

Some Thoughts About the Mind

Part Two

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I clearly remember the moment I found out that my partner was sleeping with someone else, and the flaming loop of unimaginable fury it unleashed upon me. For three straight days I was in full flight or fight mode with tidal waves of adrenaline crashing into my skull with each heartbeat. Every attempt to calm my mind failed as did beating pillows and yelling inside my car. This was the biggest en masse stampede I had ever experienced. Every thought seemed to be super charged with anger, angst, worry, and remorse. On the second day I couldn't be sure if I was angrier about the act of betrayal or the fact this person had put me in a situation where I felt so out of control, so shitty about myself and had to walk around with the entire flaming sun camped in my belly. I demolished the wood pile, chopping everything I could get my hands on. I contemplated murder as I am sure some people do—wouldn't that be better than this—all I would have to do is spend the rest of my life in prison. Or maybe Canada would reinstate the death penalty or make an exception for me to put me out of this miserable state. And on it went. To this day I cannot imagine where this mechanism came from—is it built in to us from day one? Do we inherit it? Is it genetic? Is it because we are territorial animals?

The third day I mercifully had to report to work as a carpenter trimming out a large mansion. I enjoyed this type of work, making fine cuts through fragrant oak-wood and fitting the pieces around columns in a very large house. The jealousy came in waves throughout the day. Each time I was able to focus my mind intensely on my work but not after wondering if my saw would slice my neck cleanly enough to stop these rampaging thoughts. As the day progressed I noticed that there were times when I felt no jealousy at all.

In fact there were moments where I was at ease, feeling a sense of equanimity, then suddenly I was swirling in jealous madness once more. As the day progressed my attacks seemed almost well timed, similar to an enemy watching me, waiting for a moment when I was off guard. I decided to time these events. This was the breakthrough I had been seeking. I noticed that jealousy waves came about forty-five minutes apart. After confirming two incidents of forty-three then forty-five minutes I lay in wait for the next one, becoming highly vigilante after forty-minutes. I noticed my boss watching me watching the time so closely but this was too important to worry about what he was thinking.

At forty three minutes and thirty odd seconds later the beast sprang out at me. It was a solitary image of my partner in bed with the other man. 'Aha! Caught you!' I nearly screamed, stopping this alpha lion in mid-leap. The confused creature stumbled to the ground and the herds of attending thoughts that were ready to stampede, hesitated, waiting for the leader to recover. But I stared the beast down until it slunk away. I had chased the king of the jungle away.

From that moment on I just had to pay attention, waiting for this thought/image to arise, until its power eventually diffused. The forty five minute rule became very useful for me when something was upsetting my peace of mind. Now I became the hunter, stealthily moving through my mind to brand my alpha thoughts with pink spray cans. It seemed a more sensible approach than the one Tarzan might have taken, running down each beast, wrestling it to the ground and telling it whose boss on this grassy plain. Identifying my alpha thoughts gave me the ability to work through distressing situations quickly. All I do now is take some time to sort through the herd of attending thoughts on the issue and figure out the core one. Usually it is connected to fear, loss of face, anger, sense of betrayal or another clever way of putting my self down—my very central ultra alpha thought—'I will never be good enough'. Some events like the crippling loss of my life partner through cancer could not be sorted through this way but this awareness helped to keep out of the overwhelming herds of unworthiness, guilt, why me?, blame and unnecessary remorse.

Extending this process into the spiritual realm it is easier to see the structure of the ego—it is just layered thought tied into hormonal pumps in a complex jumble that seems unfathomable and uncontrollable for most of us. But we can overcome this if we culture a deeper sense of self, a small anchor that we can depend upon to give us perspective. In the Buddhist tradition this is sometimes called the witness state. We all have this place with a separate awareness, akin to what the Christians call the conscience. In simple terms we often know what we are up to—sometimes we don't want to admit it.

The ego exists as a clever Trojan horse acting as our friend and companion but ultimately is the biggest of control freaks and will stop at nothing to maintain its rule. When you see it just as a group of recurring thoughts in the mind, you can begin to regain some sense of personal power through identity with your true self; your real nature which has been craftily hidden from you. Thoughts are creatures of habit. We in essence are not. That is why the forty five minute rule worked so effectively in my dealings with the mind.

When you see the varied gears and wheels of the ego mind, you will then notice how we are habitual in our behaviours doing the same things at the same times, on a day to day basis. How easy it is to acquiesce to the drudgery of factory or office work, after commuting for hours.

Then you will see how we become chemical junkies of measured time. Then you will see how we are conditioned to be automatons leveraged into a system that seeks to control every aspect of our lives with religion, education, taxation, police and prisons; a clever form of chemical engineering of our brains with the help of mass media and crappy food.

Then you will see how most civilizations were created as pyramid schemes to serve the elite at the top, dangling enough carrots to keep us enslaved to our appetites and desires which cannot bring true happiness, but not enough to make us unproductive.

Then you will see the power of the media, that scares the shit out of us with headlines of death and destruction then soothes us with a bevy of products promoted by ever-smiling happy people that you never see on the streets.

Then you may wonder how ego developed in the first place and was it cultivated deliberately.

When you become a master of the mind-ego domain you become master of your own life. You create room for your true nature to emerge. This you was created from an unimaginable explosion of joy. You become immune to outside influences save those that nourish you and bring you challenges to promote your soul's growth. All the noble qualities of humanity become apparent, deep within you and you will not accept a sense of morality enforced from without or the silly notion, that we evolved from apes.

Then you will realize that ALL of creation has been waiting for you to plug into the conscious evolution of humanity on this planet and not into the next chocolate slurpie.

