Iâ??M PLEASED WITH MY FAILURES

Description

On any day, I sit back and cast one harshest question to me. Like, â??Iâ??m a successful person or is my story a file of failures.â?• Do I have the courage to pat myself as saying that, â??Iâ??m happy for the obliging person Iâ??mâ?•? Somewhere, it rang deep inside, and I got a hesitating answer. â??Perhaps â??Iâ??m.â?•

My father died when I was twenty-nine. He left a huge business venture for which he never prepared me how to manage it. Come to any eventuality. Then, I saw myself as a non-entity. Iâ??m unknown even among our teacher groups. Iâ??m not, properly qualified to run an educational institution. Iâ??m so naÃ¯ve that I barely know the terms: management, finances, or administration.

default watermark

The biggest problem I had confronted was with my communication. I guessed one factor about me immediately, â??Iâ??m nothing without English. People afforded me dignity or importance if I can assert myself in Englishâ?•. I quickly grasped the power the English speaking skills had. And I reckoned that, if I spoke reasonably well, â??Teachers, students and parents would pay attention to me.â?•

â??To garner courage when we pass through tough times is a challenge. And I know when uncertainty looms large before you. The confusion doesnâ??t allow you to take even one step forward. In this predicament, to adopt well-timed decisions and creatively equipping me with new skills of communication was a mighty jobâ?•.

I had put in, subsequently, years of hard work and learned and enjoyed the language. In a sense, I fell in love with the language. Anything related to English had made me run mad after it. The books, the tapes, the jokes, the quotations, the movies, the songs: all in one way or other had helped me. Itâ??s like romancing it at a higher order but not anything less.

I have made English a part of my life where even today I never stopped adding more about it in one way or other.

Perhaps, I had given too much of attention to my dreams for the language. Most of the time Iâ??m found involved in my preparation for classes or the seminars. Only meticulous planning leads me to get convinced and felt self- assured that I could teach well. Which means to me that I could share the essential components of teaching with all my fellow staff members?

Then where would I introduce the term failure into my biography? I had a dream about the English language, and Iâ??m almost close becoming very good at it.

English proficiency is a smaller point of my personality. But my odyssey, after my fatherâ??s demise had witnessed distressing ups and downs. I can say there were many masked phases in my life. If I sit back and reminisce may be, may be! I could see more grey shades highlighting many of my failed smudges. They are fierce enough to overshadow the fine colors, if any, of my triumphs. Iâ??m at a loss, not so pleased when I start looking back at the long count of twenty-five years of my professional

journey.

Let me examine my immediate family â?? my two brothers. Somewhere sunk inside me is a formless pounding. Perhaps, it was after my father passed away. It appeared like, for reasons not clear to me.Iâ??m not sure what to carry out as duties. Both related to professional and family front. I sensed that my mental thinking not rationally developed.

Truly, I didnâ??t have any true motive, but I had isolated my brothers by not bringing them under my guidance. Call it my ignorance or negligence. Or Iâ??m too egoistically preoccupied polishing my characteristics; to license myself as an administrator and principal. Or I may be arrogantly blind not considered them as â??good human supportâ?? kind. If not as academic equals.As to assist me. I still regretted that it never struck me that as my brothers, they too have a standing in the society. And they too are the legal heirs to my fatherâ??s legacy.

My books, my wide reading, my penchant for teaching, my creative ways of thinking in scaling up my school have all failed me. In one remarkable way. Not able to sail along with my siblings. I have miserably flopped in not creating a channel for workable coexistence and practical partnership with my two brothers.

default watermark

Today, when I looked back, I scan at the long, contentious march of our family as a group. I see it today, as one that shattered beyond repair. The disastrous consequences, piled up, all these years were there for everyone to witness. The inheritance of my father â?? the huge, highly revered school crumbled like as if hit by an unexpected typhoon.

Remembering many bitter conflicts of the past. I had to admit that I was not able to gauge their interests. Or the hatred they have lodged against me. It was evident when quarrels or disputes over financial issues or properties matters discussed. The unpardonable disaster was that the school got shut down. My brothers contributed to it by their sheer size of stupidity. And I did, recklessly hypnotized by my priorities, by my vision of the school. I had mistakenly discounted my brothers. I collected a humiliating disgrace. The penalty, I paid with all my dreams, efforts, vision and two decades of sheer struggle. But. Alas! My fatherâ??s legacy was left to fade away.

Had I been more prudent towards them? If I could have taken along with me? In one way or other if I had invited them to school activities. At least one dream of mine could have been alive. The school created by my father would have flourished.

Losing my school was one of my failed endeavors. I was short-sighted to ignore my brotherâ??s interests in a family enterprise. By the time I had understood my behavior. And I became aware that I should have been more generous and less depreciating towards them. Everything in one downslide got washed away. My response was too little and too late before I realized my blundering short-sightedness. I have grown towards my brothers.

Today I see myself collecting the broken pieces of my two decades of efforts. And my creative journey suddenly crashed on its tracks. By now, with no hope of optimism, Iâ??m destined to endure a dead end as my reality. Perhaps, reflecting on my past actions. Essentially, I didnâ??t have the correct perspective to outgrow myself to reach to them.

I can narrate my two other failed pursuits. I started two schools in Hyderabad in collaboration with some of my good friends. For me, it was to do something I love with all my humility. Truly, Iâ??m never a businessman. Iâ??m too preoccupied with my mission on hand â?? to start an excellent school.

I never bothered about paperwork or records. I never relied on agreements. Nor I ever discussed documents or partnerships deeds. Work for me involved more of emotional investment. Money was the last aspect of my search list. Iâ??m mostly concerned to see that relationships were not injured as I prepared to work along.

I always moved with an air of professionalism. But I lack the tough mental ingredients as one assumes professionals are made. Iâ??m soft in my approach, less aggressive in dealing with rough edges found in others.

Iâ??m aware that many would deem it as a weak aspect of my personality.

Iâ??m too strong-minded, too confident of my skills, about my craftsmanship in my educational profession. I saw myself as dedicated enough not to get affected to allow my creations to slip through my fingers. My mental network has the wise resiliency to withstand any hardship I might tumble into. It is this survival gut feeling that had allowed me to handle all my major assignments.

default watermark

My two attempts to establish schools in Hyderabad failed because I chose friendship over the pure business. I treated that the trust invested in me was more a significant incentive; a proof of good-will than to lay down terms and conditions on business lines. I saw myself as a key creative brain behind any proposal. But, naively, I never assured myself that I had to translate my trust into financial terms and business binds. I should have put a price on my intellectual capital and goodwill Iâ??m investing. Which I never did.

For not taking care of business aspects of any venture was my fault. I couldnâ??t separate friendship and business. It was my gullibility that was taken for a ride. In all projects I evaluated myself like this, â??some people arenâ??t loyal to you. They are loyal to their need of you. Once their need changes, so do their loyalty and so are friendships.â?• I always assumed if a friend who is a business partner doesnâ??t trust you, he is not your good friend. And the good part of it is that I know Iâ??m creatively strong enough to let it go. When the deal doesnâ??t guarantee mutual trust, Iâ??m the first one to go.

These are the three formidable dreams which I had meticulously worked to build on my own. But I have failed to retain what I have created.

The defeats checkmated my physical and creative activity. Dented my financial holdings. But, blessedly, didnâ??t damage my self-esteem. I preserved my emotional health in good humor.

Mostly, the sad part was that when we fail everyone questions us. Our integrity put on trial. Our credentials doubted. Right down even our heart doesnâ??t keep its harmony in rhythm. My false steps pushed me deep into an unbelievable silence and shock. Brooding for long in this descending silence was not my way to live by. Spread across the darkness of silence. I was able to listen keenly to my willful â??disturbances caused by my faultsâ??.

Truthfully, all my failures and consequent hurtful feel sank me a lot. However, gathering my wits and applying good amounts of my esteem. I founded a few blessings in its wake. I know it required severe

loads of courage and a sublime belief in my integrity. Very quickly I was on my means that revived me with a fire of fresh hope. I have started chronicling all my experiences, translating them into words, expressions, sentiments. To publish a memoir of my endurance.

The main theme I have gained to understand was that failures are a necessary part of life. Itâ??s like, after every failed attempt, we were given a new chisel to carve a new future. These negative adversaries, taken in our stride, are necessary to give us fresh and healthy perspectives. But the catch here is, unbeaten; we have to be hopefully alert to harvest the hidden benefits of the failed phases of our trodden paths.

I once got rid of the arrogant blinds off from your eyes. At once I could see that I had been short-sightedly chasing priorities that donâ??t belong to me. One hard truth that has revealed itself to me was, â??All the time I have been spending my time, my ideas to fulfill someone else goals.â?• â??To run and maintain educational institutions for their financial endsâ?• At the end of the day Iâ??m regarded as a spent force in all my ventures. With any failed effort of mine, they are ready to â??show their true colors.â?• Maintain distances.

default watermark

I examined, soon enough, the three ungraceful failures of my attempts to realize my dreams. Right then and there, I saw a new lease of life waiting for me. I saw how fast the life goes on. I saw how much I have deviated from what I have absorbed from the scores of books I have read. All about my core values, my family, and my hidden aspirations. I felt I had gone too far away, leaving behind a surprised yet understanding wife. And children not to know what their dad was up to. I could see an emotional vacuum swelling among us. I felt uncomfortable in my home and with my family members. I felt, sincerely this is not me. It has been years that I earnestly looked at them. It has been long time I have demonstrated Iâ??m theirs.

I found out that I have wrongly assessed my goals. I had never properly judged about my attitude, my capacity. I never knew that I had very poor memory. Iâ??m ill-equipped when it comes to money matters. That Iâ??m incautious, not able to secure myself against calculating and scheming people I have associated. In a true sense, I have used all my self-deceptive abilities to spend my time to fight for my downfall.

Do I have any regrets? I think I can soundly say. No, not at all.

I know the remorsefulness caused by regrets which at this point I canâ??t afford to entertain. Itâ??s like just sitting and playing in my mind a sad song again and again. If I succumb pensively at this point., Iâ??m most likely got pushed further, down. Doing nothing. Perhaps, it meant that I would have been lost to myself and my family forever.

It was clear to me now that I have lost nothing. Except for the school, I loved most. Iâ??m financially happy. My family is still around me to offer their understanding and support. In my resolution, I started deducing, â??Iâ??m not going allow myself regret my past misadventures. The facts and consequences, of course, cannot be reversed now. It is futile. It is a waste of time. It has in it to drain out all my emotional energy. Iâ??m sure it may affect my todayâ??s and my future.â?•

I have learned from past experiences. I hold no negativism against any individual. My choices are my own. Itâ??s I who has to suffer the consequences if any, it should be me. But itâ??s my appointed duty to shield my family from the fallout of my decisions.

My experiences have become good tools for me today. Wherein Iâ??m trying to build a healthy life for me. And as well as to my two children.

Experiences are as personal as our fingerprints. In my case, I have no bad feelings for one reason. Iâ??m never insincere. I have never tried to deceive anyone who sought my services. Maybe I overestimated my abilities.MaybeIâ??m careless. Today it is over. It was my past, and I have decided to leave that alone there. Get over it.

These experiences, these regrets didnâ??t go waste. They re-educated me as any book of wisdom ever can. Itâ??s like an overhaul of my consciousness. Itâ??s like rebuilding a new hope and aptitude of optimism. Itâ??s like upgrading my status in the eyes of my family. This awareness of â??my mistakesâ?? has given a new direction to conduct my life and new behavior and a new pattern of living. Now with this self-understanding of practical examples of mistakes Iâ??m cautious what not to do again. And this is my future line of life.

â??We all make mistakes, have struggles, and even regret things in our past. But you are not your mistakes; you are not your struggles, you are NOW with your power to shape your day and futureâ?• â?? Steve Maraboli.

default watermark

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created
2018/06/09
Author
eswarnadipalli