Chapter 5 – a debt of Gratitude

Always … there is a lot for me to be Grateful for. Within my life, however miserable it may be. And unto You – dear reader – for giving meaning to these words; Even if … uh, well.

I suppose that in a formal sense I don't often, if ever, get the opportunity to show it. And when down low – and I find no meaning in life – all gratitude I might hold doesn't mean very much either. But when ever there's even so much as a chance; That my life might be more than the worse that my pessimism has to offer – there's the many ways in which I have to be thankful; To perhaps have the opportunity at more.

And this is what there is. In the emptied out halls of my life. And maybe, at times, it shifts into guilt. Not a lot – for, yea, realistically speaking my Gratitude may also be easily exaggerated. Not the way I feel about it, although sure there are ways to overplay it, but as for what value to put on it. For so, this Gratitude can easily be extended – or has to – unto folks that would have done the same. It is as a spirit, perhaps, within Humanity.

In a way this humility doesn't suit me, perhaps.
Another conundrum of sorts.

On the one hand I have to be able to take my spot for Granted; But on the other that pretty much implies that I don't. Or else I'd just be sitting there, doing nothing, being useless. Obviously the truth is somewhere in the middle. I certainly have done more than You might be able to imagine, more than I can comprehend. Maybe even too much. So at times I take my liberty at doing nothing. And I'm not really sure what is too much or what is too little. Some times like this, some times like that. And all in all, that's good enough I suppose.

But I'm also not fond of the idea being alone responsible. Be it the good or the bad. We all have our hands in it, one way or another, I must assume. And at times I feel like … yea, we all do our part and that's how things should go.

And so they do, relative to how many hands are doing a part that is good.

And naturally we all are to benefit from it – some way, some how; But fair enough. So, naturally … I should not enjoy being treated like … I yet have to earn my Light; Or become worthy of what has already been given. It's like You saying „stop" – we can't proceed with Salvation because I – the great „who I am" – is not yet satisfied with her performance!

But then … I'm not sure how to feel about saying „Do You know whom You're talking to?".

We all owe each other – is perhaps the way of saying what I'm trying to say here. Each in our own way. We do as we do; And what we give as a function of that … it just is as a part of it. And so in the end we are also to be grateful for one another; And isn't that really how Life is supposed to flow?

Else I'd have to eat myself up, be crushed by the weight of the world as I try to bear the blame for everything wrong with it. To succumb to the agony of some perceived guilt as I fail to accept that I'm not the only one alive.

But so it hurts me when I hear people reject this kind of responsibility. Letting go of the ‚common' while drifting away into the personal. And this is certainly true. It sits deep within my soul – the pain is certainly real. But I would barely notice it. There's probably too much of it going around to not have gotten used to it. And the few that think as I – well, I suppose they end up psychiatric care where they have to learn to let go and not take the whole weight of the world upon themselves. [shrugs]

Yea … timing matters!