

Requiem to excess baggage

Read my lips ...you are dead!!! I said that I didn't need you around ... that I could make it without you. I am quite content without you. You know you only bring me down and make my life so complicated and impossible. You are about as necessary to me as excess ... well you get the picture. You know that I don't love you so why do you keep coming around. You have no right to life after death. Jesus did not give His life just so you could have eternal life. I hate you and I mean it. I told you that you no longer have any place in my life, or in my heart. I don't want to ever see you again so stop hanging around my door. Have you no shame? Where is your dignity? You're dead to me, you know. I am as through with you as a dead mule is with a wagon!

I have tried on several occasions to convince myself, and others that you mean absolutely nothing to me, and that you are a distant memory but you make a liar out of me every time. Why must you torment me so! Why can't you let me live my life without you! Why must you lurk behind the corner of every moment of self-assuredness in my life, waiting to pounce unexpectedly on me for making the smallest decision without consulting you? You don't own me, you know. I mean, just who do you think you are? What gives you the right to make my life a living hell?

Every time I try to make a new beginning in life, or in love, you always manage to show up at the most inopportune time and just ruin everything faster than a speeding bullet.

“ Look up in the sky. It's a bird. It's a plane. Oh no ... it's my #&%#@% excess baggage!!! ”

Excess baggage, like the tongue, can be almost impossible to contend with (pun intended). Where the tongue can prove to be uncontrollably contentious due to matters of the heart, excess baggage, on the other hand, is our mind contending with an imaginable opponent due to matters of the past. Consider the following analogy.

*We perceive that we can clearly see the punch of deception being thrown by excess baggage, this imaginary opponent and so we immediately apply our defenses, and our offenses to prevent ourselves from being hurt... yet again. However, we don't realize that the power of the punch has its origin in a moment of time long ago past. **(Don't look now, but it's not the same fight or the same fighter, champ!)** In our battle-of-the-sexes weariness, we tend to super-impose all of our previous loves, and lovers, into one blurry image, into one instance of time like a punch-drunk fighter that's been hit once too often and sees every fight and fighter as one event. Since we no longer differentiate between the various loves or lovers, anybody that happens to be present in this ring of romance goes unidentified because the perceived threat of this punch of deception, driven by the unfaithful actions of someone forever resigned to life's past, is terrifying and enraging enough to thrust us swinging blindly and thoughtlessly in the direction of some innocent and unsuspecting potential mate. In most cases we do irreparable emotional damage before regaining our wits about us and, as a result, provide the battle material for even more upcoming "main events ".*

Needless to say, although I will, the real winner of these unscheduled main events is the undefeated prince of darkness himself. Continuing his reign as the undisputed promoter of confusion and instigator of every needless and senseless conflict, Satan guarantees to shamelessly exploit and bring to memory every real or imaged instance of infidelity committed by your past lovers from the very deepest and remotest recesses of your mind. He further guarantees that every hurt will be exposed and showcased in the ring of romance to reveal your true weaknesses.

These main events will continue to be a no holds barred, anything goes, hitting below the belt, hair pulling, eye gauging, and esteem destroying as they always have been.

The prince of darkness goes on to guarantee that he will leave no stone unturned, overlooked, unbroken, and un-tossed as he goes to and fro throughout your mind looking for potential fodder to advertise against you as you battle to retain your sanity, your honor, and your mate.

Yes, every memory of every relationship that you have ever become one twain with will be targeted by the supernatural viciousness of his probing demon agents in an attempt to fuse the disgusting and hurtful memories of your ex's into one giant kaleidoscope of resentment, having neither beginning nor end, where nor when. Satan intends to get you hit so hard with the right hand of your mate's rage of indignation that you will never even see the left hand of his deceit coming.

Wham! Lights out! Flat on your back you try to focus your eyes on one of the many swirling stars of humiliation that occupy the foreground of your vision. Didn't see it coming ... again! What happened? Well, you have once again been out-witted by the prowess of the master of the two against one and the divide and conquer technique. The " Okidoke ", if you will. You see, he uses your mate as a

diversion and while you are focused on the justified indignation of your mate, he illegally steps into this ring of romance and hits you with his left hand of deception, deceiving you into permanently isolating yourself from your mate by painfully swelling your head with a false perception of insincerity and dishonor. He has used the same ploy to defeat Christian couples for ages. It's almost always the same with no variation, and it works almost every time. Very few have escaped the wrath of Satan's rage against couples that choose to form a covenant with God, and take a stand to fight against him. The operating word here is stand ... and we simply must stand! Don't let Satan lay you out in the ring of romance, or life, with his weapon of mass destruction ... the Okidoke!

*Doug Watts
1-6-04*