

## The Next

I have been released from my past, not through denial or repression but by 28 years of stripping, removing from my life that which stood in the way of my Peace. What remains of my former life is a desolate wasteland of emptiness. No return possible, only forward remains.

What a strange and unfamiliar feeling. I think it might be freedom, power and endless possibilities for success. Yet how would I know, my previous life was been filled with chaos moving to almost impossible feats of survival and recovery. The endless string of courageous confrontations of my thoughts, beliefs and perspective have indeed come to an end. They have been such a consistent companions that I hardly know how to live without them.

I have spent last 28 years climbing out of a hole. Now I am left with the only person I never asked what made him happy, ME. The hole lies at my feet which are firmly planted on the ground. My life, my experiences and struggles were all played out in that hole. It mystifies me how it holds all my memories, all my successes and all my failures. I was so focused on climbing out that I never made a plan for what I would do when I made it out.

It seems ashamed to walk away from something that had such a profound effect on my life. Yet move on I shall, Life awaits. The adventures of “Life Outside of the Hole” have just begun. That which I almost died to accomplish is complete. The “Next” is all that remains. Living life without torture and fight, how bad can it be?

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