Hills Worth Dying On

When I was young, every hill seemed worth dying on. Each step in life there are fewer.

I've found that the smaller the number of things I think worth fighting for to the death, the happier I am. This isn't because I'm less resolved or passionate about my life and goals. It's the opposite.

When you're ready to go to battle over every single idea or opinion, you're in a constant quagmire of squabbles and stalemates. It's hard to be powerful and impossible to be peaceful.

When you aren't willing to die on most hills, you get to keep your powder dry for the handful of things that matter to the point of defining you. Those things aren't to be trifled with. You're able to abide like The Dude through most of life, and strike like lightning when it matters.

I try to ask myself all the time, "Is this a hill worth dying on?" If the answer is no, I try hard to resist the temptation to get embroiled.