

# WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Story: <https://pnc.st/s/cuento-resonante/ce74352a/004-where-do-we-go-from-here->

Song: <https://pnc.st/s/musica-variada/c5552be4/004-music-cuento-resonante-podcast-episode-004>

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## Where Do We Go From Here?

Jake and Albert were two backpackers, both a bit worn and dusty, sitting on the edge of a high mountain trail. They had been walking for days, navigating rocky paths and pushing through forests thick with the scent of pine and earth. As the sun sank below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of pink and orange, Jake, who was gazing out over the distant valleys, sighed deeply.

"Where do we go from here?" Jake asked, his voice heavy, not just with physical exhaustion, but with something deeper. He was searching for direction, something more than the next step down the trail.

Albert, a man a few years older with a calm presence that seemed rooted, looked over at him, studying him with wise, gentle eyes. He waited a moment, allowing Jake's question to settle in the quiet that surrounded them, then spoke in his thoughtful, steady way.

"Ah, that question," Albert began, smiling faintly. "It's one every traveler asks at some point—not just on the trail, but in life. You see, Jake, there are different ways to answer it, but I'd say we should begin with where we are."

Albert gestured to the scene before them: the vast mountains stretching out, the deep valleys below, and the sky fading slowly into twilight. "Here we are, sitting on a mountain," he said, "and it's a place worth appreciating. We're so focused on the next point, the next destination, that we sometimes overlook the beauty of this moment—the rest, the view, the quiet. Every step we've taken has led us here, and 'here' is what grounds us."

Jake nodded, feeling the weight of Albert's words. He glanced back out at the landscape, noticing things he had rushed past before—the way the wind moved softly through the grass, the stillness that came as the sun dipped lower.

"But there's still the question of what's next," Jake said quietly. "What do we do after we've taken in the view?"

Albert leaned back, stretching his legs. "We go inward," he replied. "We take time to know ourselves. Sometimes, Jake, the path forward isn't about the next destination, but about understanding what brings us meaning. What is it that calls to you? What brings you joy? Only when we understand that do we truly know where we want to go."

Jake thought about that for a moment. "So, you're saying that where we go next is really up to... what's inside us?"

"Yes," Albert replied with a nod. "Most people spend their lives chasing destinations—dreams that seem grand and distant, thinking those places will bring them fulfillment. But I believe it's not the place that gives life meaning; it's the purpose and intention we carry as we travel."

They sat in silence for a while, each lost in their thoughts. Finally, Jake spoke again. "But what if I don't know what gives me purpose? What if I don't know where I want to go?"

Albert chuckled softly. "That's part of the journey, too. It's okay not to know. We don't always need grand answers. Sometimes, the wisest step is simply to put one foot in front of the other and trust that we'll find purpose as we go."

He paused, then added, "Set small steps, Jake. Don't focus on the distant peak; instead, look for the next small, meaningful step. Maybe it's learning something new, helping a

fellow traveler, or just being kind to yourself. All these small things shape us, and over time, they show us our path."

Jake looked down at his worn boots, the dust caked on them from miles and miles of trail. "So, it's not about where we're going, but how we're going?"

"Exactly," Albert said, his eyes lighting up. "The journey itself is what changes us, Jake. We'll never know the full path ahead. But we can choose how to walk it—with openness, curiosity, and kindness. And we can trust that, as long as we're being true to ourselves, the right path will reveal itself."

Jake felt a sense of peace wash over him. He had been looking for a destination, a specific answer, but perhaps what he needed was to let go of that need for certainty and trust the process. "So," he said with a small smile, "we go from here by staying present, knowing ourselves, and taking it one step at a time?"

Albert's smile deepened. "You've got it, Jake. And we find our purpose not in the places we reach, but in the way we choose to travel. That's the journey—the one that shapes us, teaches us, and ultimately brings us home to ourselves. So, Jake, in answer to your question, where do we go from here, We move forward with courage, compassion, and purpose, embracing the challenges and opportunities that lie ahead while striving to create a better world for ourselves and future generations."

As the last light of the sun faded, they sat together in companionable silence, and Jake felt for the first time that he didn't need to know where they were going. It was enough to be here, to feel the earth beneath him, and to trust that, step by step, he would find his way.

The end.





Where Do We Go From Here?

(Verse 1)

Two travelers sat on a mountain trail high,  
Dust on their boots, beneath a wide sky.  
One looked sad, needing some cheer,  
And asked, Where do we go from here?

(Verse 2)

The older man listened, a calm in his eyes,  
Said, "Life's not a race, not chasing a prize.  
We miss so much beauty when we're chasing the end;  
Finding peace in the present, is where you begin.

(Chorus)

One step, one mile, that's all we need to know,  
We walk for the moment, not for where we go.  
Mountains may rise, valleys may fall,  
The journey finds meaning when you heed the call.

(Bridge)

Know that, answers aren't waiting in far-off peaks,  
But often found in the silence we keep.  
Each step that we take, each breath we find,  
A path that unfolds, one step at a time.

(Verse 3)

So take it in stride, and be gentle, be kind,  
Along paths that are winding, let your light shine.  
For life is a journey, no need to decide,  
Just follow each step, your conscience your guide.

(Chorus)

One step, one mile, that's all we need to know,  
We walk for the moment, not for where we go.  
Mountains may rise, valleys may fall,  
The journey finds meaning when you heed the call.

(Outro)

As twilight fell softly, happiness increased,  
Questions and answers, their minds at peace.  
No need to decide, no reason to hide,  
Two friends on a journey, side by side.





## **The Path Will Let Us Know**

### **(Verse 1)**

The mountain scene is beautiful, beneath the fading sun,  
A place where paths converge, our journey has just begun.  
The earth beneath our weary feet holds stories yet untold,  
Here we pause, wondering, how our story will unfold.

### **(Verse 2)**

What calls you forward, traveler, beyond this quiet sky?  
Is it the echo of purpose, or dreams that drift nearby?  
Not all paths are marked with stones; some live in our dreams,  
Each step, a chance to find our way, traveling as a team.

### **(Verse 3)**

Our destination is not the peaks; but how we choose to climb,  
More questions than answers, answers revealed in time?  
The answer isn't written; it's shaped by how we go,  
Through valleys wide and deep, whether moving fast or slow.

### **(Outro)**

So where do we go from here? Your answer softly grows—  
In every step, in every breath, the path will let us know.