

depressions aren't all bad...

depressions are the impetus for growth. forced into a situation where an individual must exhibit creativity, self motivation, problem solving, and the willingness to work. the drive to out think, out maneuver, out wit and out work the twenty other guys looking for the same gig. there is no choice. improvise. improve. survive... or don't.

at least that was what my younger sister told her econ professor in geneva.

she (my sister, that is) works in africa. refugee camp in liberia, researching in rwanda. she has seen what it means to work hard. seen the creativity that is born from necessity. hell, there was a kid in africa who build a working windmill generator to operate a water pump out of garbage from looking at pictures in a book in a different fucking language.

hard work. determination. creativity.

i got to spend today at the GYM JONES facility in salt lake city, utah. part of a seminar, this is my vacation. this is my recharge. of all the things i learned today, or learned to see in another way, it is that thought of my sisters argument with her econ professor that is sticking in my head right now.

i am not training for any specific sport. i, frankly dont "need" to be fit. the necessity is not there. that forceful impetus for growth. consequence. while we are not faced with the constant pressure of economic collapse (at least not yet) we have the choice to raise our expectations. we can choose to expect more from ourselves, from the people who surround us. today i was once again reminded , " we become what we do. and who we hang around."

this weekend is a moment for me to take a glimpse into a shared mental state. to see individuals who have agreed to expect more. to raise the bar. to become better... together.

that glimpse, that spark. it is something that resonates. something i can carry home and, god willing, set a few fires.

and there is still another day...