



Y qué pasó con los sueños?

posted this in Facebook a few days ago

A trip down memory lane... late March 1994. 19-year-old clueless boy arriving at a new life and who would have never thought the experiences that would await him over the next 25 years.

This was one of the first songs I heard after arriving in the US.

It made me think a lot about past, present, and courses not taken. It has also made me think about where do I want to go to next, the travel bug that has become more and more important over the last few months and where do I see myself in in the next few months.

In remembering my dad (who would have been 73 this year) I'm learning to let go of the bitterness and the guilt... it's still there and it really hits hard when I let my guard down but I'm learning that it happened and no amount of regret is going to change that it did happen and everything that led to it.

I'm also realizing how much dad's passing continues to shape me. My friends who are not aware would probably never think I was the carton a week smoker or that I quit cold turkey almost 10 years ago. They wouldn't expect me to have 8 tris

(all but full Ironman distances) and a century ride under my belt.

This has also impacted decisions I've made and decisions I have yet to complete. I want to travel again... really bad. But I'm also thinking about getting in shape again to do one more round of triathlons:

- [Pucón](#)
- [Bariloche](#)
- [Punta del Este](#)
- [Florianopolis](#).

Wouldn't that be cool if I can do those in a calendar year? Wouldn't it be even better if I can base out of Santiago for that?

I've also thought about traveling to South East Asia, Japan, and maybe even Australia and New Zealand.

But that presumes I can finance the travel on my own. And that means that I don't want a full time job, even if it would give me stability in terms of health benefits in the uncertainty of what's going to happen to the ACA with 45 and his cronies.

One of my favorite articles from Kinfolk talks about it in a very subtle but very important way. The concepts of *ichi-go ichi-e* and *mono no aware* do something that I haven't really thought about... they bring you to here and now. They make you aware of the uniqueness of each exchange and every event that happens in your life. There may be hundreds if not thousands of meetings but each one is they only one of its kinds that we'll ever have.

The cliché of telling those you love that you do because you never know when they'll be taken and you will lose the chance rings particularly true this time of the year.

I try not to dwell on it too much but the last time I spoke to my dad before he passed was hard. They had to tell him that I was on the phone and they had to tell him who I was because he didn't remember. I also remember how much his voice lit up when I said I loved him and he was able to tell me that he loved me back.

I also remember almost word by word the conversation that I had with my cousin when he told me that he had passed. Where I lived (corner of San Salvador and 7th, right across from Joe West hall), the fact that the landline for the apartment was in a little table that was originally meant for you to put shoes on

inside the closet. Or that he asked me where I was and what I was doing and me replying that I was going to sit down because I knew what he was going to tell me.

I also remember how bitter I was because I couldn't leave to at the very least be present for the funeral. I was doing my immigration paperwork and I was advised not to leave the country until it was completed... and I didn't.

Part of the reason was not to have to deal with my half siblings (one sister and one brother from a previous marriage) and the family crap attached to going back and the other is the fear that I still have about going back and feeling out of place there (more on this later).

Over the past year I've learned to let go and to be present here. One of the strongest influences to that end has been a Kinfolk essay: [Keeping Time](#).

We are creatures capable of awe and reverence. And we can position our selves and our hearts to feel heavy and wonderful things. But to choose to see the beauty in the passing is no easy task. We must first cast off our illusions of control, and then we must take a step back and prepare ourselves for the full spectrum of pathos — love, beauty, loss. Perhaps then we will see all the gold that doesn't stay as beautiful instead of defeatist.

Memento mori tells us to love now. Act now. Be here now. Invite our friends over, and stay up late. Because this time, this

opportunity, this season will soon pass. Bask here while it's still possible.

Our days are ebbs and flows. Our lives are a collection of seasons where tides approach and recede, and trees flower and wither. The green fullness of summer is made more precious by the skeleton branches of winter. So do 'fight time and do' fight the season. Don't keep things from ending, but celebrate them for the life they have now.

Our lives are rife with endings — the close of an evening or the triumphant finality of summer's last stand. If we reorient our hearts to accept and appreciate these endings, we begin to see our lives outside our limited terms — not only for our wanton control and desires, but also for mankind as a whole. Time is not ours. We can't slow the Earth's rotation, and we can't expect a wedding celebration to last forever.

I want to respect that which is larger than me — the sun that rises in the East and sets in the West, the gravity that keeps my feet perpetually on the ground below and the rhythm of that that says to creation: this too shall pass.

And it's perhaps these twin concepts: Ichi-go Ichi-e and Mono no aware that make for a more meaningful life. Even when things are at its lowest we can always count on them being over with (even if it doesn't feel like it will ever end).

I'm torn between getting the stability of a full time job or the freedom and flexibility of contracting/consulting/part time gigs and having to pay for my own healthcare (assuming that I can get any if the assholes in government get their way) but it's really a non-starter... I also want to travel really bad and want to explore areas of the world where I haven't been and where I've always dreamed to be: southern Chile, Asia, Australia, New Zealand and many other places... but that means I need to find a way to afford it and make it sustainable if I'm going to do that long term (and I do want to make it long term).