WHAT ABOUT THE EGO: VEHICLE FOR OPERATION OR DREAM OF THE PUPPETEER? (WA001)

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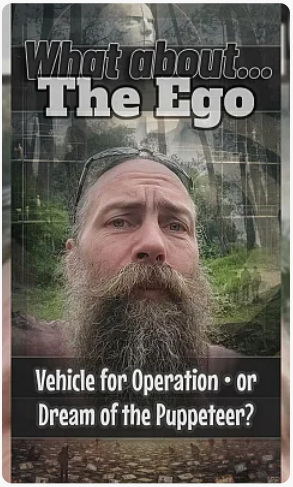

The ego. Is what exactly? Nothing more than an identity container. A well-developed character in the story of life. That's all. But, like a puppeteer hypnotized by his doll play, we drift asleep and turn into nothing more than our dream suits.

How many the roles you've lived as in your past? How many the roles you play in your present life? Each of them acts in its season, fulfilling

their tasks — and then we release them again. Watching the stage — in freedom from our castings.

#WhatAboutSeries #Ego #Identity #FramesOfLife #RolesInTransit #PuppetsOnStage #MasterOfPuppets #WitnessPlane

What about the ego? Can't live with it, can't live without it. Everyone has their opinions. Nobody knows what to think. Sure, it all gets very confusing. When we're all using the same word, ego, but different ideas and different definitions. Some of us just talking about the word without the faintest idea of what they're talking about.

Then, in the short and simple. The ego — an identity container. That's all. A personality matrix. Like a well-developed character in a story with their backgrounds. That's the baseline, and that really is all that it ever needs to be. And the ego is only ever problematic when we want it to be something other than is naturally emergent.

Then, the functional ego. An operational necessity. A vehicle for our engagement in life. Not just a single ego,

a single role at that. In the different periods of your life, and in the different aspects of your present life, how many the roles you assume? You the caretaker, you the professional, you the hobbyist, you the partner, you the fiddler on the rooftop.

And how many versions of these that have risen and expired? I'm at fiddler on the rooftop version beta 17.3. On a serious note though, it all gets very serious and grave when we grow attached to these roles, when the roles begin to exist independent of their context, unto themselves.

Just as a puppeteer pulling the strings, waving his hands, makes the marionettes dance on the stage of life. So too, consciousness, raw and unbecome, becomes the many through the strings of attention pouring into countless roles. Then the puppeteer, hypnotized, mesmerized by his own creations, falls asleep, sinks into the universe.

We too, consciousness of infinite potentials, narrow ourselves down to a particular spectrum, a particular frame and a particular role — and that's all we are. Until one day, we awaken to the finity of our conditions. We

rise above, and again we watch our puppets from the heights.

In that freedom, do not ever misuse it. Do not use your puppets for manipulation. Do not ever craft and design your behaviors to accomplish particular self-centered goals. You will degrade into a muppet.

Your roles, born from nature, should only ever operate in the fulfillment of nature. In harmonizing, in fulfilling the situations, the stages they operate on. That and only that is the noble presence of consciousness in the world of countless forms.

Descend into your roles as nature calls, then release, ascend again when the story is over. If you do not allow for this freedom of change, your roles turn into distorting clown suits that torture you until the end of your days. Then friends, actors on the stage — keep it real.

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