



## LIFE CAN BE DISAPPOINTING AND YET WONDERS NEVER CEASE

Abalinx 15 October 2016 Peter Adamis

In life we meet many and through the filters of time we strike a balance between the physical and psychological defences that we surround ourselves with. An elderly and wise mentor of mine, once remarked to expect the best and worse from those you least expect it. As a youngster I learnt the importance of friendship and that to maintain that friendship, one had to nurture it according to the values we placed on that friendship.

Those values were enhanced during my military career through the Cobber Digger Mate syndrome (CDMS). A concept that was driven into us and embedded so deeply that it became second nature. The motto Duty First was also a very strong part of our training and introduction into the Army. These two concepts or Syndromes as I call them influenced the very being of my adult hood, infiltrating my personal and professional environments as well as my outlook on life itself.

When I left the Australian Defence Force, I came across many different characters, many of whom came and went for one reason or another and yet when the chips were down it was always the same people that kept cropping up when I needed help. I can them name off the top of my head but for the sake of causing injury to some, I must take an alternative route and leave that alone. Some so very close to me, have let me down, but then again, my name is not Robinson Crusoe, neither am I some Tom Dick and Harry. The point I am making is that my experiences are no different to others in life except that I want to write down and express my deep bitterness, disappointment and sadness.

It is entirely all my fault. Everyone one of my cobber digger mates who know of me, have mentioned it many many times that I carry my heart on my sleeve and yet somehow I manage to rise above any calamity that fall upon me and becoming tougher I the process. My fault lies in the exceptional high values I put on people and then discover that I have placed them so high up that they do not meet with my expectations. Why is this so may I ask? I received a call from an ex Company commander of mine who read one of the articles on social media recently and voiced his concern at my wellbeing. Another mate arrived from South Australia and still another mate wants to drop in from Geelong. I have not included the many on social media because I am too embarrassed to say that I should take heed of their cautionary words.

What can I do but fight the good fight the Aussie way? I don't know the Greek method of fighting other, than to state I am becoming bitterly disappointed, ashamed to a point and yes, I want out of the battle. Having said all of the above, still does not answer the dilemma I am in. I know that I will go down fighting because that concept was learnt a long time ago as a street fighter and reinforced by my military training. Never give up in the face of adversity is something I coined for myself to assist me with facing issues in life that had the effects of overwhelming me and yet being saved by good cobber digger mates.

My current path is a demonstration of leadership. Resilience, friendship, honour, integrity, credibility and above all never let my mates or the team down. I am in the midst of a virtual civil war that has been raging covertly in the background and only has surfaced its ugly head because headless roosters and chickens attempt to "squawk" without being able to achieve anything. But most of all its being let down by a close cobber that hurts the most and still I cannot come to criticise because of the shared values. It all boils down to being there when the going gets tough that's all and its all my fault for placing such a high value on that relationship.

I still have fight in me and will never give up until my body is incapable of lifting a finger against the injustices we face on a daily basis. I am happy when I see cobbler digger mates enjoying themselves on a motor bike, hiking, walking, traveling, having a beer, enjoying each other's company, family get together and a host of other experiences that brings family and friends together. Then I compare all of those against what I am doing and asking myself whether it is all worth the trouble. God knows I am not doing what I am doing for myself but rather for the common good of humanity, the community I belong to, contributing to the Australian way of life and yes to the longevity of a culture that has its origins in ancient Greece.

I don't do this for personal gain, I have no secret agendas no personal ambition to become famous or to be known for any particular craft. No, what I am doing is to demonstrate the very skills and knowledge that I was given by a very many good people. I too have come to a plateau of realisation that it's my turn to pass on that knowledge, skills and life experiences to another generation. The question is, will they be receptive or will they just consider me an old fool?

It is not a secret that this article was written for one person and one person alone. Whether he understands the purpose of my message is another matter. I have to go on living knowing that my conscience is clear. As always, apologies for the savagery of the English language and as for the grammar, please make your own corrections.



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