

I can't pinpoint the exact moment, but I know the sun did not rise one day. I remember storms ravaged my home, and then it was dark. At first, I ran through the darkness, determined I would find my way home, but I was lost and surrounded by unknown dangers. So, I crawled along, inspecting the ground for danger signs. However, it was impossible to know what was safe, so the fear won. I built a perimeter and bunkered down in my shelter, guarded and restricted. Over time my life became death, and I started to risk walking in the darkness again. Fearfully yet courageously, I ventured into the unfamiliar and unfriendly dark land.

I encountered a generous, sorrowful woman who offered to journey with me with her flashlight. Suspiciously I joined her. She walked next to me in the rain, and only then did I dare to take a breath full of life. Unfortunately, I became overly reliant on the flashlight, and the batteries dimmed. I was scared I would deplete the energy, so I took the flashlight and turned it off, only to tragically lose it. The darkness felt devastatingly worse because I had forgotten how to survive without the flashlight and could not remember how to venture beyond my safety perimeter. I begged for another flashlight, but the generous, sorrowful woman informed me she did not have more to give. She suggested a man studied in the art of awareness, and with his guidance, I could perceive my surroundings in the darkness. He ventured with me into the dark; I learned to see obstacles for what they were: stumps, fallen trees, broken glass, or electrical cables. We stepped over stumps, climbed fallen trees, tread gently on broken glass, and retreated from electrical cables. I learned how to live with the darkness.

One day I encountered a tribe of women: dauntless women. O, what tale these dauntless women spun! A magnetic chair with the ability to eliminate the darkness existed, and it was created with science, it magnetically, not magically eliminated the dark! Dauntless, the tribe of women has a quest to bring back the sunshine. Skeptically I came to their chair and, for 36 days, cleaned my brain of its germs. Maybe my vision strengthened because I started to see the obstacles around me before I encountered them. Perhaps the darkness dimmed because I began to see a clear path before me. And I can't pinpoint the exact moment, but I saw the sun rise one day.

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