

Fear, Traveling with My Invariable Companion

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I've come to a realization: fear will never disappear completely. The feeling dissipates, but invariably it returns. How to cope with its continual manifestation in my life has been a life long struggle.

I abhorred the feeling. It is annoying, cumbersome, can be limiting, even immobilizing.

I am confronted with a challenge. I set out to conquer it. In doing so, I face fear. Fear of failure. Fear of rejection. Fear of an end result that I am trying desperately to avoid.

Worst case scenario, I walk through my fear, my fear is realized, I learn from the experience, and I get on with life.

Best case scenario, I walk through my fear, the best is realized, I relish in the accomplishment, I learn from the experience, and I get on with life.

In both cases I've learned from the experience. That's what I'm here for.

The process starts again.

I've pushed myself through a lot of fear. I'm told that's courage.

If that's what courage feels like, I'm partial to it. It's empowering.

Fear, paradoxically, is necessary. It's composition is integral with regard to personal safety and financial security. In such cases, I need to heed its message. There's something to be said about inner wisdom and forewarning.

It's in the knowing and examination of fear's properties and in the deciphering of its messages that I've learned I must become adept.

I have to decipher the messages I receive and determine whether they are rational or irrational. Is the fear in some sense useful to me? Is it useless? Can something be gained by me facing and walking through the fear? What is on the other side if I choose to do so? What remains on this side if I don't?

Many times I've backed down. I chose to do nothing. But, the seemingly safe harbor of choosing not to act possesses its own form of trepidation. Undeniably the comfort found curled up under a warm blanket safe from the world is appealing. At some point, however, I begin to wonder. What is out there for me? What am I missing? What about growth? What part of living in this lifetime is here for me?

Fear invariably raises its head again and again no matter what road or course I choose. So, the lesson I've learned is to keep fear's role in my life in perspective.

I've accepted that fear is an invariable companion. I acknowledge its presence. I heed its warning. I consider its message. I allow it to guide. But, I no longer let it lead.