

People Who Are Fully Alive

I got in the Lyft ride expecting Stephanie.

A cool looking dude with a big smile said, "Isaac?". I said, "Are you Stephanie?" He laughed and said in a high pitched voice, "Yes!" Then told me no, he was covering for his wife.

He mentioned all the traffic from protests and other stuff happening downtown. Then he said something awesome. "But I like it all. It's all interesting to me because I meditate."

A few questions later, and we were all-in on a raucous conversation about the extent of the individual's sphere of control, whether truth and freedom are the same thing, psychedelics vs meditation as a mind-opening process, whether you can be both transcendental and materially successful at once, and the role of the conscious and subconscious mind.

We exchanged emails. Even if we don't communicate more later, this ride lit up my day. When you're in the presence of someone who is fully alive, you just feel it. The energy from our conversation was greater than the sum of what we brought individually.

The thing is, I'm one of those people who wants my drivers to leave me alone. But that's because nine out of ten times they make boring small-talk, complain about weather or traffic, or spout off half-baked political rants.

Not Russ. He reminded me that it's not conversation itself that's exhausting when I'm traveling. It's not conversation with strangers either. It's mustering the will to interact with people who aren't alive. That kind leaves you less alive too. It's a net drain on your energy and sense of life.

But when you have an encounter with someone fully alive? You could talk about meditation, sports, geology, or airplanes. It doesn't matter. If they're wide awake and alive about it, you feel it too and leave the encounter with more fuel in the tank than when you started.

Here's to living fully alive and the Remnant who do.