



Good Enough

By Wendy Marks
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It's about one o'clock in the morning and I'm lying awake. I have a very long day tomorrow: I'm starting pretty early and working until about 8:30 at night. But I can't go to sleep. I've had a difficult week. Actually, I've had a difficult couple of months. These times have challenged some thoughts I held about myself and others. It's not that I've been surprised by other people's actions; I've been shocked by them. What I'm pondering here in the middle of the night is what I do and how I behave and how I dedicate my life and service to my higher power... is it good enough?

Are my actions on a day-to-day basis sufficient considering my abilities? It's not that I'm so wonderful, but am I trying hard enough with the gifts I've been given, helping enough on a day-to-day basis?

Nobody would doubt on any side of the political spectrum (or for that matter the scientific or academic spectrum) that we are in deep trauma. This trauma is spiritual, societal, political and related to the sustenance of the earth itself. Is there anything that can be considered sufficient for one conscious person to do? And who measures? Myself? My peers? My family? A religious institution? I don't feel that I have a yardstick.

Most of my life I have felt I had a yardstick. There was academic and social achievement, spiritual growth, parenting, taking care of family members, and working hard to help individuals who had greater need than I. In my free time I have tried to do good by participating in solar energy, recycling and donations to good causes.

When I have my nightly conversations with God sometimes we discuss this. I'm never 100% sure if I'm hearing what I've been told or just hearing what I want to hear. Either way I don't always hear what I want or receive validation for my actions. I teach about listening to the true voice as opposed to our own voice, and I do my best to do so. But lately that voice has been harder to hear, maybe because there are people in greater need of conversation with their higher power than me. And my guides and angels are busy with the real business of keeping people alive during disasters.

Should I be flying down to Florida or Houston right now, volunteering to help

those who need crisis counseling or the animals who have been abandoned by their owners?

Those of you who read my little column every month probably expect me to come up with some cheerful and upbeat homily to close with. I can say that I do believe there is goodness and kindness and strength beyond measure in all of us. I do believe that the light can triumph over the darkness. I do believe that it is my duty to do whatever I can and as much as I can to help that to happen. And even if I question the sufficiency of my actions, I don't question the necessity for continuing every day to the best of my ability. I know that most of you reading this are doing the same. I know that you are trying very hard every day to be the best possible human you can be. And that it is difficult and you also wonder if you are good enough. Remember the timeless words of Mother Teresa: "Not all of us can do great things. But we can do small things with great love."

So I will end this by saying I am going to keep trying. I am going to work as hard as I can and try to think of new ways to help the earth and all sentient beings. A wise teacher once said, "It is not your responsibility to finish the work of perfecting the world, but you are not free to desist from it either." I guess at 1:30 in the morning I may be realizing that it's not about the succeeding, but maybe what is good enough is the commitment to trying. Every day, for a lifetime.

Namaste,
Wendy