

Are You Having Fun?

By Moriah Marston

In these times of challenging transformational pressure and global crisis, it's easy to assume that having fun is the last item on our soul's agenda. After all, there's no time to waste in frivolity. We're swamped with the demands of evolving the collective consciousness that require discipline, relentless introspection, cleansing and hard work. Where's the option for amusement in the midst of this heavy soul labor?

Fearful that I'm slacking off on my cosmic duties during this critical time in history, I struggle with guilt if I spend too much time playing. If I indulge in unproductive, goal-less recreation, I feel like a kid playing hooky from school, fearful that teachers from the spirit plane are shaking their heads in disapproval of my indulgence. I know they're working 24/7, so what gives me the right to squander precious energy on recess? We're all in the "labor room" birthing the new consciousness which requires a monumental amount of focus and effort. There's no opportunity for distracting leisure activities. But, I'm a joy hound and get cranky if my adult self imposes amusement restrictions. I chafe at its insistence that I clamp down into sobriety and austerity if I'm to progress up the Cosmic Ladder.

What "shoulds" prevent you from having fun? Do your chores and responsibilities have to be completed before playtime? Are you stingy with your allotment of entertainment—perhaps allowing only a few scraps of glee before returning to life's treadmill? Is it OK to have fun 50% of the time? Is this irresponsible given the mountain of work required to heal this world?

Daily life chores mount up unremittingly. How many of us regularly put aside these compounding demands just to fool around? We usually assign fun to whatever precious moments are left over after our adult self has run us ragged. Are these snippets of pleasure really enough to refuel the soul with joy, spiritedness and humor? What timekeeper decides when we're allowed to relax? Parents, teachers and other childhood authorities impatiently watched the clock as they tried to herd us back into the classroom or the house when we deliberately ignored their calls, stealing a few extra seconds of random diversion. As we matured, we experienced fun time shrinking into a 20 minute school lunch break, an hour after school provided we finished our homework and on weekends, after household duties.

Young children are Play Masters. Their natural instinct for fun leads them to swim in the Recreational Waters of Merriment. Somewhere along the way we get the notion that we have to step out of those gaiety flows and "dry off" in order to function and be respected. But animals of all ages instinctively play. Our pets are ambassadors of recreation who teach us to rollick and romp our way through life. Why don't we take our lead from them? Joyful pursuit isn't only meant for kids or pets. All adults yearn to put up the "Gone Fishing" sign more than they'd care to admit. Some adults, resentful that societal norms have cheated their playtime, rebel by escaping into non-stop frolicsome activities. But this becomes enslavement to hollow aimless amusement when not balanced by meaningful vocation.

The magical child within is ravenous for the pleasure of playful abandon. Why should we feel guilty about taking the time to frolic when the angels never hesitate to dance their rapture? Do we view the Universe through our parents' filter, expecting admonishment for lack of seriousness and dedication when we indulge in more than a brief intermission of hilarity? We attach to work because supposedly it justifies our existence and consequently have forgotten how to have pure prolonged fun. Our fears insist that we'll lose credibility if we're out playing too much, not attending to business. Our lives will fall to ruin and we'll lose our evolutionary edge if we dare take our nose away from the grindstone for very long.

But fun *is* our evolutionary edge. It conveys a lightness of being that reflects our decision to shake-off the backpack of serious burdens we believe need to be carried in order to mature/deepen our souls and acquire brownie points in the sacrifice/martyrdom department. But maybe we get spiritual kudos for mastering fun! Would our world really fall apart if we succumbed to fun's reckless abandon the archetype of the Divine Clown? Would we lose our commitment to diligently fulfill our soul's assignments, or simply forget to work, pay bills, be a grownup? Who says that playful is less productive than serious? Ironically, we're far more efficient when relaxed, a delightful by-product of ample enjoyment. Puritanically we self-righteously applaud ourselves for all the work we've accomplished. But how many of us pride ourselves on how much fun we've had?

What if the emerging consciousness was based on fun? We'd have to revamp all our decisions on how we spend time. Dour attitudes would have to go. The false belief that we're more responsible and adult when serious makes us delegate our joyful, mirthful outlook to fringe moments when we're not required to be mature. Sadly we miss the opportunity to have fun ALL the time, especially during periods of extreme responsibility and hard work. Is it sacrilege to feel playful when we're dealing with challenging accountability? But what better time to lighten the spirit and keep our sense of humor than during demanding tests that tax the soul? This demonstrates that we're taking the game of Earth School with a mirthful grain of salt.

Fun is ultimately a state of consciousness. Overt forms of amusement are obvious "vacations" from the typical attitude of "life drudgery" that we believe is natural. We assume that merriment be experienced in small doses, like dessert after the main meal. But what if fun *was* the main meal? Then fun would have to permeate and flavor with enjoyment ALL areas of our life—work, rest, cleansing, relationships, self-examination and creativity. That's a tall order for us somber folks who take it all too seriously. Is that level of jollity too frightening to contemplate in our no-nonsense businesslike world?

When fun becomes all pervasive it deepens as it poses the riddle: How do we allow our spirit to soar on pleasure while moving through cycles of pain, difficulty, grief, fear and obstacles? This paradox is worth solving NOW to prepare ourselves for the new consciousness that insists we reclaim the magical child and dare to live life the way we really want to—in a constant state of DELIGHT. The Laughing Buddha would certainly approve!

The Tibetan, twinkling in felicity on a bejeweled swing hanging from a mighty oak tree on the etheric plane, gladdens his message with the following teaching:

"Get used to FUN! It's the calling card of the emerging paradigm. There's no such thing as too much fun. Source was overjoyed by the ecstatic pleasure involved in the

creation of humankind. With a gargantuan smile, Source infused this jubilation into humankind's essence to demonstrate that Creation is founded in jollity and glee.

Pure fun is the true Well-Spring of Abandon that allows the ego to loosen its grip and free the soul to flow forth in full happiness. Claim this birthright of enjoyment and allow it to enlighten the soul. The Masters and Angels celebrate the BLISS that infuses this Universe with the Cosmic Grin—the YES—that makes everything possible.

To party on the soul level is to step on the path of the mystic who releases all heaviness, the illusion of earth's gravitational field, and truly lets the spirit SOAR. Divine intoxication, to be drunk on Love and Joy, awaits all who dare to break away from the self-imprisonment of stern, humorless gravity. The Masters, while deeply dedicated to humankind, never forget that evolution is a spiritual game that appears difficult but ironically is designed to ultimately reveal the playful ease that underlies the thrill of existence. Profound gladness is vital food for the soul and best cultivated through amusement. Otherwise the soul withers in the desert of stringent, hardnosed weightiness.

Tell self, as a meditation on pleasure, "Let's make this fun!"—regardless of the circumstances. Immediately the merriment of the magical child floods the psyche with perspective, the reminder that this game called earthly life is a cosmic joke, not cruel, but rather a gift of spirited exploration in a playground of form. The joke is that ultimately everyone wins the game. There are no losers.

Don't worry about becoming too light from an over indulgence of fun. No one is mandated to wear cement shoes in order to stay grounded on the earth plane. Ironically, fun most effectively tethers humankind to the physical world because Delight is Light is Love is TRUTH. Explore new experiences of play and enjoyment to acclimate self to the fun-filled terrain of the new consciousness which is the ultimate embodiment of pleasure and cheer as work evolves into play and humankind finally reclaims its birthright of lightheartedness—hearts filled with infinite ligh—guaranteed to bring a Universal Beam of Pleasure to All. “

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