

# Our Story

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Just pondering and wanted to share a thought.

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As I sit and ponder my life, there are still times of real clarity. I have lived a lot. Thoughts come to me that I want to put down. Maybe I can look back on them or my family, especially my grandchildren, can read them, so they may have a better idea of who I was before I was sick. I will try to keep it short and try not to be preachy. So here I go. \* \* \* \* \* When we first began understanding even the most rudimentary ideas and happenings of life, our story originates. We are the protagonist of the tale that is our life. We are the star, the hero, the only irreplaceable actor in this play. The script is written for us alone, scene by scene, from our very birth to our ultimate demise. This play consists of many actors. The sole purpose of these other members of the entourage is to focus and mold the experience felt by us, the star. Their contribution to our life-long story ranges in importance and longevity. Some of these cast members are antagonists, some are allies, and some are there just for informational narrative. The co-stars are important and help shape our world. Our family is especially important in setting up the backstory and motivations that lead us through the plots and subplots that make up the various chapters of our existence. Our friends and lovers fill more of the backdrop of the storylines. Friends act as confidants, confessors, side-kicks or even comic relief. Lovers expand the emotional content more than any other co-star, adding new dimensions to our part. The ultimate co-star is the significant other, whether spouse or soulmate of any kin. This co-star blurs the lines of friendship and lover, and intensifies their importance in the script. They work in harmony or opposition to us contributing heavily to the mood and genre of the story. They can become the greatest enemy or most trusted ally. This is all so easy, so simple. We are each the center of everything that matters in the world. It makes sense because no one is more important than we are. Then one day it happens. It could happen suddenly in a revelation or slowly, bit-by-bit, over time. Sadly, sometimes it doesn't happen at all. The world completely changes beyond recognition. The story will never be the same and like many fairy tales when you go back and read them, you can't believe how wrong you were in their meanings. We have matured and become an adult. We understand that we are not the center of the universe, only our own small portion of it. Our story is of the utmost importance to us, but less and less important to others as our relationship with them decreases in value. We come to realize that all of the co-stars, guest stars, regulars and extras in our story are the stars and main protagonist in their own. The background extra that is the cook in our favorite restaurant does not

even realize we play a part in his story, because in his story we are only a table number on an order. At first it seems like we have diminish somehow. We are no longer the most important thing in the world. Then with time, experience and wisdom we come to understand that our life is still very important, maybe even more than we could have ever imagined. Our story may not be the greatest story, but now we understand it is not the only story either. We are part of many of those other stories and we affect each story we are part of. Sometime the effect is small, but sometimes it can make a big change in that story. The changes that are caused may happen almost immediately or it may take years. That change will cause that story to affect other stories it intersects. Our seemingly insignificant life can affect changes for thousands of people or more and move through generations, even if the starting point is unknown. There is a ripple effect that our actions, words and even attitudes can cause. In the beginning we were everything, we were children; then hopefully, we grow up. We feel smaller, not because we are, but because the world got bigger. Then we learn how much more a small cog in a big machine can cause than a big cog in a small machine. We are not the center; we are only a part of the whole.