

Als de weg zwaar is, door Kelly Wilson.

Kelly Wilson is trauma, pijn en verdriet tegengekomen in zijn leven en sloeg een pad in met verslaving en destructie. Uiteindelijk heeft hij zich ontwikkeld, zijn verslaving losgelaten en een waardegericht leven opgebouwd. Hij is nu een zeer inspirerende ACT therapeut, onderzoeker, trainer en schrijver. Hij houdt van zijn leven met een gezin, vrienden, werk en zingeving.

A New friend, and fellow traveler, asked me this morning about the road ahead. How do you get from rehab to a life you could love? My response, since there might be others traveling the same road, perhaps not in form, but in function.

She recognized in the asking that an answer might not be simple or easy. Per usual, I give process answers. I have a terrible sense of destination, but a great sense of direction. Not that it always feels great. It does not, but that sense of direction, awkward and wobbling, has taken me places and made me friends, that I could never, ever have imagined, when I lay in my bed in rehab, so many years ago.

For what it's worth....

It is actually very, very simple, but definitely not easy. For more than 30 years, I get up each day and do the next right thing. Except when I don't. And then, when I recognize it, I clean up whatever mess I have made, and do the next right thing.

Each time you fall, do not waste too much time on whipping yourself. There are already more than enough beatings in this world. It does not need your contribution to violence, against others or against yourself. Put down your arms. Practice peace.

In this exact moment, you can ask yourself what that might look like, and then get still, and let a sense of direction arise. Let it rise out of stillness, not out of reactivity. Pause.

What would the me that has fallen do in this moment?

What would the kind thing be?

What would the loving thing be?

What next small thing, no matter how small, would move me towards a life I could love?

In those small, small movements, is transformation. The moment of movement, you are transformed. Catherine of Sienna said, "all the way to heaven, is heaven." This is a transformation of and in the inches and we must be patient. We must wait to see how it unfolds.

There will be many days traveling in uncertainty. I still know, many, many of those days. Every day you travel somewhere new, there is likely to be uncertainty. Make a friend of it. Set a place for it at the table of your life. Because if you are growing and developing, if you are moving onto new ground, you will not know the way and will need that moment of stillness, and, your own emerging sense of direction. And, you will travel with uncertainty. This is how it has been for me.

One last bit...do not fall prey to the enormous lie that you should be able to do this on your own. That is pure bullshit. We are social mammals and are made to be together. Find fellow travelers along the way. Find people who understand the journey you are undertaking and speak with them about it. Share stories of the road. Speak honestly. Do not be afraid to speak of falling, of hardship, of despairing even. Give them heart and let them give you heart.

I look forward to seeing you some time on the road.

In deepest kindness, Kelly

What next small thing,
no matter how small,
would move me
towards a life I
could love?

-Kelly Wilson



[Room
To
Thrive]

Between stimulus and
response there is a space. In
that space is our power to
choose our response. In our
response lies our growth
and our freedom.

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