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## Bite the Carrot

Frank Cook  
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I am my own hardest opponent. When engaged in competition of any kind, the presence of others unsettles my concentration, adulterating my ideal of taking myself to the limit. The process of exerting myself is how I find my reality, my sense of purpose, my part of the whole.

Special others when involved at unplanned time can often add to this understanding. But the key word is “unplanned”. For, I can never be sure when everything comes into focus, or if it ever will again. One can only search out those things that helped in the past and hope to be aware if the opportunity does come. I am only now learning to utilize these special times, rather than restrain them.

For me, biking is one means that has worked. The effort of the exercise seems to fatigue the left (logic) side of the brain to such an extent that the right side comes out functions. For all my senses must concentrate on everything wooshing by, else I would crash. Often an autopilot feeling sets in and I can think and understand the big picture. Biking near dark has an even more profound effect. I feel like a life capsule speeding by blurred dark shades. At these times I truly see.

It always takes several metamorphosis takes place in a process of reverse day dreaming. In day dream until it is over. I am unaware of the conversion to autopilot until after it has happened. And, like so many things in life, it occurs most easily when I don't try to make it happen. Effort seems to impede the process.

I could talk about the mechanics of the bike, or the sport of biking, or even the leisure of exercises, etc... All are balls within balls.

Upon returning from a ride, I feel relaxed. The people I encounter look so tired and slow. They look at me as if I were crazy to have wasted so much energy to arrive at the same point I left. Such is life? I don't know how to explain that I am full of so much more energy than they

could imagine. There are different kinds of energies. (To make the engineers happy, I should say that energy manifests itself in different ways). By physically exerting myself, I release these “other” energies. For it is only with this energy that I can write, paint, or live.

The hardest part is getting out the door and onto the bike. Once there, I congratulate myself on my accomplishment. Breaking the chains of routine (and they are chains) is to have really accomplished something. One often uses goals like races, or fitness, etc. to do it. Whatever, but realize why you truly do it.

One must be aware of the pitfalls of carrots. While growing up we are offered one carrot after the other. Over time many people forget that the carrots are just the means of motivation. I clearly remember that in fourth grade I spent hours memorizing times tables to earn those gold stars. They are just the means of motivation. “All great things are done for themselves”. I don’t bike to be an Olympian – for I might get there. I bike for what it does for me as a human – if I became an Olympian on the way – fine. In this way, I will never ask myself, “Why did I sacrifice so much”? It is no sacrifice, it is living!

Learn to Live, by Living to Learn.