



## **SAND IN A WELL IS NOT AN AUSSIE CONCEPT**

Abalinx Peter Adamis 11 October 2016

In life we work diligently long hours of hard work in order to provide a stable, secure and safe environment for our immediate family and that of those within our sphere of influence. We surround ourselves with good people and shun those that cause us anxiety stress and ill health that has long term negatives outcomes.

What happens when at the end of the project that you have been working towards suddenly comes to a halt because someone has taken it upon themselves to throw sand into a well-oiled project? Obvious there must be stages a person goes through until the matter has been resolved. It is like throwing sand down a well and attempting to fill it so that no life giving water can remain.

Sand in the well reminds me of a story of a farmer who found his donkey had fell in a well. The farmer could not lift the donkey as the donkey was a large animal and far down the well. The farmer decided to throw sand down the well and fill it up. At first thought one would think he was trying to bury it. But in fact the donkey and the farmer had hit upon the same idea without being able to communicate to each other what the solution was to be.

What was of interest is that the more sand the farmer threw down the higher the level became. As the level grew higher the donkey kept rising with the sand being thrown down. Eventually the well became filled to the point where the donkey was able to climb out unaided. In life sometimes we are faced with challenges that unusual solutions appear out of nowhere.

This reminds me when I was a young lad being bullied almost every day at Primary school by this one kid who was about my own age and for some reason wanted to bring me down at every opportunity that he could get. I could write a book about this kid and his bullying towards me and others, but then I would be wasting my valuable time explaining his aggressiveness towards me and still not be able to understand why. However for the sake of the argument, this young kid was eventually dealt by me as I grew street smart and able to defend myself.

As I grew in stature, not very tall mind you, my mind expanded more so by the amount of intelligent and good people that knew how to express themselves rather than using their fists and whatever they could lay their hands on. I must confess that even at this stage of my life I am moved to anger by the injustices of this world and it saddens me greatly that I would find and come face to face with the same type of behaviour like the kid of my youth in today's society.

What do I do but go into a silent rage within myself, controlling myself as best as I can and only showing my anger to my closest of companions in order to bring me around to sanity. I write this in the face of another recent encounter where a grown man has gone out of his way to deliberately throw sand into a well-oiled project that would and can still benefit hundreds of others. It appears that some people are so intent on causing mischief that they make it a mission in life.

This same person has failed in life as a human being as I do not gauge a person by his material wealth but by the wisdom they have gained. This person who unfortunately must remain hidden in the shadows and feeds on the miseries of others is destined to come to a sad end. I must add this it will not be at my hands although I would dearly love to wring his neck, but by life itself. It is rather tragic to see it unfold but then it has a comic twist to it because the person is so blindly being fed by hate alone that they have lost sight of what is truly beautiful.

What is worse is that he has involved his wife and family into his story of mischief that he just cannot help himself. His wife believes all that she is told and I for one feel for the bloke and his wife because they have demonstrated to me and many others the shallowness of their values and how quickly they are prepared to shower iniquities upon others with their wicked little plans. Still as the target of their manifestations, I find it amusing to sit back and see the punches roll in, the feints, the jabs, the attempted king hit, only to move out of harm's way and knock them for six when they least expect it.

Well, my story is about the bloke who never grew up, despite making millions, large family, wanting to be loved, seeking attention and acknowledgement from others, but failed to gain the respect of his peers except through fear and inducements of grandeur. Hardly a bloke that you want to surround yourself when the chips are down. As for me, I am laughing and silently chuckling that this bloke who could do so much good within his community chose a path of personal destruction. A path that is filled with obnoxious and vile people who delight in the misery of others. Yes we all have met these people before.

As I have state above, I am unable to identify this bloke and for good reason but then again, I am sure that somewhere in our lives we have all come across very similar people. I remember many years being advised that when such instances occur or when faced with injustice to 'get even'. I have reflected over that advice over the years and found that it was not really good advice as it would bring me down to their level and in doing so I would not have gained any wisdom or benefit from the misery of others.

In fact I can go on record that I have never thought of evil being wrought on another except one time when I was going through a very messy divorce. At that time I was so wrought with emotional pain that I came down with shingles and almost gave up when faced with overwhelming odds. I was luck at the time that I was surrounded by many good friends who came to my aid and remained by my side until I was able to stand on my two feet again. These friends are still with me today and they know who they are.

I am blessed with the knowledge of many people and the wisdom that I inherited from them, for me is a testament of their sound advice. As for the latest challenge that I am facing, it is now out of my hands as others have now become embroiled in a path that is not conducive to long term relationships, Come what may, I will face this challenge and watch as it unfolds knowing that in the end those responsible would have lost my respect for them. Life may have its strands of DNA and with it are woven the threads of truth and justice which only time can unravel.

What does not kill me can only make me stronger. Always get up after being knocked down. Don't let the bastards get you down. Never give up in the face of adversity. These are all Aussie sayings that I have been fortunate to have woven into my psyche. While my Hellenic background with its many strands of infinite ancient wisdom, states the same but in a different way. Allow the truth to unravel. Seek not evil or vengeance on another lest it befall upon you. Strike if you must in defence and not in anger. Reflect and learn from the encounter. Life is sometimes like the donkey in the well, facing starvation and possible extinction by being buried under the weight of sand.

As always, my apologies for the poor grammar, punctuation and savagery of the English language. All that I can say is that it is great to be alive and one does not give up in the face of adversity no matter what challenges we face.



Peter Adamis is a Journalist/Social Media Commentator and writer. He is a retired Australian military serviceman and an Industry organisational & Occupational (OHS) & Training Consultant whose interests are within the parameters of domestic and international political spectrum. He is an avid blogger and contributes to domestic and international community news media outlets as well as to local and Ethnic News. He holds a Bachelor of Adult Learning & Development (Monash), Grad Dip Occupational Health & Safety, (Monash), Dip. Training & Assessment, Dip Public Administration, and Dip Frontline Management. Website: [abalinx.com](http://abalinx.com) Contact via Email: [abalinx@gmail.com](mailto:abalinx@gmail.com) or via Mobile: 0409965538