

The Trails We Traverse.

After the man discovered he was in a depression, and after he learned how deep a hole he was in, he began the challenge of climbing out.

He could have backfilled the hole with excuses and blame and used that to stand on as he rose up and out, but he didn't want more of the same. He only wanted new, and he only wanted himself.

Then, and for some strange reason, he remembered the trail that snails leave behind; that thin, opaque, yet shiny line, only left on dry surfaces. The man smiled, realizing that he, too, left a trail. His trail was left on the paper and electronic media he wrote on, on the things he built, and in the lives of some people he met.

Slowly and steadily, using only his experience and knowledge, he rose towards the surface where life was again waiting for him. This time, he vowed to love and honor himself, while not empowering others to determine his value.

He never again wanted his self-worth to reach zero; he had learned his worth, even if he was the only one who knew. Hearing himself think that was not easy, and he sighed deeply.

He knew a few people, however, who were patient enough to allow him to guide them through the maze of walls and distractions he had constructed to keep people away, for the man wanted peace more than persons.

"Yes", he thought, "all paths have potholes, blind spots, and unseen hazards", yet he believed he would be safe traversing this one.

Written by Peter Skeels © 1-18-2026