

I finally watched "The Motorcycle Diaries". At the prompting of my friend John, I took the time to watch this movie. When "Rhubarb Diaries" was born, he'd mentioned that "it could be like the Motorcycle Diaries". Now, I am certainly no Che Guevara (and I've not been south of the equator either), but in watching the movie, there are some aspects that ring true to me.

Don't worry, this is not about becoming a Marxist revolutionary!

You have to peel away a few layers of the onion to understand it all. There is a sense of growth in Che's adventures throughout South America. There is a "knowing" that something stirs within him ... that would take him some time to fully understand. He was learning more about himself - and was learning how he would indeed impact the world. As he explored with Alberto, he discovered things within himself ... discovered a passion, discovered his own voice.

In many ways, this is what happens to all of us - should we choose to listen to the voices inside us. I find myself experiencing this consistently and regularly. It's not about "constant growth" ... because there certainly are plateaus, times in which you may not feel like you're moving ahead or growing but at the same time, you're adapting to what you've already learned. We don't tend to like the plateaus because it feels like a time when we're "not going anywhere", but this is a time for great change to occur. Then there comes a time when you hit a "growth spurt", when suddenly there is passion and fire and brimstone and inspiration and you inherently understand something better - be it "you" or the world in which you reside.

I liken the process to my college days. How many of you felt that you had a real deep cause while you were in school? For those that grew up in the late '60's, the cause may have been protesting the Vietnam War. When I was in college, there was that edginess of thinking - it was an environment in which it was ok to push the limits of your thinking, to explore, to be passionate about your beliefs.

Then it's so easy to have your senses dulled by the world around you - "being responsible", being an adult, earning a living, getting married, having the obligatory 2.3 kids and the house with the white picket fence just so that you can "keep up with the Jones".

But what I am finding now - is that the passions of my college years (or earlier) do truly exist to my core. I am, in many ways, returning to my "college" ways of thinking. Back then, you knew about the inequities of the world and damn it, you were going to protest them. Now - well, now I know what to rebel against (based on that perhaps-a-little-idealistic view of the world) with the same degree of passion about the issues - yet being older now and knowing how to say these things properly! Interesting that at 42 I am as passionate about certain issues yet much better versed in the ways of the world to state things effectively - with a much greater chance of success and effective "change" ...

... or knowing what to say, how to say it, and when to say it - without losing the "why to say it".

It's easy to get lost in the day-to-day ... but take a moment to remember -

Revolution still exists. Passion still exists. Wisdom gives us the opportunity to make it happen - and to be instigators of profound systemic change in the world. And it all occurs one personal revolution at a time.