

♥ Snippets of Encouragement #266

Hello darlings

It is day 266 of Snippets of Encouragement, and I'm sure there have been moments in your life when you've pursued a dream where you've felt dejected, lost and want to give up.

A part of yourself thinks that whatever you're doing is not worth it and you should quit while you're still ahead in some way. Well, darling, don't give up. Don't for one second believe that your dream or goal is not worthwhile and that quitting is the best option; often it's not.

Now to be clear, I am not encouraging you in this snippet to persist at all costs. Each of us needs to exercise our life's wisdom relative to our lives and make choices that align with our values. There are times when we need to get the hell out of dodge, and we need the discernment to know when to do that.

When I left home five years ago to drive to the Pyrenees in France and then walk 789,1 kilometres across Spain, many people in my circle didn't believe that I would do it. They spoke to my partner often, expecting to hear the news that I had quit and was returning home.

Honestly, in the 34 days that I walked the Camino, there was not one moment when I thought, "I want to quit!" There were times when I felt dejected, that I couldn't continue, that the way was too difficult, but something within me quit pulling and pushing me forward. I felt incapable of stopping, even if I wanted to.

My fellow pilgrims also had their sights set firmly on the prize, so there was no possibility that we would allow ourselves or one another to drop out. It does help when we surround ourselves with people who believe in us and encourage us forward.

Halfway through the meseta in the town of Castrojeriz we awoke one next morning and my darling Roy (my Camino father) was having a terrible morning. I had stayed overnight with him and Sylvia, his wife, in a lovely hotel and looking out the window; it looked like we were about to head into a dreary day. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, all of Roy's aches and pains rushed forth and he battled to get out of bed. He tried his best to convince Sylvia and I that we should not walk that day, that he was in too much pain, that we would benefit from a rest, but Sylvia and I were having none of that.

Roy told us later that he thought we were incredibly mean to him. We showed him no sympathy and would not be swayed by his persuasive arguments. When I told him that I'd walked with heatstroke and tendinitis and continued to live and so could he, he thought I was heartless and as tough as nails.

I think on that day, both Sylvia, and I awoke with great resolve, and we were not willing to give up or rest but wanted to press on. Our minds were sharp, although our bodies were battered and bruised, and we knew that Roy could dig deep



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within his inner resources and find the strength to continue. This is what he did, and we all had a great day of walking.

We all know that life is not lived in a straight line. There are many detours, dead ends, mountains, and valleys. No moment replicates the one before, and no experience does either.

At times, we are in a massive struggle and can't imagine how the outcome will be. We do not see the possibilities and beauty of what we're creating our nose is glued to the cliff face, and we've lost all perspective. We often don't know what is just around the corner or how beautiful our creation will become.

At the beginning of this week, Facebook reminded me of a memory that I would like to share with you from last year.

SOMETIMES WE REALLY ARE CLUELESS...

At this time - 11:57 on 18 June 2014 I was climbing a mountain in the Pyrenees, France...

I had sworn and sweated far more than what is appropriate or recommended for a delicate flower such as myself...

After 10 km, which seemed to take me FOREVER, I literally lifted my eyes to the heavens and asked for help...

I was EXPECTING that Archangel Gabriel would swoop down and lift me like the delicate flower that I am over that fucking mountain...

What did I receive?

... a sweaty, breathless, raggedy Scottish / Australian called Brendan Kelly. If he tried to lift this lump of lard anywhere, he would have broken into a thousand pieces...

So instead we huffed, we puffed, and we crawled our way up and over that rather large rock somewhere in France...

I really had no ideas whom the angels were that were about to walk into my life...

I had no idea of the depth of inner strength, fortitude, and magnificence that I was about to tap into...

I had no idea what awaited me at the other end of 789.1 km, which later became 900km...

I had no idea that I would walk into myself or that I'd write a book about that experience...



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Sometimes we are clueless...

And for that I am EXTREMELY grateful otherwise life would be boring AF!

You may be feeling clueless about something in your life and think that quitting is your best option, but perhaps like me, you have no idea of what is in store for you.

Pursue your dream, push through, and surround yourself with strong, uplifting people. Don't give up darling.

If you'd like to learn more about my pilgrimage across Spain, you can read my book [Letters from The Way](#), which tells my story in letter form. Enjoy the book, darling, many people have.

If you've enjoyed reading this snippet of encouragement there are three things you can do. **SHARE** it with a friend. **ENCOURAGE** another person today. **SIGN UP** using <http://eepurl.com/dlt8Fj> to receive the Snippets live to your inbox each day.

