

False Idols

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I worship a false idol. This idol is myself.

I've been worshipping myself in secret, alone and away from the love of my family and from the people of the world. I see now there has been a blanket over my consciousness, and wind in my sails that has driven me into seas unknown and unintended. I've awoken to my past. I've been walking in a dream with some part of myself that I haven't even known directing my actions. Even when I'm surrounded by people, when I'm cresting through the currents and crashing waves of reality, some part of me has been on autopilot.

But that's a lie, really. I've known the whole time.

Oh, the possibilities inherent in me! All the worlds a stage and I have control over my destiny – I can spend my life working for betterment while making millions (actually trillions) of dollars! I can lead social movements as an activist or develop a cult of personality! I can pursue inner peace and enlightenment, perhaps helping others find peace themselves. Why, I could do so, much my wake would create currents of its own, and soon others themselves would find the waves that buffet them to have been made by me!

Is that irony, or corruption?

Certainly, I'm going to be bigger than Disney. And why shouldn't I be – it's me were

talking about now. There's always been a part of me that knew I had exactly what the world needed. I'm here, I'm ready, and all the potential is there!

Can you see how deceptive my god is? This line of thinking leads inexorably to a single question: "*Why am I REALLY here?*" My mind demands that I tackle this problem head on. But wait..., where am I? Where am I and how can I impact the world today, or tomorrow? What doors are open to me and which are absolutely shut? How much time have I wasted away from all that I'm capable of?

And which problem am I facing? Out of all of the possibilities my false idol is capable of, is it only my focus that determines my reality? I'm ready to accept destiny and fate and all the responsibility I can! Now, where do I start?

A few fools have tried to conquer the world. Other people have become true saints for their actions and service. What unites these people is that sense of their own part to play in the course of human events. That's the kind of responsibility I'm talking about!

Am I lying to myself? I'm not a megalomaniac, but I do believe I have something to offer this world. At the same time, I'm deeply aware of the gap that exists between what I want to be and what I am..., a dissonance between the possible choices in my life and the possible impact I want to have.

In the face of this dissonance, it'd be easy to accept ordinary reality – at least that reality in which I have no power over human history and purpose itself is an illusion. I should banish my false idol. It'll only lead to disappointment anyway, and should I really risk my future on something as abstract as *possibilities*? It's certainly safer to follow the road I'm already on. Choices are upsetting anyway.

Which lie I'm telling makes me feel safest? The one that says I can be something important, or the one that says I can't?

If my false idol crumbled into dust, who would be standing in my shoes?