The whole of life was but a test to see what you'd be at your best. So when it's not your best you're giving it's you losing the game of living.

Oh, some will blame the circumstance, "I've had bad luck, the fate of chance"—a certain way to never learn: the greatest heights of life, we earn.

For all we gain and all we lose, we still respond by what we choose—to take responsibility the key to being all we can be.

Each man is circumstances' guest, in life, the proving ground, the test. To prove what character we'd be in varied weather, to what degree.

Until deep in his soul it's known among the greatest gems he'd own, is knowing each circumstance was his to but reveal the man he is.

[END]