

Hate

Enjoy this excerpt from my book, *This New Day: Self Creation—The Wisdom of an Idiot*.

Everything must be tapped. Everything passionate and energetic must be used, spent and exhausted, or it will accumulate, fester and consume us. Mankind has no more abundant resource than his hatred and resentment, so I ask you: what has hate done for *you* lately? Yes, it's true! Hate can provide much, and will be greatly diminished in its toxic effects should you choose to use it to further your own elevation. This abundant straw might become gold, and we may all celebrate ourselves as illustrious decedents of the mythical Rumpelstiltskin. The difference being that at the end of our experiment, we will endeavor not to be so mean-spirited.

Anger is a fuel. Resentment is its refinery. Even if we are not currently living with circumstances and behaviors which foster the growth of resentment within us, we are still resource rich. This is a fossil fuel, a fuel formed by our past as it languishes, never gone but stewing, unable to be attended, removed from reach by time. Let us burn it and make our air cleaner for its absence, and our purpose furthered as well. Like any tool hate is value neutral until it is applied and serves our purposes, be they good or ill. Hate can be used to further or squelch any cause, from achievement to apostasy. Do we use our gallon of gas to commit a heinous arson or go for a drive? Although value neutral, hate requires special handling. Hatred and resentment are highly toxic emotional constituents to be avoided if possible, and are best used and addressed quickly so as to be de-energized, lest they poison the carrier.

You have heard the statement, "Living well is the best revenge." I submit the following: "Being well is the best revenge." What better way to make asses of those who belittled you, ignored you and infuriated you, than to surpass them in health, worth, intellect and every other measure of strength and value? Resentment can provide direction and show steps to meaning just like any other type of pain. One who resents being raised poorly might seek to be an excellent parent. One who was beaten and resents this mania most, might in his disgust and hate become his own most severe master in every matter of self-restraint and control. One who was raped might examine their wounds and seek dignity by knowing themselves and their injuries best, and turn their resentment and hatred of ignorance into a relentless self-understanding, most healed instead of most broken. The ultimate psychologist is often resentment's thoughtful child. An abducted child's parent may become the supreme pro-active, media savvy whirlwind of revenge against the criminal, as with John Walsh and *America's Most Wanted*. These are the noble fruits of revenge! Resentment hurts, and like all pain it can be a keen motivator.

Revenge is the mobilization of hate to restore equilibrium for an unjust event, and it is often referred to as getting even. This usually finds expression as the disadvantaged seeks to revenge themselves by humiliating the offender. One can also choose to restore this balance by elevating oneself, rather than injure the offender in kind. This is the true nobility of revenge, where hate serves a higher purpose, rather than shrink the disadvantaged morally to match the act of the offender. Strength

is not a boast, it is real. Nothing clears the palate of the vile taste of resentment better than being above it.

When I feel my resolve flag and I am tempted to quit my chosen task, I often think of those lazy ones who refuse to try, invoke every excuse to look away and love nothing more than their own ease. Nothing stiffens my spine and sharpens my resolve more quickly than a whiff of the resentment I feel for the self-indulgent, lazy people I have known. Many a paragraph has been written, many a song recorded and even a few buildings built with the aid of this device. The variety of task is irrelevant. My lazy acquaintances in the tepid, yellowing sea of man's waning courage have shown me myself. I am not you! Oh no, I am not he who has urinated in his bath water and thinks it easiest not to move, content in the stink of his excuses. So I struggle on and finish my task just to know it! I hate and I persist! Rage may find persistence enough for the creation of strength and beauty alike. So I ask you: What has hate done for *you* lately?