 With all due respect to the Tragically Hip, I love got a vast catalog of unplucked gems - musings, rants, and semi-completed posts - sitting in an archive waiting to see the light of day. I have finally returned to a place that offers enough mental space to consider the art of publication once again. However, several questions present themselves. Do I pick up where I left off? Do I dive deep into exploring the vast terrain of unpublished ideas, or do I start anew with renewed vigor? Where do I go now that I can actually, you know, go?


There are probably close to one hundred posts, partially written and rarely fully realized, that exist in my archive. My PhD didn't stop me from pondering; if anything, the process was fired up due to the mindset of writing so much and so often. As I like to say, my brain was percolating on a lot of great stuff. Over the past several weeks, I've found myself rekindling that love of writing blog posts and sharing ideas with the world. Ideas may flow easily, but editing is another beast unto its own.

Sadly, my exploration of this archive has brought some sad truths to bear. The worst part of going through a cornucopia of unplucked gems is that many of the unpublished posts - and the issues or topics they represented - remain relevant to this day. While I may have hoped for evolution (or revolution), the harsh reality is that many of these issues haven't made much progress over time.

A prime example of this is a patient's right to choose their health care provider. After almost two decades of ranting about it, the gatekeeper model is probably as strong as ever. Physical therapists still require a permission slip, at some point or another in the patient's episode of care, in the vast majority of states. In Texas, it is a 10 business day window - I guess at day 11 life changes for the patient (and the gatekeeper), but I digress.

While many of these unplucked gems may just end up buried in a blogging cemetery, many remain as persistent themes - reminding me that if you don't tell it like it is, it will stay like it is. Even if you have to say it more than once or twice or a dozen times. If you don't speak truth to power, then power wins. And if you don't use your voice, it doesn't exist.

It's time to use that voice, regularly, once again. Hold on to your seats.

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