Riding Out Our Storms 2024

Cross  **Cultural Journey's**

Half of the 2024 year has come and gone yet, we as a global community are plaque with the constant outcomes from wars fought within many nations. The most notable are Israel against Palestine and Russia and Ukrainian forces. Though far from the borders of the United States, we feel the vibrations within our systems such as banking, trade, social media, travel etc....these are the social storms that torment as we measure death tolls inside that imposed through medical crisis or pandemics. After Covid-19 the nation of Africa is suffering "mpox" and another which are both devastating the affected countries staving off tourism, using government funds for medical care and supplies, pulling the World Bank, The World Health Organization and other financial resources as well as those offering medicaments that repair and those which kill off such disease. We watch media gloat stories and tales of crime, criminal organizations who hide within our borders and those migrants who boat, float, and walk into new lands and territory's thousands of miles away. All seeking shelter, wanting education, money making opportunities and jobs. Some for themselves others replay their personal desire for the health and care of their children. Still, citizens exhaust feelings of wonderment as to the security and ability to thrive watching our leaders decide how and where to cast care upon many nations and people globe hopping toward a new sense of freedom, as we suffer imposition upon that of our own.

Knowing changes will come to our lives in many forms, here we sit watching the worlds varied disruptions from normal life, the intrusion and caring for faces from other lands consume our funding, goods, and services thence weighing the depth of its impact against the fear and success of our future endeavors. Our countries are facing surmounting debts that will cost us all in some shape or form as they too spend in a united front to aide other nations with the same intentions their citizen protest and riot against. It seems to the populace that taking care of "home" has taken a back seat to our global community.

Our Own Ride

While we're Riding Out That Storm, our global storm, we are still responsible to the journey through those of our own. These are our own personal issues that we must work on and get through onto a dry, calm place of freedom, warmth, and beauty. Inside of the quiet, exists harmony, peace and the ability to communicate while working through tension as it

arises. When this state of mind fails to present on all sides as those involved in the problem, we can wind (blow) into the midst of an inescapable 'storm'.

Riding Out Our Storms (*ROOS*) OR Surviving Our Own Ride (*SOOR*)

.....takes on its own deep, intense voice that builds our character, breaks us down, reroutes our journey and gives credence to our belief in God, gods, and faith. These are even referred to as "faith builders" as we latch onto spiritual guidance, Gods love in wanting what is best for us and holding our contentment during these times. At times, unhappiness is the outcome of carnal 'sinful acts' just as much as a believer in conjuring up evil spirits. Some of us 'slam' the notion of laughable 'faith', yet, when trouble comes once again and distorts our concept of working through change, time, and challenge. Here we lose trust in our deity. Survival suggest that we do what is best to get to dry land when stuck afloat in the ocean on a rafter.

Surviving it may also adapt onto the religious aspect of everything which says in Leviticus "unclean spirits" such as that believed to be imposed upon us through intake of swine or pig be avoided. This in turn is relative to those who seek to partake and take part in "evil" doings and behavior. Inside our storms we are animals a liken those kangaroo(s) who hop along their way in the desert lands of Australia. The dry, hot, sandy place that leave us longing for a drink of water, shade, and the strength to survive. Dreaming of an oasis, help to ease the tormenting state we are living in.

My search for a means of expression for this concept of withstanding good and bad challenges brought about the notion of *Acrimony*. No, I am not locked inside the film work holding the same title but the understanding of exactly what this term means. Bitterness, a resentment of something or someone which has entered or is a part of our individual zone. It too is indirectly associated with the word Acronym which are letters or initials for words. It is missing the *"i"*, the seeing eye that captures the genuine intentions of others thoughts and actions which dictate our stormy weather.

In reasoning the value of the acronym SOOR, I found it also has many meanings within alternative cultures as it is food, grits in one, a sour time or a pig or swine in another. It too can be a warrior, the beauty of music, and the warmth of our sun. But, just as crude iron is that of a pig (pig iron), storms in life are harsh, lengthy and not easily resolved nor broken. It all takes time to pass us bye with or without justification. And too we let go of those binding chains same as at Mel's diner within the notion of "kiss my grits or bug off."

ROOS is just an intentional reversal, the opposite of SOOR which reads as "riding out our storm(s)" and means we have a bit of control and knowledge that enables us to withstand the nature of our beast. We are equipped or we learn quickly how to endure strong winds that are meant to knock us down while standing and holding on to our inner being and strength. If by chance we fail and fall slowly down, our biological energy, brain power, and at times others granting us a hand upward, brings on survival and plausible change which returns to an upstanding state for completion of our journey. It's like running out of gas and borrowing a gas container and a few dollars to fill it. The work, traveling onto the gas station and back fulfills the obligation and the mission to drive on.



SOOR: A Cultural Divide

As we SOOR into a new day under the sun filled sky's which offers us either the comfort of song basking in peace and harmony or light by which one can plot survival, strategize, and seek revenge as a true earthly warrior. Today, this era we are living within has a sorted sense of liability, responsibility, tension, and love. They dwell amongst the successes of work, home, and play with one another, family and friends. These are a few of the triggers which ignite common social fires and feed fuel to enemies and wars. In surviving our own ride (SOOR), as a food I beckon the word is a commonality in our cultural divide. It's a binding agent instead. In the American culture, this food (grits) gained fame as it held a shared point of discontentment between individuals. The sentiment of "jerk, go blow, or who cares" resounds. As the soured, rejection of war & swine our sustained religious beliefs imply.

German and Dutch descent recognize "riding out our storms" (roos) as a “rose”, a colorful floral fragrant touch of pleasantry and odorous love and "rose quartz" crystal are both symbolic of God's work in the world. As each color of our rose denotes its prescribed meaning, owning the rose is knowing that the passion and sacrifices made during our storm(s) are working toward the joy and wisdom of a sun shiny new day. There is peace amidst the assails in the boundaries of musical notes combined into heavenly sounds of piano, violins, guitar etc....heavenly music.



No matter which direction the acronym reads, the final act, the outcome is desirably goodness and resolution(s) that grants our unbound freedom once again. The sunshine

adorned in good vibrations that carry on and keep us afloat in life better prepared each time for the horizon of our next storm.

