

# Miracles

Classroom for the Universal Course  
November ~ December ~ 2021



*How an Ex-President  
Became My Greatest Teacher*

*Pain, Patriarchy, and the Divine Feminine*

# How an Ex-President Became My Greatest Teacher

by Allan Ishac

Every day, seven days a week, for four years, almost without interruption, I wrote a popular satirical blog on [Medium.com](https://medium.com) aimed at an ex-president.

I thought I was doing something positive and important, answering Michael Moore's call for an "Army of Satirists" to stand up to the bad guy using the best weapon I had, my pen, to fight the good fight. Only a few times during that four-year span did I ever question what I was doing.

When the 2020 election was over, my Medium followers asked me where I would aim my satire next, who would be my future target. They said that the satire was important to them, helped them laugh in the face of evil, and please don't stop. I liked seeing my growing readership numbers and having a strong social media presence. I also reasoned that an established audience would be valuable for attracting a publisher when the novel I had been writing was completed—so I worked to cultivate that online following.

I kept writing the satirical blog into January 2021, but it wasn't sitting well with me, and I would let days go by without posting. When I did, I wasn't enjoying it. In fact, it was getting me down. I tried to ignore the ex-president altogether, directing my reluctant posts at other low-hanging political pinatas. Or I just wrote neutral pieces about amusing news items. But nothing worked and, finally, on April 3<sup>rd</sup>, I stopped posting altogether and have not returned to Medium.



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I had a realization that was so profound, it made me sit bolt upright. I had been marinating in hate.

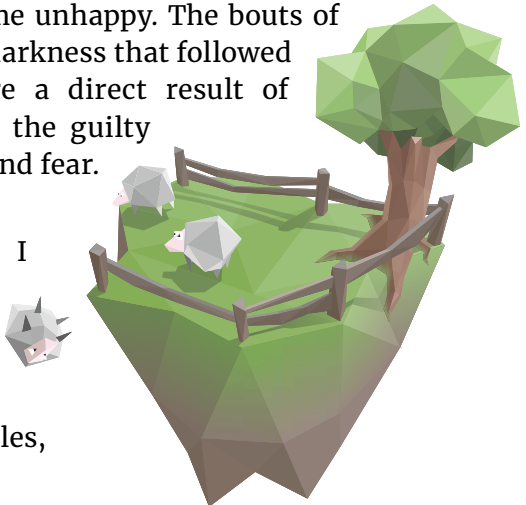
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This is why: During a meditation that morning in April, I had a realization that was so profound, it made me sit bolt upright. I saw clearly that every single day for the previous four years, I had been marinating in hate. I had convinced myself that my blog was harmless satire, funny stuff, not really feeding the bonfire of anger in my mind. But I was lying to myself.

Then I had the clear awareness that I had to stop doing this and never do it again. Not just the satirical posts, but wallowing in attack thoughts and judgments, spending every day looking for the bad guy; blaming that public figure, or political party, or climate denier, or anti-vaxxer, or the neighbor blasting his sound system, or sugar, or a rainy day, or whatever evil agent I imagined was intent on causing me pain and suffering.

Then, with another jolt, I understood that expending all my energy trying to find someone or something “out there” to hold responsible for my unhappiness was exactly the thing that was keeping me unhappy. The bouts of depression, anxiety and darkness that followed me throughout life were a direct result of my relentless search for the guilty party fueled by my hate and fear. Nothing else.

I saw clearly that I do not know who the villains and wrongdoers are, and I never have; that I do not know who to blame for my troubles,



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**I do not know who the villains and wrongdoers are, and I never have.**

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and I never did. I also determined on that April morning that I wasn't going to fight or choose sides anymore, that I was going to drop my sword and shield and never pick them up again.

I needed the ex-president, a man I share a birthday with (thank you cosmic comedians), to push me to the point where my ancient hates were seeping out of my eyeballs and I couldn't deny it any longer. By helping me see what I had refused to fully look at before, he gave me the greatest gift I could ever have hoped for.

That day I also made a list of people who I've held grievances against for years, sometimes decades—relatives, friends, teachers, ex-bosses, brief acquaintances, myself. Now, every day, I work to address those grievances and forgive those insidious pockets of hate. It's an almost minute by minute exercise, and requires an enormous amount of attention, but I'm asking for help and I'm getting it.

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**Now, every day, I work to forgive those insidious pockets of hate.**

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Since April, my life has changed. I feel lighter and more hopeful. Some days seem effortless, to the point of disbelief. The novel I was writing went from being in a semi-permanent state of stall to flowing freely from me. Sometimes I would laugh at what was coming out, other times I would cry, but I was finally writing what I always wanted to say, what was deep down in my heart that I had been afraid to show the world. I finished the book in early July after seven years.

I know I will be catching these judgments and purging these attack thoughts for the rest of my life, and that's okay. Each day that I make progress, that I refuse the world's invitation to fight and to separate, every day that I keep my resolve and leave my heavy sword and burdensome shield to the side, I get a little closer to the love inside me.

I have been a student of *A Course In Miracles* for 35 years and I thought I understood its teachings. But only in the past few months, in the most unexpected way, did I grasp that I don't have to work at being more loving, *I have to work at being less hating*. The love will find its way out without any effort at all when I remove what's blocking it.

It took an ex-president, *that* ex-president — my Gemini twin and brother — to open my eyes to the shadows in my heart and show me a path to love again through forgiveness.



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*Allan Ishac is the author of the regional bestseller, New York's 50 Best Places To Find Peace And Quiet. He has been studying A Course In Miracles since 1986 and just completed a metaphysical adventure story based on the themes in ACIM. Contact Allan at [allanishac.com](http://allanishac.com).*