



From Pieces to Peace

*Monday, September 14th 2009 ~ Jessica Derksen*

Yesterday I realized there are Two Faces of Fear. One is the fear that is debilitating, keeps someone from doing something. The other is the feeling that creates excitement. The difference is in the understanding, embracing, and experiencing the feeling instead of avoiding it.

Earlier in the day my husband and I took our niece and nephew to Lakeside Amusement Park here in Denver. I was nervous about going on some of the rides (for myself, not the kids - more about that later, in another post). My nephew asked my husband if he was afraid and my husband said, "sure, it's a roller coaster."

I knew that people rode rides to feel a rush, but I didn't know they could still be afraid and that the fear was part of the rush.

The rush has been what has kept me from doing fearful things my entire life. I never thought that I could convert the debilitating feeling into something I enjoyed experiencing. I guess I thought I had to overcome the fear and turn the feeling into a love or warm and fuzzy feeling. But since it's not the fear itself, but the feeling of the fear I have a choice...avoid or experience and then move past it.

By the end of the day I still hadn't completely processed my new realization, **until** I rode *The Whip*. The ride looked tame enough, there were little kids riding with their parents. I hadn't even thought it would be a fun ride. But as we walked passed it for the last time Jonathan ushered me and the kids into the waiting line. We sat down, I asked where the seat belt was, and then the ride started.

As we approached the first turn I was caught off guard by how fast we accelerated and then whipped around. I screamed. Then I was afraid our cart would smash into the one in front of us. I screamed again. (I had watched the ride throughout the day and no one had crashed, but it was still what came to mind.) The cart slowed slightly on the straight away, I took a few deep breaths, and then we were accelerated through another turn. I know I didn't scream and I think I may have giggled. As we went through the third turn I know I giggled because Jonathan laughed and said, "you're giggling". We were whipped another five times. I kept giggling.

I had anticipated the rush, let the rush move through my body, and then felt the relief as it passed. It was the perfect ride!