

The Walls in My Life

Another wall rises on the path before me. It is a barrier. An obstacle that impedes my journey. It separates me from my dreams and my goals. It towers over me. Daring me. Testing me.

In every decision, in every challenge, and in every interaction there is a wall.

Every triumph entails climbing and scaling a wall. Every failure represents a wall that proved to be too great.

I gaze back down the trail I just traveled. I see the meandering paths I have taken in my life. I observe the previous walls I have faced. Some were of my own creation. Many arose naturally. Others were placed there by people.

Some walls were just too formidable. I still remember them. Sometimes I relive them. I was beaten, weary, and turned away – desperate to discover another path. The largest walls often left me broken. The disappointment weighed on me. Tormented me.

I was able to conquer some of the walls. Sometimes I prevailed over immense odds. Sometimes, I surprised myself. There is no greater feeling of elation than surmounting a wall after a long and arduous climb. Those victories nourished and sustained me in other endeavors. I still cherish and cling to each success, knowing that not all walls are scalable.

Ironically, sometimes those I was able to conquer left me feeling empty. The reward on the other side was not what I expected. In retrospect, the anticipation of the climb to attain my objective was sometimes the pinnacle of my achievement. Sometimes the journey, and the struggle to persevere and overcome great obstacles, was the only reward.

Looking back, I realize that walls blocked every path I chose. Yet, those walls shaped my life and my character. They matured me, and I learned how to scale other walls better. They taught me patience, how to cope with discouragement, and temper my expectations. I learned to be happy before I confronted the next wall, knowing my goals would not always be attained. I know that whatever lies on the other side will probably surprise me, and only create more unanticipated walls.

Currently, I gaze at the wall before me with the understanding that there will always be another wall to climb, another goal to chase, and

another dream to pursue. I know that once again I must strive in earnest to conquer it. Without the attempt, I will remain where I am. Yet, it is not my nature to stay still. I always seem to want more. I dream of a better life, better opportunities, and better relationships. I seek riches that are not always monetary in nature. Still, I seek them.

The walls have thrilled me, filled me with laughter, joy, and peace. They challenged me, provoked me, frustrated me, and burdened me. Some rendered me speechless, brought tears to my eyes, and left me in disbelief. They have shocked me and crushed me. But they also succumbed to me, and emboldened me.

So I climb. I climb knowing that the passage will always be difficult. That the choices will seldom be easy. That the greater the reward the more imposing the wall. That what lies beyond is never what I expect. That the dream and the journey will always change, and I will need to adapt to whatever I discover on the other side.

And I climb with the understanding that few things have molded me into the person I am today than the walls in my life.

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