

HILL CLIMB

A few weeks after the fire, I hit rock bottom. I couldn't work. Uplift was dead in the water. I agreed to keep the organization alive, abruptly changed my mind, sent the order to dissolve, and then reversed myself again when my teammates protested. I had ceased leading effectively. My self-confidence was shattered.

One Sunday evening, we scheduled a board meeting to sort everything out. Before the meeting, to work off my debilitating stress, I went for a bike ride. I had never been the strongest or fastest cyclist, and a grueling ten-mile-long hill climb near my house had kicked my ass for the past year. I tried repeatedly but never made it all the way to the top.

This time, I decided I was tired of failure.

I would climb that goddamn hill if it killed me.

It took a long time, and I had to stop four times, but I did it. Two days later, I went back and did the entire thing without stopping. That hill never bothered me again.

I still had a long journey through failure ahead, but I'd like to think that was the day I started to get better.

EATING GLASS



*The Inner Journey
Through Failure and Renewal*

MARK D. JACOBSEN



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