

Mountains

I live in a part of the world that is surrounded by mountains. I can't turn my head without finding a bloody hill or mountain and I suppose those were Gods plans for me. To have me grow up around mountains and grow climbing a few too. And that's exactly what I've done, I may have grown up in body around them but I've fully grown and matured in mind climbing His mountains. He's had me fight cancer three times, face countless deaths and losses in my life, He's had my childhood dreams taken off me but at the end of the day He's made a man.

I am always called brave, heroic, kind, genuine, honourable and so many other kind compliments but I have to try explain to everyone why I seem to reject them. I have never fought for anyone but myself therefore I cannot be brave or heroic, I've only been kind because my religion has thought me so, what impact could I ever make on the world if I was fake or how could I ever be honourable if I was not honoured to be here.

I am me. There is no other way of putting it, little old Donal Walsh from Tralee, one body, one mind with a few other cobwebs and tales thrown in. I've climbed Gods mountains, faced many struggles for my life and dealt with so much loss. And as much as I'd love to go around to every fool on this planet and open there eyes to the mountains that surround them in life I can't. But maybe if I shout from mine they'll pay attention.

If I start to accept these compliments I'm afraid of what I'll become. Will I be braver than YE? Will I be kinder than YE? More genuine than YE? Or more honourable than YE? Better than YE? No. I can never accept that there is a YE. We are all the same, we are all given one body, one mind. The only difference for me is that I'm looking from the mountain.

Donal Walsh