

FINDING BLISS IN THE GARDEN OF ROTE



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I composed my first song at the age of 13.

While I could not write music, I could hear a symphony in my head. So, I put a pencil to paper and wrote words to fit the cacophony vibrating around in my noggin.

As I have become somewhat used to social media (I am not entirely sure that I will ever fully be), I realize that I have a lot in common with Barbara Mandrell's '81 hit [I Was Country When Country Wasn't Cool](#). She

was country cool, and I was pre-Instagram, old-school paper, and lead truth-telling to match my ever-changing mood.

I do not recall a defining moment that caused me to box my hopes and dreams up and place them on the back shelf of my virtual closet, but at some point, I put my pencil down and rarely returned to sketch out my thoughts on modern-day papyrus.

Yet, there was always a rustle in the wind that compelled me to briefly return to take a wistful seat in some distant orchestra.

When I traveled, and once the wheels went up on the silver bullet in the sky, my creative violin began to play once again. I could hear the music and scripted my imagination on whatever piece of paper that I could find.

Up until September of this year, I generally kept my ruminations under lock and key. Sharing my perspectives with only a handful of fellow writers who knew me *without* knowing who I was.

Like an old garden rose on a withering vine, I waited by the garden gate to be recognized.

As I ponder this, I wonder how many of you are thinking, "me too!" It is such a strange and sad feeling. Waiting to be recognized for who you know that you already are.

When I reflect on this, I am full of grief for over two decades of volunteer-detainment. Waiting with bated breath for the landing gears on a plane to be safely tucked away to let flashes of creativity flicker.

While the flicker did not commence strobe light momentum until early April, I had brief flashes late last year that carried into the first quarter of 2020.

One clarifying moment came during a February lunch outing with a friend when I happened upon a fabric in frame C.S. Lewis quote that now sits prominently in my office

You can't go back and change the beginning, but you can start where you are and change the ending.

While actively in the last stage of mentally preparing to walk away from employment that ceased to make my heart pitter-pat, years of wisdom from my mom rang out, "you will know when you know." Once again, when it comes to life-changing decision making, she was right.

Self-transplanted to a more vibrant garden, the roses in my heart flourish and give me a song to sing again. Tenderly, I encourage you to return to the bliss that you left behind long ago but have never forgotten.

Until we meet again, *become* who you already are. ❤️

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