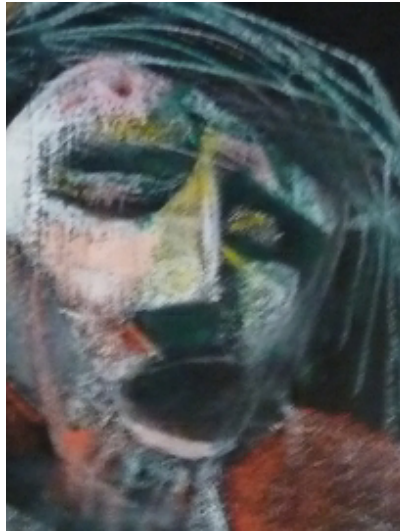


*Hero worship
is a waste in time*



Anne Williams

A Wisdom House Book

First published in Australia 2016 by:

Wisdom House Publishers

PO Box 144

Park Holme SA 5043

Australia

© Anne Williams 2016

This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced by any process without prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Photographs: Anne Williams

National Library of Australia

Cataloguing in Publication data:

ISBN 978-0-9944031-9-3

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

ISBN 978-0-9578263-4-2

Songs of Love from the Front

ISBN 978-0-9578263-6-6

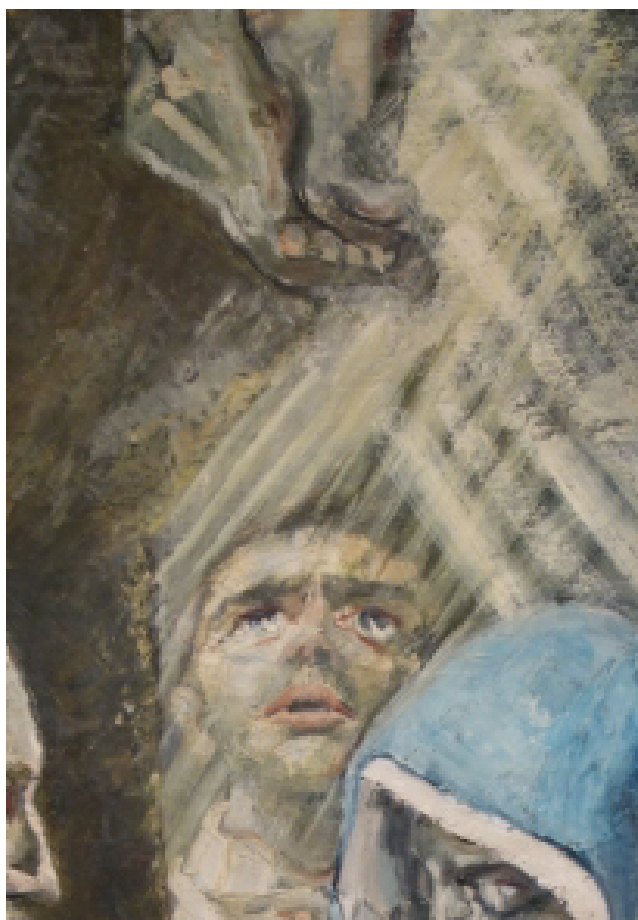
Hold onto your truth ... despair is in the air

ISBN 978-0-9578263-9-7

Home at Last

ISBN 978-0-9944031-3-1

Bibliography: Back Page



Introduction

There is a book
in every person on earth
to value their own life story
and learn
that people are to be exemplary
and not cause hate or harm or both
but look out toward their own life
and rescue that view ...

For in that
is a soldier, valiant to the core
where love of life and community,
the world and others respectfully can view
and accept that their life too is worthwhile
and worthy as is of yours to you.



God do help me

*this I crave to know
if a hero is what I am
before I die?*



There is a rumour
that trembles throughout time
about who we are and have to do
before the life we lead ends on earth.

But I am of a notion clear
that what is required
is to connect to You my dear,
Lord God of might,
mighty saviour
of those desperate and restless
throughout their days.

Give me

*some form of hope
that I will be heard
about my life here and fate?*



The life of a soldier
is very slim
when in battlement regalia
ready to fight to win.

*B*ut I am ...

of the notion clear
that when in readiness to kill
man is not entirely free
even though life on this planet
is supposedly to be.



*H*ero, hero

*heroes everywhere.
You hear about them
constantly
from those publically
publicising to our ears.*

What is it

about the hero stance
that makes us all of valour
want some form of lifestyle
to advance?

What to advance to,
I am unclear
for there are very few heroes
in my family or of theirs
before the now.



So, what form does
or shape make this a hero world
we live in at present
causing chaos on every land and sea
to begin with?

I see and look beyond the pale
but know in my heart we are not heroic
when it comes to standing for who we are
against the mighty ...

of which on earth appears to be
nothing more than a limited few
greedy, warmongering, mighty-less crew
whose only claim is wealth obscene.



*f*or heavens sake

*or where ever it may be
clean up this earth
to allow freedom for all
to come to know -*

What it means for us on earth
to have a new beginning ...

Free of what before has led
not toward peace of a heaven sent
but of damning wars and critical care

Mostly drug-induced love affairs
with that of crime and criminal elements
subversively playing at God
and killing from shore to shore.

Some do say

that life on earth
is more about killing
than of the individual
and their life's worth.

But I do not know,
quite what they mean
for I am a Christian
and killing is both not right
nor is it about victory for God
and that Christian calling
I knew when young.



In fact, it is more about a God
from those few, who deem it to be
so they can call upon the young
and get them to fight
for what is in fact not theirs,
but go and do all the same.

Do not venture, do not gain

***B**ut ...*

what of this notion
about doing that
which causes so much horrific
and undeniable violent behaviour
and painful remains?

There is a tragedy about to break
the news has not hit the headlines
as yet, as we speak.
But to my knowledge,
as greatly as I am to permit ...

God has declared
war on man to adjust,
or not claim to benefit ...





What is on offer

is peace for all,
but I am, as yet to declare that message,
as *peace* is not a word known to some -
let alone all.

*T*here is

*a victory speech about to break
about an upcoming war that
the war lords of greed want to take.*





***B**ut I am clear*

*as clear as can be
that this type of devilment
is not to make us,
or set us free.*

Save us, save us
from our own
doomy world.

*G*ive us

*some form of hope
to aspire toward peace
and our fellow man.*





don't

dispose of us just yet Lord

Although I am fully aware
there is little time yet left
to gather up our value
and walk the walk toward truth
and expose us
for what we are and have done.

Save us, save us ... we are on our own.

Save us

*from the burning fires of hell
that protect us in the cold ...*

But cause

enormous ozone depleted realities
of which in heaven, I suppose
you there have no idea about
such enormous potential
lost over the years.



*C*ome what may,

I am on my own
leaving to go somewhere ...
somewhere is not on offer
as we are overrun everywhere.

Climate changing,
loss of life,
worlds within worlds,
left abandoned
in the claim for wars
to gather what ... but more oils?

**Love is lost
Man gone awry.
Women too
have left the home
working
into the daylight hours.**

Or more importantly

*what brings to mind
is that the children are being left ...
left far behind.*





*T*here is

*a notion coming in ...
that the newsreel
is about to begin.*

**Heaven knows
what lies will be told.**

But I, of course
have already claimed
the knowledge well before.

So, I can now predict what is
and is not about to break.

*A*nd mostly

*what I am hearing
is rubbish
and disposable waste.*

There is an energetic soul
wandering the desert
for what I am not
at present to know.

Perhaps a searching out for oil,
minerals, or whatever is of worth
to those of wars and spoils.



*Y*ou have to be clear ...



*when reading the news
that most of it
is about the need
for what in effect,
they want you to know.*

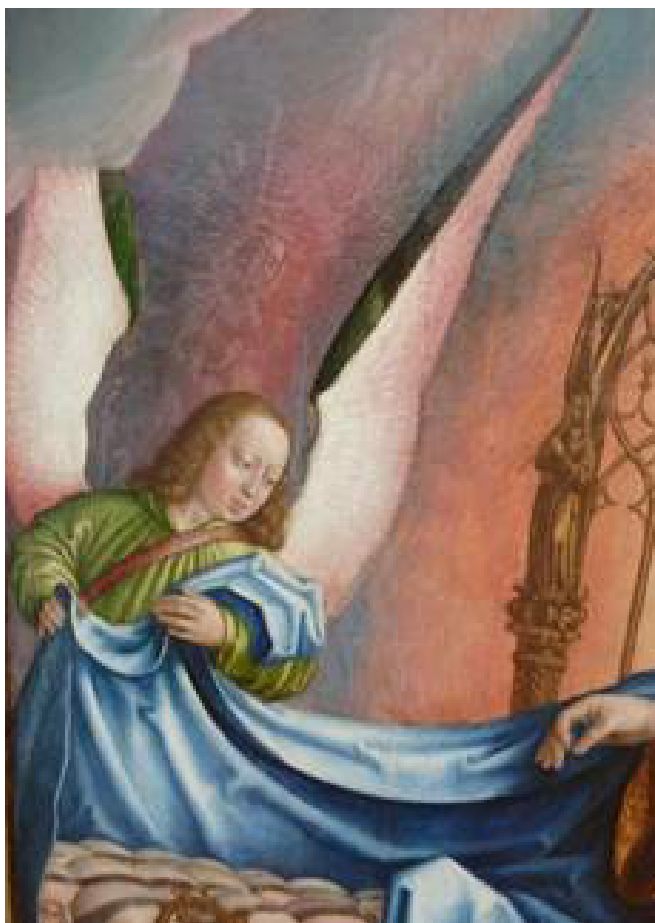
*L*ove is like

a rainbow.

*It comes out rarely -
and when it does
no one basically
has the time to care,
look and observe
of what it shows.*

*L*ove is like

*a valuable tool
that when it arrives
it gains impetus
as it goes.*



There is a tale branded as such,
but I like to call it,
'Contaminated dust'.

It holds and has
the power to eliminate
but mostly controlled by idiots
who are then to know what to do,
or supposedly know
when the trigger is broken open
and the button then exposed.

*W*hat then?

Well, even then -
heaven will not be known,
for man, in stupor
will have to us all exposed,
to that of a common thread -
nuclear war head.

*A*nd then

*out it comes like a penis
fully engulfed to do it's bit*

But that is the point,
I do declare God
you invented man
and this is what he is -
**elevated, sperm injected,
nuclear eruption.**



Instead of love making
for the conjugal rights
to be loving
and growing in awareness
about the depth to life.



Sought out
the problem yet,
that I did describe?

Thought out
the meaning
of what it is to be alive?

**Sought, thought,
considered a great deal.**

*L*et's hope so

for the world, perilous,
is upon us
ready to be exposed -

for what in man
has mentally discharged
and I do have a name for that –
'Spoiled Brat Syndrome'.

*T*here is a rumour
bandying about

That says of man
he is a 'Stupido'.
A type of ignoramus
that fights on
regardless of the loss of those
who are the compatriots
of his unified force.

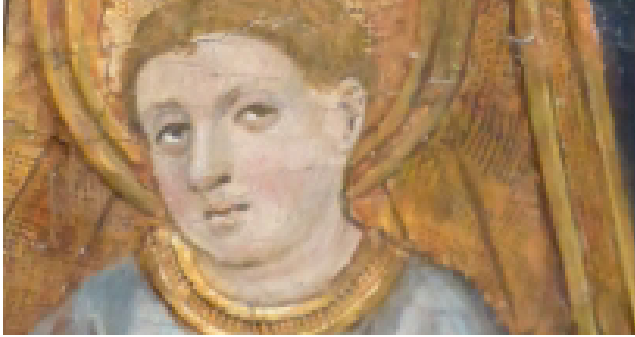
Even though the dunce
who pronounced the next hill
regardless of the benefits -
'Just do my will'.



*S*_o

when in the arms
of my beloved men
I think back ...





to when I was young and innocent
to know the difference
from right and wrong.

A *conscience clear*

to know who I am and what I want
to ensure my life has purpose
and of value to declare ...

Virtue
a personal monument.

The word is out
the storm to begin,
the play is set
more like theatricals
instead
it is of this pesky war ahead.

You sought us out
in this worldly domain,
earth made us,
but what in and of our brain?

*S*omething evil is afoot

and mind you
I am aware of it
in my own head.

Little voices, big at times
coming through to awaken
into some form of evil-ness
affecting my behaviour.
And then it goes and comes again.

Sneaky, peaky, little voice

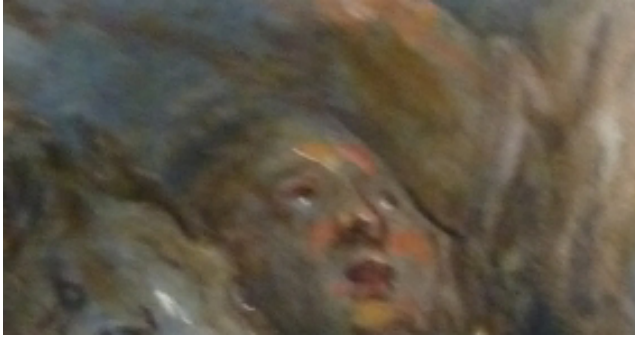
very much like Deep Throat
and what they, the deceitful
invent to eradicate.



*God bless the devil
in his sheep's cloak*



Or is it more ...



more the deceitful-ness
inside our own mind
causing dilemmas and crimes
evil all of the time?

Or perhaps propaganda
causing pain to believe
we have to hate
other human beings.

***I**nstead love
as was the declaration
before time began -
way back when?*

You are ...

*your own survival tool
and for that reason
it is up to you
to do all of that recall,
mind chatter stuff.*

Not I,

who sits around in your brain
trying desperately to make out
who you are and what you do
unfortunately contain.

I know

I am in you for a reason -
good I suppose
but let us not fracture our brain
from the real reason we exist
on this earthly terrain.

*I am here to watch over you,
but unfortunately
you go walk about and rabid
from time to time.*

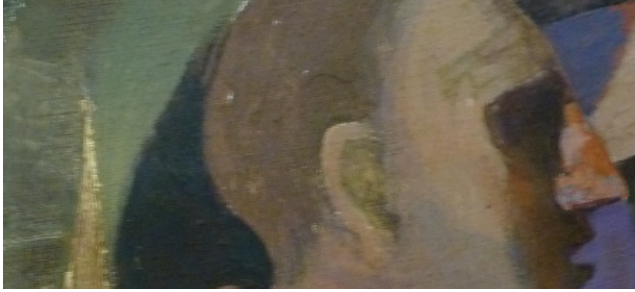


Unfortunately,

*I am only able to go
to a point and no further
in case I too, become exposed.*

*The love of your life
is just that - you are*





*Y*ou are the source,
the infinite being
without which
I am of no use at all.

I am of the source as well,
but you contain earthly lungs
to breathe that air, polluted
as it is at present on the ground.

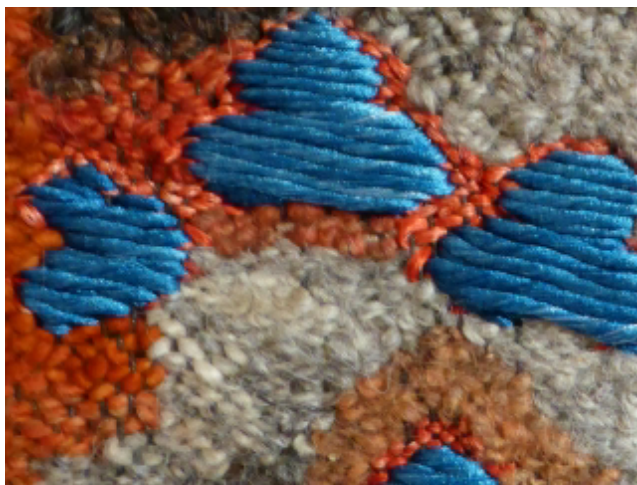
Well, for me,
in clean free living style
I am only open to that of good
within your own personal profile.

So, take the punishment
when it does come
for you failed number one.

That is the earth
and the survival rule ...

**To love your neighbour
as your own life source**

to which I can only offer
some initial advice ...



*T*ake the message

that I give here now
and live that life given,
as if it is
but for a very short while.

*T*ake the life

adjust whenever you are able,
preferably as often
as your behaviour unstable.

**Live with a heart open
to like those who are different
whether you believe
you are firstly right.**

Because in essence
there is no one but you to know
that you are not perfect
therefore, no one else is too.

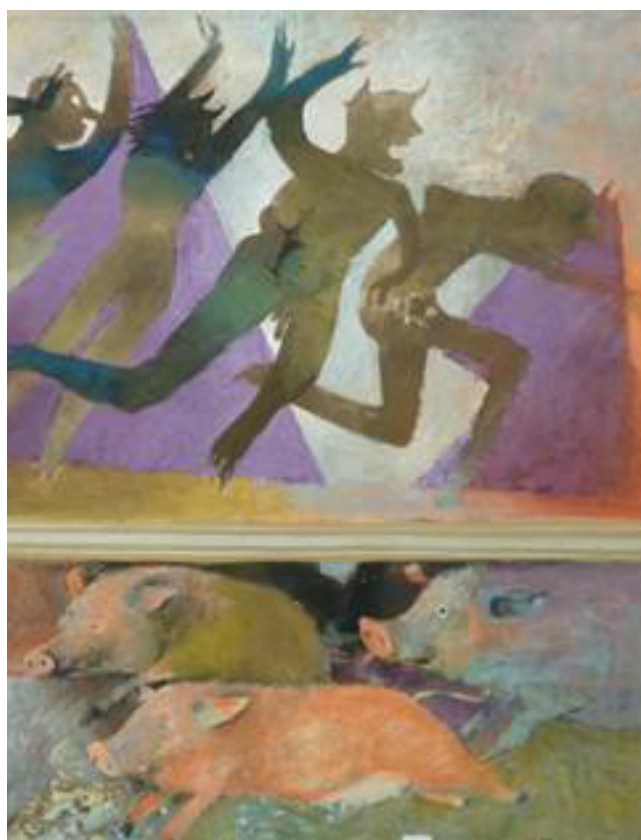
The worst is over

*the journey begins
the life path open
and where do you go –*



but to a Democratic system
of no one wins?

But that is choice
for you,
stupid as it is.





So when I look
for the *hero* word
I know
that you on the ground
do not want what is expected
in terms of a Godly life.

*B*ut prefer

*the elemental West
who in effect is nothing
but a disposable,
irresponsible,
clandestine pest.*

*Y*ou are

to begin to know

God is the seed
inside your brain,
the mind of good ...

**And there it stays
until your death.**

And that,
I assure you
is when the Hero Quest
is to be found
found not to have ventured
as was on offer at your birth place nest.



*God is the seed
inside your brain,
the mind of good*

I am on my way



*C*ome what may

I am on the way
to travel with you
to find a home.

**Preferably warm
but not fire hot**

*b*ecause

then you are to remain
with that mindset for life
and in this case - eternity
the never ending criminality.

God bless and Amen, *they say.*

W*ell,*

it is about time *they* learn
about truth and history
and what come may.

For in this world of truthy sport
God plays the devil
in order for the human population
to begin to know
what it means to be cruel and unjust,
unfair and righteous
without complaint to know -

life is about re-adjustment
along that route.

And if not
then there is a powerful place
that does eventually take place.



*God does not breathe
thunder and wrath,
you do that
all by yourselves.*

*You are
the souls of humanity ...*



**And it is about time
to become
responsibly adult-like
as best you can.**

Westernised heroes
are dead everywhere
on battlefields
and conscious trials
of no one cares -

**but you
the dead and dying heroes.**

*W*hen in effect

*the only hero I do know
is that voice of inner worth
and comfort zones.*

So, when you think of a hero
and what that means
think again about your worth
and what that does mean.

*F*or in this life,

as short as it may be,
and is, for those toward death
and deadly making weaponry,
this is the time to conscience prick ...
and look at your lives
and wonder why it is
the world is so ugly and violent of pace
and you have little,
so very little time to waste.

If all is projected as it is
then I suggest -
put up your hero's vest
and live not in the Western analogy
of gun hugging and loving the kill
as the preferred best -

**to that of the reality,
the truth at hand.**

*f*or I believe

*you and your life
is not for a hero's welcome
or military band.*

But more for the obliteration brigade
whoever they are in numbers
little of them will have time to know
who you were or what status
you come to that end time grave.



*H*ero worship

*is a waste in time.
It brings nothing
but uselessness to mind.*

The thought
that a hero exists at all
is purely supposition
and mainly in the magazines.

*B*ut what is not

*really well publicised
is that God is the hero
of all inside.*

God,
the deliverer
of the Life Quest

is about loving yourself as you are
and making the only adjustment
to stop the rot of hate and hurtful play ...

to that of loving
each
and every single
wonderful day.





*H*ero, hero rest a while

*you are needing
to give it a go
to slow the temperature
to low*

*A*nd live

*a far more
harmoniously rich life
with those to whom
share this globe.*

Love is

the potion,
not the crime.

Love is

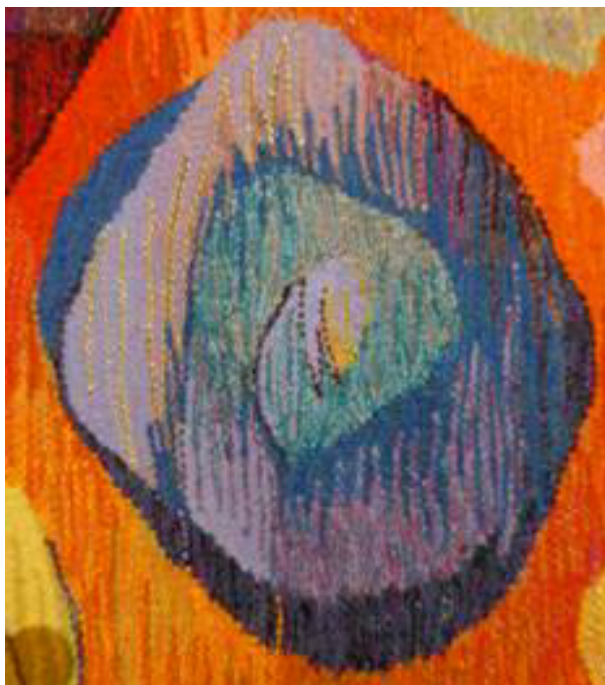
the wisdom,
given time.

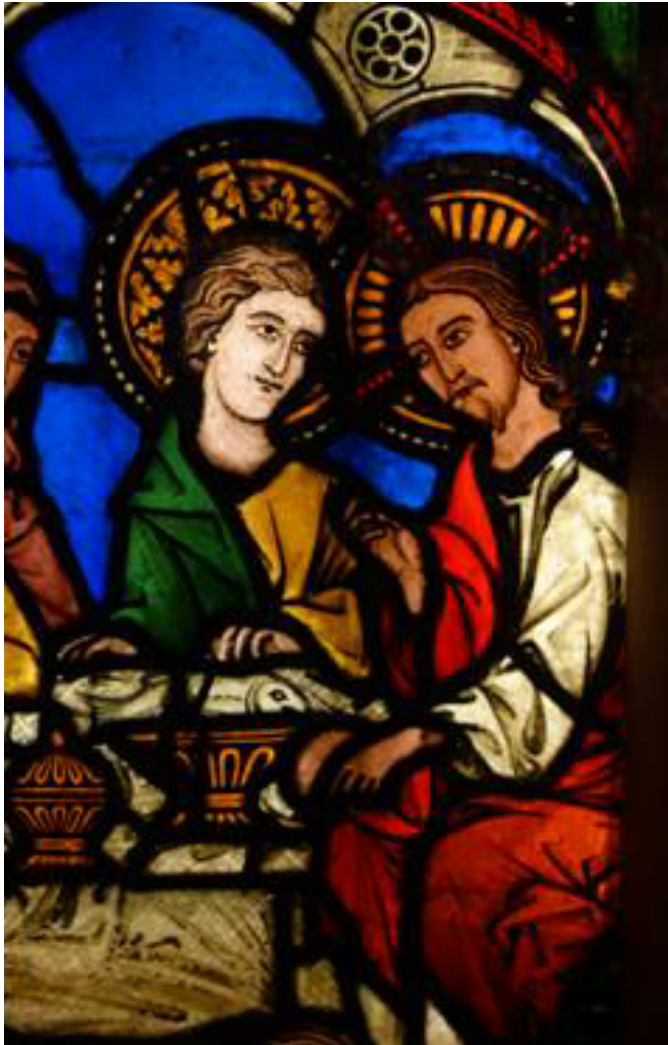
*L*ove is

*the powerful presence
inside
when the hate does
timely subside.*

*L*ove your hero

*inside your brain
for that is where
love of self and us remain.*





*H*ero, hero,

*love of my life
where are you -
except
in my dreams at night?*

**I am near to you
as this day is as night.**

*B*ut sadly

you do not listen at night
when you are to turn off
that persistent, daylight light.

*H*ello wisdom

cry no more

I think we may have
arrested one of our own
from the deliverables
of earthly pursuits
to that ...

**of thinking more
and working less.**



How clever of you to know
that this is one who is able to tell
what best and in how to go.



But I tell you this –

for how long
before that drug induced
memory cord burns through
and makes him or her lose control?

So watchful as I am

*this soul is on my patch
to love and care.*

*So I am to do
the very, very best
I am and can do.*



Hero home from war at last



Well that is of interest
for there is no one around to care.

You are on your own

so value every single piece,
thread and place
within your brain ...

*f*or here

*I do now reside
to welcome and comfort
to allow peace inside -
your brain as home.*

*L*ove is

the patchwork quilt
I am to make.
Not some other
form of patch
of which will in you
eventually break.

I am

love personified.

I am

the treasure
of which inside
you do continually
deny and or hide.

I am love personified

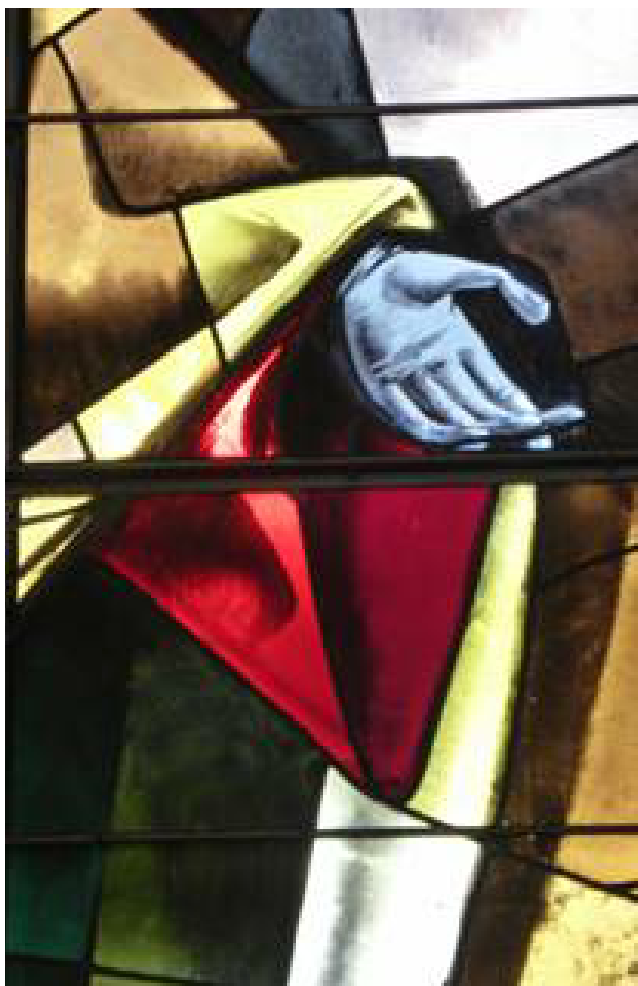


*S*o hero of mine

*wake up and see
that the very best in life
is inside.*

*S*o come on in

*and meet
this new person,
known as me.*



*H*ome at last

Hero – No.
A waste in time.

*b*ut hero within
the brain of mind

Criminal madness - No more ...

No more hate or crime.
No more subjecting
to the loss of this or that.
No more valueless ideals.
No more criminally inclined
thoughts about wars
and short lived deals.

This, that I am to make

is a pledge to be a hero of no one
but of yourself inside
the better, more prolific self -



that once understood
does not let you be
anything other than a hero
worshipped daily by me.

**This is the argument.
This is the time
for all good peoples
to awaken to that of a hero
within their own mind.**



*S*omeone

*specially designed
to take you through
to that of a lovingness
within your life
and story of who you are
and have been to date.*

*N*o such hero

as the outside world proclaims
useless in terms of value
toward yourself
and your inner self and fame.

Love is ...



*L*ove is

*what binds us all
all in the end -
consciously.*

*L*ove is

*the potion
to allow healing
and helping others
as well yourself
through those less vibrant
and richly adorned days.*

*W*e each have

and hold a unique gift
and that is this life,
one and only time
on this earth so rich.

Valuable landscapes,
seas, oceans wide
rivers containing the elements
of which we are to all need inside.

*T*he self

*the magical element we need
is within us too
waiting and pleading for us
to take the time to listen
and become worthy and wise.*



So ...

when you read this book
remember - **you**, as I am
the value of your life
and need to respect, value
and consider who you are
all of those days alive





*S*o ...

*when you begin that journey
toward a conscious-less state
you will have done your best to date.*

Bibliography:

Booklets:

- God prefers Peace ... Man prefers War
ISBN 978-0-9944031-0-0
- Hold onto your truth ... despair is in the air
ISBN 978-0-9578263-9-7
- Patience is a virtue ... but who is virtuous
ISBN 978-0-9944031-7-9
- Capitalistic Despair ISBN 978-0-9944031-2-4
- Home at Last ISBN 978-0-9944031-3-1
- The Love of God the Trials of Man
ISBN 978-0-6480381-7-7
- The Self ISBN 978-0-9944031-5-5
- Evil has Landed ISBN 978-0-9944031-4-8
- Exceptionalism ISBN 978-0-9944031-6-2
- Wars Ugly Demise ISBN 978-0-9944031-8-6
- Hero Worship is a waste in time
ISBN 978-0-9944031-9-3
- Yesterday's Hero ISBN 978-0-6480381-0-8
- The Road Ahead is Difficult
ISBN 978-0-6480381-1-5
- The Suicide Watch ISBN 978-0-6480381-2-2
- The Soldier's Lament ISBN 978-0-6480381-6-0