

Freedom from Tyranny

A Manifesto of Human Rights for All

Where do infants come from? From “star stuff”? From the particles and swirling energy of the universe? Science has confirmed that it is so. All infants, born under circumstances as varied as their number, breathe and think with the mysterious energies of thought and imagination. Each infant responds immediately to the immense powers of love and beauty and kindness and compassion. Each infant is unique, priceless, and magnificent.

We were all infants once. We were born as sentient beings with infinite potential that is vast and largely unexplored. No matter how brilliant we may be, our knowledge and wisdom are dwarfed by the limitless expanse of time and the universe.

Now we are here, standing under the same sun as all the other infants who have grown into maturity as autonomous beings. What shall we each leave behind, when our bodies have aged, merging once again with star stuff?

We cannot walk across the time spans of our lives without impacting our sentient companions. We, in turn, are impacted by the thoughts, energies, feelings, and actions of humans both known and unknown. What do we hope to receive from the lives of others? What do we hope to give?

Our commonality began in the womb. Our shared aspirations were first experienced in the comfort of our mothers’ arms. Each infant, resting against their mother’s breast, experienced hope at a primal and unspoken level of spirituality and emotion that transcended nationality, religion, and circumstance.

We wanted love then and, if we are honest, can unabashedly declare that we want love now. It may be easier to state this if we remember that our mothers are always older and often wiser than we, no matter how grown up, successful, and powerful we may have become.

It is thus that the Golden Rule, to love and care for others as we wish to be treated in return, has become an overriding theme of civilized behavior for millennia. Our commonality as humans is rooted in our essential nature as beings of love.

We frequently lose touch with our spiritual and invisible essence. We, or our fellow humans, often become so overwhelmed with the loss of love and the growth of pain that cruelty and barbarism enter our lives. We are harmed, and harm in return. We grieve, and exact revenge, forgetting that inflicting pain upon others destroys our souls.

When our souls dry up, our intellects lose sight of beauty, of kindness, of compassion, and of love.

It is then that humans can turn and create systems that are monstrous. Tyrannical systems of thought, of tradition, of government, and of law, born from the minds of those who may have suffered so much that love has been buried, have harmed many more millions than can be known or counted. Tragically, the histories of human suffering under tyranny are often unrecorded, altered, or forgotten.

What is freedom from tyranny? For that answer, we may ask the victims, who might well say, “I wish to be free to pursue the purpose of my life and follow my soul’s desire.”

Tyranny is imposed on many levels, in many forms. Individuals can act as tyrants toward those around them, hidden behind the curtains of their homes. Cultures, societies, traditions, religions, and governments can all be seduced by tyranny. Yet, no matter how complex their justifications and histories may be, tyrants and tyrannical systems all fail the same test: are their victims free to live as they wish?

The victims of tyranny are not victims by choice. The brutality of tyrants and the murders of millions upon millions of victims have produced societies of passive survivors who live in fear as slaves to tyranny. Most chafe at tyranny in silent misery. Others are indoctrinated and molded to become tyrants themselves. Some brave souls fight back.

The tragic fraud of tyranny is revealed with simple questions, asked to its victims: “Are you unhappy, living under tyranny? If there were no retribution of any kind, would you like to be free to do as you please?”

The answer may be slow in coming, for tyranny is a destroyer of dreams. Yet, over time, which soul, created from the same star stuff, would say, “No”?

We cannot forget our common and essential traits as beings of love. We cannot allow our brothers and sisters, all born under the same stars, to be devoured by the empty-hearted beast of tyranny. Each life is priceless. We cannot stand by when tyranny in any form enslaves another human being.

It is our duty as humans to reject and overthrow tyranny wherever it is found.



Copyright © 2015 Peter Falkenberg Brown

~ Deus est auctor amoris et decoris. ~ October 5, 2015

Updated on December 8, 2019

May be copied and distributed freely as long as the text and this attribution are not altered in any way. ~ <http://peterfalkenbergbrown.com>