

General Discouragement

A guy comes in the door, military uniform, lots of medals on his uniform, hollers, "Touch your toes ... to your nose. Put your head between your legs. Kiss your butt goodby. Make tears in your eyes, but don't cry ... ," goes on with a string of more orders, all make about that much sense.

Every body scrambles, tries to do what he says, makes lots of noise, looks clumsy, feels clumsy.

I ask, "Who's that guy?"

"General Discouragement."

"He real?"

"No. Unless you make him real by believing him, scramble to try to follow his orders, lose track of what you're about, what you really want to do.

"He got any power?"

"Same answer."

"Let's kick him out the door."

"No need for kicking. Rise above."

"Rise above?"

"Into joy."

"Very hard to do."

"You make him happy, you let that define what you do,"

"Rising. Rising above. This power in this hour. Rise above. Don't let anything steal your joy. Rise above,"

Some got it, rose. Some didn't. I did. Rose. It was hard work, took concentration, focus, determination.

The more I rose, the easier it became. No matter what would be the end, the joy of getting there reduced and reduced and reduced the hard hard work General Discouragement tried to put in our way so we would use the rest of our time and energy with discouragement instead of joy.

Some of us found Joy.

Try Joy.