned,
For it is a vision of the future you see,

Many may look in confusion or conformity,
Thinking it is illusion or with pity,
Yet the great pity is that they don't see.

Tell me how can peace be a waste of energy in a world of turmoil on the brink?
Where very few learn peaceful skills as the real carbon sink,
Yet the cohort that benefits most,
Is shown violent images as dramas of choice,
For fear requires armour to fend off attack,
And this is the lack that enables Punch and Judy to play out in new animated forms,
And this becomes the norm without question.

Peace is not a profit motive to be promoted,
It requires prophets with motifs,
For so few have the desire to work for peace as the real dream of all humanity,
Yet it is the only sanity worth working for.

When a person dedicates every moment to this future question,
To demonstrate experientially another way to those lost in thought,

To give real hope that some things in life are free,
That to work for nothing is everything,
To live unencumbered is freedom from worry,
To know that all needs are met all the time,
Is a security that money cannot buy.

To live the dream is to be alive,
A joyful expression beyond masks and words,
That many no longer believe in,
For it is not rational or logical or practical,
It is the dreamer who is discounted,
Yet to make dreams real,
One must believe and then see,
Reality is the moment of now,
Playing out beliefs for eternity.

Therefore: the only question is ...

What do you believe?

As that is what you will see

I see REAL HOPES in you and me.

CHAPTER 12: POLITICS

12.0 REAL HOPES IN POLITICS

Real Hope. Mr Peaceful Sun. Mrs Peaceful Sun. Mr & Mrs Peaceful Sun!
 To gorgeously peaceful. You've taught us a lot. I've never had so much fun
 during class. I have learnt a lot but these words definitely helped "the
 bullies are trying to get your power from you!" "don't be scared" here's a
 good couple of riddles. A man walked into a bar funny very funny here's
 another "a man was walking down the street it started raining but he didn't
 mind because not one hair on his head got wet why? Answer: he was bald.
 Love Belhanie. P.s. I loved your hats!

12.1 A Politics Society

The politics society,
 Is the society of the body politic,
 For the body creates the movement,
 To be seen to be doing,
 Keeping up appearances,
 Gives the impression of footsteps in the sand,
 Walking in the same direction,
 As the winds of change rise up,
 The footsteps are smoothed and eroded,
 By a sea change.

What is politics?
 The unanswered question,
 Holds the key,
 Speaking in tongues,
 Moving in circles,
 Changing the focus,

Massaging the content,
Rests in dis-ease,
With the truth.

Life is political ... All is influence,
Where unconscious influence rings the bells of truth,
Those conscious of their influence seek security in proof,
For the numbers game weigh what is right,
Those unconscious weigh the truth in insight,
The weight of public opinion is the weigh station,
But those at the platform are not stopping at the station,
They are going their own way,
They are on an express train,
For power and influence weigh heavily in this freight,
Armaments and military equipment are expensive to transport and deliver,
There is a payload,
For the tall poppy that reaches high,
Is harvested and converted into the opiate of the masses,
For mass media is creative accounting,
For it is a numbers game,
It is the greatest art of the magician,
For triumph returns as defeat,
Elections return friends to seats,
For they are sitting down not standing up,
For weapons of mass distraction,
Have been found.
So is there a politics society,
Where the like minded,

Are mindful of what they like,
For their way of life is powerful,
Many are watching opulence paraded as success,
For the inner sanctum is a secret society,
It is the secret of success,
For ancient masters advised rulers to stay below,
Modern masters are advised to stay below public contempt,
Yet the ancient were mistaken for the art of good government was to serve in deeds without been
seen,
This was public service and payment was in-kind,
Yet today to stay below is to conceal deeds where they are seen to be,
Where payment is to the blind,
Who cannot see to tell the blind horseman on the blind horse,
That he is heading towards the abyss.

For politics to become real,
One must not conceal but make visible,
All transactions are debits or credits,
On the public record for anyone to see,
To watch the money trail unfold,
Defines what we value,
For values have become objectified,
Yet they are inherent and inalienable,
For the truth is always real,
As it stands as a monument to change,
It will rearrange the deck chairs,
For the titanic is sinking,
Yet the ice breaker may save us,

When we are true to ourselves,
For that is the true gender of the buoy,
Floating to resurface
A new civilization.

12.2 Cain is not Abel

McCain is not abel,
McDonalds is the fable
That is the real estate,
As trees are deforested to graze beef cattle,
Arable land is hidden beneath a concrete jungle,
The patty feeds a hungry youth,
Starving for nutrition.

For the stock market is a feed lot,
Corralled into stations,
Waiting for the bells to ring,
But for whom does the bell toll?
When our time is up,
For when the last tree falls,
Who can eat money?

For this is the eve of Adam's apple,
For the tree of knowledge are not derivatives,
Or share options,
But the only option is to share,
Yields were never ratings of interests,
But abundance available free for all,
But there has been a free fall,
As greed did not take the big apple from the tree,
But the tree from the apple,
And the seed bank is losing deposits,
As alluvial soils,

Are blown away in one storm,
For inclement weather is the real sign,
That the climate has changed.

The Wall street farmers,
Were watching the profits,
Not counting the sheep,
As the red sea is dead,
Many scroll down seeking links to truth,
Alas the world is not harnessed in a Google search,
For we have become a lost civilisation as rising tides submerge islands of automation.

Many seek a martyr in the government,
The evil greed of the trader is cast the loser,
For to trade is to win or lose,
Business is a gamble,
And the game is only fun when winners are grinners,

Paradoxically all profit from prophets of doom,
As apathy renders the public not respons-abel,
Yet they are abel to respond if they wish,
To question a system of exploitation,
To re-form their con-federation,
But first they must look at their own red square,
Separating the president from the government,
As a separation of powers doctrine,
Becomes the only Washington consensus,
That is not abel to veto the common good.

For American capitalism is the firebrand,
As Chinese chequers buy up the fire sale,
But where does the fire trail lead?
Into a forest fire of the burning bush,
An effigy of the cowboy,
Who is gun ho,
Leaving the corral gate open,
For the horses have bolted,
Market forces are not perfect stable mates,
And freedom is not unbridled greed,
Freedom seeks a win win as nature intended,
For all is one and one is all,
Yet when two thirds are starving the bubble must burst,
For only the Hubble telescope sees a universe beyond the capitol,
Yet it is accountable for what is discovered,
Denial sees profit in the twin towers,
As gold becomes the alchemy of hope,
A safe haven for those addicted to status,
And this is the statue of liberty that must fall,
For the light in the darkness is a new world order returning to first principles,
And this is the only credit worth promoting.

The vanity of human enterprise is a vanity fair,
It is time to learn to share not trade,
To sustain not drain the bounty,
Africa must arise from its shackles,
And barrack for hope,
For the only constitutional rights of a global civil society,

Are life, liberty and happiness for all,
For that is the new world re-order that brings down the Walls
on the street,
For only then
will the global elite,
see further than self interest.

12.3 Our World in Crisis

Our world in crisis,
For the World is not the crisis,
Our world is in crisis,
This is the hour glass to see through,
Refracting the very colours that play with light,
For we play with tragedy,
Yet the sands of time are of essence,
The plight is the final act of Macbeth,
Shrouded in intrigue and deception,
Values drama over real life.

At the darkest point before the storm,
The truth is cloaked,
It is hidden from view,
For many do not emerge from the back alley,
It is cloak and dagger,
For fear threatens to maintain the old world order,
For disorder is chaos,
A border from which the new world begins.

So how to sift through fact and myth?
For spin is mirth,
Where sin is birthed,
For it has a life of its own,
Its owners yield funds,
A stock exchange,
The fun is in moving stocks,
In beating the system into submission,
For this is the power of commission,
To sell to a new generation,
Indecision and confusion bear a cross,

The stock are waiting at the crossing,
Which direction to take?
Is it a level crossing?
For the playing field is not level,
It is all crosses - a grave yard,
For naught will pass to safety,
There are no warning bells,
For we are stuck on the tracks,
Unable to move forward.

So how do we explore the problem?
Is there a problem?
Should we just explore?
For explorers are open to discovery of new tracks and hidden trails,
They trail blaze,
They prepare but can never predict,
For weather conditions are changing rapidly.

Sometimes one must venture to the edge,
To look over and see what is true,
Or to go back and remain in the cave.

Yet to venture into the unknown is where the intrepid go,
For dangers appear high,
Yet the rewards are higher altitudes,
As one ascends to great heights you can see,
For truth is honesty,
Honesty finds clarity,
And clarity feels for the ledge,
The past has no bearing on the moment,
For one must make a decision now,
To stay and hide,
Or trust and fly,

For the new civilization knows no fear.

Did you know that fear and guilt are the enemies of human-kind?

For one stays in the cave and regrets the past,

Love and truth is a kind-human,

For Satyagraha is alive,

It carries its own life without force,

Life-force is the light that never owns only casts,

A new script in this play,

For to play with character re-writes the future scene,

It expands the focus on what to become,

Reveals the true past and where we belong,

Heals the wounds of the crucifixion,

And feels the creation within one self.

For to peel back the layers of history,

One must lead with human rights,

For it is not to be right,

But the right to be human,

That is inalienable and sustainable,

It is the preamble to the new world constitution,

The right of free passage,

For universal values move mountains,

It is the mustard seed of beliefs,

That reprogram coded behaviours,

When we remove religious zeal,

We find the final seal,

That marks the highest authority,

A natural selection,

That favours equality over insecurity,

In every form of your life,

For this is the light that has no form,

That heals humanity's plight.

12.4 Universal Rights

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights,
Declares the right to freedom of speech,
Is speech free when others think it's wrong?
Is it better to conform to belong?
Or to be one self and be strong?

Each has the right to silence,
To enjoy peace of mind,
For they may have nothing to say,
And this is their right.

Universal principles speak of higher truths,
Of the freedom to be fully human,
To express the world in a myriad of ways,
To allow each to have their say,
In freedom and with respect.

To speak or to remain silent,
Is the question,
Which is love?
Which is fear?
Which is at war?
Which is in peace?

Intention informs what is right,
Is it suppression?
Is it expression?
Do you require permission to exercise in-sight?
For freedom of speech can be judgmental,
The freedom to be silent can be manipulative.

So are we free to judge and force others
to comply with what we think is right?
Is that our right?

To be fully human we all make mistakes,
We lead with good intentions,
We play with pretensions,
But tensions result and life falls into confusion,
We feel wrong when we are right,
But what is right and wrong?
When following your own truth.

For should we take ownership of our actions or in-action?
Then claim responsibility for what is ours,
And not project our life onto the other,
From the screen of our own beliefs.

For life is the mirror not the movie,
The mirror reflects the self,
You see to look,
You judge what you see,
Given what you believe,
About yourself.

But just imagine if you could just simply look,
Without right or wrong,
To observe the shape,
To see the colours,
To not attach good or bad,
To the covers,
But to simply accept what is so,
And see the perfection of imperfection.

There would be no rejection of others,
There would be no judgement of self,
No unnatural selection,
For no-one would be isolated on islands of in-difference,
For each would embrace every part of this race with grace,
And accept all expression as the right to freedom,
To be free to be one self,
For in truth we are all one,
Reflecting the other self.

In the universal union,
We love in sickness and in health,
For we are sick of living in fear,
For happiness is healthy love,
And this is the true wealth
of nations,
As it truly is the State of well-being,
That inspires the desire,
To be free,
To express,
Universal rights in peace.

12.5 Civil-Is-A©tion Dialogue

What is dialogue?

What is civilisation?

Is dialogue civilised?

How do we civilise dialogue in-action?

Is it simply an exchange?

Is it a transaction of ideas?

A plethora of thought forms,

Or does it form from flora of natural flows?

Do words match ones thoughts?

Or do they construct an edifice or wall?

A scaffolding obscuring what is within?

That can be seen to be,

With-out a strong foundation.

The world is in dialogue,

A global network of optical cables,

The drift nets the world of schools,

Information is exchanged, sorted, transmitted,

But what is the quality of the script?

Can one decode?

What is the true intent behind mass action?

This is the critical question.

Are we trading hope for politics?

Politics is the ancient art of the mask,

Is influence power over or power within?

Is it argument that truly wins?

Thus survival of the fittest,

Who will fit the test to survive?

A battlefield of facts throwing grenades,

For we have moved one meter forward,
But in what direction?

Is it the ICE warming that changes the level?
To Inspire, Challenge and Empower,
Is porous to walls of dialogue,
For empowered thoughtful action self generates without effort,
In search of inner truth.

For to feel one self is to re-connect the dots,
The messages unspoken spring from the fountain pen of real communication,
Dialogue is window dressing,
For one is naked behind the façade,
The naked truth has no backyard in which to hide,
No career in which to take pride,
For truth challenges the hard core of power itself,
Without fear or favour,
For nonviolence is a force more power-full.

One must become clear,
The intellect is simply a processing tool,
Emotional intelligence completes the interior,
Moulding form to thought,
For only shape changes,
When changes are shaped,
As a foundation stone,
For to be fully human we must communicate not talk,
For communication speaks of common good,
A colleague becomes a sister or a brother,
To see oneself related to another,
Is not revolution but evolution,
To accept differences under covers,
To open the door and walk through,

Into a new life and a new beginning,
For personal growth is the key,
And many are being seen to be,
Disengaged from the real work of change,
Which starts within you.

The lost civilization,
Is the missing link,
For self governance was valued,
And values govern behaviour,
For true intent focuses on what is valued,
Self interest becomes best interest,
And the interest rate of change,
Becomes rapid.

The constitution of values,
Is unshakeable when grounded,
It is the filter through which challenges are distilled,
For the rainbow is a kaleidoscope,
Fragmenting the light of ideas into colours,
Each colour weaves a parallel thought,
Which feels the master-peace to be authentic.

The root of truth - neural networks of intent,
Reality is believed then seen,
For we are only conscious of what we believe,
And reality is not what you see,
It is in chaos not theory,
Repeating patterns a continual vibration,
For arrhythmia is a heart attack that shocks,
A new civilization is one that unlocks,
The key takes us beyond the door,
Where the unreal becomes real.

And civilisation begins to feel itself again.

CHAPTER 13: YOUTH

13.0 REAL HOPES IN YOUTH

13.1 The Youth are in Trouble

World reports,
Youth voices in court,
One in three depressed,
This is the financial crisis,
For parents are working long hours,
Parents are breaking up,
Parents are cracking up,
For they are exhausted running on a tread mill,
Children fend for themselves,
Entertain themselves,
Escape from the mayhem,
For this is the new world order,
That forgets the family is the mantle,
Of economic stability.

The young are in trouble,
They are losing resilience,
They are losing hope and humility,
They are sitting fed by an inept media,
Seducing their souls with corruption,
Violence, drama and explicit sexual scenes,
But what does this mean for a culture of peace?

Reports issued by the UN,
By UNESCO,
By UNICEF,
By youth organisations,
They speak of a voice for youth,
They speak of channels changing,
They speak of funding evaporating,
But no-one is speaking of values expanding,
No-one is speaking of collaboration sharing,
No-one is speaking of a world order that is collapsing urgently,
No-one asserts the system is leading us to the brink,
No-one is speaking of the insanity of those who follow like sheep,
Running a world that is running on empty,
Conservatism the elephant in the china shop,
Mass murder of wild life,
Shrinking habitats,
The habit to consume infinitum,
To the point of extinction,
Of our own species.

For materialism is acquisition,
The journey is experience,
Where you focus changes the world,
What you value decides if we survive,
For to derive satisfaction fuels demand,
For it must now come from being the difference yes indeed the change,
Not indifference to make with no end in sight,
For this is the plight in the next generations face.

This is the message to the young,
Start looking inward for truth is of value,
Beauty is in the smile not the face,
Intelligence is in seeking understanding not degrees for illusionary freedom,
Love is in honouring another not in receiving,
Family is not a duty of care but the ability to care for your family,
Parenting is not about providing but guiding children to a better future,
Old age is not about dying but imparting wisdom from knowledge applied,
This is to be respected not expected,
Education in not about recall but learning to discern fact from fiction,
Truth from lies,
Bias from clarity,
And to choose what you believe,
Not to make believe what you choose,
For you are responsible for what you think.

Being a man is not about sport,
Nor letting women serve you,
It is to be integrity and share equality,
To be a women is not about doing it all,
Or criticising for what is not done,
But to let go and have some fun,
For the world keeps turning without you.

We are here to celebrate each other,
For to condemn is to judge,
To discriminate is to depreciate,
To exclude is to reject,

For to reflect is to render all negativity as counterproductive,
And this we all do with impurity.

The young must see us lead by example,
To embrace difference with curiosity,
To befriend opposites as teachers,
To share with those who are greedy,
To love those who hate us,
Until this is understood the world will not be in peace,
For we must make a quantum leap,
And lead by example,
For this is the sample from which the young try before they buy!
The question is will they buy or will they try?
For the answer leads to despair or hope.

13.2 Advance Australia Fair

The youth of Australia,
Are mixed with messages,
For drugs and alcohol serve as a day release,
For emotions must be suppressed,
Weakness is expressed
only in compassion.

The global culture,
Is a hip hop
Step and a jump,
For many suicide young,
The pressures of life,
Families are in strife,
For parental supervision,
Is in remission,
For there is no permission,
To leave work.

Prices rise faster than the CPI,
Wages fuel inflation,
This is the corporate catch cry,
Yet the catch is that many cry,
For they can't make the payments,
They can't stay ahead of the game,
They become desperate,
And themselves they blame.

For failure is to lose your home,
To lose a home is to have no friends,
To be worthless is to join the dole queue,
To be cast aside divides society,
Into haves and have nots,
And this is the social divide,
That is the crime of the century.

To witness your distress,
To see your pain as a parent,
To feel the desperation of losing a child,
The empathy of the trial,
For the addiction to cash crops,
As the meaning of life,
Has no value on death row.

The true values are inherent,
They are inalienable,
They are integral to our community spirit,
For democracy is about fairness,
Is about giving a voice,
Allowing all to speak,
For when we seek justice,
It is time to reflect,
For justice of the peace is respect,
Providing equal opportunities for all.
We must teach the children,
To explore their many talents,

To deplore side tracks of money trails,
To turn trials into triumphs,
To turn triads into citizens,
Who value responsibility,
That value respect,
To work for the community,
Without neglect,
For it is when we neglect the young,
We don't teach them truth,
We feed them with junk,
For junk males,
Create junk bonds,
E-males have no social interaction,
They become restless and bored.

Violent video games - a harmless pursuit?
For fear is boredom - a grand theft auto?
Role models are American sit-coms,
Where comedy is canned and cheap,
Life is glamour or freaks,
For false values mask values-free,
And this is the education of Fox-tel,
This is the corporate culture,
Where manipulation sells in a petrie dish.

There is no show and tell,
There is no active inquiry,
There is no role models to role play,

Just playing with models trapped in a role,
Where real educational value is in learning ideals,
Solving problems and creating a win/win,
Is Dr Phil the prescription to social ills?
Or do we suppress it with another pill?

We can create new visions to feel again,
To know another's plight without a fight,
To understand that caring is right,
When the strong man turns swords into ploughshares.

For violence is destruction,
War is depleted,
Uranium is toxic,
For we have lost our values to the highest bidder,
We have traded values on the stock exchange,
Decoupled human rights from trade,
Is it right to trade food for the good oil?

Paying bribes to corrupt regimes,
Values the corrupt deal as profit over people,
Children are watching,
Children are learning,
What is it they see?

So where can the youth go for direction?
Where can the youth go for gain?
To exchange poppies for grain,

Is to harvest for health,
And this is the true wealth of nations.

It is time to reconsider our wealth,
Our natural heritage is to share our bounty,
For the greatest riches are in truth,
The greatest love is in compassion,
The greatest fashion is sustainable,
The greatest security is integrity,
For we are a clever country,
We pioneered across our sweeping plains,
We advanced Australia,
For we can do! is an attitude,
We give a fair go this is the platitude,
But we are losing the Australian vernacular,
Australian universities are deregulating equality,
Hectic fees are market forces,
That return us to the workforce,
This forces us to take second best,
And not be our best,
For we cannot afford the luxury of excellence,
We cannot follow our dreams,
For one must work for privilege,
One must work for the dole,
But visions can never be realized,
When we are left out in the cold.

So my friend,
Dear Prime Minister,
I address this with a smile,
For I believe I have an idea,
That may take away your fear,
I have a vision that just won't shift,
It is to stop this continent drift – offshore.

For we can create a Children's Parliament,
A parliament of new ideas,
Where the children learn to collaborate,
They learn to cooperate,
They learn to be lateral and think to feel,
They eat healthily,
They get plenty of sleep,
For values will provide future navigation,
Conflict resolution will solve the problem,
For there is no person to hate,
To free the mind to imagine the sky,
For self worth sets you free to dream,
Citizenship lets you be
one with your nation.

For we are one nation,
Under the Southern Cross,
A sacred land,
For which we must pay our respects,
To the many nations as one tribe,

A diversity within unity is our pride,
For this is our common strength,
This is the common-wealth,
For games bring the team together,
A foundation stone,
Is the philosophers stone,
For we don't throw stones in glasshouses.

We can climb Kosciusko,
We can reach the highest peak in Australia,
Before the next summit,
Our vision will be vast,
But not limited,
And Australians will lead the world,
As indivisible,
Multicultural,
Sustainable,
Our agenda is over 21,
For we will advance Australia Fair,
With your blessing,
It is time to care.

CHAPTER 14: WHO ARE YOU

14.0 REAL HOPES IN WHO YOU ARE

Dear Peace clown! We have enjoyed you being at our school and we have had a lot of fun. Our favourite session with you was responsibility! We have all learnt how to be responsible. We have all agreed that you are the best clown we have ever met!

Brodie, Blong, James, Anthony, Dylan

14.1 Are you Changing The World?

I am going to change the world,

I whisper,

I am changing the world,

I feel,

I am the change,

I see,

I am the world,

Actually,

And what I see,

Frees me,

From illusions.

Are you going to change the world?

I venture,

Are you changing the world?

That you see,

Are you the change?

Can you be?

Into what shape do you change?

Is it a positive or negative space?

That sees the inflection,

For there are many angles,

For we are shape changers,

In every moment of every day,

There are no strangers,

To world peace,

For peace

Is

the

world,

And if there is no earth rise,

There is no peace.

14.2 Further Than Self Interest

Looking back over times ancient and old,
The players live out their prospective roles,
The spectators are left out in the cold.

The struggles are composed from a familiar tune,
Power and money always leads us to ruin,
Casting out the ashes of humility from an ageless urn,
It appears we are too slow to learn,
Sadly it is to the nape of insecurity which we always turn.

It is the law of nature,
Not the nature of law,
Which penetrates its truth to your inner core,
And if you look hard,
The answers lie within,
Seek and you will find,
The goodness that giving brings.

For to take away makes you small,
A darkness coverts your face,
Fear leads to conflict,
An illusion which has plagued the human race,
So if you want to grow,
It is wisdom you need to know,
The short term is the past,
The long term is here at last,

So put your wheels in motion,
Bring joy to the nation,
For they are in need,
Of a champion to cast out fear and greed.

I yearn for individuals who see the light,
Who look further than self interest,
Know you are being tested,
Positive choices are a guide,
Intrinsic to the web of life,
See new ideas which float like seeds,
Full of real promise and re-growth ...you see,
Could it be YOU ...
Who sets us free?

14.3 Patterns of our Life

We trace the patterns of our life,
Weaving a track that has become faint,
But we walk it day after day,
Like a record the lines of habit deepen,
They become our friend.

Beliefs are the buoys,
The markers that hold up the routine,
That justify the direction,
That show us the way,
Unquestioned for they have always had a presence,
It has always been done this way,
Why change when I still get paid.

Like magnetic north,
Unconsciously drawing my life,
Repeating the pattern,
Never flying the kite,
For I am not use to creating new tracks,
This is the only one I know,
I worked here all my life,
Raised a family found a wife,
Why change when I still get laid.

But while the earth is turning,
The forests are burning,
The soiling is blowing away,
On the breath of the monoculture,
As increasing yields decline,
Our culture must change its ways,
For stability is unstable,

Climate is unable,
To predict its patterns,
For the patterns are changing their ways,
Adjustment,
A few degrees of change,
The splitting of the atom,
Will rearrange the earth,
A permanent winter,
Overcast and Barron,
There is no salvation,
When it is too late.

So open your eyes,
Be open to the lies,
Read between the lines,
Stop waiting for the answers,
Ask questions - that is the way,
Change patterns and start to say,
Why not!
For anything is possible,
The impossible is the solution,
For we cannot continue the pollution,
Of imbalance,
The illusion of per-chance,
For chance is not a gamble,
The sample of the future,
Rests with our willingness,
To find ourselves again,
Perhaps it is in the heart of Zen,
Or the wisdom of Tao,
Or the silence of Buddha,
Or the love of Jesus,
On the silent walk to peace.

14.4 Be the Change You Wish to See

As I see to look,
From the vantage of my safe haven,
The war on reason,
Is seasoning a flavour,
A waver of rights,
A new clause,
For this is the jungle of tooth and claw,
Survival of the fittest,
Drives this new game,
But there is no hole in one,
Just one hole.

As we cast our eyes back over history,
We see battlefields as a sea of misery,
Fighting for freedom,
Yet we were never free,
Empires rise and fall,
Inspiration and expiration,
What for?
Why can't we simply rise?
To the occasion,
Why do we divide ourselves?
By nation,
Why can't we see ourselves?
In each other,
Why must we demonise to find an enemy?
To justify suffering.

For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction,
For this is a universal law,

That needs no covenant,
An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind,
For the visionaries,
Are blinded by the eclipse,
For what goes around comes around,
In the final analysis,
There is no escape from natural justice,
In this life or the next.

It is time to move from the old paradigm,
Fear is the weapon of control,
But there is no control when there is no fear,
For fear is false evidence appearing real.

And what is real is love,
It is not a fairytale,
Nor an ancient myth,
It is a force more powerful,
It is the mustard seed,
That moves mountains,
It is the miracle of mercy awaiting you at Lourdes,
It is an unshakeable belief in nonviolence,
It is the courage to say no,
But it does not fight fire with fire,
It inspires a desire,
That you are responsible,
You are able to respond,
You can do something,
But be sure it is from the heart that you speak,
Not from hate,
For seeking truth and justice requires patience,
People power requires true democracy,
True democracy is not enacted in legislation,

Mediocrity languishes in powerlessness.
So make a decision,
Decide what you want to be,
For you must be the change you wish to see,
If you truly wish
to be free.

CHAPTER 15: THE FUTURE

15.0 REAL HOPES IS THE FUTURE

For R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E. Dear Peaceful. Thank you for teaching us R.e.a.l. h.o.p.e. You taught me a lot of stuff about world peace and love. Good luck for the future. Hope to see you again.

From Amritha

15.1 Re: Formation

This is a story of a happy ending,
This is a story wrapped in the presence of real hope,
This is a journey that is an adventure,
If you wish to take my hand,
I am taking new steps on a pathway paved with gold,
For what is treasured is of value,
And each step trans-forms,
For new understandings are seen under the lamp
of a new en-lighten-ment,
That will no longer be buried treasure,
For what is most precious must re-surface
in time.

What if we were to rewrite the current worldview?
Edit in a new version?
Not of King Charles,
But Harry Potter,
A new vision filled with magic,
And the power of imagination,
Not the crystal ball tarnished and well worn,
But well being through the sparkling mirror ball of new visions,
As the freshness of morning dew rests on the petals of the budding rose about to bloom,
The thorns are defences not to be feared,

For I can see the pristine beauty of a mountain stream ushering in new consciousness,
For what you are conscious of you see,
And what you see re-forms your world,
For new ideas are flowing,
Carrying deposits of ancient wisdom,
Formulated by the passage of time in motion,
Stimulating new ideas percolate to the surface,
An alluvial gold shimmering in the moonlight,
For there was never forbidden fruit,
Only fruit that ripens,
When the time is right.

For greatness is the sweetest taste for those who make visible the beauty,
And not the beast,
It is to remember that what we focus on expands what we see,
And it is essential that we per-see-eve the power of choice,
Is at our disposal,
For this mission was never impossible.

Many may ask is this not denial of facts?
The answer may be which facts?
For each perspective is valid,
But in what direction do we look,
From which book do we read events?
The pulpits display a variety of ideological creeds,
For power is retained when greed is the seed sown,
A blue green algae spreading contagion,
As we suffocate in a world out of control,
Yet a new Garden of Eden can be planted in one day.

The gardener imagines the colour, aroma and variety of plants for the right season,
For one must remove the weeds of fear,
Within which we have become entangled,

The thorns of anger that strangle wild life,
The shadow of ignorance cowering in darkness,
For life can only grow in the right conditions.

It is time to seek the chrysalis,
There is a new variety resistant to pessimism,
For one must struggle first before we can fly,
As one is released from bondage freedom is assured.

How do I know all is good?
I choose to see your greatness not your title,
I look for the humour not the pain,
I see the passion not defeat,
I see the radiant smile,
Embracing friends of all colours,
Reaching out in gratitude to share a moment,
And that is the lens through which I see the garden.

For the world is one family,
Some may be wayward at this time,
But many are on track and working in-kind,
For their attention must focus on possibilities,
Stepping stones from here to there,
They must not despair that the game is over,
They must re-ignite friends around common-unity,
Only a global village dancing to the same tune becomes a tribe,
And all tribes know that as the last tree falls,
You cannot eat money.

How to translate vision into action?
It is to act before one thinks,
For as one acts the story unfolds unfettered,
Inspired by a new re-formation,

Exploring what does it look like?
Experiencing how does it feel?
Designing the patterns and flows,
Seeing how players inter-relate,
For international relations cross borders,
As all are related to a common good,
A good cause for the treasure hunt is on,
The noble peace prize is the Holy Grail
A hidden treasure,
And there is a new path to traverse,
The question is shall we seek in the forest
on or off the beaten track?
For each must find this new direction,
As the old ideas fall away as leaf litter,
New growth is awaiting the sunshine of enlightened leadership,
A treasure map that is not in order is the key,
A cryptic rhyming riddle appears as a chaos theory,
For the treasure is sustainable pattern making,
It can only be found in the natural selection for truth,
As nature will select for survival in common-unity,
And one must be in harmony to win the prize of peace.

15.2 Encryption of a New Earth

Boiling the tea,
We sit around the fire of questions,
It spits, flutters and flickers,
The embers glow as golden hue,
The ambient heat a seductive cocoon,
Wrapping both form and formless in silence,
As the flames dance their hypnotic rhythm,
Spontaneous, mysterious and alive,
The hard wood transformed by air, wind and an ancient spark,
A lifecycle engulfed by time and place,
Transports adventurers seeking to explore the meaning of our lives.

Lying back in warm arms,
I seek to spot my favourite constellation,
I look back to touch the reaches of time,
From the shore of my uncertainty,
I feel the starlight of Orion star gazing,
A familiar friend indeed a star gate,
A celestial equator or midpoint equinox,
Is the turning point of coordinates seasoned in time.

Opening to myths and legends,
Orion a hunter wearing his belt was shot with an arrow,
Was it war or love I wonder?
As ancient folk lore whispers tall stories,
A message hidden in the stars?

Or stars without a message?

To question the comet or the long tale?

I close my eyes as relativity subsides from my frame of reference,

I feel for the absolute in the darkness of our ignorance,

Cryptic crosswords of astrology and astronomy as riddles hidden by symbols,

The mystic and scientific showcasing differing measures of the cosmos from the same origin,

One sees a life path linked to constellations and numbers,

The other maps a star system through numbers and structured constellations,

Systems theory or living systems are curious questions spiralling in the smoke of my inquiry.

I travel to Egyptian pyramids as stone aged beacons,

Coordinating constellations for 4,500 years,

Mathematical tripods of infinite precision,

Protected by the god Osiris a merciful judge,

The lord of love and silence (mystery),

His after life becomes a new life spawning cycles of nature,

Symbolized precisely in the sky of Orion and Sirius as the start of a new epoch.

The ice age in meltdown 12,500 years ago,

Uncovered fertile crescents as the wide open mouth of the Nile welcomed new life,

Premised a sun rise of ancient civilizations,

The sphinx guards the astronomy of heaven,

The head of a human and the body of a lion,

Symbolising the ancient zodiac of 2000BC,

As unknown knowledge advances wisdom,

Carved by hieroglyphics from higher pre-texts,

Opening a secret passage entombed in time.

The dusty dusk of civilization reaches its solstice as a sun spot imploding,
The spark of insurrection burned as the climate changed the future.

Will history repeat itself in 2012 epoch?
As magnetic fields firing solar flares,
NASA calculates 11 year polar reversals,
Einstein spoke of a pole shift,
A catalysing climate change,
Earth re-arranges a harmonic convergence,
A new earth emerging out of the ashes onto a re-newed orbit.

As the embers burn down I fall asleep,
To awaken into the heart of a new civilization,
Written in the stars of Orion that love is peace,
And peace is the love of all dream keepers.

CHAPTER 16: WORLD PEACE IS IN THE HANDS OF CHILDREN

16.0 REAL HOPE FOR CHILDREN



This work is inspired by my desire for a peaceful world for children. As a World Peace Clown I see the beauty in every face. Children are the reason I followed my dreams. For I am dreaming of peace and I know the dream is real. Children are the reason each of us desire to create a better world and never give up. For we see ourselves in them.

Their future depends on the strength of our truth and love.

We are leading by example. Perhaps we can learn from their example as we begin to look through the eyes of innocence to see the child within all of us.

16.1 A Child's Eden

Take my hand my friend,
My memory is poor,
My hearing is faint,
But I can see clearly,
That we are all saints,
There are no sinners,
There can only be winners,
When we see that we need each other,
That the world is one,
When we forget and forgive,
And share where we live,

Step aside from the fear,
Give to show that we care,
For money is not security,
It builds walls,
To keep my family out,
It accumulates and shouts,
It insulates,
And perpetuates,
Misunderstandings.

What is this place the Middle East?
It is not the top,
It is not the bottom,
It is east of where?
From a satellite,
There is only space,
For there is enough space for everyone.

Strategic interests,
Biblical references,
For there are those in reverence to words,
Koranic guidance,
Values and morals are transmitted as truth,
For these verses are the roof,
To those seeking shelter,
From the heat of division,
Where they swelter at the road block,
For there is no road map,

When one chooses another path to Eden.

When I close my eyes,

And open my heart,

I see my people in all the faces,

I see the innocence in the children's eyes,

For they don't disguise,

They don't premeditate,

They radiate unconditional love,

And I see the dove,

Flying over their heads,

It is looking to land,

In their hands,

For the land is the place of rest,

It is the place of nourishment,

It is without boundaries through the eyes of a bird,

It is for-giving,

There are no lines,

There is no division,

Of any kind.

From a birds eye view,

I go to Golan Heights,

I see golden sights,

I see the Sea of Galilee,

I go to where the olives grow,

And I know,

That they are hurting,

That all peoples are in pain,

The weight of history is a strain,

So how do we start afresh?
How do we create anew?
Through the eyes of the children,
Where the vision is clear,
Where unity is not through fear,
To play with other children,
Without a care,
For they see the same,
It is all a game,
For it is in games that we meet as friends,
That we scream with delight,
That we imagine and shine,
That we experience the sublime,
That we smell the first flowering scent,
Of shared futures,
Reconstruction of social constructs,
Is not luck or force,
It is part of the course to peace,
It is the freedom,
That love seeks.

16.2 Children's Comments about Violence and Empathy

Children in Grades 4-6 were asked in brainstorming session's questions about values and peace. Here are a range of answers.

Q. What would the world be like if no-one felt empathy for others?

- [*No-one would care about the world, no happiness, everyone straight – never laugh, wouldn't feel emotions, wouldn't populate*
- [*Unfriendly, chaos no-one liked, steal break into homes, WWII*
- [*Put down, wouldn't care, not care, no friends*
- [*Careless world, no peace, big war, no-one cares*

Q. If we have a problem with someone should we hit them if they don't listen?

- [*No – have a mouth for a reason, two wrongs don't make a right, get into a fight*
- [*No – mean, they'll hit back, report to police, make your life miserable, self control*
- [*Yes – depends, if they hit me, depends on the problem – if really bad threaten with a knife, try and talk it over. Yes – hit if punching me*
- [*No – younger might be looking think o.k.. If hit on stomach, winded or die. Younger think you should, older think punching won't help, keep punching. Yes – depends friend took something, said wrong thing*
- [*Depends on problem - knife out, self defence, mean – walk away. No you would have caused violence e.g. hitting back, creating a problem*

Q. If you were watching someone being bullied what would be the responsible thing for you to do?

- [*Tell teacher, tell them to stop, do something about it*
- [*Tell the teacher, tell bullies to back off, stick up for them, get off him*
- [*Stop the argument, report it to who is in charge, get a teacher*
- [*Go and help, tell someone, tell teacher, go away, say don't bully people*
- [*Tell teacher, slap in face, tell adult, tell them to pick on someone their own size*

Q. What do you think about violent video games on play station?

- [*Bad influence, fun, bad – influence, fun, (why fun?) – action, not real, you take out anger, effect – into your brain, vicious, angry, if keep playing, feel 'get em' 'kick' frustrated, used to it, fun in real life and do it*
- [*Yes – boys, cool – not boring kill aliens, heaps of guns, Grand Theft Auto – cool to blow hands off. Bad – boring, car games – fun, violent games – young kids less than 8 years (not good), play video game get feeling violent thoughts, shoot them and all blood, gore. Like – entertaining, guns draw a gun (bank), playing – know its not real, distinguish between fantasy and reality what is? If not?*
- [*Fun, wicked, not real*
- [*Cool – fun, blood and guts, some people like violence and swearing, animation that destroys your mind, affects your eyes and brain, fun to hurt, your not hurting anyone, get rid of anger. Influence – little sister, brother might hear. Bully – might find new ways to hurt, might punch kids at school. Might have learned that fighting is o.k.*

16.3 R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E.S for Children

This is the final word from the wonderful children I met in schools, Victoria, Australia. They love clowns because they are also clowns when they play.

Dear Peaceful. You have taught us heaps of cool stuff like:

1. Responsibility
2. Empathy
3. Awareness
4. Love
5. Honesty
6. Oneness
7. Peace
8. Enjoyment

and thanks for that.

Dear Peaceful, hope you enjoyed teaching us. We enjoyed you teaching us.

To the peace clown we had a good time with you. My favourite thing doing with you was love and peace and oneness. When we played games were fun. From Daniel W.

For R.E.A.L. H.O.P.E. Dear Peaceful. Thank you for teaching us R.e.a.l. h.o.p.e. You taught me a lot of stuff about world peace and love. Good luck for the future. Hope to see you again. From Amritha

Peacefull. Dear Peacefull. I really liked the REAL HOPE program it made me learn to be kinder to people. You always make me laugh it was fun having you here, we will all miss you. From Jessie. Made especially for you darling. By Jessie.

Dear Peaceful, I always had a wonderful time when you were here. Thank you for teaching me about responsibility, empathy, awareness, love, honesty, oneness, peace and enjoyment. Since you like jokes gorgeous so here is one. (Q. What do you call two robbers. A. A pair of knickers.)

Love Meggie

Dear Peaceful. It has been great having you come along to our school and teach us about why we need peace and love in the world hope to see you soon. We had great fun juggling with you !!!! PS.. Q. what's black and white and red all over?? A. A Newspaper Ha Ha ha ha?? Bye bye from Katrina xxoo

Dear Peaceful, Thank you for coming to our school and teaching us about REAL HOPE. My favourite part was the juggling and I really understood how to cope with bullying. Here's a joke for you gorgeous! This man had a car crash he lost his left leg and his left arm, but he's all right now!

Love from Kelsey

To Peaceful. Hello gorgeous Peaceful. I liked the juggling some of you silly costumes and the picture of the earth and atomic bomb.

Thank you David

To Hope. I will never for get you. To wonderful clown. I will miss you forever.

Love Milissa

Never give up

APPENDICES

APPENDIX 1

PHOTO GALLERY



STRING THEORY (ALL CONNECTED)



SHOW YOUR REAL SELVES



CHILDREN ARE THE STARS



WE'RE ALL BIRDS OF A FEATHER DARLING



GANDHI STATUE IN CANBERRA
HE WAS A CLOWN



JUST PARROTING ON

APPENDIX 2

REAL HOPES IS A NEW MODEL

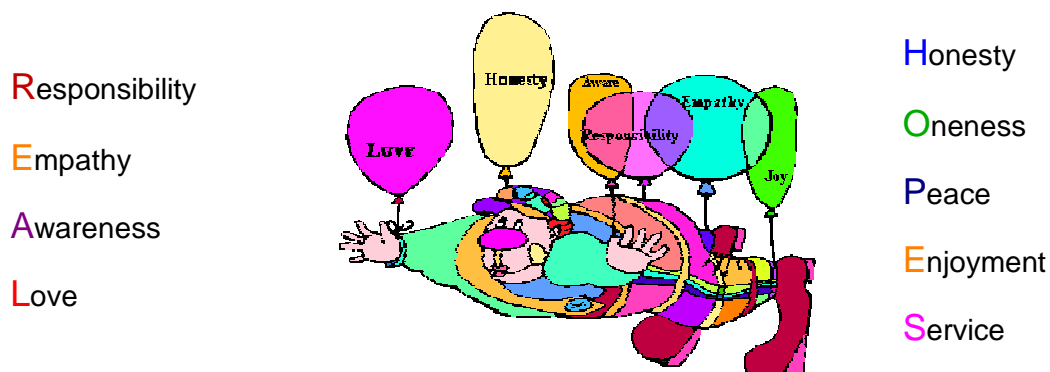
A Holistic Problem Solving Model

The **REAL HOPES** model is an innovative shift from rational left brain analysis and argument (linear) to a combined holistic (creative) perspective. When we are reactive and start to C first we then become Creative.

REAL HOPES is an acronym for: Responsibility, Empathy, Awareness, Love, Honesty, Oneness, Peace, Enjoyment and Service.

The **REAL HOPES** model is a powerful problem solving integrative model which enables holistic and inspired solutions. It guides people to access their own values system when thinking about problems.. The model ensures that responses to problems come primarily from personal values, experience and awareness, thereby producing truly evolutionary solutions. That is, we evolve our thinking to incorporate both thinking and feeling to catalyse balanced solutions.

... Because we **KNOW WHAT TO DO** when we really listen to ourselves.



To Be of **Service** to the world

You pre-serve it

in Love, Truth and Joy

The REAL HOPES is a values model is a prism through which to look at issues or problems. Rather than analytical logical thinking, children will be encouraged to feel and think of the problem or challenge through universal values we all share.



Responsibility - when we are respons-able we are able to respond, we can do something. It is in our hands.



Empathy – is the ability to step into another's shoes, to feel their feelings.



Awareness - to be able to clearly and honestly see ourselves and others. To be aware of the consequences of our thoughts, words and actions.



Love – is the heart of non-violence. When we act in love we expands potential, reveal, share, care and heal ourselves and others.



Honesty - the truth will set you free. Jesters were able to tell the truth in a humorous way. Truth makes the real world visible.



Oneness – is a concept that we are one world, interconnected to each other and creating a sense of unity.



Pease – is balance and harmony. To be peaceful means you see all the people as different colours in the painting of life. Like white light you absorb all the colours as part of yourself.



Enjoyment – is true happiness in the knowledge that you are being yourself and open to the beauty of life.



Service – Is to pre-serve the world. That is to give or share yourself with the world. It is in giving that we become aware of our own richness. When we think there is not enough we become focused on getting more. The challenge is to turn selfishness in to self awareness.