

Don't worry. Be happy

By Ruth Ostrow

My tweenage daughter came home from school upset. Everyone loved her one day but didn't the next.

It's been that kinda month. Everybody loved Delta, then suddenly she was out of vogue. Tom, so adored by the French they made him honorary citizen of Marseilles, has been branded a sect symbol and snubbed. Whole cities are now declaring the Scientologist persona non grata according to a recent report.

Ah, the fickle fortunes of Fate. Being rich 'n' famous doesn't make you immune. as poor old Shane, now on the nose, knows.

So what to advise my broken-hearted honey. At first I told her: Be like the willow and bend. And then I thought: better still, be like John Howard.

Yes, it suddenly occurred to me: politicians are the real Zen Buddhist masters among us. They practise total non-attachment to the outcome. Yesterday's Newspan is today's fish 'n' chip wrapping and public opinion can turn on a dime.

While Delta, Tom and Shane lick their wounds, John 'ur own David Carradine from the 's cult film Kung Fu' pays no attention to what people think.' blic opinion will ebb and flow like the ocean tides, young Grasshopper. So don' worry. Be happy.

Amanda is the most enlightened of all. Watch her stare unflinching under fire all the focus of a yogi: mouth closed, barely breathing, a human stone-fish, she could live under water for a week. Her composure during the latest immigration debacle was staggering. Always in the moment, saying whatever, because tomorrow may never come and yesterday simply does not exist.

"Read the report Grasshopper" is all she'd say, as gibes and jeers rolled off her like water trickling through a Zen garden.

And Kimmy doesn't seem too upset that yet another poll has him tossed in the bin of history: "Yawn" yawn. Bin there, done that. Let the ferris wheel turn.? Unlike the rest of us jelly-bellies, politicians know that memory is short. All you have to do is throw Jaffas into the crowd or open a gate at a detention centre, and presto: you're flavour of the month again.

What war?

Distract and conquer. And so I urge my daughter: Be like John and Amanda. Go forward and create a new reality every day. Be here NOW! Don't be there then. Don't even remember what you said then. Yesterday does not exist.

And who said politicians aren't our greatest spiritual teachers?

www.ruthostrow.com

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