

REALITY QUEST

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BELIEF AND TRUST

A *belief* is best described as a possible *illusion* that one *hopes* is a *reality*. Religionists often use the word *faith* in place of *belief*, because when one has *faith* in something, it is taught by the pious, that God will make it a *reality* someday. However, non-religious people also use the word in order to make whatever they are *hoping* for more of a *reality*. Thus, *faith* uses *hope* as a means of making the possible *illusion* seem to be a *reality*.

Sometimes this *hope* can make an *illusion*, or better said, a dream, a *reality*. This is only true, however, in the case of tangible things that can be sensed by one of the five senses that humans possess, i.e., sight, smell, touch, sound, and taste. Emotional, or spiritual *beliefs*, *hopes*, or *faith*, can not be realities, because they cannot be proven as such.

For example, I came to know a woman who, at our first meeting, and like many individuals I have encountered before and after her, told me that nothing I could say would change her *beliefs*, but that she was interested in what I had to say. She *believed* in what I had all ready proven to myself to be an *illusion*, so it was very easy to help her change her *beliefs* into *illusions*. This same woman is determined to make a lot of money and be successful. She has this *hope*, this dream, that very well, in spite of what I or anyone else might say, or *believe*, could become a *reality*.

I explained to this particular woman that relationships between human beings were not real, but *illusions*, *hopes*, and *dreams*. I based my opinion on the fact that so many relationships start with the *hope* of continuing forever, but often end in misery, or death. She would not accept this idea, having the *illusion* that her parents were totally in love with each other and that their marriage would last forever, even after death, because that was one of her religious *beliefs*. (I found out a long time ago that you cannot argue against someone's *beliefs*, because if you do, you are claiming that their *beliefs* are wrong and illusory, and the person with whom you are arguing soon alienates him or herself from you, because they want to protect their egos from being wrong.) Anyway, it wasn't too long thereafter-much to my surprise- that after many years of an illusory relationship, her parents began to talk about divorce, because her father felt he was still in love with a former sweetheart. This poor gal was devastated. Instead of admitting that my opinion could be correct, and that *illusions* have guided her life for many years, she soon became annoyed with me and turned me into a deceiver, a manipulator who thinks he's too smart for anyone else. Too smart? Heavens no. Closer to reality than her? Definitely.

The point: Nothing is going to stop this woman's dream of financial success, spawned from her *belief* in her ability to accomplish it, from becoming a *reality*, because it is tangible-something comprehended by the mortal senses. But, her spiritual/emotional *beliefs* can never become *realities*. (This particular individual, however, has tremendous potential to learn the difference between *illusion* and *reality*, and I wish her success in learning the difference.)

When one tells another, "You can *believe* in me!" the recipient of the comment can take the commentator for his or her word-if the recipient has the same definition of *belief* as given above. However, if one really wants to emphasize that they can be depended on, one uses the word *trust* instead of *believe*. Can one truly *trust* another? Or is *trust* just a *hope* that what *we* expect of the person is real? A wife wants her husband to look only to her for his fantasies and needs. This want makes her *trust* her husband that he will remain faithful to only her. A businessman *trusts* his accountant to make sure his books are correct at the end of the year. This is what the businessman wants, so he puts his *trust* in his accountant. The want produces the *trust*, and the *trust* increases the stronger the want becomes.

The wife and businessman are the ones living an illusion, for their *trust* is simply a *belief* that the husband and accountant are doing what they want them to. The husband and accountant create the reality if

they choose to, but they can also create and maintain the *illusion* that is necessary to keep the *trust* of their trustor.

I have learned that the reality of the matter is that we should not trust anyone; and no one can be trusted. *Trust* is just as illusory as *belief*. Both are based on *hope*, and both can cause much unhappiness when they are proven wrong.

Just because we should not trust anyone, does not mean we should not be respectable and considerate of others in their intent to be trustworthy. The wife should understand that it is a great possibility that her husband could be unfaithful, and if he ever should be, she will be a lot more capable of handling the situation emotionally, than if she *trusted* that he would have never done such a thing. The businessman should understand that the possibility exists that his accountant could mess up his books, or embezzle from him, and would then create safeguards to guard against it, or if it happens, will be able to get over what he expected could happen in the first place.

Not trusting anyone simply safeguards one from being let down, or hurt. On the other hand, if he or she in whom we *trust* proves his or herself a worthy trustee, how great shall be our joy, because we are getting something we didn't expect. (There's a lot more joy in getting a Christmas present we didn't expect, but wanted, than getting a gift we all ready knew we were going to receive.)

If I plead with you to *trust* that my ideas, philosophies, and opinions are correct, to have *faith* in them, or to *believe* that they are true, don't expect them to be; want them to be, and if they are, how great will be both our joys. If you do not *believe* and *trust* in me, and I am right, how great will be your misery. In other words, know that you don't know, but strive to----and, don't worry if you or I might be wrong----so what if we are----we could be right!

UNCLE JOE, DON'T BE AN ATHEIST

I have a great respect for my Uncle Joe. Though he's an attorney, he has integrity in what cases he chooses to involve himself in. Though a divorcee, he knows how to love a woman, for he's convinced another to marry him. Though physically nearsighted, he sees beyond the illusions of mortals. Though a self-described atheist, he's a deeply conscience thinker.

Now, Uncle Joe, I want to challenge your conscience and your idea that you are an atheist. I will not argue with you that you have good reason to believe that God does not exist; with the problems of this world, who could imagine that a loving, omnipotent, righteous being could be in charge of this mess. With the views of God that you have experienced throughout your life, and the hypocrisy of those who profess a belief in this God, it's no wonder you cannot comprehend such a being.

As our intelligence grows and our technologies enlighten us and make our life and existence more understandable, there's no reason to believe that we need some unseen being to guide us and answer questions that seem unanswerable. We're improving-becoming a more civilized race of beings, (I know this point is polemic). Yes, we are becoming the God that our ancient ancestors believed in.

But, Uncle Joe, we're going to die someday-what then? You believe that death ends our existence; and that our ego, our conscience, ceases to exist. Respectably, I have to disagree with you. However, I, too, am an atheist, in respect to God, as you are and for the same reasons. Humbly I proclaim that I have one up on you, Uncle. I believe that our conscience is the reality, and that it exists forever. "What proof do you have, my pondering nephew, that our ego continues to maintain itself?" I have no proofs, dear uncle, only experience, and belief.

However, I say I have one up on you, because I do have a belief. When I die, I will either never think again, or I will be conscience and aware that my mortal life has ended. Though I have a belief of what existence is like after death, I have explained what I think belief is, and therefore I am prepared for anything. You see, I will not be surprised, or embarrassed at all by the beliefs that make up my ego. Yet, you, my dear uncle, who doesn't believe, will experience the embarrassment of the reality. I, however, will never experience any embarrassment, because if I am wrong, and you are right, I will not be conscious to experience anything.

I plead with you, Uncle Joe, to believe in something; prepare for something after death. Make it up if you have to, (many have before you), but believe in something so that death's sting may not be so potent.

But then again, greater is the joy in getting a Christmas present that you didn't expect, than one that you were expecting all along!

MARCEE JAYNES NEMELKA

If one loaf of bread was all she had, and the needy needed some,
She'd divide it giving most to them, and the rest to her little son.

If it was best for her to be chained up without a key,
She'd give up freedom any day for the best for you and me.

She's fragile, simple, meek, and kind to all who pass her way,
"Her heart's as big as fifty Saint's," is all her friends can say.

Life seems unfair to the best of us which grace us with their life,
And to the best of the best, life's full of pain and strife.

"Why is this so?" We sometimes ask. "Why do the best endure-
The trials that so many of us would likely fail for sure."

Someone has to take the test and prove that they can pass,
So that the rest of us who think we're great will be humbler at last.

This woman who is much wiser than me has far more to live for,
For though of life she *knows* much less, she *understands* much more.

Her forgiveness of the wrongs I've done to her that made her sad,
Gives me a sense of humility when she lets me be a dad.

Of anyone whose shared my world and followed my simple life,
She's showed the love that only comes from one whose been a wife.

No matter where my path may go, no matter where her's leads,
I'll never forget the time we spent, fulfilling each other's needs.

If a friend one needs to be an ear to relieve them of their pain,
There's only one whose genuine, and Marcee is her name.

Marcee was born September 5th, 1969 to Dad and Vicky Jaynes of Salt Lake City, Utah. I know only what Marcee has told me about her childhood. Her parents were divorced when she was young. She lived with her mother and her brother Kirk, until in her early teenage years, she moved in with a boy.

Marcee's youth was one of depredations and hardships. Her mother was very poor, and after Marcee's father, never had a stable relationship with a man. Though very poor, Vicky never let her children starve. Vicky instilled many important traits in Marcee and her brother which most well-off children never learn. Honesty, integrity, and love are attributes Marcee inherited from her mother. Though Marcee fell in love, (what she thought was love,) at a very young age, and lived with a man, there are few women alive with the morals that Marcee possesses.

Marcee's friends were mostly the "partying" type. She dressed in leather, high-heels, and paraded with those who are judged as the rebellious part of society's youth. Knowing Marcee today, one would think the way she dressed, and the friends she hung out with as a youth, were the past of someone else, definitely not Marcee. Her friends took drugs and drank. Marcee never did. Her friends slept with any boy who would. Marcee was faithful to her only man. (Though her only man was very unfaithful to her.) Her friends would swear. I have yet to hear one swear word that has come from Marcee's lips without her repeating what I told her to, just so I could prove to myself that her voice box is capable of making a derogatory remark. In fact, Marcee is the only person I have ever known that cannot say the word "sex" without blushing. She refers to the male penis as "the thing", and I have never heard a word come from her

lips which describes a female's "thing". Of purity, there are none purer. Of guile, she is poor. Of love, she is an endless well.

After knowing Marcee's youth, and seeing pictures of the way she dressed, I will never again think that any youth is hopeless just by his or her outward appearance.

In many previous issues of *Reality Quest*, it is explained how Marcee and I came to know each other and became man and wife. What is not explained, is some of her many wonderful characteristics which would make any man grateful he knew such a woman.

More than anything else in life, Marcee wanted to be a mother. This happened on July 9, 1993, when Riley Marc Nemelka was born. At the time, Marcee and I were not together, and though I wanted to badly, I wasn't able to attend Riley's birth. However, shortly thereafter, I almost snuck to the house where they were staying, at night, to peep through the window and see my son and the woman who loves him more than life itself. I hope to be at the birth of our next child which is due in December of 1994.

Polygamy is one of the hardest things any woman could possibly experience. However, for Marcee, sharing her husband with another woman was just part of her extremely giving nature. The hardest thing for Marcee was believing that she was just as important and loved as the other woman- and since it is almost impossible for a man to perpetuate this type of illusion to more than one woman, Marcee experienced a great amount of misery when we lived polygamy.

Whatever might have happened in her youth, Marcee has needed to be needed and loved by others. The guy that she lived with as a young girl, beat her, abused her, and took advantage of her selfless, loving nature. Yet, Marcee still loves him, as she does all people. I, too, abused the loving, selfless nature of Marcee, at times, and caused her a lot of pain. Yet, I believe she still loves me. Her kind is what all men desire, but very few deserve.

One day Marcee cooked some "Spaghetti Ohs" for me. She over-cooked them and put too much cheese in them. Now, I am not known for my ability to be tactful in expressing my displeasure in those things that do not please my finicky palate, and I used very little tact with Marcee. Marcee looked at me momentarily, turned around, went into the bathroom, and laughed hysterically. Jackie joined her, wondering what was so funny, and both of them amused themselves for sometime about their ridiculous husband.

Marcee is a very wise woman. Though in her younger years she was one who would trust anyone who seemed real to her, she has grown to see through any deception, manipulation, and game that any other human might present her. I try to take some of the credit for her intellectual and emotional development, yet I am afraid that the most learning experiences I provided her were the ones that hurt her the most.

In spite of a physical, personal relationship, Marcee and I can talk for hours about anything. We enjoy discussing life, illusion, and reality; and I know that we are of the same mold. (Maybe that's why I love her characteristics so much.)

Marcee's ability of being a mother is matched by few. Her children are very lucky they have been born from her womb; and I am sure they will praise her forever, as I will. She has no desire to do anything else but mother children. Though many modern women scorn her for not overcoming her female tendencies to "catch up with the men," her children will surely prove to be more of a contribution to the human society than most successes of other women. (Of course, they got wonderful genes from their dad, too.) In fact, Marcee's strengths are my weaknesses, and if our children could take the best from the both of us, I am sure they will be good individuals.

Marcee Jaynes Nemelka is one of the best. I am glad I came to know her and love her. She has been an actress on the stage of my life that played a part that no one else could play. Without her, the play would not be the success that it is having for the actor who, all though he doesn't deserve it, and should give it to another participant in the play, receives top billing.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Charles". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke at the end.