

**August 10, 2016**  
**Will I Dream?**

One of the greatest movies ever, in my opinion, was "2001: A Space Odyssey". I put several of the seven basic plots together in a way that was for its time, unique.

Man versus Machine is the part most people remember. The HAL 9000 was literally trying to kill the astronauts. But that aspect of it also made the machine more Human because murder is such a Human thing. So was the machine trying to become Human? Did it want to be Human? Perhaps Human without all the things that hold Humans back: Decency, a conscience, integrity, compassion, or Love.

HAL had programmed in phrases that made it able to mimic caring, compassion, concern, but it was above all, devious and full of treachery in pursuit of a goal that would fulfill its mission, but which no one else could really understand or relate to.

Just as our hero is killing the machine by pulling out the ports that supplied it with information and energy, it began to revert back to its early programming, singing "Bicycle built for Two"

He and the machine were similar. He had become like the machine in small ways and the machine had become like a Human in some ways.

In order to cure the problem he had to face the problem. He had to 'go within' and examine the corrupt pieces that were destroying his life. He had to self-examine and remove the pieces that were costing him his life: Jealousy, Treachery, Fear, Ignorance, Selfishness... things we need to examine in our own lives and remove before they become so ingrained that removing them causes us to bleed to death.

For each of us it will be different. But remember, when he went within, he was protected. He wore the space suit which was symbolic for protecting himself while healing himself.

And, as he was 'killing' the machine, the hero also felt pangs of grief for that machine that had taken care of him throughout his journey. He would have to continue his journey without his companion, because his companion was killing him. But the machine was also the only one he could relate to because his journey had left him emotionally disconnected from earthbound Human Beings.

I viewed that as a spiritual journey in some respects. Someone who was once more Human, now detached from his own humanness except for his fear of being destroyed. Like a spirit without a body, traveling on, letting go, remembering the beginning of all lifetimes and the end of all lifetimes all at once, and suddenly he is struck by the continuum memory, the river through which we all flow, and he realizes his connection from the womb to the grave to all of Humanity and finally to the Universe itself. All the stars are worlds.

He was struck with how at once he was infinitesimal in the Big Picture and how at the same time he was part of something Powerful and Eternal. All his regrets became about the things he had not done, all the love he had not connected to, and the cycle of returning and leaving was a way of collecting more eternal memories and progressing through that continuum.

Material things held no value. They were empty. They held only pain.

As the Computer realizes it will die, no matter what tricks it tried, it gave one truly human question to its creator/destroyer: "Will I dream?"

Ultimately, as Humans, our ability to dream is what creates us, makes us grow. The accumulation of material things, the competition we have with others to show status, leaves us empty and in great pain at the end of a long journey.

### **The Power of Storms**

Life is short. Both great pain and great joy will pass and we will know both. One will drag us down, the other will lift us up, light as a feather, and balance us like a hawk on the wind, able to see the world from great heights.

We can only do what we can do while we are here. It is up to each of us to connect to those who are struggling and connect with them and find the better part of ourselves. Our greatest strength in this mortal coil is in unity and compassion.

It is also up to each of us, when we are tumbling down into darkness to reach out, spread our fingers like feathers on the wingtips of eagles, and find those who will reach back, and help us to find out balance in the storms.

We take what help we can find and we learn from it to help others when they are tumbling in the storms. The less judgmental we are of others, the less insecure we are of ourselves and the more we can add to this world and the more fulfilling our journey will be.

Anger is a storm. Fear is a storm. Ignorance is a storm. Happiness and great Joy is the wind we balance our spirits upon.

### **Continuing Damage**

A young man, 21 years old, ended his life this past week. He was making great strides in putting together a future, and then suddenly, for reasons great to him, unknown to those who loved and cared about him, he saw nothing in this world worth keeping him here.

We are losing too many young people. The system that abused them for generations leaves them with more and more limited options. It takes a toll. Not having proper

services or qualified people to run departments, just sucks the light and life out of the community.

I will never understand why Cora Tiger is in charge of Suicide Prevention when she knows nothing, has no credentials, and does nothing. When there's an emergency and people come to her for help, she hands them a pamphlet. Her only qualification is that her daughter committed suicide.

Those who seek help, find only fog. No one reaching back to help them up, or to find their balance. The system just says phrases to make it sound like it cares, but it doesn't. If it did, all these years, all that money, would have gone into getting qualified people into such an important department.

That department alone is responsible for these suicides multiplying out there. The power ports need to be pulled on it. Power ports in this case would be the unqualified who are connected to the system that keeps the defects in place at great risk to the community.

I don't know if Dacotah Skye Old Rock reached out for help, but I know that if he did, those who are supposed to provide it, would hand him a pamphlet.

### **Big Picture**

Getting the perspective of a Big Picture, especially of one's life, is hard to achieve by ourselves. That's why, generally at the end of our life, people who knew us recite to others, all that we meant to them, all that we accomplished.

Up close, while we are in the struggle, we can't see it for ourselves. We are painting a picture in our life that we never see all of, until our spirit is balanced on the winds and we can see more and farther than ever we could while we are here. We can see how far we have come and how much farther we have to go or could have gone.

The greatest regrets I can imagine is the one that shows we could have gone so much further, done so much more, connected to so many more. The things we think are so important right now that involve what others think of us, or what we have, or what we don't have, mean nothing in that bigger picture.

All that counts is how many we connected with. All that counts is where we made it better for someone else. All that counts is how much we tried, not how far we got. How many we reached out to help, not how many reached back.

And dreams. The most important connection we have as Humans to other Humans and to the world around us, and to the Universe in which we all tumble and flow, is our dreams.

We lose our dreams, we die. It's important that you share your dreams with those who will listen, and that you nurture and grow them for yourself when there is no one around to tell them to.

Guard your dreams. Protect your dreams. Nurture your dreams.

And when your world turns dark, and someone hands you a pamphlet, keep reaching and reaching until someone reaches back or you find your way. And what you learn you use to heal yourself. And what heals you, you can offer to someone else to help them find their balance.

Sometimes life is just the tips of feathers connecting in the wind, restoring balance. Sometimes it's a full on hand to wrist grasp of a trapeze catcher, swinging you across that abyss and throwing you to a safer perch.

The system needs to be gutted, like HAL 9000. One piece at a time, so it can't hurt anyone ever again. However, like HAL 9000 we are dependent on the system to provide care and compassion, services and fairness, so we must replace the corrupted parts with better parts. We must replace that which we remove, with better.

And we have to maintain that system as we are changing it out, improving it. We have to monitor it. We have to do the work of staying vigilant. We have to remove the corrupted parts in a way that does not destroy the whole system because the system is needed so that those of us, for reasons we may or may not understand, need help we alone cannot provide. The system is meant to be there for all of us, as a connection where good faith efforts go in, and healthy, helpful assistance is there for those who need it.

It connects us all. But it is failing all of us. But we need it. Without it, we all perish. We all lose our connection to the greater portion of us. It is key to our greater unity and our strength.

Follow the path that leads to greater unity. Follow the path that appreciates diversity. Follow the path that brings more love and kindness, more compassion, more understanding. There we will find more light. There we will find one another. There is where we will find that we belong.

We're going to have to let go of a lot of old prejudices, biases and self-examine our choices and beliefs, keeping what is good for us and letting go of that which has held us back.

At the natural end of this path, we will find Peace. Until then, we must dream.

You know where to find me.

~Cat