

FINALITY

I woke up, and I did not feel so well. I was sick to my stomach I felt as if I was coming on with the flu. I went back and lay on my bed. I realized that it was some thing else in. Like a muscular pain. And made it difficult for me to move.

That intensity threatened me. I could always rely on my body. Now my body was telling me no. What did that mean? What was happening to me. I need to sort through this experience. I need to stay in control. I was already panicking. I had an inkling of what was going on. When I finally got out of bed, that pain was still there it was now a sharp pain. And I was scooting over. I try to stretch showers.

It was difficult pain was localized in my lower back. This could be devastating. I required the precision of my back muscles to execute execute all of the key moves and swimming. This gave me my edge. I was now facing some thing overwhelming. I couldn't simply break it down

The pain was real. And was intense. And it was dragging me down. I almost wanted to crawl. Taking me to the state? Draii is I may, I couldn't figure it out. The feeling was constant. I feel lost. I try to maintain a cool head. But I thought of all the negative consequences. This could destroy me forever. I couldn't think this way sure, swimming is a major part of my life. I could take some time off. I could recover. I could get back when I was ready.

Was I really facing such a challenge? Sure, I felt some pain. But I was not going let it destroy me I needed to be ready for what was ahead. I understood the dangers. If the pain was this intense, I couldn't risk straining myself. There are enough troubles in my way. I was already wondering about my overall direction. I wanted to make the Olympic team.

Now, this was intervening with my commitment. I went back and lay on the bed. The pain remained. But it wasn't as intense. I wanted to tell myself that I could stretch out and be ready for practice. I recognize that this was impossible. Indeed, this is massive. There is no way getting around it. I wasn't coddling myself. I had enough knowledge to understand what this was all about. My future depended upon dealing with this in an appropriate manner. I felt the pain. I felt crushed. I tried to put it out of my mind. I could feel a sense of relaxation lying here. But I had no doubts what was going on. I was on the verge of a major change. I would have to get used to it.

I had no idea how long my recovery would be. Would I have to see a doctor? Was there anything that a doctor could do? I didn't wanna rely on pain pills. If there was actual damage, that could end my swimming career. It wasn't just swimming. My commitment was so much more intense. I was dealing with all these challenges. I wondered what was happening to me. I believe that I could focus and make it all go away. I tried this relaxation technique.

For a moment, the pain seem to go away. That was all that I needed. This had been my imagination. I was aggravated by a bad dream. Maybe, I just slept in the wrong way. Nevertheless, I still wonder what's going on. Even if I didn't feel the pain, the fear remained. After a few minutes, I got up from the bed. I felt okay. I moved around. I stretched. I tried to be flexible.

Nothing bothered me. I was okay. This was a crazy scare. It got me to examine my training routine. I really have been pushing myself. I was going into a zone where I had no

control. I understood the terrible risks I knew the dangers. But I didn't want to give in. I need to keep up this routine.

I needed to figure out the risks once and for all. This was going to help me to grow. I needed to develop. My whole existence based on the fact that I was a champion when I was in the water, I baby myself a little is afraid to push. There is nothing wrong. There's no pain. But I still wonder. I didn't know what it happened earlier.

There could be repercussions. For the next few days that fear lingered. That didn't diminish my concerns there was so much to deal with. There was so many questions. I needed to come out of this assertive manner. I searched for the answer. I really have let things get out of control. I have been faithful to my routine. Then I saw an opportunity to push further. That enticed me. Each new development, and stronger. I didn't want to quit. I wanted to kept going. There was so much that was standing in my way. It wasn't just a fear. I had a knowledge. In someways, it would've been best just to stop this altogether.

I could create a new balance in my life. I can devote more time to my studies. I already was a serious person. I could develop long range plans. I could spend more time with my friends. That wasn't who I was about. I was there to succeed. And I need to find a method. If that meant pushing hard, I would engage all my resources I wanted to be successful that was a part of my nature I build from that understanding.

I needed to swim to achieve clarity. Now I was facing operative tracked it. When I was not in the water. This altered Highway thought about myself. I hated the fact that I was giving up. I thought I had a little choice. There was still a little twinge of back pain. And I realized that this was a sign of some thing else. It wasn't temporary. This could be a career threatening injury. My parents decided to take me to the doctor. He did an MRI, and he observed the difficulties. Time being, he confirmed my suspicions. I would have to take time off swimming. But it was more than that. He wasn't sure if that would be sufficient. He indicated there was some damage in the muscles. And they might not be able to repair themselves.

That might've been devastating news for me. But it only confirmed what I really knew. This injury was much worse than I had first expect suspected. I want to better understand the cause of the injury. I think that I had created a method to become a superior swimmer. This method would've been successful. But I didn't have the body to achieve the heights. It was that simple. Sure, I can move through the water with an elegance. And I was better than my teammates. I should've left it at that.

I could do well at nationals. I can win some of the meets. But I was never going to be an Olympic swimmer. It was that simple I just didn't have the power. I was compensating by trying to move differently in the water. That was successful for a while. In fact, it made me feel even more confident. I should've stayed at that point.

But I thought that I could keep pushing. I could keep adding to my burden. I was chasing a mythic opponent. Even at that level, I probably could've achieve my goals. I would've found my place on the Olympic team. I could've collected a gold medal. This would've confirmed all the work that I had done. Nevertheless, there was another factor. I kept wanting more. My mythic opponent became stronger and stronger. That only force me to work harder. I was already working on my maximum. So this brought me close to my breaking point.

I don't think that I have calculated in an effective way. And my coach wasn't all that

genius to figure out what was going on. Period so I was stretching myself too much. There are elements about my stroke they were not entirely sound. Instead of radiating movement from my trunk, I was placing too much emphasis on my back. I was not distributing the work evenly.. Since I was pushing so hard, I barely understood what was going on. I became involved in the moment.

I found support in my actions. However it should've been obvious what was happening. Probably, because I felt no pain, I kept on. I was lost in my head. I was caught up in the experience. All of these influences way down on me. I felt a sense of desperation. I am I built from these influences. They should've been a strong foundation. However, I was missing some thing very important. That challenge would eventually undo all my progress. I didn't want to believe that I was so vulnerable. I knew that I had real skills. At times, I felt invincible.

Nothing would've happened if I had remained at that stage. However, I continued to believe that I could do more. I felt as if I was creating a new body for myself. That attitude should've resulted in a further triumphs. I understood my motivation. But I was not listening to my body. I was ignoring basic physiology.

You could only stretch these muscles so far. You couldn't exceed yourself. But I would not admit that to myself. I told myself that I could do anything. I had a wide latitude of performance. With proper coaching, I would've been an Olympian. That didn't happen. I couldn't feel resentment. There was no anger. A couple of times, I got in the water by myself. I stretched out. I want to see what I had. There was no way getting around it. I've taken enough time to recover. But the damage was now permanent. I was not going to find the resources to change this. This is going to be my future.

I was still reconciling myself to living without swimming. I knew that I could still get back in the water. But I would never have the same championship inspiration. Period for the time being, that caused a deep letdown. I knew that would be a long time before I actually got in the water again. I wanted to keep in shape. I was never going to have that same level of concentration. I couldn't call on that power.

In a race, I would've felt the breakdown. In my mind, I was still swimming races. I was going over and over my triumphs. I was battling the most extreme mythic opponents. Beyond that feeling, I faced a deeper competition. All of my understanding been built upon my time in the water. It wasn't simply an abstraction. My thoughts were linked directly to what I did. Now, I was seeing some thing else it was almost like a division in me. I was reaching to excel, but there was no experience in the world to reinforce that feeling.

I had been a champion. I had all these ideas. But all of them were tied to my physical presence. I wasn't an artist. I didn't party with my friends. I wasn't pushing my body in other ways. I wasn't excited by romantic feelings. In simple terms, I was a swimmer. I was now a swimmer without a pool. There had been a couple of times when they needed to work on the pool. They had postponed practice. And I had felt that come down. This wasn't temporary anymore.

This was my new life. What had I discovered throw my efforts? I was already exploring another world. I moved beyond the conscious of the immediate. This universal realization had

been based upon my own calculations. Sure, I used the references from the body. But I was existing in a completely different zone. What did any of this mean? I had a lot to consider. There were numerous challenges for me. I was no longer playing a game. I was living my life. I needed to understand new forms of stimulation. None of this could detract from my former commitment.

I had been a trained athlete. I need to maintain that conditioning. I was still able to run a few times a week. I could also work out with machines. I work with a trainer. I found other forms of development. Obviously, I couldn't go back to being a swimmer. But I could prevent from being an invalid.

I would still hold on. This would still offer their means for my personal development. But I needed to understand all of this. Psychologically, I was still in a fog. My world I've been told from under me. And I was trying to find balance. There is so much instability. I need to stretch out. I need to find new roots. I was ready to explore.

Over time, I gained a great deal of my strength. I was really tempted to go back in the water. But I knew different. I was also facing a sense of burn out. I had been practicing twice a day. I still carried on with physical activity. But there wasn't the same obsessiveness. In some senses, I was glad. So many swimming and taking me in this place. And it seemed entirely normal. But I still had these nagging feelings that something wasn't right. At this point, I was glad that I could quit. I could leave it all behind.

Where was I actually going? What was my real motivation? I still did well in school. I had a great opportunity to create a career for myself. When I was swimming I've been so ambitious. That was part of my character. At the same time, I had my misgivings. The stress had been intense. And the calm down left this hollow inside of me. I had heard about others would become completely devastated from such a change. They didn't recognize how they could focus their energies. Instead, it will become distracted by negative things. They had developed bad habits. I wasn't willing to go in that direction. But I was still dealing with this lull.

I needed to understand what was really happening to me. Why did I really feel no I lost? This should've been the beginning of growth. Swimming had been this game. I had caught of myself. Everything came my way. I didn't have to think about anything else. And school has been easy. Now, I was seeing it from a different perspective. I saw world we're people struggled. They didn't have the same privileges that I had.

They wondered how they could maintain themselves. I didn't want to seem unfeeling. I needed to direct my energy in a positive manner. I was still caught up in my own troubles. It was gonna take a while before everything was in place. I was still thinking in terms of competition. I couldn't see the big picture. Ultimately, swimming had been a distraction. I never wanted to believe that this was so. It was obvious. I was floating in the sea. I seemed to be going nowhere. And that feeling was prolonged.

I could settle these benchmarks for myself. I could revel in my triumphs. None of this made any difference in another's self. I may have been strengthening my body. I was building up my endurance. I was finding things about my character. But I was also avoiding answering human questions. I couldn't keep on this way. I was almost an adult. I was swimming and not completely prepared me to ask any questions. I definitely was not going to be a competitive

swimmer for the rest of my life. I did realize the importance of physical activity. In many ways this was a portal to so many other activities. It was good to keep swimming. But I still had fear about the water. I didn't want to be reminded of my failures.

So it was still difficult to make swimming part of my routine. I knew that would change over time. And I need to be patient. I had a scale that was so automatic. I wouldn't even have to work to get to that point. However I need to let it all go.

I was still full of nervous energy. It had built up even more. And I did not have practice to help me release. I felt as if I was a bundle of nerves. That only motivated me to do things like run. That still didn't address my issues. I had a full-time career. I had put all this away.

There were no simple answers. I needed to trust time. If I had questioned my new plan, that would have only added to my difficulties. None of this was hopeless. I couldn't give in to my devastation. Some time, I would the feelings would well up. That would make me feel frustrated. I had worked out my plan. And I was being put to a test. When I was swimming, this would not happen. I would let the process guide me. I did not have this foundation anymore. I was more than a little lost. And that perturbed me.

Could I figure any of this out? There were so many unanswered questions. My uncertainty had grown. But I was not willing to let any of my troubles bother me. I needed to gain a new understanding. I had been developing a world philosophy. I needed to make it work for me.

Professional athletes faced many of these same challenges when they retired. They would suddenly have all this time on their hands. My life was different than this. I was young. I still had my strength. I had so many options. But I didn't know how to figure it all out. I needed clear guidance.

I did talk to my coach. But I didn't want to spend that much time around the pool. That had been another part of my life. I needed to admit that. I also realized that I could not transfer these physical skills to another sport. I had been a champion. I was without equals. I would never be able to do this in another sport.

There were times in the water when I totally came out of myself. I relished that I experience. But I was never going to be like this again. I could go hiking and see the magnificence of nature. However, I had been a professional. My skills were based on my own contribution to my attainment.

I had been part of a mystical experience. That power had originated in myself. I needed to credit this feeling. That was all part of my success. I couldn't immediately adjust.

My understanding had developed from measuring myself against a physical standard. This wasn't simply an emotion. I couldn't lose touch with my physical rootedness.

I was again creating my body. But it was difficult making sense of this. I couldn't do the same things physically. There was nothing like the same sensation. I couldn't meditate myself to the same point.

I tried relaxation techniques. And this aided my development. Nevertheless, none of this was the same. I had been a scientist. I developed ideas. But I also tested them against the world. There was no longer this kind of tension. When I swam, there was a great deal of give and take. I would develop an idea, but it would run up against the reality of the world. Now, I was floating among all these ideas. There was no coherence. I felt as if I was day-dreaming. At times, it all seemed ridiculous.

Growth had always been developing a new relationship with the world. I wondered if I was even in the world. I had friends, who felt that they had a better handle on reality. I doubted them. I saw it all from another perspective. I still questioned their outlook. But I no longer had a strong foundation to challenge them. What was really missing from my understanding?

How could I get all the lights to flash on and off? How could I get the lightning to strike? I needed to learn to create a new foundation for this give and take. I needed to understand how to create a more engaging picture.

On the one hand, I was trying to create stability. On the other hand, I needed to push out further. I needed to capture that same excitement that I had experience. I did not want to surrender my motivation. It wasn't as if there was a magic place where I could provide coherence for my knowledge.

I knew that I would have to review my past victories. I would have to put together a complete picture. What was I missing? How could I restore the necessary continuity?

I recognized that no one else was going to provide me with the needed awareness. No one had been in that same place. I did not want to create this illusion. I was not looking for sympathy. I did not expect that there was a seer, who could offer me the needed insight. I had been part of a profound experience. I was not going to sell myself short.

I looked at my friends, who were still swimming. They might have thought that I shared their challenges. They had moments when they thought of themselves as champions. But none of them had that lasting commitment. I did not want to pretend. That would mess with my beliefs about myself. I was not going to pretend. Their games had nothing to do with my development.

Perhaps, I had too much pride. That had been my undoing. I had exaggerated my accomplishments. Now, I was facing the result of my haughtiness. That seemed absurd. I had learned so much. It was unfortunate that I did not have the knowledge to explain that to anyone else. But that was my reality. I was not going to apologize.

When I was swimming, I could build upon this wonderful process. I was becoming amazing. I did not want to sell myself short. I needed to find a way to change my course of action. There was so much to sort through. I wish that I had a file system that I could access. I could manifest all my memories. That still would not express the full experience. There were so many influences on my world. I needed to put it all in place.

I wasn't going to jump back in the water. This energy was all building up in me. And it made it difficult for me to grow. I could let up. This was an ongoing process. But I wanted an instant answer. Even if it would take a while to develop new training techniques, there were still simple cues to support my efforts. Now, I was having difficulty creating transitions for my future growth. This was worse than a lull. I was going backwards. My frustration was going to destroy me.

I knew that I shouldn't be that dramatic. That only added to the maturing process. But it was difficult to admit that. I didn't want to have to work this out psychologically. I was not used to this.

When I was in a race, I knew how to inflict a body blow on my opponent. That would not slow the person down. Over time, it would have its effect. The swimmer would lose authority. Suddenly, the stroke would completely break down. This was all part of my assertiveness. I needed to become more attuned to the factors that were affecting me. I needed to strengthen my analytical ability. That would only add to my power.

Where was any of this going? I constantly was anxious. I wasn't able to settle down. I was losing track with a sense of purpose. I knew that I could figure it out. I always had. This was a little different. I could no longer rely on the same tools.

I needed to enhance my way at breaking down my life. I wasn't helpless. I had spent a great deal at home wondering about my life. This was not going to be impossible. But I needed some kind of immediate gratification. What was going to be the new source?

I realized that I needed a more prolonged effort to reach a point of sustained understanding. What more did I need to complete the process? I imagined that someone else could lead me to a lasting understanding. There was no one there. So I needed to imagine what this would mean. That would add to my own awareness.

I was trying to create this adviser. I didn't want someone who didn't understand my struggle. This became even more difficult after I went through my injury. I could rehab my body. But it was much more difficult to rehab my mind. This would be a whole new challenge. I needed to go over all the changes that had occurred, and I would realize what I needed to do. In some respects, this was all nonsense. I really didn't have the resources to grow.

How could I fortify my character? I needed to create these new distractions. There was not an evident path to my recovery. I needed to look at my body from a different perspective. I needed to define performance in a new way. How could I ever grow?

When had I stumbled on this life? I once had my own paradise. And I seemed to have little that could offer consolation. I needed to care more about what I was doing.

I had been so immune from the experience of others. I lacked empathy. I had applied the same evaluation to myself. I did know how to slow down. I was hypercritical. When I needed sympathy for myself, there was none to be had.

My parents were not like this. They had given me what I needed. They were loving people. They were concerned about my development. They never pressured me. That was why I had been so good at swimming. They gave me the opportunity to create myself.

Despite my parent's influence, I was a cold person. I did not know how to give of myself. I was weak. And I substituted my hard exterior to make up for something that I could not offer others. That was now coming back to haunt me. I needed to nurture myself. But I did not understand how to nurture others. I needed to be open to the struggles of other people.

Admittedly, I had been through a great deal. I had developed with a sense of confidence. But there was still something absent in my character. And that hollow was now more apparent. I couldn't let it become greater.

I no longer knew how to learn from my experience. I was not progressing in a positive manner. Everything was haphazard. There were too many ups and downs. I could feel myself slipping down.

Where could I retreat? When I was swimming, I had this fear about missing a day of practice. When I dealt with a difficult situation, it seemed on the verge of destroying me. I couldn't get enough distance. Now, I was no longer tied to a particular routine. I would go to school. I would do my homework. I would workout. I was preparing for my future. But I also had loads of time on my hands. I could use this to transform my life. What did I need to do to progress? How could I fill those moments?

I needed to understand what were the threats. How could I meet these risks and resolve them in an effective manner. How could I reach a clear resolution?

"You just need to be."

“What are you trying to tell me? Should I try to be myself?”

“It does not work that way. You are need to give yourself to being. Don’t try to be something other than yourself. Let go! Live in the moment.”

I had no idea what that meant. I needed to live in a million moments. That helped me improve as a swimmer. It could take time for a new move to become comfortable. It would take quite an effort to improve my competitive edge. All these factors had given me a different perspective about time.

I needed go apply all these ideas towards accommodating to my new situation. I would make all this work for me.

“You’re not really listening.”

“I was not built for listening. What do you need to tell me that I can apply to my life?”

“You need to understand that is not just about athletics.”

“You don’t have to tell me that.”

I was not looking for clarity from someone else. If the picture was muddled, I needed to deal with it. That was part of my new development. Where could I discover the basis for my development?

“What are you asking from me?”

“I am not here to provide knowledge.”

“You’re not much better than my coach.?”

“I do not have a coach anymore.”

“What do you really need to know? If there was someone who could tell you even what you really needed to know, would you listen? Would you know what you were hearing?”

“Are you just play a role?”

“Are we all playing a role?”

“Who is going to help with this?”

“No one that we know.”

“This is very difficult to put together.”

“I am failing myself.”

“We are all dealing with failure.”

“That is not what I need to hear.”

“What do you need to hear?”

“This hurts more than you know.”

“I need to be further ahead.”

“You seem harmless.”

“Harm is a state of mind.”

“We are all without a mind.”

“What does that mean?”

“We all try to generalize from our experience.”

“Just say what you feel like saying.”

“I DO NOT FEEL LIKE THAT!”

“How does that work?”

“I have principles.”

“You are too remote from your own experience.”

“No one wants to chronicle your experience.”

“I WAS LOOKING FOR RESULTS.”

“What is the fall out from that?”

“You need to learn how to live in the present.”

“THERE IS NOT ENOUGH PRESENT FOR ME.”

“When do you care?”

“When you tell me to care?”

“That does not function.”

“MY BODY DOES NOTHING?”

“Put in another part.”

“I cannot fix myself enough.”

“None of us can.”

“What kind of time do you have?”

“I am staring at the screen.”

“I am looking at reflections in the water.”

“Does any of this matter?”

“I am not looking for things that matter.”

“You cannot resort to times. You cannot deal with numbers in the same way.”

“If you were here right now., then you could make sense of things. I can explain it to you slowly. You can learn it over time. But you need to have that flash of brilliance.”

My body was working against me.

“It worked for you for so long.”

“I was sure that I could trust myself.”

“These are two things that do not amount to much.

I was losing my focus.

“Someone needs to complete this for me.”

I could not listen to the voices inside of me. I needed to have a clear answer. I could not for anything confusing.

“It is all beyond confusing.”

“I think that we can stop the conversation.”

“We are about to get to the really difficult shit.:

I was not going to find the adviser that I needed.

“Who is really listening?”

I WAS LOOKING FOR RESULTS!

“DON’T GET SICK!”

I realized that I was struggling. It wasn’t all about my personal suffering. But I didn’t know how to deal with his anguish. It was all about lost time. All my efforts had been applied to some thing that was so serious. I now found difficulty understanding what came next. No one else saw things and quite the same way. The swimmers would keep going to practice. The students would show up at class. But there would still be some thing missing for me and all these experiences I was drifting.

Sometimes I would see that same look around me in the world. I would watch people who were lost. I didn’t wanna go down that same route. I had already explored the lives of lost souls. These great athletes once had direction. Early on, they had been attracted by the glitter. They had become too absorbed with partying. Overtime that was all that there was in their world. I didn’t want to mock them. I wanted to give them some

credibility. But there is so many challenges. There is so many negative factors that were in their way. I saw myself dragging my body behind me. It didn't have to be that way. I could stand erect. I could still feel strength. I had a championship attitude. But I did not have a championship body. And that it was a little upsetting. What time was it a really make? I was still healthy.

I ate well. I exercised enough. I had turned exercise into some thing that was totally out of proportion. I became immersed in this big game. It stood for everything in life. I was trying to increase my times and swimming. I couldn't even begin to express how distorted that was. I needed to look at the rest of the world.

What were the real concerns? Sometimes, people had debilitating illnesses. They would struggle to wake up. They would have difficulty with digestion. They would need help using the bathroom. I was going through none of this. I had seen my older relatives deal with health issues. I had tried to be sympathetic. But I always felt so distant from their lives. Now I felt an affinity. Then only encouraged me to do more. I thought that I had this worked out. It seemed all too evident. Nevertheless, there was something missing. And that still hurt.

I could try to empathize with others. But it wasn't the same thing. We couldn't just exchange war stories, and I would feel all better. This was not about simple therapy. There was something else at work. You could repeat the same thing over and over again. And you would think that you have it down perfectly. Then you would face a new situation, and all that effort would be for nothing. I was beginning again. But I had devoted all my efforts to one thing. And I didn't know how to retrain myself.

Briefly, I considered people who had lost their jobs. They had growing up with a single skill in mind. This is enabled them to feed their families. Then an injury at work had cut short their career. Or their company had laid them off. Why wasn't I more sympathetic with their lot? I need to get rid of that shell of cruelty. I just shut off the world. I really had closed off myself.

I wanted to understand what it meant to open doors. And there were times when it all made sense to me. But there was something shocking. There is some some thing reprehensible in my world. It was all my doing. I didn't wanna come down on myself too hard. I understood the risks. I felt paralyzed. And some days I wanted to stay in bed. I wasn't consumed with my depression. I could work through these feelings. But there was this hole in my soul I need to learn how to paper it over for now. I could get to it all later. I could figure it all out. But those questions were nagging me at this moment.

Why couldn't I spend all my time at the pool? Why couldn't I go back to my old life? I knew the problem. If I try to get too deep in a training routine, all the problems would return. I realize that it could get worse. There were people with crippling back problems. That wasn't my issue. I was still strong. I need to remain strong by not straining myself too much. I knew this was hard. It would've been impossible if I was still training. I never would've recovered at all part of recovery meant to let it all go. I turned my back on all that.

I saw a time in a completely different way. Maybe, I would never feel in that hollow. But I didn't want to think of myself that deeply. I couldn't really interact that way. I need you to fill in for what wasn't there. And eventually that hurt would go away. I was not looking at something metaphysical. This is not one of the great mysteries of the universe. There were times that I was on top of the world. And I thought that I could see you at all. But I was swimming. I wasn't writing a secret book. I wasn't solving any great mystery.

I understood that someone could've watched me, and this could help them see things in a more perceptive way. Maybe if they were in my head, they could write the story with more authority. Did anyone even know? Did anyone even understand? Did anyone even care? Was I admitting to my solitude? When I was swimming, I could resolve these questions. They would bother me for a while. They could bother me for weeks. They could bother me for months. But after working on my stroke, I could solve it all. I knew about solutions. Maybe that was the answer. I just need to find the place. I need to establish a new foundation. Where could I find that answer? I worked at it. I put a lot of effort into what I was doing. I was discovering how to care. And that was significant. You could offer a clear answer. Who could take me out of this funk? I could never see things this way. Now, I realize the true dangers. I could see this in the lost souls. They wandered around hoping for someone to offer them answers. That expectation only made it worse. I knew that I couldn't solve it all on my own.

Maybe, I was avoiding the real questions. But this was some thing else. I was a little frightening contemplating these issues. I couldn't believe that there was someone sitting in a room with all the answers. That would've made no sense. I wanted to believe that it was something else. Maybe I could work it out on my own, then I could compare my answers with someone else. I felt that I was in the classroom. That was supposed to be my saving grace in the beginning. Only had a little bit to do with swimming.

I was supposed to be open to all different kinds of learning. Some thing has thrown me off the right path. I started exaggerating the importance of swimming. It was supposed to be my link to other forms of knowledge. In this way I had failed myself. That was disturbing. I was exploring myself. But I didn't want to feel bored. I wanted this liveliness to engage me. I had this vitality.

Swimming was only a small part of it. I need to be recording all this along the way. I could've made notes. I could've had a journal. I could've drawn pictures. I needed some thing to connect all of it. I've been in touch with some thing systematic. I understood something deep about the body. This knowledge of biology was critical for my growth.

Why did I leave all of this knowledge behind? I needed to create a better record of it all. That could've offered me greater support when I needed it at the moment like this. I was getting caught in these allusions. Things were moving in and out of focus. In a sense, this disturbed my countenance.

I didn't know how to sort it all out. Did anyone? Was there someone who could work through all the documents of human experience and offer a clear picture? Why should I even bother about these kinds of questions? When someone went to a doctor, the

person was looking for a clear answer. They wanted someone who had gone through all the books, someone who knew where the answers were. Why couldn't I be that person? Why couldn't I offer the answer.

Things were truly getting out of control. I lay on my bed. I felt protected. I was safe. That truly that was all that mattered. Anything else was completely secondary I couldn't figure this all out. It was all becoming more intense. I thought I had it on all under control. Someone had taken me out of my game. Where did this start here? Where was it going? Who else was going along?

I knew that this was the only the beginning. I could hear music in my head. I was dancing along with it. It was taking me somewhere. I had so many questions. I had so many questions. Questions. Questions. Questions. The answers would catch up with me later. I got entangled in the questions. This was my life. I was coming to a clearer resolution. But there is so much more to figure out. Until I found more answers, I needed to maintain my distance. I needed to sustain my control. That was all part of my growth. I accepted that. I lived in the wonder. It helped me to grow. I only felt stronger. I love that blessing. It was certainly enough for me. I could lead me where I needed to go.

It could help me calculate what was next. I thought of this as a conclusion. But there was more to say. I only need to keep talking. There is so much noise around me. And I thought that it had an affect. I wanted someone who cared. I thought preoccupied by everything that was going on around me.

I gave things names. I created out of nothing. No nothingness predominated. It's swallowed up all those things that I had known. I did nothing to do with swimming. It never did. But I had become served in the moment. I want to stay with this thought. I wanted to develop it to completion. I hadn't died. I wasn't sick. I was still healthy. I had a knowledge. I was a student. I was learning. This was all good.

I could reach a point of awareness, and I could build upon it. I was creating the world as I went along. I had been chosen for this task. Now I need to pass this calling to someone else. How was I supposed to do this. What would guide me in these efforts? There need to be someone who knew better than I did.

I threw myself into experience. I was going to learn what I needed to know otherwise, I could get lost and all the things around me. Another part of me stayed with that unique understanding I was letting go of all this nonsense. I was working towards the answers that I needed. I stayed on this path. What connections did I need to progress?

There was nothing else to say. No one else could bring that same clarity to their experience. That was some thing wonderful. That was some thing uplifting. And I live for that transcendence I was resplendent. There was a place we're all made sense. There was a paradise for me.