

The Power of Beliefs

Often people say that they believe this or they believe that, but what you really believe affects how you interact with everything around you, beliefs affect what you will try and want. I used to really hate peas, couldn't stand them and I don't know how much of hearing my Mum say "He doesn't like peas!" affected that, I suspect quite a lot.

"I couldn't do what I want because I'm too....",
"You'll never amount to anything"
"I can only be happy if...."

These are typical of the structure of limiting beliefs. These have been taught to us by well meaning teachers and adults by accident, and over time may have been accepted as 'true'. You might like to consider a belief you currently hold which maybe holding you back in some way before you continue reading.

Consider the story of the death bone from the early 1900's.

On a south Pacific island.....

Wylo was a warrior, a king and an artist within the tribe called the Piccaninny's, he was tall and athletic and from a young man had been the conqueror of many foes.

He was lithe, agile and tough, tall, white toothed, and generally decorated with a section of slender yellow reed through the septum of his broad nose, with a broad necklace of yellow grass beads around his neck. He had a fine figure and one you would expect from a life chiselled in a tribe. He had the pick of the camp's women and often flirted outrageously with more than one woman at a time.

Yan-coo was the tribe wit and medicine man, a stubby, grim old man he had no time for Wylo. He would frighten the Piccaninny's with hideously distorted imps which he created from a mixture of beeswax and soil, with these and armed with nightmarish stories he would threaten their very souls.

Over the years Wylo developed his own wit and found that he could talk back to Yan-coo with such withering effect - such razor wit that Yan-coo, who would normally keep the camp in awe with his venomous tongue, became dazed and silent. It did not take long for Yan-coo to lose patience with Wylo's growing ability with words and wit so he plotted his revenge. The death bone would put an end to the thorn in Yan-coo's side.

What was this instrument, this death bone?

A human bone, usually a femur, filed and rubbed to a gradually tapering point, at the thick, knobby end a string of platted human hair was stuck with gum, at the other end and all through the inside of the bone it was again platted human hair, this ran the entirety of the hollow bone.

When the stiletto shaped bone is directed towards an individual who has attracted the wrath of the medicine-man, his best hearts blood is attracted. Drawn from the beating organ, it travels along the string and into the hollow bone. The pointer is then sheathed and sealed with gum blended with human blood. At the same time as the extraction of the victim's most precious blood by a secret process, a pebble or chip of shell is lodged in the victims body with the result of crippling agony.

Unaware of the dreadful deed, the person may not suffer any immediate effect. The medicine man watches and if no symptoms show he takes into his confidence a friend and this candid friend tells the inflicted one that he must be ill and dying, for the death bone has been pointed at him and done its worst. If the blood of the victim is not returned and the pebble or chip of shell removed with an elaborate ritual, death is inevitable. Never employed in the exercise of private or individual malice, the death bone was an unfathomable and awful mystery. So dire was its influence that if a woman touched it or even looked at it she sickened.

Wylo, although king and a great warrior, understood and feared the power of the old medicine-man and the knowledge Yan-coo possessed. Of course the medicine man would look after all kinds of life from rituals for fertility to potions for energy and when going to battle it was the medicine mans job to ask the spirit gods for assistance in victory.

One night Wylo went too far and ridiculed the old man directly, later that night Yan-coo left the camp silently planning his vengeance, he made his way to the secret hollow where the instruments and elements of his craft were hidden. While Wylo slept the medicine-man conjured with every atom of his anger and malice, Yan-coo directed the death bone towards Wylo from a distance of half a mile. The influence of the death bone is so completely under the control of the operator that it goes straight to the person who is the subject of the medicine-man's angry rantings. Unaware of the medicine-man's intent and use of the death bone, Wylo continued for several days drawing, flirting and fighting.

Yan-coo continued to stay quiet, secure in the knowledge that the bone had Wylo's blood and that the pebble would make him squirm sooner or later. But, strange as it was nothing happened to the arrogant Wylo, his physical condition was perfect, his spirits boisterous.

The skill of the medicine-man, the whole dread and influence of the death bone were at stake, so Yan-coo whispered that he had used the death bone against Wylo as he had become too 'flash'. News of this act struck horror and dismay into Yan-coo's confidant; he was shocked that Wylo had not yet fallen down. It was his duty to tell Wylo of his fate.

"There may be in a cup
A spider Steep'd, and one may drink, depart
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorred ingredient, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides with violent hefts"*

'His knowledge infected,' Wylo collapsed in fright. The deadly work of the death bone was confirmed. Wylo's hair became lank, his eyes dull, his teeth yellow and his limbs weak. He lost his appetite, he slept very little and developed an intolerable pain in his side. Knowing that the death bone had been pointed at him what was the point of resisting such a powerful weapon. The whole camp knew what had happened and Yan-coos reputation was restored, he was more terrifying than ever.

Wylo became thinner and weaker everyday. Among his sweethearts was one who had been kidnapped by another tribe when she was young, she went to the other camp to ask for the help of another medicine-man. Eager to display his magical abilities he followed the girl back to Wylo's camp.

At the Piccaninny camp the medicine-man confirmed that Wylo had indeed been struck with a death bone and agreed to help. He chanted for a long time only words understood by medicine-men, he pummelled Wylo's back and sides then suddenly he appeared to bite Wylo's side and after a loud sucking sound presented to all a piece of quartz which he declared had come from Wylo's side. He then went to find Yan-coo, when he found him the two medicine-men had a heated argument that was not understood by anyone else present before heading to Yan-coo's surgery where he presented the death bone to the medicine-man. The two of them chanted rituals and cleaned the bone of 'Wylo's best blood', before returning it to its resting place. Yan-coo announced angrily that Wylo's heart's blood had been restored and immediately Wylo stood up sound and well, although lean.

Because Wylo knew absolutely the power of the Death Bone the threat to his physical health became very real indeed, his culture had taught him over years and generations that the Death Bone was only to be used in extreme circumstances, its power was legendary in his and other local tribes.

Put another way:

What we are prepared to believe will be allowed through the filters of our senses, what we are not prepared to believe will not.

There are many examples of what is, or used to be considered possible or impossible and these are what 'set' our filters.

It is interesting to consider that when the Wright brothers flew for the first time in 1903 the engineering community spent an entire year trying to prove it was a hoax because "it is scientifically impossible for man to fly".

When I was at school the smallest thing in the universe was the electron, since then with particle physics they have discovered and named Quarks.

It was medically impossible for women to grow to over 6 feet tall until at the end of the 1800's a woman did.

When the motorcar was introduced to America some doctors wanted to issue a warning as it was believed that if a man moved at more than 5 mph for prolonged periods he would die and worse still his soul would not be able to

keep up or find him.

What you believe is real or possible or really possible for you, is what your filters will prove by allowing only the signals that reinforce that belief or aspect of reality. I once heard someone say "Your unconscious doesn't want to make a liar of you".

So in 100 years time what do you think may be considered as 'quaint' or depending on your point of view 'absurd'.

It's just an idea, you understand, and ideas can be powerful indeed, can't they?

One of my favourite movie lines ever comes from the science fiction movie 'Men In Black'. Tommy Lee Jones' character is sat with Will Smith's character. Tommy's character has been one of the MIB's for many years, he works with Alien's all the time. Will Smith a New York cop has just witnessed an alien with regenerative abilities and as they sit there watching the sun set he is told that Aliens are on the planet and integrated into society all around him.

W S: "People are smart, they can handle it, they should be told"

T L J "A *person* is smart - People are dumb, panicky, dangerous animals, and you know it." After a dramatic pause, "1500 years ago, everyone knew that the Earth was the centre of the universe. 500 years ago, everyone knew that the Earth was flat. 15 minutes ago, you knew that humans were alone on this planet.

- Imagine what you'll 'know' tomorrow.

What I do is prepare people to open their beliefs to the possibility that they are much more than their beliefs would otherwise suggest. These beliefs often run throughout peoples entire lives and as such beliefs about what is possible for a person, a group or a business can be put in place with negative impacts fortunately the reverse is easily achievable with the right guide.

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* My Tropic Isle by E J Banfield