All my mistakes

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All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure.

Mark Twain



I thought life was like a journey
—the sweet and simple kind...

...and all I had to do was follow directions and not ask too many questions.

I had yet to realize there was more to it than that.



Each day I took a step, my heart would stop and invite me to ponder: what are you writing that for?

But my mind told my heart to be quiet— "stop looking for trouble, stop asking questions, and making suggestions—I'm the one in charge!"

So I decided to ignore my heart's question, but to more and more questions this led. Sadly, becoming ensnared in my own mental web.



By pondering each question's reasoning and meaning, I grew increasingly weary— my energy drained.

I soon realized these questions were simply inviting me to notice, take a deep breath, and rise above my own sticky web.

So I breathed and discovered something exciting: that everything I was seeing was informing my own doing, creating my reality — and that I really could re-imagine or even change my mind!



And that simple awareness led me to surprising insights --which led to new friendships and information -- -which yielded new connections! (isn't that how it always works!?)

Still, the outside world kept pressing and pushing—telling me who I was or needed to be.



Produce on schedule. Comply with rules. Make lots of money. Don't rock the boat. Swallow your anger. Pretend you don't know. Whenever your heart breaks, don't let it show.

Lacking courage and conviction, my sadness was unbearable— I asked myself: is this really how I want to serve?

I had to find a better way of contributing: something meaningful and beautiful, not something that hurt.



And you only have to reflect a few times (or a thousand in my case!) before you realize how much energy you're investing, divesting, and expending, writing notes and asking questions for things you already know.

All my intelligence seemed wasted — unprocessed, untapped, uncreated.

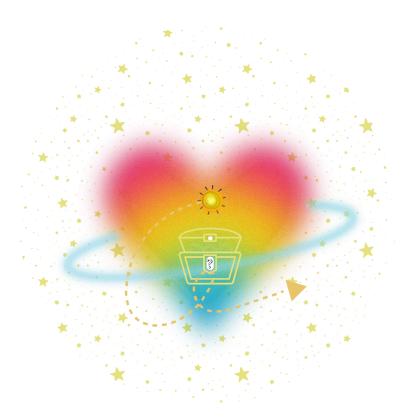


So, I looked deeply at my big pile of mistakes, or so I thought they were— for hidden beneath the piles of self-deception and brilliant conceptions were clues to my original dreams.

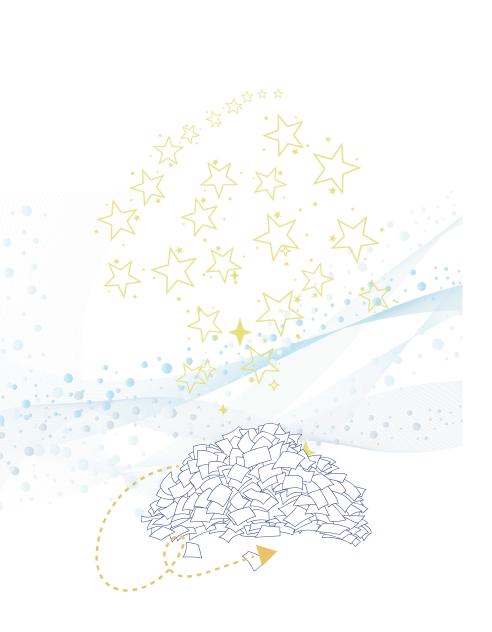
Remembering that mistakes are simply information, I decided to review my own data and organize my thought streams.



I did a q-sort - I really did, and one by one I reviewed my tender ideas- the evidence of my seeming failures and mistaken notions about life and death...and my soul's persistent nudging through my sacred human mess.



Finally seeing the connections my careful notes concealed,
I understood my purpose—
what I was here to reveal.



Looking at my pile through the eyes of appreciation, I understood my insistent and life-long dedication...

All along I had been trying and learning and failing and crying, and falling and rising again and again— writing about pain and joy, learning how to be real, and seed love in this place.

All I had left to do was forgive myself and wipe countless years of sad and happy tears from my face.



Thanks to the invisible thread that pulls us all through—my sacred compost I now share with you!



At first, we all live the questions — we search high and low. Then one day you'll ask the magic questions: why am I here?— what do I love?

That day will be the start of a new phase of living—filled with grace and timeless wisdom that will transform your life – from that day onward you'll only live from the knowing of your heart.



The answers to your questions are known by your soul—there's no need to do q-sorts, unless that's your goal!

Your truth is revealed in a way
YOU will know. Trust your heart
and your sweet spirit— allow
your light to glow.



The start

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