

Once You Don't Give a Fuck, You Are Finally Free

So I've been thinking a lot about this notion of *Kleos*—fame, the ancient Greek idea, the pursuit of glory. I think it's normal to find yourself striving and seeking and wishing to achieve greatness in this life of ours. We all have that inner divine force that guides us to move in the morning.

Although, I suppose going forward, we may reach a point where the majority of the population just enjoys the yummy foods, the Uber Eats, the Netflix, the social media, and sits back and consumes instead of pursuing anything, given the world of abundance that we are currently living in and moving towards.

And so when I consider fame, I think about the temporary nature and the transient nature of life. And so, when it comes to the day that you die, will you be seeking and striving to be admired by your peers while you're gone? Or will you recognize that your body will soon become biodegradable organic matter and the flame within you has ultimately come to its end?

And so then the thought is:

Why pursue fame, worldly renown, and your name to be remembered?

Self-Deprivation

There's certainly a reason why ancient traditions, spiritual schools, and religions promote fasting.

When you're fasted, with no food, let's say for 72 hours, and you're in a forest, and there's no food around you, and you have no shelter—at that point, when you're deprived of the basic needs to survive, where is it that you're going to be grasping?

Are you going to just try to find some more acorns and scrounge? I suppose so. We can scrape and dig and seek and search for the nourishment that our body needs.

But I think that ultimately, when in that deprived state of being, the only place that you will look is within.

And within you find the flame.

And so from that deprived state, alone in a forest with no food or shelter—let's say weeks go by—and it is inevitable that you're going to die. Are you going to simply wallow and realistically succumb to the mind, that you are merely a biodegradable flesh suit that will and must die?

Or will you have the conviction and affirmation that you are divine, and that the inner spark of flame within you doesn't die?

Freedom

So once you have that knowledge, you are no longer a slave to the world.

You no longer give a fuck whether or not your name is remembered.

Because the only fame we're seeking is from God.

And so maybe the only war worth fighting, the only opponent truly worthy of waking up and wrestling every morning, is God.