

Falling....

By Trisha Harner

On April 25, 2008, I jumped. Not off a cliff or a bridge. I jumped into my new life. Sometimes my arms are flaying trying to grasp hold of something, like maybe my sanity. Other times I am light, floating like a bubble, sparkling in the sunlight, enjoying my view as my descent continues.

When will I land? I do not know. Where will I land? Into the life I was meant to live. I can feel the magnitude of all the things to be. I will take the bad, the good, I will revel in what is, for now I know it is the life where I belong, where all is right and all is well.

As I fall I am relearning to pray, to be still, listen, breath, and have gratitude so profound it takes my very breath away.

Upon landing I intend to take off running, light and quick, with grace. For I will be in a land of abundance, where humor and contentment are a way of life for all around me. Where beings make it a better universe through gratitude that is felt throughout the environment. Where the belief that living true to oneself is heaven on earth.

I have been called crazy, spoiled, smart, brave, slightly depressed. Some say I am living with intention, others say I've missed my calling.

I say I will live with no regrets. Jumping is always a better alternative. This is not the first time I have jumped. Oh, no! I have jumped many times. Each time I land a little closer to what I am to be, this last jump is magnificent, for I am even closer to my true purpose.

The exploring and adventure along the way are the most fun of all. It is what brought me here. My writing may be rusty or just plain poor. But if you'll patient I may be worth the wait.