



Here,
To Get Her

Here, Together

For those who dream of building something bigger than themselves, the path is rarely straightforward.

The work of shifting and shaping systems, reimagining possibilities, and orchestrating exponential change is both exhilarating and uncertain. It is filled with questions, doubt, and moments of quiet wonder. But it is also filled with possibility, the kind that comes alive when we dare to step into the unknown.

This book is for those on that journey.

Through the story of three adventurers, it mirrors the challenges, choices, and quiet victories along the way.

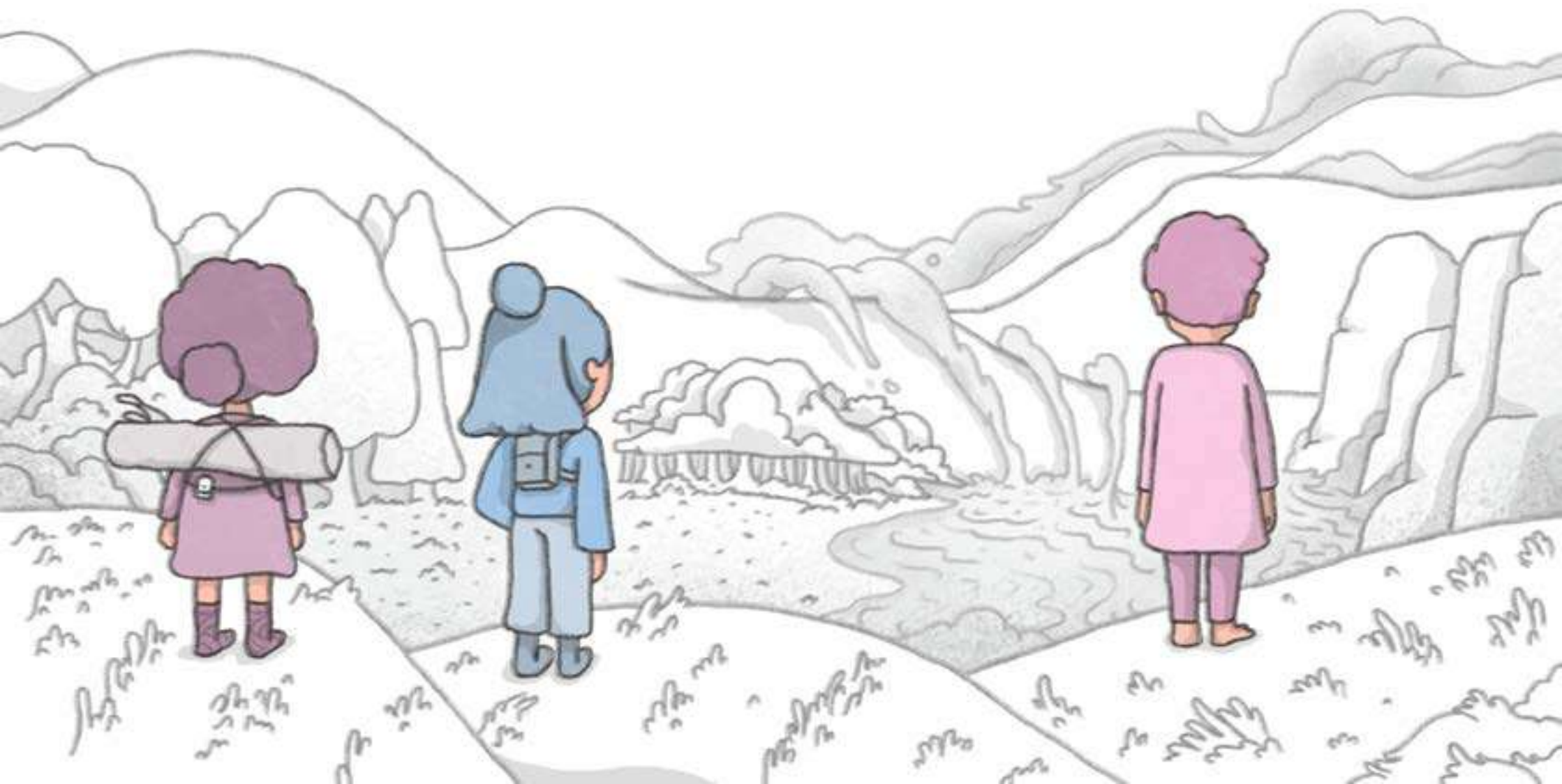
It is not a guide, but a companion.

A reminder that while the road may be unmarked, you are never truly walking it alone. More than anything, this book is an invitation. A reflection of the path system orchestrators walk, the uncertainties they face, the bridges they build, the currents they navigate, and the quiet moments of clarity that emerge. It is a story of belonging, of stepping forward even when the way is unclear, and of finding light and companionship on the road ahead.

To those who dream of shaping and shifting systems, who wonder if they are alone in this journey—this book is for you.

May it remind you that the path is yours to shape, and that just beyond the horizon, more of us are waiting.

One day, three adventurers set out on a journey.
They did not know exactly where they were going, only
that something inside them whispered, Go.



The Builder walked with steady hands, shaping the world with care.



The Navigator listened to the wind, adjusting their course as needed.



The Seeker looked at everything closely,
searching for meaning in each step.



They walked forward, hearts light, eyes
wide with wonder. But doubt lingered
at the edges, waiting.

Before long, they reached a deep chasm.
The path ended suddenly. Below, the unknown
stretched wide and endless.

“We should turn back,” said the Builder.
“Or we could find a way forward,” replied the Navigator.

The Seeker stood quietly, watching the chasm,
listening.



Then, they built—stone by stone, plank by plank.
Not perfect, not certain, but enough.



On the other side, they met a river, swift and restless.
Its currents swirled with questions unspoken,
doubts unchallenged.

The Seeker stared at the water, feeling its pull,
its whispers.



“How do we cross?” asked the Builder.

“Not everything must be fought,” said the Navigator.

So they let the reeds hold the raft steady and let the river
carry them forward, unsure but trusting.



As they stepped onto solid ground, the mist curled around their ankles. The air fell still, and a dense, silent fog swallowed the path ahead.

The Seeker hesitated. The Builder paused.
The Navigator slowed.



“We could wait,” said the Builder.

“Or trust that the way will find us,” replied the Navigator.

And so they walked, step by step, uncertain yet unafraid.



Time passed, and they grew weary.
Their feet dragged, their hearts felt heavy.

“Are there others on this path?”
whispered the Seeker.

“There must be,”
said the Builder.

“Then I want to find them,”
mused the Navigator.

“But... I don’t know the way,”
the Seeker admitted softly.

The other two smiled.
“When you are ready,
we’ll find the way together”



The Seeker hesitated, then slowly sat down,
as the clouds of doubt clung to them,
heavier now, closing in on them.

What if we are alone?
What if we are lost?

The clouds of doubt lingered,
seen only by the Seeker.



Then, a glimmer appeared
on the horizon.
A forest, shimmering,
swaying, alive with possibility.
A place to pause, to breathe
and gather strength.

And so, with lights growing inside them, they
stepped forward, ready for whatever came next.

The clouds of doubt drifted quietly behind,
known only to the Seeker.



They stepped into the vast forest, where redwoods swayed, whispering to one another, and banyans stood strong, their roots holding the earth like steady hands.

Golden glimmers wove through the underbrush, gentle melodies floated through the air, and with each step, the forest gathered them in, a place of quiet magic and belonging.



In the distance, they heard voices, warm and familiar like a song they almost remembered. Their pace quickened, drawn forward.

Stepping into the clearing, they found a fire glowing, surrounded by others whose faces lit up with knowing smiles.

“We’ve been waiting for you,” someone said, as if they had always belonged.

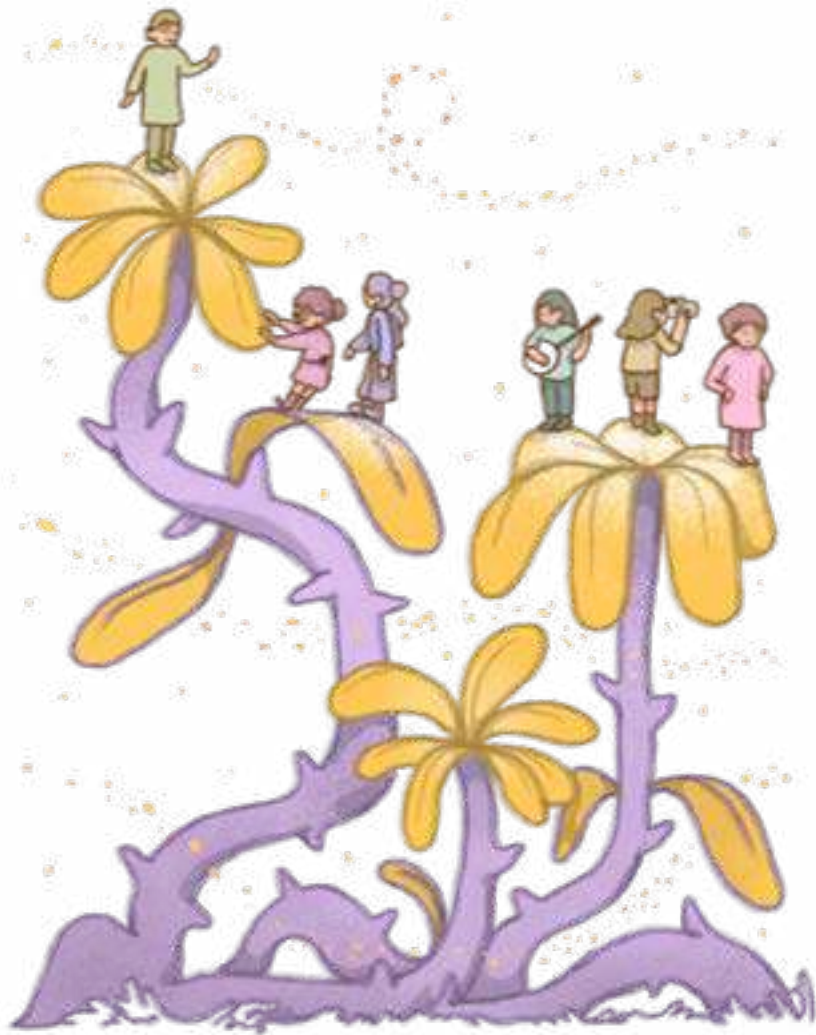


Joyously, they were welcomed into the circle,
sharing stories, laughter, and the quiet
understanding of those who had walked long roads.



By morning, they set off together.
They hiked through the forest, pausing to take in
the dance of the leaves, the quiet hum
of unseen creatures, the light filtering
gently through the branches.





As they walked, sharing questions that had long lived in their hearts.

“Did you ever wonder if you’d make it this far?” asked the Seeker.

“Every step, I wondered,” the Builder admitted. “But I kept going.”

“Have you ever been afraid?” asked the Navigator.

“All the time,” the Seeker whispered. “But I think that’s what kept me searching.”

“What do you hope we find next?” asked the Builder.

The Navigator smiled. “More of us.”

The Seeker nodded. “More light.”

The forest opened to a towering cliff,
and they climbed to its edge.
Below them, the land stretched like a living map of
where they had been and all that lay ahead, shifting
with certainty and possibility.

They stood in silence, taking it in.



Not alone.
Not lost.
Just here.

The forest is alive with stories. Beneath the shelter of the deep Banyans, there is a place of stillness where leaders find a space to pause, listen, and grow together. Their roots intertwine, strengthening one another through shared wisdom, quiet reflection, and the certainty that no path must be walked alone. Here, they learn to hold space for each other, to celebrate, to challenge, to stand steady in both uncertainty and hope.

And a forest is never still. Beyond the deep Banyans, the tall Redwoods rise, bold, reaching and carrying their wisdom and connections into the open sky. What begins in stillness takes shape in movement. The wisdom gathered under the deep Banyans finds momentum in Tall redwoods, where collaborations take flight and dreams stretch beyond what any one person could build alone in this world..

We believe in the power of these spaces, the quiet depths where connection is nurtured and the open expanses where shared ideas take flight. In Deep, leaders find belonging, a place to be seen, to share, and to stand together. In Tall, they expand their horizons, challenge each other's thinking, and together make sense of the path ahead.

Yet beyond these spaces, what remains is the quiet assurance that no leader moves forward in isolation. The path continues, but it is one we walk together. With every conversation that lingers, every connection that strengthens, and every idea that takes root, this community grows. And as each leader steps forward, carrying the work into new spaces, they do so knowing that they are not alone—that the journey is shared, the road stretches on, and just beyond the bend, others are walking too.

And so, the forest continues to grow—rooted in Deep Banyans, reaching through Tall Redwoods, enduring together.

With gratitude to all who made this book possible

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