



A Quantum Moment

Messages from the Other Realm

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Worry

Worry. Worry, for me, is an indulgence, much like sadness is. Worry is an indulgence in self-pity. Why? Because we become so involved in ourselves and our supposed success in life that we forget there are other factors at play—other people, other incentives, other thoughts and desires that can easily alter the course of things, especially that which we fear.

We have no way of knowing what will come of our current predicaments. We think we do but, in fact we have no concept of the way our universe works. So why do we think it will all go one way—the way we fear, imagining it into existence in our Minds over and over? We bring it to Mind over and over, that horrible outcome, giving it the steam of possibility.

I sometimes feel like I was born with worry locked in. It is such an instinctual feeling, invading my thoughts whenever I am consciously aware of my surroundings, and as I say, sometimes I indulge in it.

I used to call it planning—planning for the worst-case scenario—but now I see it is not planning at all. It is living it, now, already, that thing which I fear, before it has a chance to develop. I am now, that which I don't want. I am now, that which I remind myself to avoid. The now, that I crash emotionally and then feel the consequence of it in my physical body.

As I age, I think this constant reminding is necessary because I am afraid that I will forget to remind myself to plan, to imagine avoiding or taking action to change the course of things. Forgetting. My new companion to worry.

I write down what I must remember to do. I indulge in writing up lists of actions I must take to avoid the consequences. They lie like confetti on the floor, put there because I look down when I walk, and I know I will see them and they will remind me of my fears. They will be forgotten if I lay them on a counter or on the edge of my desk. I won't see them. I know that I won't act in time if they do not occupy the floor.

What nonsense is this! Reminding is almost as bad as the worry itself. Another indulgence. What if I didn't remember to call this person or get this thing I need? Is life so unmanageable that I cannot live without these lists? They have become a patchwork of my inner life. They describe in detail what occupies my Mind. Poor me, someone would say, looking at these torn pieces of paper. They describe too much of who I think I am and don't want to be.

Does having these lists alter anything? Does it dull my senses not to have them scattered about? Would I wander across the room not knowing what to do? What would life look like without reminders, without worry?

I imagine I would be drawn to action as needed, instead of as planned. I would be surprised, yes, by what life offers me at times, both good and bad, but would that be so terrible? So mystifying? Would I become dull-witted, getting up in the morning with nothing “to do?” I wonder if I would just stand still—until the next moment called me to action from a sudden need such as hunger and other bodily functions, or some-one or some-thing arrived at my front door. To be free of worry, of reminding, I would have to view my life as something different—not as a movie, grasped scene by scene, but as one long stream of waiting, waiting for inspiration, for its manifestation. Tasks completed for the fulfillment of needs and desires instead of worries.

Desire is what I realize I’m missing the most in these times of self-awareness.

To desire is arguably the real engine of life. Desire draws us forth to action instead of reaction. I thought it was worry, and then planning, but I see now that wanting to do something, wanting to be something is the real motivating force, the call to action. Desire forms in the core of me. Desire describes who I am, for all to see—not the scraps of paper on the floor.

If fear is somehow scurried away, desire can flourish, but I must wait for it to come to me, I cannot will its presence. Desire is a pot of stew that boils softly, making its way to a new substance, a new alchemy, sometimes alarming, but true.

What is life but a constant humming of the heart where desire begins and ends?