

BRIAN ANDREAS



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**IMPOSSIBLE TO  
KNOW**

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The people in this book, if at one time real, are now entirely fictitious, having been subjected to a combination of a selective memory and a fertile imagination. Any resemblance to real people or situations is entirely coincidental, but if you want to believe you know these people, go right ahead. We're not going to stop you.

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Or you can ask Brian directly, if you happen to run into him in an airport or a restaurant somewhere. If he says it's OK, then it's fine with us, too. We'll do the paperwork afterwards.

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# IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW

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Decorah

ON finally seeing that Life  
Doesn't Care if I have A  
REALLY good explanation  
for why I'm Not quite Ready  
to Start Being All of Me yet.

For a long time, I wondered if what you were supposed to do was be like all the other people you know, so I watched them & practiced in front of my bathroom mirror until I figured I had enough to start & then I tried being them. That didn't work so well, so I decided to try being me instead. That went all right for quite awhile until I figured out I wasn't being all of me, but only a few parts of me that had worked pretty well in the past. (Sigh.)

That meant there were parts of me (lots & lots & lots, it turns out) that got left out. Like the ones that didn't listen all that well because they were making up songs about spiders & sugary treats. Or the ones that said inappropriate things & laughed wildly & talked too fast & generally didn't care what anyone else thought. Those parts were sad because they knew (in some mysterious way) that as long as I didn't invite them to play, it would feel like I was doing someone else's version of life. Then it came to me: I'd rather be all by myself with a ratty beard & pants held up with an old blue rope than just be parts of me that fit in pretty well with how people expect me to be.

I have no real idea how everything happened after that, but it did & some parts were lovely & some parts were hard, but one day there it was exactly like I'd always imagined: a whole new life with a spectacular woman who didn't care if I did it right, but only wanted me to laugh & make up stories & watch clouds in the early morning without saying a word & not try to make sense of anything because she already knew most everything I think is completely misinformed by those parts of me that believe making sense actually matters.

So now, I love the world without apology & walk quietly with her by my side, without knowing anything about what I'll see, or feel, or taste, or touch & on those days when I'm convinced I might actually know something, I ignore it because it usually makes me miss all the other amazing stuff going on.

Also, we have a dog. Talk about impossible to know...

with all my love,



Brian Andreas  
Decorah, Iowa  
17 September 2015

trying my best to Make Sense  
of things that are ABSOLUTELY  
impossible to know

& I think I figured out  
that if I stopped trying  
to do that, things would be  
perfectly fine on their own.





It's important to know  
who you are. At least until  
you figure out that who you  
are has nothing to do  
with anything you think  
about that.

Those first moments are NEVER  
where it begins. It takes time  
for us to come out from behind  
all the things we think we are.

but after that, if we're willing  
to stand there quietly, we start  
To See & be Seen. After that,  
we start to love.





Somehow, I got to thinking today  
is a good day to tell you all the things  
I've learned so far in my life  
(but without all the endless details  
that'd make your eyes roll back in  
your head) & I figured I'd probably  
run out of space, but at least I could  
make a start of it & THEN it hit  
me that I've really only learned one  
thing: LIFE DOES what it wants  
& it's a whole lot more FUN if you  
agree with whatever it is.

That's All I've got so far.



It is not that we hide from  
the small, cold things at  
the heart of us, but from  
the Raging Heat of a  
Wild Self that Loves  
this world without apology

& how do you live like that  
without setting your  
whole life on fire?

I'm finding the simplest way  
to HAPPINESS is to let myself  
be happy with the things that  
Make me happy

& also it helps to stop  
Wondering if I could be  
happier with other things  
I don't know about yet.





Sometimes, it takes a lot for  
me to remember to simply  
STOP & LISTEN, because  
I get so busy giving my self  
directions that I forget I  
don't actually have all that  
clear an idea where I'm going.



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