**Order blog for April 24 19 or 2024**

This morning, when I awakened, I gazed out my window. I saw millions of spiderwebs on the bushes of the house next-door to the roof of my house. I wondered how all those spiders possibly could know that was a good place for them to build their delicate, yet strong, webs. A whole community of spiders and spiderwebs were there, sparkling in the sunlight. Seeing spiders diligently creating their webs diligently while creating their masterpieces. Scurrying on a perfect path, they connected the webs they were weaving with little blobs of sparkling stickiness. The sun was shining just right so that webs glowed decorated with what seemed to be tiny rainbows reflecting the colors around them. Webs swaying a little from the breeze constantly caused me amazement. How could they possibly get a Web that goes across an open space from such a great distance? How did they make it work? How did they figure it all out? Do they tell their spider friends, “This is the place to be. This is where we’re gonna do this together and create this amazing sculpture!

These busy spiders inspired me to think about the whales that come to Maui every year. Starting in Alaska, the whales to swim to Maui. Some whales seem like they’re traveling by themselves, yet without the GPS that we depend on, they always arrive at Maui. Enticed by the warmer water, they glide through the gentle waves flowing between the islands of Molokai, Maui, Lanai, and Kaho’lawe. The warmth is a result of the waters being shallower than in the rest of the ocean. Ten thousand whales migrate to Maui to give birth. Watching up to sixty feet long humpback whales breaching out of the water is breathtaking. The mothers and babys frolic and splash their way through the ocean together. They’re just amazing, but what gets me the most is the trip they take every year. How good they possibly know what they are supposed all the way from Alaska to Hawaii without having any kind of GPS which is considered the most remote place in the world. Whales just take the trip automatically, go from Alaska to Hawaii or Hawaii to Alaska. They would need some form of guidance, even if it’s just looking in the sky.

Do you have an automatic piolet just like the whales? What’s the order of your life? Many of us do get up and do what we think we’re supposed to do all day long and then go to bed at night and sleep and start over again the next morning. We take one stop at a time without a lot of thought, without realizing all the choices that we make every single day, every moment. When are we going drink water? When are we going have something to eat? When are we going get up and move? When are we going outside? When are we going to be talking to someone? What are we talking about? It seems like human life is so much more complicated because of our ability to communicate and the ability to read, and write so that our thoughts can be easily restored and pass down as your legacy. In Hawaii we’ve got something called Talk Story where people get together and just talk about whatever they want to. This conversation is what ties the culture together, where they discover commonality, where they express genuine love, not so much romantic love the love and compassion of being alive and connecting with other people.

By learning to Talk Story, I found my purpose which is writing in many ways, and demonstrating happiness. I write in my journal every day and that helps guide me and inspire me for the choices I make. I chronicle every day to hold on to special memories. I also record what I’m grateful for and why I’m grateful for it. And I write books and teach others to write to help them deal with grief and find happiness.

I’m grateful today, and every day, for realizing that my purpose includes serving others. How can I help someone who is grieving or dealing with loss? How can I help them realize that happiness is perfectly normal and great to be able to feel happy even when you’re grieving. Though that may sound strange. It’s not. I’m not happy that grieving, but I’m happy that I’m alive. I’m happy that I’m making the best of my life consciously paying attention to my thoughts and what I do being mindful of every moment.

What’s your purpose? What are you doing? What are you meant to do? What are you meant to do? How can you make your life? How can you make your life the absolute best it can be? What do you need to do to make your life miraculous. How do you notice the beauty and wonder in the world? How can you share the inspiration you discover? What does your heart desire? What is it that you really crave? I’m not suggesting just making goals, though goals are great to get you from one point to another, I am asking you to identify an over arcing purpose for everything.

I know I’m here to love. I’ve loved unconditionally: people that I’m related to, people that I’m married to, my children, my friends. Love is and important part of my purpose in life, but it’s not everything. The service I mentioned before is what drives most of my doing, and my creativity is an important part of my life. As I walk through my home, I see on so many things I’ve created, and I love. All of this is my legacy.

What purpose do you have to create the legacy you will pass on, that your essence can be with eternally. Think about houses and civilizations that were built thousands of years ago and are still here. Your home is the foundation holding you up, and it most likely still be here beyond the years your life experience to bring joy and love to the people that come after you. I encourage you or maybe even challenge you to pay attention to who you are and what you are doing. Wright in your journal to explore who you are and what you aspire to. What is your true purpose in life? I’d love to hear what you come up with.