



Self-Worth

The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part, just as the most important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered but to have fought well.

— Olympic Games Creed



Reflections

note:

Sadly, Narcissus has no Echo in this game of Reflections who will handle this case to discover the logic learned within the experiences journaled. Therefore it is necessary for me to produce a soliloquy for M to rationalize B, for the audience BetweenTheBars.org.

BetweenTheBars: This is your performance Champ, what should we expect?

M: Watching the 2018 Winter Olympics competition, I contemplate the devotion of these athletes, and the hardships they had to have overcome as an agonist intending to realize their very best potential. Knowingly, I watch in awe, overwhelmed with admiration of the disciplined beauty of their achievement.

The following #1 through #7 segments of 2015-2016's Journal is my own agonistic effort to overcome the neurotic hardships evident in the previous ten segments of 2014-2015's Journal, intending to pioneer a Scientology Prison Outreach, which I had posted earlier between the bars without further intuition of hindsight for readers to consider. Failing to elicit comments upon that display, I now resolve to follow-up segments #2 through #7 with intuitive reflections to remedy the confusion I expect those previous blogs produced.

As a preamble caveat, I'd like to point out that much of the following is evidence of a grizzly war between my analytical and reactive minds striving to avenge all the lives exiled to penal colonies. There is a prevailing Sad Effect phenomena evident in my journals due to the lack of co-operation in this war. Though not excusable, it is understandable how the phenomenal answer hunger necessarily permitted me access to the infernal regions of my mind wherein I alone would be accountable. I'm most grateful that my dear Paladin understood the necessity level required for me to burn off the dross — and never mistook my tantrums personally. Thank you.

So without further ado, I welcome everyone between the bars into this furnace of Thoughts journaled 2015 & 2016. Segment #1 is merely a 15 month mail-log which is highlighted with a visit from my son and his wife. A visit which helped me see my condition after 18 years separation, and strengthened my resolve to avenge this travesty of justice.

Strahlender als die Sonne,
Reiner als der Schnee,
Feiner als der Äther,
Ist das Selbst,
Der Geist inmitten
meines Herzens,
Ich bin dieses Selbst.
Dieses Selbst bin Ich.

B

#1

It's not the critic who counts, not the one who points out how the strong man stumbles or how the doer of deeds might have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred with sweat and dust and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs and comes short again and again, who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause, and who, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

Advice from a GLACIER

Carve your own path

Go slow

Channel your strengths

Smooth the way for others

Keep moving forward

Avoid meltdowns

Be cool!

Beginning 2016 Journal in Time exposing SerFac's, etc.

↳ never woulda confronted without this SPO game.

Again, take note of the Dec. 2017 OCA graph indicates

I've made it through the 2016 ordeal, with all due dignity.

And much much Understanding.

"New ideas meet their greatest opposition from those who misunderstand them" — Albert Einstein

That's what makes it the best game ever, Einstein!