

THE VICTORY OF THE DETERMINED SOUL

I dedicate these words to all my friends and family who keep on keeping on, despite the rain and the thunder and the waterfalls.

Life is how you swim through.

Drowning maybe, sometimes, and being pulled into the currents, but knowing how to keep afloat on the river. It is how you stay in the boat, again and again that matters. Especially when you look daily at the waves that calls you to remember things. How do you bless the river? Make yourself the beautiful vessel and respect the ride.

Failure is when you want to reach the shore so desperately and long to hear the people clap when you arrive. Failure is needing a mathematical system to calculate the movement, when you are really flowing nicely in the breeze. Failure is taking a clock with you. Failure is trying to bargain with faith, who is sometimes your only friend. You demand too much of your friend, when you ask it to prove itself within a given time frame. Angrily, you say, “hey faith, who needs your lies and promises and false dreams? This is the deal, if you don’t pull your load, I am throwing you overboard.”

Failure is being captive with your ego as your compass. Failure is listening to loud negative voices and missing the beauty of the gentle night with the moon. Failure is looking for the work of art without the process. You watch and wonder, “where is it, where is it?” but, in your fight to your destination, you are using the wrong language. You need to be in silence, when you are lost.

Success is understanding the victory of the determined soul. It is that you ever reach, no matter where the boat goes. The center is always the point when you can see the yellow sun and the blue sky. You got in. You’re still in. Despite the chaos, the confusing times, the destruction. the foreboding tempest.

Is it not a miracle that there are those among us, who still gather to embrace truth, freedom and love? Is it not a miracle that some still choose light amidst the darkness and open the door to high dreams, while the world is laughing from the ground. (Though still with outstretched arms.)

Is it not amazing, astounding and magical that some refuse limitation and mediocrity, while the TV is blasting? Is it not courageous that you can stay afloat on the boat, on the river, in the night, with your own beautiful heart to navigate?

Who cares about the outcome anyway? It is never how it looked when you began. As you change many directions, many times, you get to wave to all the other ships that pass. Those aboard are friends, who watch with care, and also lead with desire to be kinder and more loving.

It is to look up to find the course. Closing your eyes, you may feel the angels blow a gentle kiss to steer the way. They are so happy that you move like the gods and see with your heart. They are happy that you wake with vision and music from other spheres. They are overjoyed that you know that the way- is keeping the victory of a determined soul.