



# My Quest

By Daniel Labbe



Quote of the Day: "The greatest discovery of this generation is that human beings can alter their lives by altering their attitudes." William James

Thought of the Day: See if this isn't true: The more miserable your day is the more self-centered your thoughts are, within the experience of a "bad day" or even a "bad year" it seems ~~natural~~ like self-centered thoughts are a natural outcome of our misery. But what if a great deal of our misery is due to our self-centered thinking?

"Reaching, Behind the Wall"

Billy: "Bubba... Bubba, are you there? Come on, I know you're there; pick-up the phone... Please, pick-up."  
- Reaching for connection

Pat: "You know, we all choose the difficulties we'll face in life before we're born, I must have chosen to be abandoned like this, to be so totally alone."  
- Reaching for sense.

Smitty: "I don't have enough time to read, Danny. I'm a lifer, so I spend all my time working on my case. I want to get out of here someday, you know?"  
- Reaching for hope.

Adam: "Hey... what's the best way to kill yourself? Like... what's the quickest, least painful way to do it?"



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- Reaching for release.

In the end, Prison is one big communal reaching, and in this reaching we create a vast, empty gap that could, at any moment, swallow us whole for time beyond knowing. It's a terrifying feeling to hover over that voracious gap. Our usual reaction is to fight, to do whatever we can to keep from falling into that terrible oblivion - for haven't we seen the vacant lives of those who have fallen? So if you could just let go of that protective instinct, that automatic reaction grounded in primal fear, and focus instead on stretching your heart as wide as you can, becoming open to the lives of those around you you could create a new space to fall into. Sure, it will still be falling, but it will be a falling through love; a falling in which the exhilaration and beauty of living can still be experienced. It won't be easy, but neither will it be like that other reaching, the kind that tears us apart into a thousand anonymous pieces recognized as nothing but flushable refuse.

The quotes in this piece I heard from people I know in prison. The names have been changed for their protection and privacy.

Feel free to leave a comment or write me at:

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