

I Forgot Again - by Karen Wright

Contributed by Karen Wright
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Who you become is far more important than what you do. - Karen Wright

I'm not the first to experience it. And it's not even the first time I've experienced it. But, somehow between the last time and this, I'd forgotten. Forgotten how it felt and forgotten why it happened.

Have you ever set a lofty goal for yourself and invested your heart and soul into its achievement? Risked the possibility of failing with everyone watching? Of finding out once and for all if what you really want will bring the happiness you crave?

To fall short of your hopes can certainly bring disappointment. We've all been there once or twice. But, why does dissatisfaction sometimes ride the coattails of the very success you achieved?

That's what I felt this past week. A vague "is that all there is?" chipping away at the early excitement of finally getting my website online. An enormous undertaking that I'd never imagined could be so consuming. Not just of my time, but my waking and sometimes dreaming moments.

After the initial congratulations and good-for-you's, the let down was visceral. And then I remembered. The lesson I always seem to forget at times like these reminded me why we do what we do.

Human beings are endowed with a seemingly unquenchable thirst to achieve...to pit ourselves against tough odds and face mind-grIPPING fears. But, why? To create? To make a difference? To "go where no man has gone before?"

Perhaps. And thank God. Take a look around and notice the magnificence of man's mind and heart. What feats we've accomplished - what beauty we've produced. Music that elevates; stories that inspire; community that comforts. All this we do.

Yet, the impetus of our doing isn't in its affect. We do to experience. To feel. To self-proclaim. We do what we do and the world reaps. But, the greater reward doesn't lie in our effect on the world; it lives in our ability to enlarge and deepen our being in this world.

That is what I forgot and that is why my achievement felt empty. I forgot that it wasn't about having a presence on the internet. It was in being present in my life. Growing, agonizing, emerging changed. My focus was so external, I forgot to recognize what this endeavor was requiring of my soul.

It's a shame that much of our pleasure in life is left for hind-sight to illumine. How much deeper would be the experience our lives if we remained aware of our inner growth as we stamped our presence on the world.

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