Definition of a Turning Point

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*An actor steps forth in business clothes holding a briefcase.*

I remember moss covered gravel across green hills leading to dense forests. A landscape of fairy tales, interwoven with a new feeling on the tip of my tongue, pulsing on the sweat of my brow. The first emotion I remember is fear. Staring at branches looking for faces staring back at me. I couldn’t find them. I found gnarled roots and cut bark, crunchy leaves, and shining fool’s gold, waiting to be snatched by dimpled, freckled fingers. Imagination as far as the eye can see, endless possibilities, but I saw fear. When did the magic fade? When did my fear take over a child’s imagination?

Was it the first time I put my hand on the stove, not knowing fire was beneath the pot? Was it the first time I lost my mother in a crowd, greeted upon embrace with a scolding and hot tears running down our faces? Could it have been hearing my first fight with new ears? Knowing the difference between yelling and spitting daggers, to slamming doors?

A turning point is like a revolving door. You step in realizing the rotation and come out with a revelation of how to surpass the barrier. Pushing harder upon the next glass, and stepping quicker on grounded feet, no longer tumbling. But it doesn’t end when you go through, because if we’re lucky we have to go back. Pushing metal, bent knees, right back where we started. There IS a magic in that. A magic in the repetition. Entering and turning back, no longer who we started as. Hopefully, stronger and wiser. Hopefully, remembering that entering the turning point isn’t as scary as it was the first time. It is a moment that carries within it the potential to redefine who we are, where we're headed, and what legacy we leave behind.

Is that too much to put on a door?

*Actor sets down the briefcase, and opens it. A light shines through, and our actor takes out a sword.*

Ok bear with me. What if I wanted to enter every revolving door like I did the first time. Imagine standing at the crossroads of destiny, feeling the weight of every choice that led you to this very instance. The path behind you is paved with memories, roots, experiences, both triumphant and challenging, each step contributing to the person you've become. But it's the path ahead that beckons with a mysterious allure, offering the promise of something new, something different, something bold. Something to push through.

*Actor takes out fantasy like items. Like a child’s play chest. Begins to put on the fairy wings, the crown. A transformation before our eyes.*

A turning point, a revolving door, is more than just a chronological marker; it is an emotional and intellectual threshold. It's that instant when your heart races and your mind races even faster, grappling with the enormity of what lies ahead. It's the moment of reckoning with your dreams and fears, confronting your strengths and vulnerabilities. The outcome is uncertain, but therein lies the beauty. It's an opportunity for growth, for evolution, for pushing the boundaries of your comfort zone. Literally.

Sometimes a turning point is thrust upon us, a choice put forth, an unexpected twist of fate that forces us to adapt, to find strength we never knew we possessed. Other times, it's a conscious decision, a bold declaration to the universe that you refuse to be defined by the status quo any longer. It's a declaration that change is not just inevitable, but necessary.

Think about the stories of history, the tales of ordinary individuals who, faced with pivotal moments, rose to the occasion and altered the course of their lives, and often, the course of history itself. These stories remind us that the turning point is a canvas upon which we can paint our resilience, our determination, and our unwavering spirit.

So, my friends, as we stand here on the precipice of possibility, let us embrace the uncertainty that accompanies the turning point. Let us remember that life's most extraordinary chapters often begin with the most unexpected shifts. Let us have the courage to step into the unknown, to chase our aspirations, and to harness the power of this moment to sculpt a future that we are proud to call our own. To give to our own.

As the wheel of time continues to spin, as we navigate the ebb and flow of existence, let us hold onto the wisdom that the turning point bestows upon us. For within these moments of transformation, we discover the essence of our true selves, and we realize that our journey is not solely defined by the destination, but by the courageous steps we take along the way.

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