



SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE

What animal best represents the life you would like to live? I remember hearing that question at a men's retreat I attended some time ago. I had no problem coming up with an answer. While most of the men chose an animal that symbolized strength (like *lion* or *bear*), or tenacity (like *buffalo* or *honey badger*), I picked an animal that I have wanted to be since I was a little boy, an animal that represented what I have always longed for in my life—freedom. I chose Golden Eagle.

Eagles have been admired for centuries as a symbol of supremacy, power, and freedom. They are fascinating creatures. Bald eagles can grow up to three feet in height, with wingspans that stretch farther than Shaquille O'Neal is tall. Eagles' nests are often over five feet wide. They are made up of branches, moss, leaves, and weeds, as well as sharp twigs—even pieces of glass. The mother eagle, before laying her eggs, will line the nest with her feathers.

Once the eaglets are hatched, the father eagle will bring food to the nest. After about three months, the eaglets are able to leave the nest. But even though they are *able* to leave the nest they need to be coaxed to do so. After all, they've got it made. They have a comfortable nest, their parents are there to keep them warm, they have a dependable food service. But an eaglet will never do what it was created to do if it never leaves nest. So, the mother eagle, when the eaglets are deemed ready to leave the nest, pulls out the soft feather lining, making it too uncomfortable for the young to stay. (My mom did that to me. When I turned 18 she moved her sewing machine into my bedroom. I got luggage as a graduation gift. And that was when I graduated eighth grade.)

To further spur the young eagles to move out of nest, the father eagle, once the babies are ready to leave, instead of bringing food *to* the nest, dangles it *above* the nest. The eaglets squawk, flap their wings, and teeter on the edge of the nest. But the father eagle will dangle their food just out of reach, daring the eaglets to jump from nest to get it.

The eaglets really have no choice but to overcome their fear and take that crucial first step out of nest. Their parents are right there when they do. They remain close for several weeks as the eaglets develop the necessary strength in their wings and learn how to hunt for food. And, eventually, the young eagles do what they were created to do—they soar.

WE WERE CREATED TO SOAR

I believe that you and I were created to soar as well. In order to fully comprehend what it means to *soar*, perhaps we should first take a look at what it *doesn't* mean.

Soaring is not the same as simply *flying*. With apologies to the Steve Miller Band, why just fly like an eagle when we can soar? Soaring involves so much more than simply flying.

Soaring does also not mean *gliding*. Eagles don't glide. Paper airplanes glide. To glide is to move with no source of inner power until we fall and/or crash. You won't see too many eagles making emergency landings. Or crashing into a wall behind the teacher's desk.

Soaring also means more than *coasting*. Boy, do I see lot of people coasting through life. Going with the flow. Taking things easy. Going wherever the winds of life take them. We will never experience true freedom in our lives if we choose to just be comfortable.

We have been created to soar. And now that we know what that *doesn't* mean, let's look at what it means. To soar is:

- to ascend to a level markedly higher than usual,
- to move onward and upward to great heights with little apparent effort,
- to be carried above all difficulties,
- to rise to majestic stature.

When I think of a person who is soaring like an eagle in their life, I imagine someone who has supreme confidence in who he or she is and where they are going; someone whose very existence embodies unwavering trust, unbridled passion, and unrelenting joy; a person who tenaciously, yet effortlessly rises above all that would threaten to ground them.

ARE YOU SOARING?

Does that describe you? I'll be honest, it doesn't describe too many of the people I know. Don't get me wrong, I have encountered thousands of driven, high-energy, positive, purposeful people in my life; men and women who have reached great heights vocationally, financially, and spiritually; people who at least appear on the outside to have reached the pinnacle of success and fulfillment. However, I would be hard-pressed to come up with even a handful of names of people I know who I would describe as truly *soaring*.

I've met many folks who are achieving towering goals; accomplishing high-minded things; making a vast difference in the world. But, by definition, they are not *soaring*. Their trajectory is not always onward and upward. They do not on a consistent basis model strength and vigor of purpose. Their faith at times wavers when they encounter turbulence. Truth be told, their lives are not uncompromisingly distinguished by an unyielding torrent of trust, passion, and joy.

Some people are not so much soaring through life as *floating*. All of their effort and energy is spent merely trying to keep their heads above water. Every day is the same. From sunup to sundown, they frantically go from one activity or meeting to the next. Then they fall into bed at night exhausted, stressed, and overwhelmed, primarily because they're trying to go through life on their own power. (Or, because their sole source of power is caffeine.) They are expending all kinds of energy but are getting nowhere. The law of kinesiology tells us that flapping requires *twenty times* more energy than soaring. The research is verifiable: Those who go about life frantically flapping their wings, trusting in their own power are much less likely to soar and thrive as they are to crash and burn.

I see a lot of folks who are *drifting* through life. They readily accept status quo. They settle for less than the best in their lives simply because it's easier. As long as their nest is comfortable, they see no need to soar. This is particularly common among golden agers. They see themselves as being in the sunset of their lives. They've met their goals. They've achieved what they wanted to achieve. They've come to believe that they have already reached the crescendo of their lives and have (at least subconsciously) concluded that their best days are behind them. Rather than seek to improve their game, they are content to sit on the bench, complaining about their most recent aches and pains, and planning their lives around Wheel of Fortune.

Still others choose to *flutter* through life. Their life journey is a continual pattern of ups and downs. They may occasionally get airborne and experience *periods* of true freedom. But it's usually just a matter of time before they're grounded by the difficulties of life. They live by the motto, *just go with the flow*. Where they're going and how they're going to get there always seems up in the air. Like a balloon adrift on a blustery day, their direction changes with the wind. Their goals—if they have any—are wispy. Unfortunately, unclear goals are unattainable goals. As motivational guru Zig Ziglar often said, “If you aim for nothing, you will hit it every time.” It should come as no surprise when we don't achieve “success” in life when we don't have clarity on what “success” even means.

POTENTIAL ISN'T ENOUGH

Like those little eaglets in nest, we all have the potential to soar. But potential that is never acted upon will always be just that—potential. I have to tell you, there aren't many deeper regrets in life than failed potential. When I pass away, I'm not sure I could truly rest in peace if at my funeral it was said of me, *Boy, that Dan. He sure had a lot of potential.*

Your life and mine are the sum products of the choices we make. It is not enough that we have the potential to soar. We must *choose* to soar. Then we must *choose* to rise above all that would prevent that from happening. This is the key to soaring in our lives, our relationships, and our jobs. But *choosing* to move onward and upward to great heights *no matter what comes our way* is not easy. If it were, we would all be soaring.

A Boeing 747-400 airplane measures 63 feet, eight inches high and is over 230 feet long. It has a wingspan of 211 feet, five inches. Loaded, it can weigh up to 875,000 pounds with an engine thrust of over 250,000 pounds. It can travel upwards of 600 miles per hour. Yet it can be immobilized by a set of two-foot rubber wheel chocks.

In order for us to soar like eagles it is imperative that we first define what it is that is holding us back. Then we must understand that most times, what we perceive as *barriers* are merely *obstacles*. There is a difference. Barriers *prevent* us from reaching our objectives. Obstacles simply *hinder* us. Once we, in our minds, view obstacles as barriers our perception becomes reality, we forfeit our natural instincts and abilities, and our very nature is forever changed.

If we want to soar in our lives—continually moving onward and upward, rising above our difficulties, ascending to levels we never thought possible—we must learn to see obstacles for what they are: temporary setbacks that may slow us but cannot stop us.

FIVE COMMON OBSTACLES

In our quest to soar like eagles we will encounter many obstacles that may threaten to stop us dead in our tracks. But these obstacles only have the power to clip our wings if we give them that power. Here are perhaps the top five obstacles we must conquer in order to experience the confidence, freedom, and fulfillment that soaring will bring to our lives:

Busyness

Many of us are not experiencing true freedom in our lives because we are enslaved by our to-do lists. Workaholism is epidemic in our country. People brag about their 75-hour work weeks, wearing busyness like a badge of honor. Every morning—including weekends—we get up well before the rest of the family; put in 15 hours or so at work; return phone calls on our drive home; check our emails during and for several hours after dinner, interrupted only by having to say good-night to our spouse and kids; then fall into bed physically, mentally, and emotionally spent. Does that sound like soaring to you?

Imagine reading this e-book if the pages contained no spaces or margins. It would be exhausting. It would take hours to decipher. There would be no flow. The message would be lost. This is also true of our lives when we don't integrate intentional times of rest and reflection.

The late author and speaker Corrie ten Boom had interesting take on this. She said, "If devil can't make us bad, he'll make us busy." If we are too busy to fully experience the freedom to soar then we are too busy. (mic drop)

Fear

Most successful people in the world have a life's motto. Some slogan, quote from a motivational speaker, or soundbite from a movie that inspires them. They may even have it framed and hanging on their office wall.

Having grown up with a temperamental, unpredictable alcoholic father, the life's motto I adopted was *If you always expect the worst, you'll never be disappointed*. That mantra *protected* me from a lot of pain as a child. But I unwittingly carried it into my adult life and it *caused* me a lot of pain. Do you know how hard it is to set goals, to make resolutions, to look forward with anticipation to the future when you are living in constant fear that the rug is going to be pulled out from under you at any moment? Even the good things of life cannot be fully enjoyed when one is living in fear, merely waiting for the other shoe to drop.

It is said that we are born with only two fears—the fear of falling and the fear of loud noises. All other fears are a result of life experiences. We hear a lot about some of the more

common phobias people have, like the fear of spiders, flying, and public speaking. But there are three fears in particular that, in and of themselves, have the power to torpedo any efforts to live our lives to the fullest. Tragically, they often come to us as a package deal. I call them the unholy trinity of fears: the fear of rejection, the fear of failure, and the fear of intimacy.

We all want to be loved and accepted. It's a basic human need. But, especially for those of us who as children experienced divorce, addiction, or abandonment, that need to be loved and accepted can become insatiable. Our fear of rejection can cause us to become people pleasers. We readily put our needs and desires aside so that we can fulfill the needs and desires of others. We may even compromise our own values just so that people will accept us. We may have a hard time setting boundaries—telling people no, standing up for ourselves, allowing others to take advantage of us—for fear that they will reject us if we don't give them what they want. The fear of rejection results in our being tentative in life. Have you ever seen a tentative eagle? I didn't think so.

More people than we could imagine are being held back in life by a fear of failure. This is often a result in growing up in a highly critical home. Where we had a parent or parents who wouldn't allow us to make mistakes. Where we took on the message that we could never be good enough. If you are prone to worry, if you are your own worst critic, if you have perfectionistic tendencies, if you feel compelled to justify yourself, I would like to suggest that the underlying issue may very well be a fear of failure. The fear of failure will lead to the opposite of soaring. It will stop us dead in our tracks. Why is the fear of failure so powerful? Because it prevents us from ever taking risks. If we don't risk, we will never leave the nest. If we don't leave the nest, we will never do what we've been created to do

It is indeed sad that in our culture the word intimacy is almost always associated with sex. While sex is, without a doubt, the most intimate act in which we could engage (the Bible calls it “two becoming one”—you can't get more intimate than that!), intimacy is not about sex. It's about closeness. By definition, intimacy is *the state of being close, familiar, or affectionate with others based on emotional openness and acceptance*. It is a necessary component of healthy, trusting relationships. But when trust has been broken in our lives, particularly by those we should have been closest to, intimacy becomes something to fear. So, we put up

walls. We don't allow people to get too close. We keep relationships at a surface level. We fear being vulnerable because we have come to believe that when we open ourselves up, we are going to get hurt.

Rudyard Kipling once said, "Of all the liars in the world, sometimes the worst are our own fears." Make no mistake about it. Fear can be a pretty formidable foe. But it is a foe that must be conquered if we are ever going to soar like eagles.

Shame

Many of us are missing out on the freedom we were meant to experience because we are carrying the burden of shame. There is something in our past that we did or was done to us that we continue to hang on to. Painful memories from our past can steal our joy and rob us of peace. It's virtually impossible to envision a bright future when we have a dark cloud of shame hanging over our heads.

In our society we often use the words guilt and shame interchangeably. But they are very different. Guilt is about our *behavior*. Shame is about our *character*. Guilt signals that we've *done* something horrible. Shame judges that *we* are horrible.

The voice of shame is relentless. It continually whispers in our ear: *you're defective, you're unworthy, you're irredeemable*. Let me be clear. If, at the core of our being, we believe that we aren't worthy of soaring, we will never soar. That is the power of shame. Shame keeps us shackled to the past.

Imagine driving a car without ever taking our eyes off the rearview mirror. Not only is that not safe, it's not smart. The chances of getting in a crash rise exponentially if we're not fully aware of where we are and looking ahead to where we're going. Yet, that is exactly how many people are choosing to go through life. Rather than enjoying where we are and looking forward to the future we are fixated on the past. There is a reason the rearview mirror is significantly smaller than the windshield. Where we are and where we're headed are infinitely more important than what's behind.

That being said, it can be beneficial to look to the past from time to time for a couple of reasons. First, there may be some unfinished business back there that we need to address

before we move on. Perhaps there is something we've done that hasn't been confessed. Perhaps there is something that someone did to us that hasn't been forgiven. Maybe there are losses we experienced back there that we haven't fully grieved. We must finish any unfinished business before we can proceed.

Continuing with the driving a car metaphor, it's as if we're traveling along and suddenly see red flashing lights in our rearview mirror (not that that's ever happened to me). Our hearts immediately sink because we know that something happened back there that we need to be accountable for. Maybe we were speeding. Or we blew stop sign. And we need to stop and deal with that before we can move on. Well, sometimes there are flashing red lights in the rearview mirror of our lives signaling that we need to stop and resolve a situation from our past so we can move on. There needs to be reconciliation of some sort because we cannot soar until that happens.

Another reason it's important to look to past is so that we can see how far we've come. I would guess that every person reading this e-book is not yet the person you would like to be. But we need to keep things in perspective. Are you a better and healthier person than you were a month ago? A year ago? Twenty years ago? Sometimes we simply need to stop obsessing that we're not the person we *want* to be and take time to celebrate that we're not the person we *used* to be.

But while it's important for those reasons to *visit* our past we can't *live* there. We cannot spread our wings and soar into the future if we cannot get past our past. Author Michael McMillon writes, "You can't start the next chapter of your life if you keep rereading the last one."

The truth is, we cannot change the bad things that happened in our past. But we can change how we respond to them today. We can choose to embrace the freedom of truth and reject the lies of shame. We can choose to accept that even though we are affected by our past, we are not defined by it. We can choose to be grateful for what we have rather than live in disappointment over what we don't have.

Pride

Another unfortunate result of my living with an alcoholic father was adopting the false belief that if I wanted something done right, I needed to do it myself. I couldn't rely on my dad. I never knew what state he would be in. So, I stopped asking for help. Not just Dad's help. But anyone's.

The reality is we have been created as relational beings. According to the book of Genesis, after God created light, He said it was good. After separating the water from the land, He said it was good. He created animals, and said it was good. Six times in the first book of the Bible God looked at His creation and said it was good. But then in Genesis 2:18 God saw something that He deemed "not good." He said it was not good for man to be alone.

We were never meant to go it alone. We need the help of others to *survive*, let alone soar. But the sad truth is, we live in a very lonely society. We are perhaps the most *networked* but least *connected* culture ever. More than once I've observed moms and dads with their kids in a restaurant having "family dinner" where there was zero communication because every family member was glued to their cellphone, iPad, or Gameboy.

Even our architecture is reflective of leave-me-alone society. Years ago, a typical house in America had a big, inviting front porch furnished with cushioned rocking chairs and swing benches, where guests were welcomed to sit and have a glass of lemonade. Many houses that are built today don't even have a roof over the front door to protect visitors from the rain. They have attached garages which home owners can drive into using their automatic door openers and lessen their exposure to their neighbors, whose names they don't even know.

We don't want to believe that we need other people. The world tells us that's being co-dependent. We equate asking for help with being weak. Conversely, we are captivated by people who exude self-confidence, who never admit their shortcomings, who at least appear to have all the answers, who live as if they don't need anyone to help them get where they want to go. An added bonus for those who do it all on their own is that they can then take all the credit whenever they experience some level of success.

But while it *is* possible for us to experience occasional successes when going through life on our own power, I have yet to meet the person who is classified as *a success* who did it on their own. We need other people. It's in our DNA.

As decadent as our world can be today, people did some pretty nasty things in Bible times too. Human sacrifice. Dismemberment. Cannibalism. Temple prostitution. Yet of all the reprehensible offenses mentioned in the Bible, the is one sin in particular that Scripture says God not only dislikes, He *detests*. And that is pride.

Prideful people have an excessively high opinion of themselves and their abilities. They regularly inflate have an inflated sense of their own importance. They credit themselves for their accomplishments. They constantly compare themselves to and compete with other people. You will rarely find a prideful person in a support group. For one thing, they don't need anyone else's help, thank you very much. And secondly, a proud person will never admit that they are powerless over anything. God hates pride because He values relationships. And pride says I don't need you or anyone else.

There are many highly gifted, well-intentioned people who are flapping their arms and getting nowhere in their lives because they're trying to soar on their own strength. The last words of most people who crash and burn are, "I've got this." Success begins with humility. There is no greater character strength than admitting that we are weak. Psychologist Erik Erikson said in plainly: "Life doesn't make any sense without interdependence. We need each other, and the sooner we learn that, the better for us all."

Unforgiveness

Another obstacle that holds us back from experiencing fulfillment in our lives is unforgiveness. We can be held captive by unforgiveness in one of three ways:

- not forgiving others who have hurt us
- not asking forgiveness from others when we hurt them
- not forgiving ourselves

Genuine, gut-felt forgiveness when people have wronged us is necessary if we hope to experience true freedom in our lives. I won't pull any punches. It's not easy. But we will never be free to soar until we forgive those who offend us.

A common sticking point in the forgiveness process (and it is a process) is that forgiving others for hurting us feels like we're giving the offender a pass. So, we choose to hold onto the offense. We carry the hurt and anger with us wherever we go. It affects our other relationships. We're always on edge. It damages our ability to trust. It can result in any of a number of physical ailments—headaches, migraines, stomach problems, an inability to eat, tightness in the chest, shallow breathing, even depression. We become so consumed by what “they” did or said that it even affects our sleep—we toss and turn, continually turning the offense over and over on the rotisserie of our mind. Does that sound like freedom to you? And, to make matters worse, our offender is more than likely sleeping like a baby. Seriously, what is wrong with this picture?

Nothing is as exhausting as carrying a grudge. We've got to let it go. We *must* forgive those who hurt us. Not because *they* deserve it. But because *we* do. Ann Landers used to say that hanging onto resentment is letting someone you despise live rent-free in your head. We must choose to evict them and their offense from our lives.

Forgiveness isn't easy. It isn't fair. But for us to experience true freedom in our lives, forgiveness is not optional. Now it is a bit easier to forgive someone who admits that they have hurt us. But what about those people who will never admit what they've done and would do it again if they had the chance? Does that mean that forgiveness can't happen? No. It simply means that forgiveness is no longer transaction between you and the offender. It's a transaction between you and God. In those situations, we must ask God to give us the strength to let it go. Again, it's not about giving the other person a pass. It's not denying that their words and actions hurt us. Forgiving others doesn't mean that we're excusing their behavior. It simply means we're choosing not to be held captive by it. Carrying a grudge will never make you stronger person. But forgiveness will.

Another way unforgiveness gets its hooks in us is when we don't ask forgiveness from others when we hurt them. Not many people I know like to admit it when they're wrong. But

contrary to what our culture tells us, owning our mistakes and seeking to make amends to those we've offended is not a weakness. It's a strength.

If we want others to admit their wrong-doing to us we need to admit our wrong-doing to others. When I speak to dads' groups, I often tell them that as important as it is to say those three words "I love you" to our kids, it is just as crucial to their wellbeing that they hear us say the two words "I'm sorry." No dad is perfect. We all make mistakes. Yet I can't tell you how many men I've spoken with who have told me they never heard the words "I'm sorry" from their fathers.

When a dad is wrong and everyone knows he's wrong, even *he* knows he's wrong, but he never admits it and apologizes, what message does that send to his kids? But when a dad screws up, owns it, and asks forgiveness of his children, he is modeling for them what vulnerability, integrity, and accountability look like. Just imagine what our world (particularly Washington D.C.) would look like if everyone was open about their mistakes, held themselves accountable, and took responsibility for their words and actions? (Come on, a guy can dream, can't he?)

Some time ago I went on a health plan which necessitated eliminating pop (or soda, depending on where you're from) from my diet. I replaced it with a zero calorie, zero sugar carbonated drink I found at Costco. One dreadfully hot and humid summer night my wife and I went to a theater to see a movie and I brought a bottle of my healthy beverage with me to have with my popcorn. (I did not give up eating popcorn because I am one of those people who cannot smell popcorn without eating popcorn.) We were just purchasing our tickets when I realized I left my drink in the car. I muttered some not so nice words under my breath and trudged back to the parking lot to get it.

As I re-entered the theater, the teenaged ticket-taker stopped me and said, "Sir, you can't bring that in here." I said indignantly, "What do you mean I can't bring this in here?" (I was probably edgy because I hadn't had pop for two weeks.) He explained that no outside food or beverages are allowed in the theater. I proceeded to challenge what I judged to be a stupid rule. I told him that I had done it before, as if I had established a precedent. He

calmly said, “You should have been told then about our policy.”

I continued my silly, self-righteous protest and demanded to talk to the manager. He walked over and basically repeated what the young punk, er, ticket-taker, had told me. I continued to dig in my heels over my perceived injustice. He stood his ground. Finally, I stormed back to the car with my rejected beverage. As I came back in and huffed across the lobby, I made a passing threat for all to hear that I planned on taking my business elsewhere.

My first indication that I may have overreacted came when I took my seat next to my wife. Her body language made it clear that she didn’t want to be sitting next to me. Without saying a word, she communicated that she found my little hissy fit embarrassing. But then came the clincher. I looked down and saw the single word emblazoned on my t-shirt: *COMPASSION*.

I don’t remember anything about the movie we had gone to see. For 94 minutes all I could think about was what a fool I had made of myself and that an apology was in order. I looked for the young ticket-taker when we left the theater, but couldn’t find him. For days, that incident weighed on me.

Three weeks later, despite my threats, my wife and I returned to the theater to see another movie. The kid was there taking tickets. He obviously didn’t recognize me because he didn’t give me the stink eye. My wife and I continued to our seats. After a few minutes I said, “I’ll be back.”

I went up to the young man and said, “You probably don’t recognize me but I’m the guy who went off on you about three weeks ago when you told me I could bring in an outside drink and I want you to know that I’m sorry.” He minimized the incident saying, “Don’t worry about it. People do that all the time.” I said, “No, I need you to hear me. You were just doing your job and I was being disrespectful. You didn’t deserve to be treated that way. I was wrong. Will you forgive me?”

The tears I saw in that young man’s eyes told me that he probably hadn’t heard those words too often in his life, especially from a man about 40 years his senior. I offered a handshake

but instead found myself on the receiving end of an embrace as he said, “Thank you.”

I was free. That happens when we surrender the right to be right and humbly ask forgiveness of those we’ve hurt.

When I give seminars on this subject and mention the three types of forgiveness—forgiving others who hurt us, asking for forgiveness when we hurt others, and forgiving ourselves—I often ask the audience which of the three they find to be most difficult. Every single group identified the latter as the most challenging.

Have you ever thought that you couldn’t possibly be forgiven—even by God—because what you did was simply unforgivable? Or, that because you keep doing the same stupid thing over and over again, you don’t deserve to be forgiven? You’re not alone. Countless people have long been forgiven by God and perhaps even those they offended but they just cannot seem to forgive themselves.

Forgiving ourselves means that we have taken responsibility for what we’ve done or said, we have accepted the consequences of our words or actions, and that we have chosen to move forward without beating ourselves up over things from the past that cannot be changed.

Since I mentioned God, I will add that the Bible tells us that if we confess our sins He is faithful and just and will forgive our sins (1 John 1:9). That’s it. We confess. He forgives. Doesn’t matter what we’ve done. Doesn’t matter how many times we’ve done it. If the perfect God of the universe can forgive us, we would be wise to figure out how to forgive ourselves. As you read earlier when I addressed the obstacle of shame, if we believe that we are not worthy to soar we will never soar.

RISE ABOVE—IT’S A CHOICE

There is a difference between a barrier and an obstacle. A barrier *stops us* from moving forward. An obstacle only *slows us down*. We will encounter difficulties in our quest to soar. Busyness. Fear. Shame. Pride. Unforgiveness. But while we cannot choose whether we

experience difficulties from time to time we can choose whether those difficulties will be barriers or merely obstacles. We must expect and *embrace* times of hardship in order to rise above them and experience true fulfillment in our lives.

Here's another interesting fact about eagles. Like most birds, an eagle can sense a storm approaching long before it hits. But while every other species of bird flies away to safety when bad weather approaches, eagles move toward the storm. And once the storm hits, an eagle will set its wings so that the air currents will pick it up and lift it above storm. So, while the storm rages below, eagles majestically soar above it. Eagles don't escape the storm. They use the storm to lift them even higher.

We get to choose whether the trials and tribulations of life are stumbling blocks or stepping stones. We get to choose whether our lives are ordinary or extraordinary. We get to choose whether to simply endure life or experience it to the full. So, prepare for takeoff. It's time for you to soar.

dankuiper.com