

# Sometimes, You Just Have To Do It

## July 3, 2010

It had been a year of a gym membership, every other day pedaling for 44 minutes on the stationary bike, an eternity when you don't want to be. The endless drone of CNN giving the impression there is nothing but, heartache in the world. Finally after 44 minutes of wondering why am I doing this, time to limp like a lifeless noodle to the weights and, 30 minutes of pushing myself beyond what should be humanly possible.

Going to the gym wasn't fun in the beginning; I didn't see any light at the end of the tunnel, only endless rows of people who were in great shape, taunting me with a body I couldn't attain. But as I began to see some inkling of progress, I didn't enjoy my time at the gym anymore, but rather the time after, basking in the satisfaction of having pushed myself. But then came "the wall", you know the one I mean - that wall that makes it seem like you're never going to get below a certain weight. I hit it hard, but I pushed, trudged and at times, dragged my body for months, never getting closer to my target weight, but not giving up. But then, BAMM! My second wind came in the form of a new diet. Skeptically, but again with the same vigor, I began, that was 33 days ago, now I am 28-30 pounds lighter and maintaining it daily.

But in that, there was also a challenge. For Father's Day, some friends and I went to lunch at one of my favorite places, Red Lobster. Sitting there looking at all the butter, oil, and fried food, I felt sick, nothing would taste so good that I would want to put back on the weight I had worked so hard to lose. Unsurprisingly, the conversation, instead of the food, was the best thing to come from that meal, with my friend Rick suggesting a hike of local mountain Mount Si the following weekend. Now I knew I was probably not in the best shape yet to do this climb, but silently I started turning it over in my mind, it becoming ever more clear I needed to get to the top of that mountain, though not really sure why, I just need to do this for me. It would be a huge challenge and a phenomenal victory. I hadn't climbed a mountain since I was 16, and now 46 I realized I couldn't turn the invitation down even if I wanted to.

It was a rainy, foggy, muddy, rocky and steep 2.2 miles to the summit, with a light rain at the summit, we were told we would probably not see much in the way of views at the summit, but I didn't care, my adrenaline was racing and I just wanted to get started. In my head Phil Khoegen from my favorite show "The Amazing Race" was telling me, what you do from this point is up to you, travel safe, the world is waiting, GO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Off we went and it started out good, I tried to go slow despite the adrenaline, but upon rounding the first bend and seeing a massive incline wind out of sight a part of me thought "what am I doing, why am I doing this, I can still turn back", but I knew I couldn't quit, this had now become my own personal race. We (a friend of mine's son Jon, who took the trail with me, although he could easily have done the tougher hike), kept going coming across, mud puddles, more inclines, more long strides, more jagged rocks, more slippery rocks, more trails, and even more inclines, all the time I am wondering when does it stop. You would have thought the others on the trail would have told us, you're almost there, but no, nothing. I knew it stops when you get to the top. Finally, like a plane's nose making that first poke through the clouds, we darted our heads out of the woods of bleakness into the light of the summit, the view spectacular. Upon making it down the mountain we did not get handed a million dollar check, but I felt like a million dollars. I just had to do it and I am all the better for doing so. For that day, that mountain was my Everest and I conquered it.

The greatest thing about the climb was that as I was climbing, jumping, avoiding, doubting, progressing and so many other "ings". With every step I was reminded why this foundation is so important. This weight issue was my current mountain in life at this time of my existence and I felt like it was immovable, yet, I said "Move Over Mountain" you are not going to get the best of me. I'm not going to lie, it was a tough climb and I still have a lot of weight to lose. But, that mountain is no longer in the way.

As I have looked back I realized I have had a lot of bad things happen to me in life, none more emotional or tragic than sexual abuse. Days, I couldn't even find a reason to go out the door. Month's of hating myself and being hated by others. Years of wondering who in the world I am. Decades of hate and anger and too many eons of thinking I would be better off not on the face of the earth, so many of my own mountains, too numerous to count, in the way of a happy and productive life.

In all honesty, six years ago when I moved to the Pacific Northwest that all changed for me. I started moving the mountains of despair, hate, discord and doubt out of my life one by one. I climbed to the top of them and came down the other side a much better person. I have finally gotten to the point where I like myself and I can joyfully share it with others. I now feel like I live in the moment and I don't miss any moments. There has been no stress in my life for about five years, sure there have been challenges, but that is what life is about, no one said it was going to be easy.

My conviction now is that I want to help as many of today's youth as possible get to the other side of their mountains and that is why this foundation exists. Move Over Mountains is just the first step.

I knew once I started experiencing the triumph I just had to share it with others.

The question is do you want help? Do you want to climb the mountain and come down the other side triumphant and jubilant? I can tell you it won't be easy, your steps won't always be secure or safe, but they will be definite.

It's time, no excuses, no doubt, it's acceptable to be scared, but, take the step, let's do the climb together, the world is waiting...

*Sometimes You Just Have to Do It!*

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