

Awaken manipulated sheeple to the power of the people.

**Becoming Human Again**

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# **Becoming Human Again**

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**From Sheeple to People**

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## CHAPTER 1

### **Our Way of Life Isn't Sustaining Us**

The average day-to-day hand-to-mouth hustle and bustle we call life is not life. It is mere subsistence or survival. It is just “getting by”. This frantic way of life isn't sustaining us; it does not nourish us, nor does it lead to a greater expression of our human nature. The average human, one who is not in tune with his or her consciousness, is not having the fun that he/she is supposed to have—because the average human believes that all that they are is brain only and nothing beyond.

We tend to run on autopilot, managed by our outer influences and circumstances, hooked into a matrix medium that tells us how to behave, what to care about, and how to treat folks who stray from this consensus that is spoon-fed to us. People are literally programmed into accepting an artificial false reality that bears little resemblance to what is actually taking place in the real world. Humans today are completely out of touch with their inner world. They know neither themselves nor their potential; they are not sensitive to the world that they live in. Such humans use, abuse, exploit and never give back to others or creation. This kind of human is an aberration of nature. This human fights the world, rather than lives in unison with it.

The indoctrination into our culture and society, which we undergo as children, disconnects us from the magical nature that surrounds us, a world that almost seems forbidden. The indoctrination locks us inside ourselves, inside mathematical conundrums and academic exercises, and forces us to *make* something of ourselves rather than to just *be* someone. Our indoctrination also neglects to include teachings about the other senses we may have within

us—call it consciousness, psychic intuition, or simply a gut feeling. Why, though, when it could be such an invaluable tool? Why, when during a midlife crisis some of us are finally going to discover our “prisonality,” the prison we have locked our *self* in and which has kept these senses and treasures away?

Isn't being in tune with *self*, and nature, the most natural way to live? Isn't trusting the signs that we get from the divine, and from our inner guidance, the way to love and contentment? Isn't this the path that could lead to happiness and self-expression? Or is someone afraid that we would become too powerful if we used those human senses that are inside us and rightfully belong to us? Why are we not encouraged to use these gifts, which are instead downright shunned by our institutions?

For whatever reason, we are being led down the wrong path. Instead of finding true pleasure from within by activating consciousness via meditation or some other means, we search the world over for happiness. However, true pleasure is not outside of yourself; it is right there inside you, slumbering. Consciousness, awareness, and nature can deliver it right to you.

I often wonder why we build fortresses and shoot cannonballs at creation, when it has always rolled out the red carpet for us. Fulfillment stems from integration, not defeat of the very soil that nurtures. As children, we know this; we are pure, *clean* humans. As we get older, we become stuffed with fluff and buzz. In addition, because of all the negatives, (hatred, anger, behavioral patterns that we keep repeating, bad thoughts, greed, and addictions) our minds are unable to think clearly and logically. When we do act, we are forced to make our way through this rubble first, this trash that we carry with us, which leads to results that are less than ideal. Look at the world. The world reflects what is within us. Is it healthy? No! It's sick—just like

our inner realm. Again - as within, so without. If we could manage to deep-clean our inner realm, the world would be a lot more harmonious than it is today. Hence, if more people were to live and act like my dad, we could perhaps prevent disasters such as the Gulf of Mexico oil Armageddon of 2010.

### **Debbie and Johnny**

To understand the problems that we face today, let's check out \*Debbie and \*Johnny, a somewhat typical, couple who resides in the deep Midwest. They are not so happily married, and are not sure they will ever live the elusive American dream.

Johnny's commute on pothole-riddled freeways takes an hour each way. Almost every morning, he stops at McDonald's for a fast, greasy bite. In the car, he wolfs down his substandard meal while multi-tasking: driving, using his BlackBerry or fiddling with the radio dials. By lunch, he might not even remember what he had devoured for breakfast. The quality of his lunch will strongly resemble that of the fast food he ate earlier. Most days, he arrives at the office late and stressed out because of the thick traffic and because he has been doing too many things while driving. Johnny hates his dead-end job as a business analyst and avoids his co-workers. Because of all his debt, however, he hangs onto his job like a drowning rat clings to a limb in a river. Johnny is merely surviving in his paycheck-to-paycheck world. He detests his job and the rat race.

As a child, Johnny had dreams of becoming a famous sports reporter, but now he sees no way to break out of his rut and pursue his passion. He is stuck in the mud. A career change is impossible, he thinks, and besides, he knows that deep down, he lacks ambition. So he keeps plugging away.

The reason he is in so much debt is his recent purchases—an expensive condo in downtown Chicago, and a new SUV. Debbie, his wife, refuses to live in the cheaper suburbs. With those two financial obligations, plus their student loan repayments, the couple is seriously strapped for cash. His liabilities are Johnny's worst nightmare. His reality does not look even remotely like the one his parents tried to encourage him to achieve.

After an exhausting drive home, Johnny has no interest in cooking, going for a walk in the nearby park, or venturing out to the gym. His nightly routine is to drink a can of beer and watch the ballgame on TV. His favorite team is the Chicago Cubs. He knows intricate details about every player and never misses a game. His closet is stacked with memorabilia. In comparison, world events, politics, the state of the nation—reality—are of zero interest to him.

In the evening, once Debbie is home, they throw what is supposedly good food into the microwave and devour it while watching the Cubs or surfing the Net. The couple doesn't talk about the day's events together. In fact, few words are spoken, much of the conversation is focused on TV shows and sports. To escape reality by means of entertainment is too easy. Weekends are spent in a similar fashion—at baseball games, in front of the tube, or out at the local pub discussing the Cubs.

Debbie, thirty-seven, works hard and puts in a ton of overtime as a financial analyst. She often compares herself to a hamster on a treadmill. At the bank, everyone is replaceable; it is a constant struggle to survive. She had expected the two of them to be much better off by now, but they'd spent way too much money on crap they didn't need. The garage was full of it. Despite her expensive education and work experience, life is not working out as she had envisioned. *Thank God I never got pregnant*, she often thinks. She believes that having a child

would have messed up their situation even more. She knows that buying the posh condo had been a big mistake; they had signed the contract in a moment of utter folly. But now it is far too late for what ifs. They are trapped with their dreadful investment. Some days, thinking about their gigantic mortgage makes her sick.

The abundance of fretting, bickering, and worrying saps all the remaining energy out of her and the marriage. They silently blame each other for not making enough money and for choosing bad investments. They fault the bank for approving their mortgage. In addition to his financial strain Johnny has, at only thirty-nine years of age, awful health. And Debbie cannot believe how little interest Johnny has in improving it. The situation is starting to irritate her more and more. He struggles with obesity and depression. Debbie constantly reminds him to exercise and eat healthier—without success. Johnny simply lacks motivation to move, and instead turned to Prozac. His physician had prescribed the magic pill to cure all of Johnny's ills. In some ways it helped, but it also makes him feel numb. "Sex on the antidepressant feels synthetic," he tells Debbie. Their bedroom exercises had never produced Chinese fireworks before, but on the drug, they have become an actual chore.

Their lackluster bed activity nearly breaks Debbie's sanity and spirit. At her age, she is supposed to be having the sex of her life! She feels as if she is living with a brother, not a lover and husband.

The stress, the worries, the lack of love, and Johnny's reluctance to address his obesity turned Debbie into a stressed out wreck. She developed insomnia and pops Tylenol PM to get some rest, but that leaves her a drowsy mess the entire next day. Only shopping brings her the needed relief. A new pair of shoes, cool pants, a fancy purse—such purchases make her happy, temporarily. During a spree, she can successfully block out thoughts of their bank balance. But



then, after the day of shopping ends, reality hits her in the face. Again, she has spent money they don't have.

To combat her worries, and despite her exhaustion, she somehow always manages to go to the gym a few times a week. One thing is for sure: she does not want to end up fat like her husband.

Debbie wonders if divorce is the only answer. But merely thinking about the potential hassle makes her dizzy. She has no energy for it. What would happen to the condo? The cars? Could they even afford to get divorced? On her own, she could only afford to rent a shoebox. She postpones such thoughts until tomorrow.

All she ever wanted in life was to be happy and in love with someone successful who would travel the world with her. When was the American dream going to come true for her?

### **What Went Wrong?**

Why the need for this story? Many, just like this couple, subsist instead of live. Debbie and Johnny merely survive in the shallow, loveless lives they have carved out for themselves. They don't know any better. The couple put their heads down and keeps moving ahead, instead of reevaluating life and looking at fresh choices. Sadly, they seem overwhelmed, unable to react, stuck in the mud. Who are they? They have no clue. Why are they here? They don't care. The couple is disconnected from themselves and from simply *being*. Doing is all they know. The focus is on making ends meet and hoping for a better day, and in the process, life is passing them by too quickly. They are living in a cage, cut off from consciousness and nature—or, as Debbie rightly perceives it, like hamsters spinning in a wheel, a wheel that is ever spinning faster.

The couple symbolizes much of what is wrong with today's society. They operate on autopilot. They do as instructed by the manipulating private and public institutions. They consume as told, eat as told, medicate as told, and entertain as told. In short, they *do* as told. They have no idea who they are. They are always doing, doing, and doing, but they spend no time *being*. The machine tempted them to overspend, to own and possess things they can't afford. And they allowed it to happen without any resistance. Their massive overspending rendered them mere slaves to the debt machine. Also, his overeating and unhealthy living left Johnny a slave to Big Pharma, Big Food, and so on.

The consequence of living in unawareness is having shackles for life. There is no point in blaming circumstances or other people; at the end of the day, Debbie and Johnny are responsible for their miserable existence. They created their situation. Nobody else can fix the mess they are in. Being responsible for one's actions is something we tend to avoid at all costs. It is easier to make the neighbor, the vendor, the city, or the government liable for the dilemmas we get ourselves involved in. However, to progress as humans, we need to take responsibility for *all* our actions.

To turn this world around, we need humans—aware and responsible humans—who know how to *be* with whatever issues life may bring. Living on autopilot equals living like robots, not humans.

In an ideal world, work would be purposeful and fulfilling. We would enjoy healthful food that energizes and strengthens body and soul. We would reserve medicine only for serious illnesses, not for the numbing of every little ailment. Instead of seeking non-stop entertainment, we would turn on our inner television and live grounded, and in reality. Energy derived from within may give us the strength to nurture relationships and not gadgets. Avatars

are what we ought to become—*beings* in tune with nature, as portrayed in James Cameron’s movie.

Yet blasé attitudes dominate society as a whole. Forget swine flu—brain fluff is the name of the real pandemic that threatens us. A vaccine for such brain clutter is elusive.

Focus remains on buying, possessing, and having, and not on who and what we are. Stuff may excite, but it never fulfills. Materialism—the wanting and needing of things and the resultant overspending—creates only superficial, temporary happiness. As long as we choose to live detached from *heart*, from each other, from nature, and from ourselves, true long-lasting happiness and inner peace will remain absent.

To top up our materialistic obsession, entertainment assaults us—continuously. The buzz—emails, commercials, soaps, movies, ads, the Internet, Facebook, and Twitter—helps us numb the pain of life. The streaming blitz is an anesthetic that promotes lethargy and oblivion instead of awareness, ideas, inspiration, and creativity.

Humans stand by and watch the degradation of life’s true worth. Paralyzed and apathetic, we are unaware of what is being lost. If aware, we would revolt, but since our minds are deadened, nobody cares or bothers. What is lost is heart, soul, goodness, humanness. God bless oblivion!

Instead of enjoying real lives, we pretend we have roles in movies or TV shows. They have become the new reality. We know and share more about our favorite TV drama than the actuality being played out in our own backyard. Regrettably, we care more about our right to choke down a hot dog than about our constitutional rights. However, we are not really having a life when we are watching TV or gaming, or when we are otherwise preoccupied. These are dead actions. The bustle creates only temporary joy and clutters our brains with irrelevant

information. No good energy is ever returned to us from enjoying what I call blitz, fluff, and buzz, or pointless activity, yet tuning out is easier than tuning in to the human essence. That's because what's within us is downright scary, and therefore remains unvisited like a hot, far away desert.

*Mind* is not all there is to being human; we are so much more, and finding that *more* is where happiness resides—in a vast sea of consciousness and splendor. Getting there requires work. Delving inside and discovering who we are as individuals is not a takeout meal.

With a society that believes in things and *mind*—which is where the ego is located—it is no wonder we focus on superficial stuff, stuff, and more stuff. Personal horizons end with me, myself, and I. If permitted, *ego* will run a person's life from birth to death. *Ego* knows no limits. It craves power, money, and possessions, and wants more, more, and more. The result is total ignorance of consciousness and mindfulness, and a lack of resilience.

## **Rescue the Being**

Humans are the only creatures, the only inhabitants of this planet, behaving insanely. We are the only ones working against nature while our fellow living, breathing beings (yes, animals are beings too) try to live in harmony with the *remaining* magnificent surroundings. Such alien behavior can only be attributed to complete unawareness, ignorance, and apathy. I'd argue that in our natural state, with our human essence turned on, few of us would act like the environmental bullies we are.

It is the rescue of the quintessence of the human being—the inner being—that should be our most imminent job. Only our core can save us from ourselves. That entails rediscovering and activating our internal voice, instinct, or gut feeling, which was silenced by

the teachings we all had to succumb to. Without this knowing of *self*, without being in tune with the universe, the world, and nature, we are similar to androids: human *doings*, not human *beings*.

*Being* involves taking responsibility for *self*. In Hawaii, a healing system called Ho'oponopono goes so far as to teach we are responsible for *everything* in our lives, including other people's problems. With this technique, people learn to clean not only their negative thoughts and energy, but also those of others, by speaking about love and forgiveness. Imagine that—we are liable for every last thing in our world, including other people's problems. What a concept. What if it's true? It seems Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len, a master of Ho'oponopono, healed an entire psychiatric ward in Hawaii with this method. This “taking responsibility” is pretty amazing stuff. Check out <http://www.mrfire.com/zero/> for more information.

The working hard, the accumulation (collection) of toys and more toys, the way we elbow our way to a promotion, gathering more money just to spend more money or buy ever bigger houses and cars, is a rat race in every sense of the word. Along the way, we never stop to ask *why*. Why all the stacking of crap? The overflow? Why do we follow the unwritten rules about amassing as much as we can just to be accepted in society? What are the blinking Nike shoes gonna do for us? Or the Porsche-designed X-Series Island grill towering in our backyard? Will this be what we reflect on when transcending into the other world? Will we remember the smell of flesh on the shiny designer grill on the death bed?

We never ask these questions. We continue making urgent, mindless purchases. If a neighbor happens to have the latest cow-broiling device, we know no better than to still the hunger, to be on par with him. We buy what everyone else buys, for whatever reason. We jump on the bandwagon and never reflect on the real benefits of any of it. What will you as a

human gain from owning a designer grill? How will that make you a better person? How will that change the world? How will that give you lasting happiness? It merely pleases the ego, because it is yet another possession. Don't get me wrong; I am not saying stop consuming and live like a monk. What I am trying to convey here is that we should not robotically pile up toys to avoid life; instead, we should focus more on what's important for us as a human being and as a involved citizen of, what once was, a free country. Perhaps spending money on an eleven-day Vipassana meditation retreat ([www.vipassana.com](http://www.vipassana.com)) in some remote location would have more lasting benefits than buying the Island grill. It still requires an investment, but it is one that is spent on you, on your being, not on your ego. Just a thought. Or how about not making a purchase at all, and using the still-perfect old grill until its final day?

Sheeple (sheep-people) drive the highway of life with the cruise control on. Frozen minds may hear the commotion and noise along the way; we may see the decay of our society, but none of it fazes us. The loss of our freedoms and rights due to ignorance and preoccupation goes largely unnoticed. Sheep go where they are led, no questions asked. We swallow the corporate and political rhetoric and live in a world of illusions and make belief. A mind affected by "sheepism" craves more apathy.

### **It Can't Be That Bad—Can It?**

Yes, it can. Examples abound. Life has been turned upside down. Just look at the political world. Wall Street was bailed out. Homeowners have not. Governments spend tax money like a drunkard at the bar. Taxpayers get shafted. The infrastructure is crumbling. Yet the fat cats get ever fatter, while citizens get poorer. But remember, the fat cats are supposed to work for us ... by the people, for the people.

There is more than enough food to go around, but we are sicker than ever. Codex Alimentarius is an FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations) and WHO (World Health Organization) commission whose main aims supposedly are to protect the health of consumers and ensure fair practices in the international food trade. But it is with the establishment of Codex Alimentarius principles that we may lose our rights to freely purchase vitamins without prescriptions, as we do today.

We have enough wealth, but we are unhappier than ever. Illegal immigrants, who essentially break the law by being illegal, are protected. Citizens often end up carrying the burden and paying the price.

The world has been turned upside down.

Our government loves the fact that citizens have checked out and are not asking much-needed questions. Short-term memory, apathy or even attention deficit disorder (ADD) help those in charge continue the frenzy. This seemingly permanent state makes it easier for the government to pull the wool over our eyes. Healthy, intelligent individuals are difficult to govern. They could apply critical thinking and reasoning. Don't want that. A biased media helps their plot to keep us believing in the fairy tales we think to be our world. We are hypnotized as we watch sound bytes flash on television and CNN tells us all is well.

And what do we do? Consciously or unconsciously, we surrender; we are singing from default hymn sheets. We repeat the lines as heard on screen. No questions asked. Questioning the media or the government can be downright dangerous. People are supposed to shut up as controversial new laws such as the PATRIOT Act are being enacted. Floating midstream raises no eyebrows. Swimming against the current is not desirable. Those who speak out against trendy government mantras are ridiculed at best; at worst, they are branded as

conspirators and put on the no fly list. The media supports this concept. Anyone who questions the mainstream is considered a traitor and is even put on a watch list.

The deeper the snooze, the more power we hand over to the kings. A fuzzy mind is easy to manipulate.

It must be amusing to those drunk with power to witness humans repeatedly falling for their lies. But we are convinced that if it is on TV, it must be true.

The age-old Roman strategy, *panem et circenses* (bread and circuses), is at play right inside our homes. Keep us fat, happy, and entertained, and we won't bother interfering in politics.

### **Can We Stop the Process?**

Yes! The future of this great nation is inside of us. If we are willing to become human again, if we are willing to take responsibility and get involved in our destiny with awareness, we can change direction.

And why wouldn't we want to re-establish and sustain a system and society that once worked well? A society that was based on individual freedom and liberty? Why condemn what was built so carefully by the founding fathers? Do we really want to allow the general sellout of values, sovereignty, and rights to continue?

A shift in attitude and consciousness can move mountains. But to do this, we must turn off the TV and pay attention to ideas the mainstream media may not approve of. More importantly, we must pay attention to the truths that are within us. But this meal is not ready-made and can't be heated in the microwave. It requires work. We must brew and drink the magic potion ourselves, with minds that are fresh and awake. The government is not likely to



turn this nation back onto an even path. Too much has been destroyed already. We have to take the future into our own hands.

The world out there equals the world within. There is no difference.

Awaken manipulated sheeple to the power of the people.

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