

Recognition, Not Resolution

By DW Green

It's that time again.

The calendar turns. The fresh start beckons. And we reach for the familiar ritual: the New Year's resolution.

This year I'll exercise more.

This year I'll eat better.

This year I'll finally...

We've all done it. And by February—if we're honest—most of us have quietly let it go.

Why?

Maybe because resolutions are built on a flawed premise: that we need to BECOME someone we're not yet.

More disciplined. More productive. More... something.

But what if the invitation of a new year isn't addition?

What if it's recognition?

I've been sitting with a different question lately:

What if everything I'm seeking is already here?

Not something to build.

Something to notice.

Not someone to become.

Someone to recognize.

The caterpillar doesn't construct wings in January and hope they're ready by spring. The wings are already there—folded inside, waiting. The only work is shedding what covers them.

So this year, I'm not making resolutions.

I'm making recognitions.

I recognize that love is already present—in my family, my friends, my work.

I recognize that enough is already here—I just forget to notice.

I recognize that the person I'm trying to become... I might already be.

What would change if you stopped trying to become and started recognizing?

What's already true about you that you've been too busy to see?

What wings are waiting to unfold?

The new year isn't a blank page.

It's a continuation of something that's always been happening.

Life, flowing.

Love, present.

You, already whole.

Maybe the only resolution worth making is this:

I will pay attention.

I will notice what's already here.

I will stop trying to become and start recognizing who I already am.

Happy New Year.

Not a new you.

The real you—finally seen.