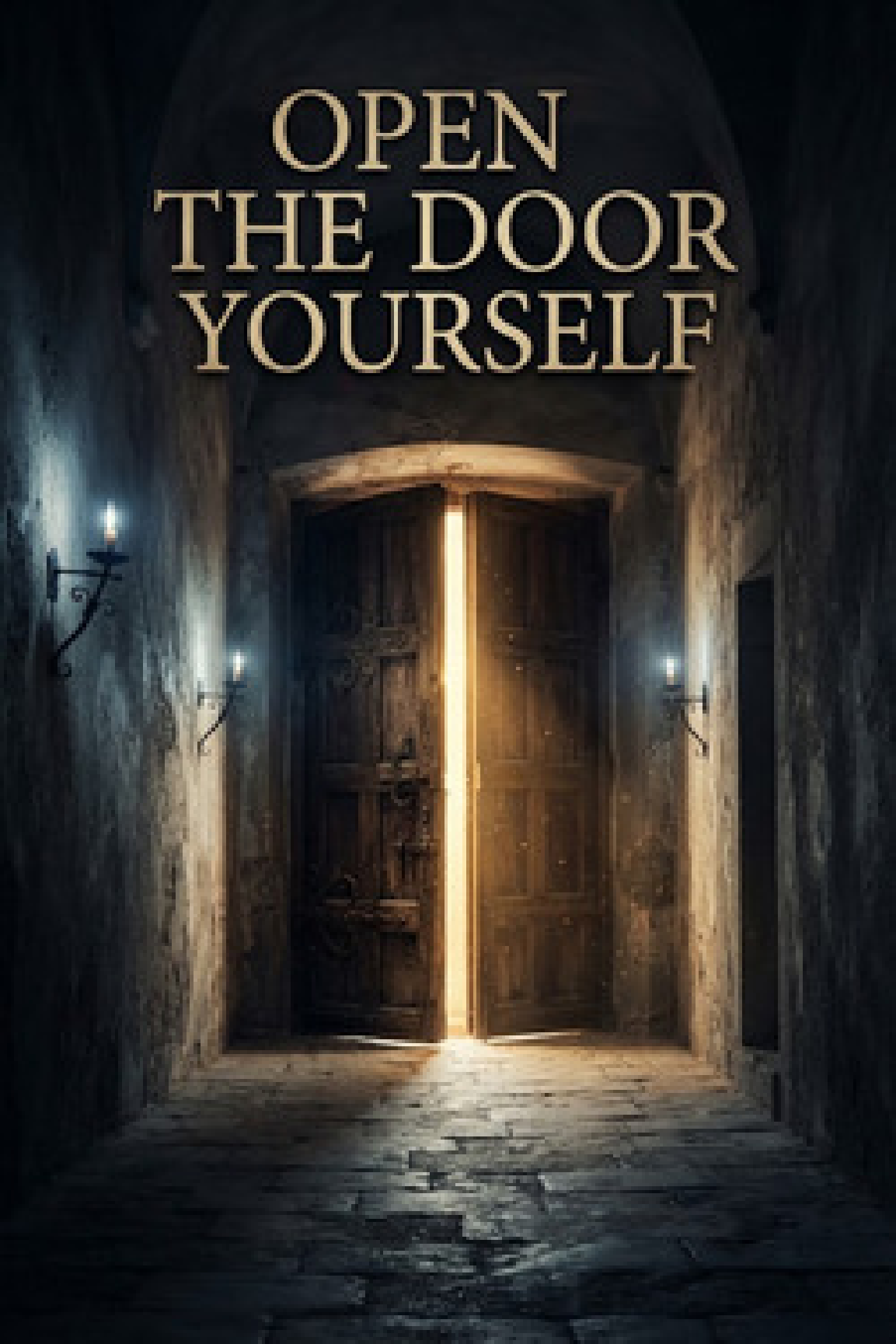

OPEN
THE DOOR
YOURSELF

THRESHOLD 5

Open the Door Yourself

There is a strange habit that accompanies many people for their entire life.

They wait.

They wait for the right moment.

They wait for the right opportunity.

They wait for recognition.

They wait for someone to tell them they are ready.

They wait for an invisible authorization that almost never arrives.

For years I observed extraordinary men and women remain still on the threshold of their own possibilities.

Not because they lacked talent.

Not because they lacked intelligence.

But because they were waiting for permission.

Someone who would say:

"Go."

"Now you can."

"You are authorized."

Life rarely works this way.

Indeed, almost never.

Looking back, I realize that none of the truly important decisions of my existence was preceded by a certainty.

None.

When I started something new I was not ready.

When I changed direction I did not have all the information.

When I accepted challenges greater than myself I possessed no guarantees.

I possessed only one conviction.

That remaining still would have been worse.

The difference between a life lived and a life observed is often found there.

In the moment when a person stops asking the future for permission.

When young we believe there are people charged with deciding for us.

The teachers.

The executives.

The institutions.

The authorities.

With time we discover that those people are facing the same mystery we are facing.

No one possesses a complete map.

No one truly knows the ending.

Everyone is improvising a piece of their own story.

This discovery can frighten.

Or it can liberate.

For me it was a liberation.

Because it forced me to take on responsibility.

Responsibility is a curious word.

Many associate it with weight.

I associate it with freedom.

As long as someone else decides for you, you can always assign them the blame.

When you decide, there are no more alibis.

Only you exist.

And the direction you have chosen.

There were moments in which it would have been much simpler to give up.

To remain where I was.

Not to risk.

Not to expose myself.

Not to change.

Every path contains these crossroads.

They arrive without announcing themselves.

A door opens.

A part of us wants to cross through it.

Another wants to flee.

Because change always has a price.

No one sees that moment.

From outside everything seems simple.

From inside it is a battle.

Not against the world.

Against ourselves.

Against the fear of being wrong.

The fear of not being up to it.

The fear of judgment.

The fear of losing what we already possess.

I learned that fear is a bad advisor but an excellent indicator.

Often it indicates precisely the direction we should explore.

Not because it is pleasant.

Because it contains growth.

The experiences that transformed my life were not comfortable.

They were not guaranteed.

They were not free of risks.

They were simply necessary.

At a certain point one must choose.

One can continue to ask for authorizations.

Or one can begin to live.

The two things rarely coincide.

I have met people who possessed every possible requirement and who never set out.

And others who possessed almost nothing but crossed continents, built enterprises, faced illnesses, reinvented their own existence.

The difference was not in the résumé.

It was in the attitude.

The latter had understood something.

No one would arrive to save them.

No one would hand them the perfect moment.

No one would officially certify that they were ready.

So they began.

And that's all.

With time I understood that almost all great

transformations begin in an imperfect way.

An uncertain first step.

A phone call.

A journey.

A signature.

A decision that seems greater than the person who makes it.

Often courage is described as the absence of fear.

It is nonsense.

Courage is proceeding while fear continues to walk beside you.

Knowing that it will not disappear.

Knowing that it will make noise.

Knowing that it will try to convince you to turn back.

And going forward anyway.

What today we see as a coherent trajectory was, in the moment it was happening, a sequence of fragile choices.

Many times I did not have the certainty of doing the right thing.

I had only the certainty that doing nothing was the wrong thing.

It is a subtle but decisive difference.

Life does not always reward those who win.

It often rewards those who set out.

Those who try.

Those who dare.

Those who cross through the door.

Because every experience generates another experience.

Every step creates new possibilities.

Every movement produces new encounters.

Remaining motionless, instead, produces only immobility.

Today many people seek motivations.

I seek a direction.

Motivations change.

Directions remain.

There will always be people ready to explain to you why something is impossible.

Why it is not the moment.

Why you are not ready.

Why you do not have enough experience.

Why the risk is too high.

Listen to them.

Then decide on your own.

Because in the end none of them will live your life.

None of them will carry the weight of your renunciations.

None of them will cross through time in your place.

That is a work that belongs to you alone.

If there is one lesson that time has left me, it is this.

The opportunities that changed my existence did not arrive accompanied by a letter of authorization.

They bore no stamps.

They bore no certificates.

They bore no guarantees.

They bore only a question.

"Do you want to enter or do you want to stay outside?"

Every time I was afraid.

Every time I hesitated.

Every time I understood the same thing.

No one would give me permission.

So I opened the door myself.

And it is there that the story continued to walk.