

Why If It's Always Easy, You Won't Be Happy

By Spryte Lorian

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Let's be honest. We all want it to be easy!

It- meaning everything. Life. We want work to be easy, relationships to be easy, success, losing weight and keeping it off, maintaining health,; you name it; we want it to be easy.

I think the remote control was a great invention that was also the beginning of the end of a people and society who didn't mind rolling up their sleeves. There's a line in the comedy "Bruce Almighty" when God , played by Morgan Freeman, says "Some of the happiest people on the planet, go home stinkin' to high heaven at the end of the day." We don't see it as much here in America, but it's more evident in countries like Vietnam or India. You see smiles on the faces of those working hard. In America the smiles come on Friday afternoon! Of course I am speaking in generalities but if you take time to study people, which I have; I've been a great observer of people all my life being the youngest of six –I learned to watch from a distance.

But in more industrialized or tech savy nations where everything is available at the click of a button, something has happened that seems unexpected. What was supposed to have make our life better and it has in some ways, has also lost us joy in other ways. Why? We come here – manifested into this 3D life to experience its great deliciousness. That deliciousness is found in the process and the cycles of life. Birth – Growth- Death. These cycles occur over and over million of times in a single lifetime. Look at the birth, growth and death of our cells which some go thru that complete cycle every day, while other cells in our body o thru a complete cycle in 7 years. Why does it take that long? You can

sit and try to figure it out – or you can know that it's the natural process for that cell and accept it.

All of life on this planet is subject to this cycle; at its different and varying intervals. We forget that growth requires effort, which is different than struggle –let's be clear about that up front! A tree for example even requires effort to grow; it literally has to push its way up through the soil or rock, sometimes cement! It sometimes has to shift its direction to find the light in a crowded forest. In all of nature there is a term we sometimes forget; it's called Survival of the Fittest. And it's the term given to our evolutionary process on earth. Those species that fail to exert their presence or show great desire to live will not survive. Which is why Jim Rohn says “don't wish it was easier, wish you were better.” Ask for more skills, ask for a desire to grow, even if it doesn't seem or look easy. So why if it's easy you won't be happy? Simple answer: You won't feel alive. Now I know I may strike a nerve with some of you. But I invite you to hear me out. Before you toss this aside as nonsense.

I remember years ago the first time I went rock climbing demonstrated this for me. There I was climbing up the mountain, and it was pretty easy on the first few pitches. We did them fairly quickly. So we took a break and ate lunch, rested and then my teacher took me to a more advanced pitch. For you rock climbers out there I wish I could remember what level but I don't! I got about halfway up and I came to a spot that I just could not find how to get past. There was literally nothing to grab with my fingers; the rock was flat, and the only place to step that I could find was a space about a half inch deep and about

two inches wide, just barely enough room for my two big toes to rest. Well, if you've ever climbed you know that after a while your whole body starts shaking cause your whole weight is resting on this two inch little piece of rock! I had to climb back down to the slightly larger ledge a few feet below me to rest, regain my strength and try again. Which I did, again; I could not figure out how to get past this spot. So down I went again. I was starting to get very frustrated; not to mention extremely physically tired, but I was determined to get to the top of the cliff. I didn't really think I had much choice either .

Once your half way up a mountain and your teacher is on top, the last you thing you want to happen is to make him come down to get you and have you both go to the bottom. I finally said a prayer, "God I know you know there's a way up there; please show me; I know I can do this if you help me; its obviously possible and so if its possible for someone else it's possible for me too. And up I went to that spot and rested. I searched for some kind off foot hold or finger hold. This time I saw what I had not seen before. A teeny tiny little space of a bump about half and inch small, sticking out of the cliff. I had not even noticed it before. Could I possibly use that to stand on? It didn't make logical sense to me at all that this space would be enough to hoist myself up on, but something inside me said ;just do it anyway; don't think, go" I did. And it was like my feet were like Spiderman's; from that moment on. I don't remember what I did or didn't step on I just remember climbing that mountain with my feet in my special climbing shoes grabbing, gripping the side of the mountain and climbing and whala! I was at the top with the climbing a blurr. It was one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life. I felt more alive than ever before. And way more than I did during the first part of the day, when the climb had been relatively easy. What it taught me was many things.

It gave me confidence; I know one I did that I could do anything.

It taught me that we can't always see that first, second or third time into something where the magic button is that unlocks the treasure. But those willing to keep going are the ones who find it.

It taught me that what I think I'm looking for isn't always that first thing, and that sometimes I can be staring right at the answer and not see it because of my perceived ideas of how the journey should look (according to the world of Spryte).

It taught me that looking for the easy way, the obvious way, isn't always the answer.

I was looking for something to rest on, something that could support me, hold me up, make me feel safer as I climbed. But God said, "you don't need it. Trust me."

It may not look easy but if you go for it, it will seem easier than you thought once you're through! Wow! was that ever true. I was so focused on the moment. Being in the climb my hands and feet like Spiderman somehow as if by magic made of a substance that let me grab and release all at the same time and it was bizarre. But I didn't notice anything else but the climb until I was at the top. So from the bottom it looked hard. From the climb to where I got stuck it was hard, from the place where I asked for help, received God's help and took action it felt like magic. And from the top looking back down it looked easy. Interesting, isn't it? It didn't "feel" easy as I was going thru it. It wasn't effortless; and I felt alive with a lesson that I could take into the rest of my life if I chose to.

There is a natural flow to life – all of life’s processes, and all of life’s answers. The universe of course will always help find the simplest, most direct route. But this route may not feel easy to us based on our conditioned thoughts and responses.

There was a moment in my experience, when that magic of life occurred – where my thinking mind was out of the way – where I was “unaware” of it feeling easy or not easy – I just was. It’s what Eckhart Tolle, author of *The Power of Now*, calls presence. Once I asked for help and received the answer; took action; the magic of God showed up. But I still had to suit up and show up in the game. And my heart was racing faster than a race horse, my head so sweaty I didn’t think the climbing chalk would be able to absorb it. I think people get confused by this. Thinking well, effortless ease, means I can just kick back, because what I want will just flow into my life without my having to take the necessary steps before me. We are in a co-creative dance with life. The mystics and sages of India who can manifest material or manna at will from thin air (they really can you know!) still had to show up to years of concentrated study, practice and effort to create that which looks so effortless.

Here’s another example. Years back I moved from LA to the beautiful rolling hills above Santa Barbara, called the Santa Ynez valley. I needed to move from the house I was renting which had been sold. I knew exactly what I wanted, so I drew a picture of it – little white house with a white picket fence, roses in front of a big wide front porch and a little chimney and yard for my two Yorkies to play in. Day after day I’d look at the picture and pray. God I know you know where this house is. Please show me. When I had free time

I'd drive up and down all the streets in the area looking for the house. And I'd look in the paper, and go see places for rent. I did my footwork. God said, "keep looking; keep trusting; you'll find it." Finally I had to move on Friday and it was Monday. I did not know where I was going to live. I had seen a house that was tolerable as a last resort but not what I really wanted. I prayed "God I'd take it if that's what you want me to have but I'd really love my house in the picture."

At the time I commuted with my healing practice to LA Tuesday thru Fridays, so down to LA I went, not knowing where I was going to move to when I came back on Friday. On Friday I came into town, grabbed a paper one last time and thumbed thru; and there it was. "Rose lined porch, white picket fence..." I immediately called for the address and drove to it. Immediately upon seeing it I started to cry. I knew it was my house; it had all I had drawn except the chimney! But I figured 5 out of 6 was pretty good! I moved in that weekend! Now that is the true meaning of effortless ease. I asked, I kept faith, I did my work, I trusted, I was willing, and it came. And I felt alive and a true co-creator with God and I as very, very happy.

Just today, was the first beautiful day in Oregon about sixty degrees. We recently moved into our new home during the winter months so today was the first day I could really take a long walk in my new neighborhood without freezing (still a Cal girl after 20years there). I have always wanted to live up on a mountain and have a view looking over a valley with a view of trees and mountain ranges. My husband and I have that now. Our home is on the second street down from the highest row of houses at the top of a

mountain. And I walked up to that top street with its beautiful homes, more expansive than ours and a thought crossed my mind; I made it to the mountain but not to the top.

I thought back on all that I and my husband have built and created. The times that I know seemed so hard while we were going through it. And from the view now, I think “that wasn’t so hard.” But it took longer than we thought it would, and felt harder going through it than we thought it would. Then I look up to the next street higher than the one we were on. And the homes there become the “metaphor” for that next leg of our journey (not that that’s what we want to show up physically at this point – for we have other dreams we’re dreaming), and that we are choosing to co-create in our life of passion, and living our purpose in service to others and I’m okay knowing that it won’t “feel” easy all the time. But if I pray, ask, receive guidance, suit up, show up, take action, and not give up, I’ll get there -- and I’ll feel happy too.