



THE REGIMENT: THE KILLER OF DREAMS

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What is the dream? What is the value of someone pursuing something crazy outside what normal people do? Why do I, Timothy, do it? I mean isn't this the stuff of childhood fantasy that we are supposed to shake off and grow up out of? Aren't we supposed to get in line and follow in the steps of everyone else?

We are placed in the regiment very early in our lives. What is the regiment? It begins as a narrow hallway that you are lead down that is supposed to cut off your own dreams and wishes. It is supposed to distract you with endless steps and obstacles that never lead anywhere. You just become another cog in the machine. That is the regiment.

It starts with kindergarten, a small obstacle in your day that slightly focuses your attention away from your own fantasies and starts you in the lineup. You think to yourself when this is over, you will have time again to work on your dreams."

After kindergarten you go to grade school which extends the distraction away from your dreams. Your mind is further focused on other things. The education is good, but the hallway begins to narrow the once broad horizon that you saw as a very young child. For twelve years, that hallway goes on and the walls become higher, and you drag along the hope that someday you will have the time for your dreams.

Then comes college and with it your first job, and for the first time the hallway becomes so tight and restrictive that dragging your hopes with you begins to hinder your progress. And the others, who left whatever dreams they had long ago, get frustrated at you and discourage your efforts to drag childhood wishes with you. And the walls are so high that you can no longer see above them. Regardless, you think to yourself this will end at some point, and then you can finally be free to pursue your dreams.

After college, you start a career which demands much more of your time. It is expected that your devotion now belongs to your career. This is when you feel the shackles that have been locked on your wrists since the hallway began, but you are so deep into it now that it aggressively forces you down. Thirty years... Thirty years more and then you will have time for your dreams.

And when you reach forty and you realize that your useful life is half gone, you begin to see what you have become. You are a cog in the machine... a prisoner of the regiment... a slave to a way of life that lied to you with a goal that never came... that robbed you of your chance to pursue your dreams.

And you see where your life is headed. You will retire and then think that now you will have the chance to pursue what you want. But your dreams never had a chance to grow roots. As a result, your dreams did not have the time to blossom and grow. Your dreams never reached the potential that you saw before the hallway began. You see the

horizon once more, but it is dimmer and there are other things that need done. So you just drop the baggage that your dreams have become.

What is the point of this life?

You wake up,
you go to work,
you go to bed,
you wake up,
you go to work,
you go to bed,...

It's a lie is what it is. Life was never meant to be so meaningless.

I saw it coming when I was a teenager. I saw no hope in what others said I must do and what my life must be. So I opened the dreams that I dragged behind me, and I gave my dreams more time than others thought that I should... and I gave my dreams more effort than others thought that I should... and I gave my dreams some money that the regiment fed to me that was intended to lead me further along into the machine... and I gave my dreams wings to fly high above me, and they strengthened my hope that one day my dreams would pull hard enough to break the shackles... that I could be lifted above this labyrinth of false goals and false ambitions.

Today I feel like one shackle has broken off of me, and I'm floating between the dreams and the machine. Some people encourage me, and others discourage me, but I'm in the air, above the floor, near the top of the hallway walls, and I see the horizon once more. As I let the dreams grow, it makes me feel like I am more than just a cog in the machine, part of the regiment. One day, I know that I'll finally be free.

And if I see others that try as hard as me to rise above the walls and let their own dreams set them free, I will help them to fly and I will encourage them as they try. True life is above the walls. To live it, one must fly far above the machine... the lie... the false hope... the regiment.

It is the dream that is what life was meant to be.