

## SPARK 069

(Matrix Code: **SPARK069.00** for [StartOver.xyz](http://StartOver.xyz) game.)

**DISTINCTION:** A belief is a scab on your mind that can fall away when the wound is healed. The wound is usually the fear of not knowing.

**NOTES:** Wherever you have placed a belief in your relationship to the world, the belief blocks you from perceiving what is actually there. Since Possibility Management requires direct access to the nuts and bolts of reality, beliefs are an impediment. Having a belief is like hanging a painting in front of a door and thinking that what is depicted on the painting is what is outside the door. Not only is the belief a self-deceiving fantasy, it also blocks you from going through the door.

Beliefs have no relationship to reality. You can have a belief about anything. No one can argue with you about a belief because, hey, it is a belief. Beliefs make you feel secure.

Beliefs serve the purpose of supplying you with ready-made answers to painful, difficult or unanswerable questions. You naturally have questions about death, money, sex, God, the universe, life in general, and your life in particular. Many of these questions are by nature unanswerable. With a belief installed you do not have to experience the fear of not knowing answers to these questions. Instead of facing an unexplored, constantly changing, multidimensional or groundless reality, a belief lets you face a familiar, comfortable, self-generated illusion. There may even be other people who profess to have the same belief, so you are not alone in your position. If enough people have a common belief you can create agreement. Then anybody who disagrees with you must either be crazy or your enemy. What a familiar game! Look at human history.

Here is a story about beliefs. In one village the people believed that hotdogs were the most sacred objects in the world. The worst sin was to eat a hotdog. They mounted hotdogs on little stands in their living rooms and prayed to the hotdogs each morning. These kind and generous people held hotdog festivals each year where they lovingly gave each other hotdogs as gifts and sang holy hotdog chants in beautiful harmonies. On certain days of the year they marched their best hotdogs around the village and then had joyous parties paying respects to the greatest hotdogs.

On the other side of the mountain was another village, the gravest enemy of the first village. In this second village people believed that hotdogs were the most sacred objects in the world. The worst sin was to waste a hotdog. These kind and generous people prayed to their hotdogs each morning and made sure that no one went without their daily hotdog for lunch. On festival days they held great hotdog cooking galas for the best recipes, hotdog-eating contests, hotdog feasts, and they even fed hotdogs to their favorite pets.

The hatred between these two villages was centuries old and horrendous. Such sacrilege was committed by the others that no forgiveness or understanding was possible. Until one night, the mayor of the non-hotdog-eating village could stand it no longer. Alone he hiked over the hill and sneaked into the other village on festival night. He was at first revolted by what he witnessed: hundreds of people sinning horribly,

eating hotdogs. But what he could not understand was how all these people, even though they sinned, could be so happy, so kind and loving to one another, so generous to their children. It was exactly like his village. And then his mind snapped, and he realized that the only difference between the two villages, the thing that created so much animosity and kept them enemies, was merely a difference of belief! He was stunned to see that beliefs only occur on the surface of the mind, to cover up what nobody can know, the answer to the question: “What is truly the right way?” *Nobody* can know that. And instead of being willing to live knowing that nobody can know, they had each made up a false knowing called a *belief*. And for centuries they had lived separately from each other saying that the other was wrong. But *nobody* was wrong!

His face lit up. His heart was immensely relieved. He walked into the town hall, found the other mayor, and explained that they were no longer enemies. That it was all a mistake created out of the mind’s fear of the unknown. That he was sorry, and could this mayor *please* come over to his village the next morning and explain the same thing to his people so they could all get on with celebrating each other and living in abundance and harmony together. Of course, the second mayor laughed in delight at the good news, hugged the first mayor solidly, and gave him his best hotdog – to do *whatever* he wanted with it. And they all lived happily ever after.

Beliefs are a standard structural component of the Box, like columns in a room. But just as every room need not have columns, every Box need not have beliefs. Believe it or not, beliefs are optional. Beliefs are neither good nor bad. Beliefs are just beliefs. However, without beliefs clamping your mind you get more degrees of freedom in your thinking.

Therefore, your homework assignment is to one by one locate all of your beliefs and find out why you put them there. This heals the wounds.

The answer to the fear of not knowing is *not* to try to make the fear go away by knowing everything. Many things you cannot know. The answer to the fear of not knowing is to decide that it is really okay not to know. Accept the not knowing. For example, if your belief is that you are not good enough, then the healing is to learn to live with the fear of not knowing if you are good enough or not, and going ahead and living full out anyway.

(After hearing my rant about the handicap of beliefs for the umpteenth time my oldest daughter, seventeen at the time, said to me one afternoon in disgust, “Dad, you suffer from the belief that you do not have any beliefs.” I said, “Thanks for the feedback.” Kids...)

## **EXPERIMENTS:**

**SPARK069.01** At the next party or family get together, gingerly enter the domain of politics, religion, or culture in some of your discussions. Your job is to start to discover your mental scabs. You will know that you have found a scab by the sensation of a particular kind of pain, associated with fearing the unknown. When anyone starts poking too closely at one of your beliefs you immediately start poking back because it hurts under your scab. Make notes of what you find. Later, when you are on your own, do the experiment of remembering the incident, and explore why you fear not knowing

in this particular area. Why is it so frightening for you to not know about this part of life? The experiment is to try honestly admitting to yourself that you *do not* know in this area. See if you can live with the not knowing for a few hours. See how that feels, being okay with yourself even if you do not know. Those few hours could take you a long way towards healing your wound.

**SPARK069.02** The next time you are with one of your parents or grandparents, create the space to ask them this question, “Mom (or Dad, Grandma, Grandpa), what do you believe about God?” Then do not say anything. Just listen. No matter what, do not set forth your opinions or beliefs. Keep your mouth shut and pay attention. Get them to talk. If you succeed at just listening, this could be quite a memorable conversation. You could have mapped out for you the entire cosmological structure that you unconsciously inherited as a child. This is a gift of great benefit. It will help you to find a new start.