One Who Moves

A man is defined by his goals. He is defined by his struggle on the path to attainment, his demeanor in both victory and defeat.

There are those who are overwhelmed in the face of hardship, and so they resign, claiming some pursuit of ambition only to appease the hollow soul. They dream a fruitless dream, impossible not for lack of talent or skill, but will. They are the immovable.

There are those to whom fulfillment is granted only through triumph. They grudgingly endure labor and strife only for the compensation of material gain and tangible reward. They are the movable.

Then, there are those who possess a unique ferocity, whether endowed through birth or sweat and toil, unknown. They relish struggle, revel in the shadow of an insurmountable task, spirits only bolstered by the promise of challenge and trial. They take up arms and march hungrily into battle, excited not for the final cry of victory but for the conflict itself. With each success their thirst for challenge is only renewed. They are always on the move.

It is this spirit of resiliency, the embrace of perpetual dissatisfaction, to which I aspire. I believe that a man who sees his pinnacle success has been defeated. He loses his vision and aspiration, the sense of pride and empowering drive that turns every minute into one of promise, hope, and excitement. My ultimate goal, my definitive resolution, is to improve, both physically and mentally, every single day, to seek comfort in strength and fulfillment in enlightenment, to relish the struggle and conquer the challenge. It is my unyielding resolve to train both body and mind, to end each day a better man than the last, to never have an end in mind, acknowledging my journey as an eternal one.

Completing the Hong Kong Outward Bound course, finishing a grueling but rewarding season of First Swimming, cramming a year’s worth of AP Calculus into a frantic two months of the Princeton Review, climbing Mount Kilimanjaro and toiling under the African sun are some of my most hard-fought and fulfilling accomplishments. Yet, upon realizing the end of each journey, I was lost, robbed of an inspiring force, a rugged determination which would propel me through the hour satisfied at what I had done and excited for what was to come. In the midst of sweat and toil, I discovered that the greatest worldly sensation is to experience the bitterness of struggle, the thrill of anticipation, and the glory of triumph over an aspiration towards which one has devoted every fiber of his mind and body.