

# THE WELL OF HOPE

Ten Minutes that will change your life...it did mine.

By: David P. Crowley

Ohhh, the sweetness and power of HOPE drawn from the well within you. Hope is truly the life-blood of man...his most cherished need...his total reason to go on day to day. Hope is the seed to generate each tomorrow. Because of a hope in something, we find the strength and reason to face another tomorrow. When there is no hope left, there is no need for tomorrow. Living is purposeless...hopeless. May I repeat...Ohhh, the sweetness and power of HOPE drawn from THE WELL WITHIN YOU.

Sadly, few humans ever learn to access and draw from that well within themselves. Fewer even know they have it within themselves. Thus the

paralysis of hopelessness...thus the many wells of hope gone dry...thus the stall...thus the dependency...thus the rut...thus the addiction...thus the accomplishment of so much less than the true potential in our lives...thus the spirit of giving up.

For these many humans, the well they draw from daily is really not their OWN well. They think it is, but they are sadly mistaken. They find out it is not when tragedy strikes, when discouragement chokes...when man abandons...when loneliness surrounds and engulfs...when no one seems to really care...when they feel all alone to face the battle...and when that cold walk through the desert of solitude begins. Their thirst and need for strength and hope to get through the trial is far greater than what others can immediately provide. Or worse, perhaps there is not a sole around left to provide anything.

For some, this point of realization is deathly too late. They have not the strength and hope left to carry on any further. They don't know how to access their own well for it. They have tapped from the "other wells" all along...the well of dependency. They have been living all along just sucking out of the well of dependency...dependent upon others to fill it...to fulfill their own sense of purpose, strength, and well-being...dependency on others to gain sweet comfort and encouragement. Now, those others are gone or those others just cannot give enough to satisfy the great need. The well drains empty. There is no knowledge of the existence of another well...their OWN well...much less how to fill it with life giving HOPE. The escape is near...death is sweet.

For other humans, they survive the bumps and crashes of life and move on only by escaping the truth...not facing the Self...not stopping long enough to determine the root cause of the present trial or present emotional state. And in the pit of pain and hurt realize that the well is draining fast. But before it drains completely, they very quickly merely dig another trench to irrigate their well from yet ANOTHER outside source...another mate, another girl friend, another husband, another project to provide a distraction, or another goal to provide hope and reason to face tomorrow. To stop and face a defeat or a trial square in the eye...to stop and dissect their own emotional state...to dig to the deep root and cause of a particular emotional reaction...to fully understand the whys and the hows of a tragedy and an emotional impasse is not an easy one. It requires time with Self...and for many "self" is a scary thing to behold.

Many spend a life time without ever getting to know themselves. Time alone in retrospect and self analysis following or in the midst of a crisis is not considered by this lot!

To correct and better one's self and to find the important lessons learned are not a priority to these people. They are just too afraid to confront and deal with the naked inner reality. Funny though...they seem to bounce back so quickly with such vigor and strength...like nothing ever hit them. Sadly though, it is just a cover. The well they are drawing their strength and hope from is not their OWN well. It is from the "other wells". They go on in life like pitiful leeches sucking

hope and strength from wells stolen from others along the way. They are living with a time bomb. We all have been there...some of us are still there.

Now, for those other few humans remaining, they take that chance and stop...whether by accident or by a conscious effort to do so. It doesn't matter how...they are there.

Let us suppose that this is you. A calamity has struck...someone left you...someone passed away...you are fighting some addiction...some devil...someone hurt you...a bad turn in your business...a job lost...you have lost all confidence in yourself...the loneliness is too much to bear...or you are at the end of a long succession of "bad luck" and failures in your life...you are just tired and weary. You have lost the energy and desire to fight back just one more round...just one more try. Your emotions are running wild...stampeding through your every being...the pain is too great...and the tears of sorrow just won't stop...the end seems so very near...there is no HOPE left.

But at this stage of emotional state you find yourself somehow still alive and able to see just enough through the whirlwind. You begin to see things and think things you never did before. It intrigues you just a bit...it frightens you incredibly. There is something standing before you...a figure...it is you. You dare face the fearful SELF...that wild stallion within you...your raging and mysterious mind. You dare be alone for long enough to stand before its frightening reality and to feel the untouched cobwebbed halls of your mind and spirit...those canyons in which that wild stallion of the REAL YOU has roamed and trampled free of control for so long in your life. It begins to bother you that you cannot control it. You cannot control YOU. You cannot control, much less stop this emotional hurricane within you. You cannot seem to overcome the negatives and ignite your mind and body to move forward. You cannot kick start your self. Something else is controlling your every thought process. You are fast losing hope as you witness your mind and body fall apart over this particular situation before you. You then watch in horror and disbelief as every building stone that made up your life begins to crash to the ground in pieces. How can this be??!

This is why most never reach this point. It is not easy to stand naked before your own eyes...the true self being exposed...very weak and DEPENDENT. As you stare at this being you have called "yourself" for all of your life, the questions begin to explode...the walls begin to echo the screams...who am I...why am I...and where am I. Why am I so devastated. Why can't I get over this...what makes me tick...what makes me cry...or laugh? What makes me love...or hate? What brings me down...what makes me happy and smile? What makes me drive? What makes me stall? What is the process that makes me get into the stall mode...how can I see it and catch it before it takes over me? How do I crash...and why? How do I get back up? Why can't I get back up? How can I revive myself BY MYSELF?

FRIEND, you are now at the biggest turning point of your life. You are going to

take advantage of an agonizing situation and turn it into the best thing that ever happened to you. You have now been introduced, for the first time, to YOU ...the real you..that raging stallion that ONCE controlled your every being. The one that made you so dependent on every one else but yourself. It is just you now. And it is time for the weaning process to finally begin.

The old irrigation system you relied on to bail you out emotionally, for encouragement, and for support, is now dammed, whether by your own doing or by a tragedy or trial. It's either face it or die. The battle now begins. The old you against the new infant you. It will be awesomely difficult, but heavenly possible. You are now naked and coming to the awful and painful conclusion that you were not really what you thought you were all along. You really had no strength of your OWN. You have come to the grim realization that you are actually a very feeble person within yourself...like a baby bird screaming for a morsel of food from its mother...totally dependent upon some other source for your inner strength and sense of purpose. Your every being was pitifully dependent upon a network of feeding systems to fill and maintain your emotional needs.

Until now, you were afraid to face this...your naked dependency. This is only normal. For you see, from day one on earth, we humans are sucking from others the sustenance and nourishment we need, both physically and emotionally. We were never led as five year olds to some deserted cabin in the wild, and left all alone, to learn to sustain ourselves mentally. As teenagers, we were never trained or taught how to withstand the emotional results of various calamities...we were never locked up in some far away room for weeks on end to learn this alone. In fact we grew up thinking everything in the world negative about being alone. It was abnormal. You needed help. We all grew up avoiding being alone like the plague.

Time alone... the trigger mechanism to provide true self analysis was not available, besides what kid under 18 is deep enough to even know where to start! Now, there are rare exceptions to this. Consider a young teen who is an introvert...time spent alone in his short life will allow him to possess knowledge and wisdom about himself to a degree far greater than the average "grown" man. Rather, we grew up within an incredible dependency network, a protective bubble if you will, of family and friends...to rely upon each one's support and BELIEF in us. This "belief" in us as a person, tucked inside this network-bubble was the beginnings of the formation of the "other well"...the well we learned from which to access, receive, and satisfy every need....the well that was kept full by them. This network was truly healthy and good for us then (for those of us who were so fortunate to be blessed with such a support system).

However, we were grossly unprepared for the horrible and frightening head-on collisions waiting for us down the road, with the beasts of tragedy, loss of life, rejection, depression, heartbreak, failure, and the resulting Time Alone that those things so often bring. We were unprepared to deal with them as

adults...with all of its, many times, unfair expectations. In reality, though, how can anyone be adequately prepared for such calamities in life? That is why some make it and some don't. Some survive...and some die.

For some, who were blessed with the opportunity, we learned early in life to access the power of God for our every need. But for many, he turns into a quick cure-all...a "he'll make everything turn out all right" band-aid over a particular problem or trial..."just leave it to him...and all things will work together for good." Yes, let's not worry too much about getting to the real root of the problem. Let's not bother making the effort to search deep Ourselves for the real source of our pain. God expects us to call unto him for all of our needs, however, I do firmly believe that he also expects us to get our own act together and use our own brains to solve many of our own self inflicted problems, trials, and emotional hangups. There IS a source, a root source, a pin-point source to EVERY emotional problem/reaction known to man...it CAN be found in one's mind. But it takes a great deal of effort and time, digging up the dirt, the roots, the garbage of the past, the memories, the tons of experiences from day one, good and bad. But it's there...the source for every single feeling, response, and emotion you experience on a daily basis.

God respects the man who helps himself. He has created this miraculous thing called the brain within you and I...the home of the REAL YOU. He surely does expect each of us to learn how to use it and to learn how to CONTROL it...and to learn how to access its incredible powers within. Instead we find ourselves scrambling to anyone and anybody, including Him, at the first sign of every little problem...and at a constant pitch during every big crisis! Talk about a pain in the butt we must be to Him. There is very little attempt, if any, to access our own power...our own Well of Hope to work it out ourselves and to climb the mountain ourselves.

Yes, as human beings, we are extremely prepared for life with a great sense of purpose and belonging...SO LONG AS THAT OTHER WELL REMAINS IRRIGATED AND FULL...SO LONG AS THEY ARE AROUND YOU NEARBY TO FEED IT. There was never a need to ever learn to access your OWN well...much less to even think about its very existence or need within you. The OUTSIDE source was always there.

But would the source or sources really always be there? Would they always agree or support? Would they always be close by? Would they always understand? Would they always be alive? What happens when an event in your life happens that is so immense in proportion, so shattering and devastating that those you relied upon before for support, hope, and encouragement just cannot comprehend your pain and dilemma? They may try, but they just cannot fill your void and need within...you need so much more than what they can give. You need it desperately...from somewhere.

What happens when the very one that you loved and cherished and sacrificed

for...the very ones who were your every reason to live and die for become the one(s) who turn their backs upon you, whether by purpose or by ignorance...who shatter you, who break you..who abandon you...who leave you..who stab you...who reject you...who turn on you...who die on you. And you come to the numbing awakening that in essence it was YOU who needed him more than he needed you. And all this time you thought the opposite to be true, or you just plain had not a clue and never even gave it a thought...you just arrogantly assumed. Yes, it happens all the time...when the shock finally sets in...it was you who depended upon their being...more than how much you thought they depended upon or needed your being.

At this point, where then will your source for purpose and Hope come from? Where now is your reason for tomorrow? What happens to your well-used and well-laid out ever-flowing source of Hope...what happens to that irrigation system you slurped up from and counted on for so long to feed your well of Hope. You panic as you feel the sting of the hope level dropping by the day in your life. You are now really alone. You are now pitifully stuck without any sources for the life giving substance of Hope. You frantically begin to search for something to soothe...to moisten your parched heart...drugs...booze..a stint on the dangerous fast lane...a one night stand here, another there. You need to find that precious sustenance for your battered soul...for your tired and beaten mind...for your numb heart. The well you used so often before to prop up yourself lies empty and barren...it does not respond. It does not hear. It cannot give. You smell the stench of its dependency...you feel the cold of its hopelessness. You wish you had a source...just a drop to taste. It is now time for the NEW WELL. Not a well fed from outside sources. You need your OWN WELL, FED AND IRRIGATED BY YOU AND ONLY YOU.

So the great task is at hand...to build your own well of HOPE...one that will never empty and one that will never fail you, or leave you, nor forsake you. But first, a Space must be found within you to build this well. Ironically, this space was already there all along. That space is in the form of a Desire...a desire to change. It doesn't take much of a fire...just a spark will ignite the force...that one little first step is all it takes...with that DESIRE, you have now found that SPACE.

Now, you must build the well...the well to hold, maintain, and protect this life giving substance called HOPE. This well must be strong and durable enough that you can freely access it at a moment's notice within the fiercest of avalanches about to engulf you. It must be built to withstand every storm to befall you in the tomorrows ahead...to overcome every tidal wave of doubt and dissolution to face you in years to come. The material to build this impenetrable well is in the form of the DAILY COMMITMENT...block by block...thought by thought...an undaunted commitment to self and to your pursuit of change and success...a relentless commitment TO DO WHAT IS TO COME IN THE NEXT FEW LINES. It will not take long to make ready your well...a moment, a day, a month, a year...everyone is different. For now, though, you need it to hold just ONE drop of that substance. If it can hold just one drop then your well is ready

for use. The key is your COMMITMENT.

Once you've made it, what next? How do you now create that sweet substance?...that sweet substance of HOPE to fill and refreshen your every need within? How do you create it and fill it yourself? Now comes a little work!

Are you ready to BELIEVE IN YOURSELF? Belief in one's self is the primary seed to help spring forth the fruit...YOUR OWN FLOW OF HOPE WITHIN YOUR OWN WELL. You must now more than ever, begin to believe in your abilities...however few, believe in your talent...however raw, believe in your desire to succeed...its there, to light a fire again to your relentless obsession to achieve your goals, your potential, your thoughts, your decisions, your plans, your actions, your dreams, and your every need. This is not an easy task, believe me. It is terribly hard to believe in anything about you when you are hurt, injured, alone, discouraged, despondent, depressed and engulfed in the quick sand of self doubt, and failure.

But it MUST BE DONE. You have no choice at this point. This may be your last chance at bat. Also this MUST take place NO MATTER the failures of the past, the mistakes, the regrets of yesterday, no matter the many rejections.....no matter how many and how long they have come in succession it seems.

The Past...it is one of the top killers of the spirit of man. At this point, be prepared to fight hand to hand that terrible demon of the past. At this moment, it will begin to knock on your door relentlessly. It wants to continue to be your master. It fears this new well. He will lose supreme rule. It fears your self control. It will begin reminding you of your self doubt, all of the failed attempts, your ignorant actions of the past...your weaknesses, the painful bitterness hooked into your heart like a spear. It will remind you that you are a "born loser" and that you were meant to fail. And that nothing is going to go right in your life. Your dream is stupid and futile...you're just a grain of sand in a huge ocean...you will never ever get over this hurt. You will not get these thoughts out of your mind...you will never overcome this misery. Happiness was not prescribed for you...it is not in the plan...you were designed to endure nothing but pain and torment, disappointment, and loneliness. It will scream at you that it is just nonsense to try again...it didn't work before...what makes you think it will work this time. It wants to keep you trapped in its stinking mire and self destructive hole. Your hunches are no good. Your ideas are weak. You cannot stand on your own. You don't need HOPE. You don't need tomorrow. You need yesterday.

It will be down to a hand to hand, thought to thought combat with each demon. Can you win? Yes. How? Simple. The demon of the past hates the JOY OF TOMORROW. It cannot live in the same house. It will fight to the very end to keep you from dreaming, from longing, from desiring, from anticipating...from relishing in the joy of tomorrow. How do you find the joy of tomorrow? Through HOPE.