

REDEEMER'S CLUB by Stuart Wilde © 2009

Lesson 27: Grace & the Malice of Four Thoughts

I met a woman from Africa years ago that had very special qualities; there was an inherent beauty in her. She was ordinary in human terms and very humble, but she had a spirituality I don't have, a grace I know nothing about. She was higher than me by a few million miles.

Naturally I was intrigued. I wanted to learn what made her so special. We worked together on a small project for a New Age promoter, and so for a few weeks I saw her every day.

She was raised by ugly parents in a strict religious family and because she didn't believe in their religion she was vilified and mistreated. She had three brothers that bullied her mercilessly and she married an Algerian man who was an egoist obsessed with himself that would not work or lift a finger to help, and so she went out and worked at a menial job for many, many years to pay the bills and support her husband. I asked her if she resented him for his indifference and laziness, she did not. She loved him anyway.

I got the impression from her that her husband didn't really pay any attention to her whatsoever. I asked her if that was a problem being so unloved and unwanted; she said it wasn't. And she loved her parents even though they seemed to be the epitome of the tyrannical Fat Controllers, dark, bigoted and small- minded.

She told me how her father-in-law was a chauvinist racist and that he hated her. I asked her if it was difficult being in his house knowing of his hatred for her, she said didn't mind. Talking to her I realized she had faced discrimination and resentment from people everywhere she went, but for some strange reason it never bothered her. It never altered who she was. I began to wonder if she was a hidden saint, an unknown holy person that walked amongst us. I could not work out what was so different about her. She had a very gentle and delicate way about her.

Then it came to me, she was the only person I have ever met in my life that had no malice. Even though she had lived a terrible life by the standards we understand she carried no resentment; no darkness in her about it. She accepted all the evil around her without one word of complaint. She taught me a great lesson; it was very humbling as I have had a great amount of malice in my heart because every time I saw injustice in the world I wanted to rip its throat out. My mother was Sicilian and there are no Sicilians in heaven as far as I know. So that was a karmic setback for me early on.

I was married to an Australian lady for seven years and her mother was in the Australian Hall of Fame for working class resentment, bigotry and racism. She was an inverted snob of an especially virulent nastiness that is common and indigenous in OZ, she didn't really have any redeeming qualities. I'd lie in bed at night thinking of thirty ways of pushing the bitch down the stairs – (1) Malice of Forethought! I felt I was doing the world a favor. When I couldn't figure how to get rid of the grisly, old bat, I left Australia and her daughter as the only other solution.

Luckily, I wasn't quite as Sicilian as I thought I was.

We have to suffer injustice, often while it bleeds at our feet, and we have to love the Tao instead, for if we go at it with malice we rot our soul and we suffer a spiritual death. I think injustice is our global karma for each of us having been too Sicilian in a past life, so righteous indignation and vengeance score zip, and they combined to form the first of the four malicious thoughts or emotions that we need to avoid, emotional antagonism and/or thoughts of vengeance.

I was raised in Africa; I detest racists bigots and discrimination but detesting the redneck racist or the chauvinist pig is also not the way go, for if we feel like that we offer the same hate they find so natural, so that is the second malice (Hate) to avoid. The world is full of elitist snobs and 'Chosen Ones' and a people full of antagonisms and hate. There is nothing we can do about it. At best we can busy ourselves selling them things, their inflated egos will buy!

Jealousy is the third malice (3). That is why beautiful women are hated by other women and why a person that is very beautiful faces much resentment in life for they inadvertently highlight everyone else's ugliness. I met a young man in the south of France that was the most stunningly good-looking man I have ever seen. He was in his mid-twenties, tall and suntanned and very well dressed, and the symmetry of his face was faultless; he looked like a god to me. I am not gay by the way, but I could not keep my eyes off him as he was so beautiful; he seemed from another world.

But I saw sadness in him that evoked a great pathos in me as I knew his life was hard, for while I am sure women instantly gave themselves to him, he lived in a lonely, loveless place of being a sex object, and of being too perfect with all the silent resentments that he suffered to go with it. Humans don't like too much beauty unless they can buy it and/or capture it, it shows them up.

Jealousy is the hidden trait of the inverted snob, like a million Australian plumbers and bricklayers that hate the world because they were not born upper class; it is a form of insanity really. Or, women that compare themselves to others too much and so they come to hate themselves because their hips are too wide, or their nose is too big, or one of their breasts hangs lower than the other. I tell them forget trying to be perfect, it will rot your soul, if your uneven breasts really bother you lean over a bit and the longer breast will come up and both breasts will look the same! Comparing yourself to others is not advisable for it takes you to dark places, wherein a spiritual death awaits.

The last of the four thoughts of Malice is Rage (4), silent rage or expressed rage. I said in my books, all anger comes from contradictions of the ego's opinion. The ego decides it wants things one way and life delivers them another way. Often, this psychological trait – the insistence of the ego, comes from an unhealthy need to control others and the anger that flows when they resist. Much of it is related to fear and the need to dominate to feel safe.

People that get angry quickly are usually narcissistic and egocentric and that causes anger to flood their feelings in a systematic overload of hate and disdain for anyone that might resist, or

usurp them, or belittle them, or contradict their inner Nazi. It is a form of hellish, on-going, perpetual malice. The trick is to accept life as it comes without fighting it emotionally.

The lady from Africa that had no malice for the injustice she suffered, or for the evil of her tormentors, taught me a lot. I saw her as a saint. I'm not a saint; I realized I could learn much from her. I have always had a strong sense of justice and I rebelled against injustice hoping to right wrongs and set people free, it was the grandiose White Knight syndrome in me.

But in a way, I did liberate some people from the agony of their lives with my books and seminars. That liberation was a good thing but being frustrated at the injustice of the world was a hopeless way to go, the belligerence of it rotted my soul. We are required to suffer in silence with dignity and to accept injustice as part of our karma with no adverse reaction or malice. Essentially we are not allowed to hate people just because they hate us. So I will have to come to love my rotten ex mother-in-law whether I like it or not. Eek!

Certainly, we must have compassion for people that have been hurt by injustice, but to be angry and fight the system is futile as it does not allow for a proper understanding of our karma. Gaia will sort it all out in the end and in the meantime we have to love everyone even the evil ones, with grace and dignity, and we have to love and forgive ourselves. For the last thing we need is any more rancour for the world is full of rancour.

The lady from Africa taught me these things. I was very grateful to her for she redeemed me without ever knowing it. It was the kind, sweet way that she lived her life that showed me pure grace, and it sent me hobbling over my in-built malice and in the right direction.

Stuart Wilde