

THE BEACH BALL OF TRUTH

You are in the swimming area of a recreational lake. It is a beautiful day and there are many other people there. Everybody has a brightly colored beach ball and no two are alike. But these beach balls are not like ordinary ones we shall see. Along the entire lake and beach area, we notice that everybody is doing something different with his or her beach ball.

You, too, have your beach ball, like those of the others. It is your BEACH BALL OF TRUTH – the Truth about you and your life, past and present. But there is a problem. You are so ashamed of your real self, life, and the feelings you've developed, that you are overcome by an absolute terror of letting your TRUE beach ball be seen by any of the other people.

You run to the concession stand and purchase another beach ball that you think looks better. You run back out to the water and wade in. Now you begin to play with the other beach ball. At the same time, you do everything you can to stay on top of the real one to make sure that it stays completely submerged beneath you and never pops up into the light of day. You are terrified lest anybody see it and know that it is yours.

You go through the motions of interacting with those around you. You chat, joke and try to play with them a little. But your main preoccupation, what you are really doing, is spending tremendous amounts of attention and energy, struggling and wrestling to make sure nobody notices that there is another beach ball that you're keeping under water. You wiggle and wobble trying to stay atop that buoyant, slippery thing. It wiggles and wobbles too, trying to obey God's laws of Creation to rise to the surface and the light of day.

But you are determined not to allow it that freedom. Because you think you are so ugly, inadequate, repulsive and unacceptable, you grimly keep your beach ball of Truth hidden and stuffed down under the water, any way you can manage to do it. You dare not ease up for one second. If you do, that relentless, buoyant truth will get away from you, leap out of the water, and give you away. You wish you could rest, but the Truth Beast in the depths, must not show its ugly, shameful head. If it does, you will be exposed for the weak, helpless, limited, incomplete and dependent basket case you really are.

That must not happen. You cannot quite remember why. It is just an unbreakable rule, an ancient taboo you have gotten used to obeying. You must control and repress the ball at all times. You fight and struggle to stay on top of it, without a break in concentration. To let it slip out from under your control is unthinkable. You would rather die than let your true self be seen and known.

People around you see your choppy, erratic behavior. But they think you are just learning to swim, playing and having a good time. At least you hope that is what they think. But that is not it at all. You are a great swimmer, not a beginner. And you are having a miserable time. You are not enjoying yourself at all. You are scared to death.

You hate yourself and your life. You are mortified and ashamed of them. You do not dare be seen in public with them.

Each minute is an eternity. What agony! It is like being on trial for your very life and survival. You sense so much danger, such terrific stress. It is really wearing you out. You hope something happens to distract people and make them focus attention on something else. You wish they would get tired and go home so you could finally stop having to stuff the beach ball, and catch your breath. At least then, you could leave the water too, and slink to your home where you would be alone, unobserved, and safe.

As you frantically continue maneuvering to keep your beach ball down, you notice some other people. They seem to like their beach balls. They are not even ashamed of them! They are bouncing them around on the water's surface. They play catch, trade, exchange, share, and enjoy.

They look like they having such a great time. They are not laughing at each other's beach balls. They are not criticizing, condemning, or putting anybody down. You would sure like to join in. It looks like so much fun and freedom. If only you could be like them. But of course you are so different- such a special case.

If you did what they are doing, everyone would be shocked. They would know you are the world's ugliest and most grotesque monster. They would probably throw up! You would be stripped naked under bright spotlights in a crowded arena filled with vicious, mocking and jeering critics. They would heap tons of scorn and ridicule on you and chew you to pieces. No, you do not dare.

So, for hours, months, years, decades, or for as long as it takes, you stay atop your beach ball of Truth, to make sure it stays out of sight. And you keep wondering, "What would it be like to be free to just be, free to be 100% okay, and at peace with Reality, just the way it is?".