My Own Pace

September 23, 2014 By Nicole Lemelle

"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on." - Robert Frost

My body seems to find a new disaster every week, so why should this instance be any different. I just know it's going to be one of those days.

I'm weak. I'm tired. I'm frustrated.

It's like the odds are stacked against me. My life is starting to feel like a game and I keep getting sent back to start.

The world can move very quickly. Because of that tempo, I find myself being absent-minded for more times than I would like to admit. I see everyone moving at the speed of light, while I'm slowing down. I get lost during basic conversations. My memory has begun to leave me. I'm not able to construct whole ideas. My thoughts are choppy images and concepts that I try to piece together. My reasoning is impracticable as I struggle to think of the words to use in simple everyday situations. I am constantly apologizing and asking people to please forgive me for my lack of attention to detail.

I've become detached from everything because my mind is focused on more pressing efforts. Like trying not to fall as I attempt to go into the next room or remembering why I was even going into that room.

Between texting, phone calls and the Internet, everyone I know is always "plugged in". They are constantly moving. I'm starting to realize, I have to live at my own speed. I can't keep up with everyone else nor should I have to.

Once I learn to give up what I want, for how it is, I will be in a much more satisfying position. Then I'll be able to experience the sweetness, not just the bitterness of life. And that can only happen when I start living at my own pace.

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http://beta.docker.realhealthmag.com/blog/my-own-pace