

Missa's Folly

Courage in the face of over-whelming odds and hope without guaranties, these two very simple phrases have always been a rudder in my life. I even have them inscribed on a sword hanging in my house. I find myself thinking them over and over again or uttering them under my breath as a mantra. In this time right after we celebrate the dead and the start of a new order in this country. I will share this.

I lost my interest in living in this Middle Earth many years ago. Fear, intolerance, indifferences, had taken over our country. I don't really know the exact date but it was in my youth before adulthood had come to me. I just remember waking up one day and thinking, "What we have here is a failure to give a sh&t." And like the hand of God killing all the first born, apathy flowed into all facets of my life at that very moment. But courage and hope kept me from bridge jumping practice. Hope for a reason, hope for a love, hope for feeling or caring about something again, and knowing all along that there was no guarantee things would change. The Universe does not come with guarantees. But it does come with hope and courage in the darkest of time. Remembering that sometimes the odds are wrong. I searched and found examples in myth and solid history. The unlikely had happened before and would happen again. One can be standing victorious at the end in a sea of fallen. The Universe offers courage in abundance to any and all who drink from its endless well.

I wanted to feel. I wanted to care. But all I had were courage and hope. Still I walked in doubt, confusion, misunderstanding, and loneness. I waited. I prayed. I cried. I discovered. I fought. I complained. I tried. I left. I learned. I though hissy-fits. I ate. I explored. I cursed every Gods or Goddess I could find. I wandered. I lost. I starved. I worked. I begged. I accomplished. I threatened. I returned. I meditated. I looked. I found. I bought. I took care

of. I sheltered. I experimented. Then one day, I died. Yea just liked of like that - I woke up dead.

"What do you really want?" The questions just popped into my awareness; popped as I floated in the Ether, a place between here and there.

"Ahhm...I want to feel something. Care about something. Be like I was." I answered, lamely I might add.

"If you had really wanted *that*; then you would not have changed from *that* in the first place. So once again, what do you really want?" the voice now booming in my cold listless ears.

I winced back, "Leave me alone. I'm dead. There is just as much I want to do now as then. My lack is now over and I will pass from this to that in due time. Leave me be!"

I relaxed. I opened up myself. I listened to my interior. I listened to my own mind. I listened to the soft tune of the Universe. I didn't have anything left to lose and I certainly didn't care. Why not think my own thoughts in my own way and peer into God's mind? Then with a sharp, deep, agonizing pain, I sat up, inhaled all the world around me, breathing so deep that my underwear rolled off my stomach, and stampeding out of my mouth these words went came so loud that I'm sure my neighbors heard me, "I want to feel part of something greater than myself. Something based in hope, courage, tolerance, and intellect."

"It took long enough." The voice said in a soft, loving, caring way – like a mother kissing the wound better before putting on the band aid. "You're not so small of a being. It will be hard to find something bigger than yourself. Have hope and courage and one day you will fall over it."

It has been several turns of the wheel, as my grandmother would say, since that morning I died and came back. It really didn't change anything but I tried many different things. None of

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them have been greater than me but I tried none the less. I know not any other way. However, several months ago I thought I might be having a feeling or something. Angst maybe, but it grew. As the hot dusty days of summer drug on, I once again had conflict in my soul. Conflict yes but I knew I was feeling something. Then this weekend I became overwhelmed by a feeling. Hope! And not just mine. A long forgotten feeling from this Middle Earth. Hope and Courage to face a very uncertain future and most assuredly the hardships that will come with it with happiness, grace, and best of all a smile.

And last night at 20:00 my time, after so many years of choosing fear, WE in America chose HOPE for the first time in my life – and I could not be happier to be part of this thing that is so much bigger than me. I cannot wait to get to work!!