

“The Fall” by Marc WernerSon

Sometimes your goals, your dreams, everything you believed in are torn to pieces from one moment to the next and there is nothing you can do but watch powerlessly. You fight back with every fiber of your body, you fight hard, but the more you fight, the more you fight with all your might, the more you sink and sink. Quicksand...

And as you try to put the individual pieces of your dreams, of your shredded heart, back together again, these splinters dig deeper and deeper into your skin until the pain becomes so great that your strength, your will, your faith in yourself leaves you and you can no longer put the pieces back together.

That is the moment when you fall. When you desperately search for the saving hand that you believed in so much to help you put the pieces back together. To get you back on track. But you reach into the void, and so you fall alone into the deep blackness, and all you can do in the darkness is prepare yourself for the all-destroying impact, believing that it will destroy you forever.

And this is the point where you decide who you really are...

You can surrender to your fate, give up, drown in your sorrow and give up your own self. Blame all those you believe are to blame for your downfall, for the destruction of your dreams, your heart and ultimately your soul.

But the truth is... You are the one who brought you to where you are now. No one else! Only you are responsible for your fall.

And as you fall towards your destiny, in the all crushing darkness comes the moment that decides who you are.

The impact is hard. It shatters every thought, every hope, every spark of will in you and your head screams for release, screams desperately to stay down and find redemption in total self-abandonment. The wild screams in your head won't stop and the soothing voice of the devil whispers to you that it's okay to give up. To just stay down because it's pointless to put the pieces back together only to fall again.

You close your eyes, breathe and the screams fall silent. What remains is the whisper of the devil.

The images of defeat, disappointment and tears hit you. All the mistakes, all the things you blame yourself for, all the pain and suffering. And then comes that one moment... that one thought... that spark in the darkness... that one memory... the smile of a girl, the encouraging pat on the back of a friend... that one kiss from the love of your life that changed everything. The one hug that once made you feel safe and secure.

And then it is your heart that begins to pound again, drowning out the voice of the devil. You take a deep breath, listen to your struggling heart, open your eyes ... and get up!

It costs you everything, your footing is shaky, your body is tired, almost broken, but your spirit is awake again...and finally you stand again.

And so, you pick up the pieces of your life and begin to climb out of the crushing darkness, not because you know you can, but because you know you just have to. Because

it's your heart that propels you forward, that makes you who you really are. The heart of a warrior. A heart that doesn't give up, that doesn't stop loving, that doesn't stop fighting, no matter how much this world tries to force you down again.

Never give up on yourself, even if everyone else does.

Remember all the beautiful moments in life, the ones that mean something to you, the love, even if it seems to have died out, all the successes of the past, because these are the moments that give your heart strength.

Be grateful for all the beautiful moments in your life, because they give you the strength to never give up completely.

Dear Friends, Dear Love

Thank You 🙏 for those memories

Never give up & never surrender

-Marc WernerSon-

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