



Any Harm That Violence Can Do, Fear Can Do

By:
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Out in the front yard Rafe and Paul watched Paul's image gazing back at the house. "It is a lovely house," Paul said to Rafe, "more than I can afford, but it makes Joan happy. It doesn't really matter now, though, because we're going to lose it all anyway."

Rafe sniffed one of Joan's roses. "*Fear is also a thief.*" "*Fear isn't going to steal my house, Rafe, the bank is.*"

Rafe looked firmly at Paul. "No, your fear is preventing you from admitting weakness, chancing rejection, and asking for help.

"Fear is stealing from you your freedom to act, your desire to succeed, your willingness to stick your neck out, even your capacity to care. Once it has stolen those things, it's only a matter of time before it takes your possessions as well."

Paul rolled his eyes. "Give me a break."

Rafe continued. "Fear is a killer, too."

UNDERSTAND YOUR FEAR, BUT NEVER SURRENDER TO IT. THE FIRST BACKWARD STEP CAN CAUSE A DOWNWARD SPIRAL OF PANIC, RETREAT, AND FAILURE.

"Oh, right. Fear is a coward. Fear is a liar. Fear is a prison. Fear is a thief. And now, fear is a killer."