

# Due process



Image from [Dopheny](#) | Pool with steps

I had my first swimming experience when I was about nine years old. I was in primary school, we headed to a swimming pool after our field trip. I was excited. I assumed swimming would come naturally to me as my dad comes from a riverine area with so many fishing stories and tales. So I looked forward to it. The pool was divided into two ends; there was a shallow end and a deep end. As my classmates and I arrived, we saw people diving into the water, swimming like fishes, and I was enthralled. I wanted to do that too.

I decided to go into the pool once I saw a female classmate dive into the deep end of the pool. She was my friend and around the same age as I. So if she could do it, why couldn't I? Steps led to the shallow end of the pool, but I felt I could do it. I thought I was Moana, and my ancestors would guide me, and I would float and glide over the water.



[A picture of Moana from Wired](#)

I mustered the courage, got ready, shook off the nerves, and dived ... then I started to drown. I couldn't fathom why. Why was I drowning, why weren't my ancestors guiding me, why wasn't I gliding across the water. I could not even struggle with the water; my frail arms failed me, ultimately, I gave up, and I sank deep into the water. While I lay down at the bottom expecting my death at the tender age of nine, I wondered how different my experience would have been if I just used the steps. Would anyone see me or save me?

As I pondered my impending death, I noticed a figure approaching me; it looked like a shark, giant and dark. Logic told me this was a pool, aquatic animals were not present, but I was still terrified; unknown to me, my salvation was in the form of a dark-skinned, tall male lifeguard. He

swept me up and raised me out of the water. It was similar to how Simba was lifted in the movie Lion King.



[An Image of Simba from bendaimmortal](#)

I was forced to go to a beginner class with some children that looked around five. We started flapping our legs while holding a rail. My other classmates swam around and splashed in the water. It was somewhat embarrassing, but that was the consequence of moving ahead of my time. I can now afford to laugh at my near-death experience and see it as a childhood memory, but things could have gone south quickly because I wanted to swim at the deep end with people who were already experts, skipping due process. My friend presumably had swimming lessons and was an expert at it, and for some reason, I, a novice with no swimming experience, thought it was wise to follow her.

It is essential to know who you are and where you stand currently, know your strengths and weaknesses, what you are capable of, and what you are not. Your journey is different from anyone else's. It's a unique experience that is peculiar to you. There is a story attached to every successful individual, a time of planting for harvest, steps to be taken. It is almost impossible to attain success without going through due process. So, before you dive into the deep end, ask yourself, do you know how to swim, or do you need to be patient and take the steps?

Do you have a business idea that is good enough? Then, make sure you carry out proper market research. Ask questions, ascertain your target audience, provide solutions to challenges that will undoubtedly arise, don't blame others when you cause your problems.

You can't run a business on vibes. You will drown. Have a good strategy and make sure you follow due process. You don't have to know how to swim to enter the water, you don't have to be sure about all parts of your business idea to start, you will have doubts and uncertainties. But ensure you follow due process. Use the steps to enter the pool.

If you wonder if I can now swim, the answer is **No**, I am not proud of it. My fishermen ancestors are most likely ashamed, but next time, I'll tell you the story of how I drowned again because I had a course to take in the university called Swimming and survival skills.