

WE ARE NOT PERMITTED TO CHOSE THE FRAME OF OUR DESTINY BUT WHAT WE PUT INTO IS OURS

Among biggest dreams of the humanity, healthy, vitality and not only wisdom have been changeless targets during the historical course of the human's becoming. The human being laboured in his quests to accomplish these values, trying some of the most diverse methods, depending on the geographical space in which he existed, the historical time to which he belonged. For he spiritual side, the religions of the world created a favorable background in which man can transfigure his soul by approaching of the divinity. But this ascendant way in conquering the essential values with the object of obtaining his happiness demands a continuous improvement of his soul.

All this human's aspirations could form the frame of the destiny, all that leads of its formation. But does destiny really exist? Should we guide in our life after certain pre-established laws? Could be a superstition, certitude or a written word with red letter on forehead before we breed for the first time? Is it possible that our soul story should already be printed on a playing card and then accidentally thrown in an already existent pack? It would be a great disappointment to find that it exists, I would feel my arms chained my mind limited and my heart programmed to some feelings before I was born. If destiny wanders among us which is the charm of our life, the pleasure or frustration of the success? Wouldn't it be really disagreeable to know that you are living in a staged world in which each protagonist is figurant for the neighbor at the same time? I like to think that I'm free, like a dropped flower from the hand or like a stone entered the shoe which make part of coincidence. Is destiny a coincidence? Maybe if you believe that it was written for you to glad of a really business man's success, destiny, your faithful descendant, he take care to put you into a soft, leather armchair.

Your belief in destiny restricts you, also gives you wings, offers you certitude of the comfort in your own strength and also motivates you. You can think that someone there keeps in his hand red or black hearts and from time to time it conceals in coincidences, at the same time. At a definite time, in life, you discover that there are too many coincidences caught in sequences and all measured with the same pendulum. You know what you have done last year on this moment and strange how you discover that at the same date, another life passes with its course, everything seemed to be from another world. Your life crosses with another one.

Maybe destiny is made from 2 hemispheres in which they imprison present and past. Meanwhile, future revolves unquietly and sustains the life of the sphere, waiting to be consumed. You have moments, now when you think that everything will easily realize for you. It is just an illusion, because you are the creator of your own Ego, you transform your moment into a pleasant memory or not, you use it to become what you are or what you want to be. This sphere in which seems to be protected by the chaos and contingency is non-existent to me. We all have limits but if we push them with some mm in front is a conquered dream and a saved chance.

Try to live the hope of a fulfillment and rise over obstacles. Giving up the idea of existence of destiny shouldn't induce us fear of loneliness in front of life. Thus the prejudice will do it for us.