

My Best.

For some of you, my absolute best hasn't been good enough, has it? Yet, at my worst, I'm still worthy to many people.

I used to get bored easily, and because of that, I left lucrative situations others would have paid to be in. Leaving so many times because of boredom caused me to lose a lot. But, by leaving, I gained my happiness and enthusiasm for life again. It seemed easy to get back everything I had lost and more. That's winning to me. And I've done that intentionally, leaving everything because I got bored more times than I remember. Back then, I was younger, meaning I could easily leave everything and begin again because I had an abundance of time. My life was for me to make, and I was unwilling to settle for anything less than exceptional quality.

Providing what I and my dependents needed seemed relatively easy, which could explain why boredom set in so quickly. I understood that providing for others kept me from doing what I really wanted to do, but I chose to do what seemed right at the time. Then, one of the hardest lessons of my life was when I learned that the people I had provided for, for all those decades, plus others I had helped along the way, did not appreciate me for doing that. The person I gave the most to recently asked me for a sizeable amount of money, and I said no. She wrote back and asked me, "What have you done for me recently to show me that you love me?" And then she poured hatred onto me like one would pour warm maple syrup onto freshly cooked pancakes.

I can't go back and undo the care and love I gave you all, nor can I retrieve the time I spent.

Do you think I carry the pain, failure, rejection, loss, disrespect, and heartbreak you tried to shade me with? Or when you call me dumb or lacking in empathy, do you think I care for very long? No, I have learned to shed those insults as easily as changing my t-shirt.

Did you hope the hate and total lack of respect you spewed towards me would somehow break me? Decades ago, when I pulled the trigger, and the hammer landed on an empty chamber rather than the one with the bullet in it, I was alone. I noticed that each time I grieved, I was alone. I noticed that every time I needed someone, the person there for me was me.

At the beginning of my adult life, I was confused and made many mistakes. I tried having lovers to distract and soothe my pain, but they were like alcohol and weed, and their efficacy wore off quickly. But then I noticed how my choices started to be based on my experience, and I was innately charting better courses for my life. Eventually, I became a master navigator, and being around others who were less experienced or who didn't know that their itinerary was different from mine didn't work. My path was solitary, and I had grown to love being solitary. Solitary is simple. Solitary is quiet.

I will not be defeated; I am here to win. I have come within the width of a gnat's ass to losing a few times, and during my victory celebrations, I again noticed I was alone.

To those who have hated on me, did you not notice that I was already alone when you did that? Have you not noticed that I am not lonely when I'm alone?

If I reach out and ask for your friendship, it is because I believe we will both benefit from being friends. The fact that I still reach out to anyone is a testament to my resiliency and optimism. I have been crushed flat, yet I was peeled back upright, filled with oxygen, and pushed forward again.

I am not here to lose. I have the strength to succeed, but when I was weak, the Creator of Everything intervened on my behalf.

Friends and acquaintances have seen me suffer setbacks, but no one has ever seen me lose.

What are you here for, and how are you doing? Are you providing what is necessary for your life? Are you paying close attention? Are you satisfied that your efforts will come to fruition, or are you hoping that a solution finds you?

Written by Peter Skeels © 5-27-2024