Exceptionalism



Anne Williams

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Bibliography:

A Little Book of Worth ISBN 978-0-9578263-0-4 A Little Book on Fear ISBN 978-0-9578263-3-5 The Faith Conspiracy ISBN 978-0-9578263-8-0 Who is God to Me? ISBN 978-0-9578263-5-9 Messages from the War Torn Dead

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Songs of Love from the Front

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Introduction:

Exceptionalism

What does it mean?

A sort of hero, exceptional human being. A person of purpose and critical care. A person of worth, a trier, a person committed to further develop, consider and try ...

to become valid, of worth and to commit to a worthwhile venture to improve their view, consider other persons as equal to be born and to live, as freely possible, on this once incredible undamaged earth.

The question and purpose to try to improve is exceptional to a person's worth.

Someone experienced and of worth to try understanding the views of others of different culture, beliefs and ideas.



We are each a genuinely built machine.

No errors or marks. No stain or disfigurement. No alter ego. No crime of lust, greed or disdain.

But ...

earthed into a world ugly and terribly poised to bring another down ...

illiterate in understanding, that if a God does exist only a blasphemous folk would to him, them, they - desist.





Love

as is conquer to a war mongering kind because it has a purpose to destroy all of humankind. Where love, as is hate are powerfully felt

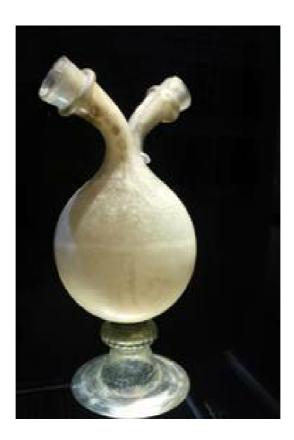
but love contains careful analysis where to do so and in how respectfully one does relate.



Respectfully relate

We are

our own symbols of what is right, have a conscience, an instrument which goes either - to the left or the right.





We can

begin to know our own mind but mostly fed by a propagandise machine, pulping our brain of clarity into a quagmire of hateful, hurtful disease.

Spreading vehemently where ever we roam. Even into a mantra, thoughtless in extreme.

Hang on, hold on where are you now?

In a myriad of mess-like moments, terrified unable to move.

What is the venture and preferred step?

What opportunity awaits ...

is to ban television media the whole conglomerate lot?

So much media's worth in the world.
So much loss of individual thought.





Worlds within a world mind cluttered to tempt insanity and yet there it is ...

Go on what may.

Love is lost.

Fair has diminished.

Loss has been displaced, replaced and despair instilled.

What next ... suicide walch

> to be ensuring madness alternative to lower life's worth.

What on earth has become of us ... the we, the me, the I am individual created force?

What has happened?
Who or what the cause?



Has it occurred while I was unaware, asleep, ignorant, ill-informed.

Who was there?



God,

do this I grant ...

shift the compass of earth, correct the course, planetary movement gone askew, astray.

Man's madness
has caused imbalance,
even in regard
to the value
and purpose of You.



Love

as a mistake vile and unpretentious, lost potential and caused a human shift more like a Tectonic Plate.



So, in my statement of fact I am now to plead and break with the rest, toward a more remarkable cause, that of exceptional, a hero of sorts.



I want for and plead

I consider the alternatives and grumble at times. But now I am to plead constantly, if not day and night into my waking state and too, dreams.



Come, come on now listen to my picture of earth, my words descriptive to you.

There is a heart and mind in brain to work out the best of both learning experience, conscience and too of you ...

Love as goodness, caring and kind.

Love as beautiful, joyful, peaceful, acceptable views and ideals. So, what on earth did occur to make every person Westernised by an exceptionalist view?

Are we so blindly stupid, ignorant and complaining to not understand ...

within a brain contains wisdom as too, the heart in love ...

and the mind source, God as goodness despite the pain?



Whatever happened ...

to the thought as good, caring and kind?

Whatever happened ...

to love as compassion, consideration, acceptance, difference and such?

Whatever happened ...

to beauty as love?

Love as people, equally geared to offer assistance, even in cases where not actually there ...

there where needed, but sent all the same ...

Thoughts of healing, safety and support.

Thoughts to enable ideas to watch over and keep safely awake to all those thoughts lovingly agreeable -

not of one word of hate.

Thoughtfulness



The gates of Hell are open

Do we go in or stay away?



The gates of human frailty exist but we, the individual have power to choose.

Choice ...

a most wonderful source used wisely, considering the story cautiously to be determining a supposed outcome, salubrious step or stride.

Either way, knowing for the best, more appropriate pace to be ensuring God, the voice of wisdom, is in step with our choice.



Struck by the lightening of what one can do in situations difficult I begin to question offering up to that of a consciousness I call, Love.



And in here, this void of space, I expect, not demand an appropriately placed thought to in me replace ...

> Lack of knowledge. Lack of caring to consider more of myself.

Lack to appreciate more that I walk this earth at an accompanied pace.

Love does centre my world, as thought.





N isdom blooms in a God-given world, as conscious thought.

People explain, as in the past,

God is a fearful enormous hand.



When in reality I am a human being with a brain and mind, experience of life. I am a human being of earth I am *the all* - the human and being.

The part who walks and talks. The part as thought, of wisdom tradition, experiential knowing, I call ...

The grace of all-collective.



But when in a crisis of caring to restore this is *the all* of me I am expecting when I am trying to survive ... naturally.



But ...

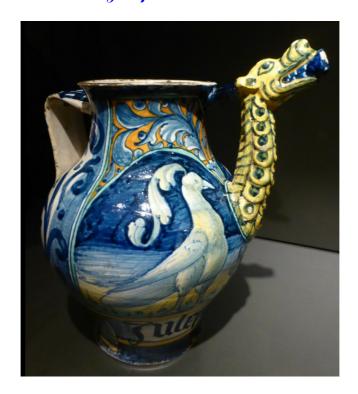
when my world of earth is in dire restraining chains I have to go into my view of where I am to stand, what I am and can do.

To save us all,

the race so enormous now to ensure survival. Regardless the miniscule, those of us grains of sand, from the monsters warring and fighting on all those once luxuriously blessed lands.



So, in this state enormously complex I call out and demand within myself ...



- No further blame.
- No hideous behaviour.
- No hurting or hating those different views and cultures as mine.
- No further crimes
 of greed or disdain.
 No further self-indulgencies
 as blame, hate, hurt and shame.
- No more bandying left or right.

 No more complaining

 when safely bedded in at night.
- No more horror and woe, disappointed-ness

I come and birth a new potential source as worth and leave my nurturing to in life pursue.

But of that purpose and pursuit what is my journey, that particular path to date?





I search the pages and stages throughout my days.
I look out beyond the initial and think more of the in-between, missed opportunity.

And wait then a while before I begin to recognise

love of some form surrounded and guided my life story somehow.

Wait and wake ...

Contemplate.

Reflection required.

Review a desired to know more intimately that story of you ...

the person exceptional,
hero of your life path,
the bigger
and more powerfully placed,
inside thought process,

the source, divinely inspirational and creatively expressive that too, is all of you.



Wait and wake

Who is ...

the inner and outer reality of you?

God the exceptional. God the divine. God of all goodness and people.

Who are ...

the people, the purpose, the existence of their life's worth?



God is the exceptional

Who are we, the individual, the sort of hero of our uniquely designed birth?

Creamy and white, blue and too red the colour significance - no importance.



We come to earth to be and do, but of what and for who?



The answer lies within each person, who facilitates a criminal act against the birthing right ...

to live with *exceptionalism* as the main and purpose led fight, to uphold what in us is a conscience.

A perfect example of who is okay and who is wrong, that exists within each.

And for each, in them, to put right.

Worth ...

is a story of human-ness of living on earth in difficult circumstance, terrains and islands as of birth.

Location plays a part. Genetics plays a hand. But mostly it is not of a grand slam plan.

But of a God-given right to know within, who we are and in whom we must, each and every day, delight. Not God, but in what a God is given in form, to reach on out and not to ... of that ugly, worldly, world perform.

But achieve
within each fibre of our being
to know that story
as was intended to be understood.

To learn about who you are and in how to behave in a more appropriately-geared and beneficial way.

God is no more or less than you choose to be as a person of worth.

A person ready and willing to explore how you behave and influence, affect and adore - the person who, at the very core - is you.

And that which is your truth

the support, the soul, the human being, *being* who lifts a hand inside your brain as thought to give advice when courage lacks and viscousness raises its ugly head. So, when in a world deliberately craving for me, ask yourself,

Who are you and what for?

Sometimes

it comes in a wave at other periods it just is and we have to wonder of where it came.

Sometimes however

the danger persists and darkness falls and we categorically call it what it is. But after a while understand that time was required to come to be clear we are, who we are and it is not all of us ...

but only the half we prefer to refer when not in full throttle - full gear.



God comes into the equation, sure because there is no answer clear of what in our brain is the mind of thought ...

that which surfaces and we either ignore, or face to face the truth of who we are, can become, and settled more.

To what in effect is a greater, more perfect understanding of our life and the lives, and protection of our planet and all who inhabit.

Regardless of those boundaries we declare essential to protect us from doing any more than that which previously we chose ... of basically keeping on without reprieve but continually and recklessly regarding saving us, some poor soul.

When in fact we have a purpose, potential and task on earth to do about who we are and can become, if time and effort were afforded.

Especially, as the earth at present leaves us with no choice but face the truth



Life is no longer able to be classified as, Westernised exceptionalism but a man-made and driven debacle.

One horrendously difficult task gone awry toward viscousness, human depravity and warring cries.

Crimes ridiculously gone unattended and by whom?

Ask yourself ...

What part of exceptional did you choose to allow, go full blown into a storm, that now decries nothing more but of more of the same?

You are, as I am
on a perilously close edge,
to what in affect
is nationalism's, nuclear end.



So, Exceptionalism is not in a crime novel but of the earth in Western form playing out without a care for human life.

And so, what next, but cry and complain? Or fixate on someone coming in, miraculously, to stave off harm ... for you especially, as you pray from daylight to dawn, over and over religiously.



N hen in fact,
exceptional
is what is inside you all,
as inside of me.



Nothing matters until you atter.

Nothing happens or alters until ...

Nothing alters unless we each continue to look out and observe, what in effect is happening around the world.

We each have a responsibility as one of those players affecting humanity.



But what does actually, really and truly stand apart are those folk who, in courage, look about and question,

Who is actually, really and truly to blame?



And then in conference within themselves begin a process, a stage, to look within and ask some vital questions about faith, and stories real and untoward

and those where life is important and not that of a religious fraud.

There is a time

when we all must stay afoot to what, in our name is being done and harming everyone we supposedly, do not care for, or about ...



When in fact we all belong to one enormous family of earthly pursuit to care about our planetary spaces vital to all of our human face and race.

No one
is more than another
on a vital scene, as this we face
in all our world of humanity.

Take for instance the crimes committed upon us all where loss of virtue and confidence to own our right ...

To live in harmony and not despair.

To value another without fear.

To confer and decide how best to live as neighbours and in how to share.

Think about ... who you are first before starting a war.



Compare ...

your standard in the West with those less fortunate.



You, as I...

have deserted them and cared less.

What important act

have we done each day to warm our hearts and live a more harmoniously prophetic life and way?

Have we been considerate toward our own family, the people we have and need to survive each day?



What enormous benefit - humanity

when it comes to a crisis and care toward survival is our only remaining fact ...

what occurs and how is it maintained if all are to want that very same?

Forget your neighbour. Bandy around nothing other than for greed and racial divide, then when the tables are turned ...

who are you, to them - turn?



Much has happened in a very short space of time toward greed and unfavourable behaviour as violence, gun-hugging and trial-less fame.

But ...

what of you, who stands apart, who are you and in what part?

Is it for the benefit of your own development?

Or that of some form of criminal act, as starting a war with someone, who in fact has never done a thing toward harming you or your family -

but go or support you continue daily to do?

Take your life and spin it around.

What comes up
is a conscience and solid ground?

But how do *you* stand ... is it turning, leaning, or forgiving what you found, or some form of anger and perhaps violence toward your fellow human being?



Look
before you speak

Speak before you look

What then ...

no way to back track but damage done.



Don't babble and cackle speak truth.

Life is but a carnival event if you have not had the time spent to understand the value of your soul, that part extra-ordinary I call,

The love of God, the love of all.

So, when in the dark and unsavoury space think about who you are on the inner, more appropriately placed space - to look and care, consider and invent the perfect example of who you are and can become.

Exceptional ...

is not some forward plan to destroy humanity and the ground we stand. But of a way of being true to that more perfected picture of inside yourself can be and do.

Behaviour is only a matter of time before recognition begins to unwind and then in a miniscule moment a plan begins to exceptionalise what you are and now can realise.



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