

To fight for a cause that seems impossible, to attack burdens which look insurmountable, to address an uncaring attitude that appears to permeate every level of our social order, and to battle against powers of evil that flex toned and rippling muscles may be viewed by some as efforts in futility, but to those who fight these giants each and every day we know they build character and strengthen the soul. The bitter taste of defeat is to some a sweet nectar as flavored by resistance. It is the resistance, the pushing back against the pressure of the oppressor, that affords us fortitude and might. We sling the stone at our Goliaths. Our lance strikes sharp into whatever quixotic windmills we see: and these whirling durbishes spew evil like a punctured hydraulic line. Fear is only related to thoughts we may someday not be able to engage: to resist. No consequence shakes our core except apathy. The jackboot of the oppressor cannot crush our will: only self-deceit can accomplish that. If we are true to ourselves, true to the battle for real spiritual freedom, then we can never be conquered. The victory is already ours!

The dawn shines aglow with the hue of hope. Bright as the supernova of original creation. Our star rises with the vigor of the one true spirit: that of a loving creator. This fire inside burns white hot and can only be extinguished by that self-doubt and self-loathing that the oppressor shods himself/herself with. Our reserve well of resistance is fortified by desire, a desire for good to prevail over evil, and the whole of creation must bow to that concept. The death of the soul can only come from a cowardly surrender to inferior priorities. Our goals must be purified by the fire for kindness. Our ideals must be tempered with the heat of unselfishness. Our actions must be shored up with the iron of love. This is our foundation to build shelter from the impending storm. We will crush the will of our captor by stripping him/her of their fantasy of power. To keep a man/woman in a cage, until old age overtakes their body, depletes any shred of power from the heart of the jailer. Never forget that our enemy is flawed from the start under this premise. Our armor of truth insulates us from their weapons of hate. Our breastplate of light eliminates their shroud of darkness. They hold no real power over us.

Our minds hold onto thoughts of our brothers/sisters: of those who have suffered in the bowels of the gulag. They occupy the minds eye: glimpses of their humanity, but we do not forget the face of the captor - the abuser. We will call them out before the one judge. Their crimes against humanity have gone unanswered. Their crimes are unrepented. No prisoner can cry against redemption: it is our saving grace, but we have to ask for it. Our captors seek not redemption, but seek further humiliation of their charge. I will never stand for it! We must separate ourselves from the oppressor. Our captors have become soulless, it is the nature of the beast. Their lives are lived in a manner which requires deceit and dishonesty. They will kill us if left in their dark hollows. They will burn us en mass if allowed an excuse. They will doom society to the eternal fire if given free reign. I am here to ensure they never are.

To fight for a cause that seems impossible.....

It is the only thing that I can do.

Timothy J. Muise

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