

DESTINY: Offer Of A Lifetime

By Sam Sukumar

Introduction

We often think of destiny as something fixed—an inevitable outcome written before we take our first breath. But what if destiny is not a predetermined fate, but an offer? A sacred current that carries us forward—not as a force of control, but as an invitation.

A river does not know the exact shape of its journey, yet it moves with certainty toward the sea. It is not lost when it twists through valleys, nor defeated when it meets obstacles. It does not question whether it will reach its destination—it simply flows. And in flowing, it becomes the path it was always meant to take.

This is the nature of destiny. Not something imposed upon us, but something we step into by aligning with the current of our own becoming.

WISDOM: Knowing How To Flow

If destiny is an offer, then wisdom is how we accept it.

A river does not fight its course, nor does it force its way forward in rigid defiance. It moves in harmony with the terrain, adapting, deepening, carving its way not through force, but through persistence. Likewise, wisdom is not about rigid certainty; it is about knowing how to flow—how to listen, how to trust, how to move with both patience and purpose.

Wisdom is not knowledge. It is not having the answers in advance. It is living in such a way that you can recognize when the path is calling.

Destiny does not demand grand gestures; it asks for alignment. It is not found in a single moment of revelation but in the quiet, daily practice of moving with presence and intention. Just as a river deepens its course over time, wisdom shapes us—not in haste, but in rhythm with the life unfolding before us.

The Cost Of Fighting The Current

Some people move through life as if they are exactly where they are meant to be. Their journey is not without challenges, but it feels aligned. Others live in resistance, as if they are constantly swimming upstream, exhausted and disconnected.

The difference is not luck. It is not mere circumstance. It is whether they are fighting the current or trusting it.

A river that tries to run backward will only deplete itself. A person who resists their own becoming—who clings to false paths, distractions, or fears—experiences the same exhaustion.

But why do we resist?

Because we have been taught to. Because control feels safer than surrender. Because we mistake struggle for progress and force for strength. We fear what might happen if we stop paddling, forgetting that the river does not need our struggle to move.

The greatest tragedy is not a life cut short, but a life spent resisting the very flow meant to carry it forward.

LIVING AS THE RIVER: Moving Toward The Sea

So, how do we ensure we are walking our path instead of wandering away from it? The answer is not external; it is internal. It is in how we live, in the daily practice of wisdom.

A river does not second-guess the ocean. It does not fear the vastness it is destined to merge with. It simply moves, knowing that every twist, every slow meander, every unexpected turn is part of its journey home.

To live like the river is to trust the movement of life itself. It is to recognize that destiny does not demand suffering—it asks for trust. That we do not need to force our way forward—we need only step into the rhythm already carrying us.

Destiny has always been an invitation, not a guarantee. The river does not have to reach the sea. It could be dammed, diverted, dried up by neglect. But when it flows with trust, it arrives—not because it forced its way, but because it moved in harmony with its nature.

The universe has made its offer.

The question is not whether you have a destiny.

The question is whether you are willing to live it.

Like a river drawn to the sea, will you trust the current that is already carrying you?

The Parting Of The River

You have come this far. The current has carried you here, to this moment. But now, the river bends, and I cannot follow.

This part of the journey is yours alone.

The question is no longer whether you have a destiny. It never was. The river has always been moving. The current has always been calling. The only question left is this:

Will you trust it?

Not with your mind, but with your movement.

Not in theory, but in practice.

There is a moment when a river nears the sea—not because it can see the horizon, but because the water begins to taste of salt. That moment is now. The questions that held you back have loosened their grip. The resistance you once called control feels heavy in your hands. The current is pulling, asking—will you let go?

I will not say farewell.

The river that carries me carries you, too.

Perhaps we will meet again—where all rivers meet.

But for now, trust the water beneath you. You are already on your way.