

THE END OF TERRORISM by Jeff Foster

Terrorism, violence, hatred, the holy war and the urge for revenge, begin in each and every one of us. None of us are separate from the river of humanity. None of us are individuals divided from the totality, but part of something greater; contributing to the river, having our being in the river, and in that sense, responsible for the entirety of the river. You are the world, and the world is you, as the illustrious Krishnamurti was fond of saying.

Violence begins when we divide ourselves from the river and from each other, at least in our imaginations. We turn from our aliveness and define ourselves conceptually, reducing ourselves to a thing. Good, bad. Right, wrong. Christian, Jew, atheist. Believer, non-believer. A success, a failure. Indian, American, Australian. Truth becomes a weapon. We take sides. We see 'others'. We forget our shared nature, that we are all brothers and sisters, the same life force moving, the same consciousness, the water of Life.

Internally, we go to war with our own thoughts, our own feelings. We turn from our pain, our doubt, our fear, our longings, call them 'negative' or 'wrong' or even 'evil'. We split ourselves in two, the 'good me' versus the 'bad me', the saint versus the sinner, the light versus the dark, the holy versus the unholy. We may even try to 'get rid of' or 'annihilate' our sadness, our doubt, our fear, our sexual urges, our 'impure' thoughts. The beginning of genocide.

Within. It all begins within.

What we reject in ourselves we end up rejecting in others. 'In here' becomes 'out there' in the blink of an eye. Their imperfections. Their flaws. Their pains, their joys, their doubts, their weakness; really our own. Their strange thoughts, their 'wrong' or 'shameful' feelings, their darkness, their sin; really our own. We try to change them, fix them, save them. We judge them, look down on them, pity them, fear them. In our frustration, we may harm them. In our rage, we may even kill them. In our search for wholeness, not recognising our own wholeness, forgetting the love that we are, we may destroy

everything and everyone around us. In the name of 'freedom'. In the name of 'God'.

The way to end terrorism is to see it, understand it, cut it at its roots. See how the war begins inside. See how the violence begins in each and every one of us. Every time we push a thought or feeling away, shame it, blame it, every time we turn from our anger, our sadness, our doubt, our fear, every time we judge or attack someone else instead of facing our own unresolved trauma, we sow the seeds of terror. Yet every time we open our hearts, make space for that which is bothering us, bring a kindly, curious attention to the sore place inside, breathe into the very thing we want to destroy, we are remembering our vastness, re-contacting the love that burns inside, and we become part of the solution, the river.

And then, because you have breathed, friend, perhaps humanity has a chance.