

Home Path Found Elsewhere in the World

Sometimes you feel like you have to search high and low, and go half-way around the world to find your answers. This time, I did.

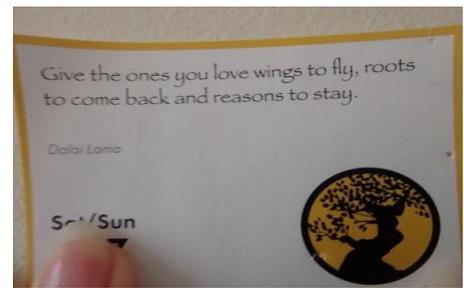
Something just urged me to go see some amazing things in Europe. I don't know where it came from; I never used to want to travel outside our country. I seem to yearn for learning new things, these days. Adventures to places and things unknown to me are always a fun crash-course that leaves beautiful visions and memories in my heart forever. Good thing I often take my grandson's advice, like, "Grandma, it's good to try new things."

So I let myself go an entire month, with just me, myself, and I, so I could pack in all the things I knew I had to see in Ireland, Scotland, and England. I set out to enjoy the beautiful world, look for my next path in life, and prove the fear of the unknown is just a made-up thing. I had researched and made my list, planned it and confirmed everything, but I didn't know what to expect, beyond that! There'd be 7 flights, a couple of ferries, buses, taxis, and a lot of walking to get to my destinations, but before I knew it, it was all set. People started calling me a "Free Spirit," to my surprise, but after I thought about it, I accept the label. I do usually remember that we are truly free to do really anything we want, unlike the majority of the suppressed world.

Getting pulled to just go play a while quieted my impatient side that always wants to know what direction to go next in my desire to try to make my life worthwhile—to help the world in some significant way. I know life can surprise in you unexpected ways when you follow your heart. However, I didn't "find" any great new love or new direction out there (or I haven't pursued it yet, I should say) . . . instead, home followed me and delivered some gifts. This wasn't an easy task, since I detached myself from all phone calls (not a one, while I was gone!) The only thing I had was Wi-Fi some nights with the same Messaging I have back home. By the time I got home, my new directions had already begun, so effortlessly and naturally, thanks to all my new experiences piling on the extra courage and reassuring me to follow my heart. Wait, was I REALLY in Europe!?

Gee, I guess so! Everything was so new and different, and I think I was floating the first few days. Obviously, since the first tour guide recommended I not spend quite so much time in the clouds, or I'd miss life! She will hopefully be a friend in Ireland, for the rest of my life. It was hard to come down, though. I was leaving my footprints all over the cliffs, mountains, islands, lochs, beaches, streets, dirt paths, grasslands, wildflower patches, forests, streams, ancient buildings, shipyards, and intense sacred places. My hands were touching exotic plants and flowers, sacred trees, waters, stones, and structures—some over 6,000 years old, ancient castles, towers, abbeys, burial and fairy mounds, rope and stone bridges, memorials and war walls, and very old iron keys and claw-foot tubs in my hotel rooms. Don't even get me started on the cloud-hopping everyone does in Glastonbury, England! (It's expected there and everyone's doing it!) But most of all, I was embracing new friends from all over the world, some of which teased me because "I sound just like the people in Fargo." I know they knew I couldn't understand their accents when they talked too fast for this Hick! Oh, I do miss being called "Love" everywhere I go . . . that was cool.

While I purposely set out to see the rough, remote parts of the countries, life will put you exactly where you need to be. I didn't realize I'd be in Scotland during their big, annual Edinburgh Festival, staying in the one hotel on the main street of it, where I could watch the people and fireworks from a hotel window. Millions of



people from all over the world attend, and I was in the thick of it, every day for a couple of days. Still, they seemed to be outside of me, and I only interacted with a couple of people on quiet streets on the way to a market one day. My soul travelers were found on the wonderful tours I went on, spending all day (and sometimes a couple or a few days and early evenings) with them, often talking about very personal things in our lives. I had the best of all worlds . . . my time alone to think, many heart-filled evening messages with old friends to contemplate, my time alone with the incredible nature there, time with my fellow travelers in nature, on the bus, and socializing afterwards, but also the big crowds and loud activities, where it's impossible to take in everything that's happening all at once. The taxi drivers seemed to be very curious of what I was doing there alone and commended me, often saying, "You've done well for yourself, haven't you?" (Meaning I was taking good care of myself and my life.) People seemed to be more interested in WHO I was, not WHAT I was, if you know what I mean? It was bliss, spending a month in a more simple, down-to-earth world. Everyone seemed to respect everyone's uniqueness as well as their surroundings. They don't seem to need all the stuff or labels we seem to need in America. Things just seemed, well, more "UNIFIED."

The ONLY crabby people I encountered were on the buses. For my first ride, no one could tell me exactly where to catch which bus. The keepers of this knowledge—the bus drivers—all seem to be cross and wanting to mislead me. After a couple attempts, I managed to get on the right bus with the other confused riders, but thankfully we were all watching where to get off for this popular, remote chapel. Going back to the city, I foiled the crabby driver's evil plans by realizing he drove past where I wanted to go, got off and didn't take his advice to get on another bus going the other way. Instead, I found my way walking back to the market I wanted to go to. Determined now that some crabby dude wasn't going to ruin my holiday, I set my intentions to only have kind, helpful bus drivers for the other important transfers I'd need (like getting to the airport in time!) and I bravely marched to various bus stops and had peaceful rides after that. My fears of something new had ruffled me a little, just to remind me to focus on what I want. This fear of the buses gave me something to conquer and I felt incredible doing so! I even helped a stressed traveler find the right bus for her, one rainy morning towards the end of my travels; the universe had given me an extra pat on the back.

"Raise \$1 million for charity while making the world a happier place!"

—Mary Anne, Author
RISE ABOVE THE SH**!



-  Make life incredible, no matter what!
-  Raise your eyebrows and your standards in life!
-  Considerate gift for anyone 13 years & up!
-  We donate funds to charity for every book sold!

I've promised myself to keep this trip as part of me, as much as possible. Life just works, when we remember the very simple thing that truly, we are capable of so much more than we can ever imagine . . . we are free to do and be ANYTHING. The funny thing is, I'm not even talking about my adventure or new people or things from Europe. I'm talking about the new directions I'll take now, here at home, while my heart is still fearless. Sometimes we just insist on taking the long-way-around, don't we? ~Mary Anne



©Copyright Annie Press

More FREE notes and book info at: ANNIEPRESS.COM

(*Join our mailing list now for pre-order offers on the next book of this series!*)