

:: Dana's Weekly Insight ::

05.26.08 – Oh, No She Didn't



"Like water off a duck's back", is arguably for the birds.

I, quite frankly, have not yet mastered that elusive ability to endure by shrugging my shoulders and walking off into the sunset when something happens that I don't like. I wish I could. Instead, I spend a lot of time thinking and re-thinking, tracing and re-tracing my steps, asking myself the questions that I hope will provide the answers that will help me to get over myself -

and move on.

I admire those ducks with their dry backs and thick skin. I envy their ability to repel. But I, I am of the absorbent type. I soak up my experiences thoroughly, especially the ones that "I would really rather not". I get tremendous value out of mulling things over and over again, trying to get to the other side of my discomfort, disappointment and pride, trusting that therein lies, for better or for worse, the opportunity to define myself and fine tune the melody of who it is I want to be.

Her attitude landed in my reality like an uninvited guest at a party that was already off to a lukewarm start -- and now I was going to have to deal.

"I didn't come here tonight to have my time wasted"!

I stood before the group, poised and nervous in front of the mic, on the absolute coldest Monday night of the year and I struggled to absorb her frosty response.

"This is not what I thought I was coming for..."

Now, all I wanted to do was to go home to a hot bath and a couple of warm hugs.

As she turned to sit down, I dutifully, if not sadistically, asked her to remain standing so that I could "hear more".

"I'm thinking about leaving. I came for some answers and so far all you have been doing is asking us the questions. "

Draped in her over-sized aqua blue sweater and matching pants, I

watched her as she indignantly returned to her seat. I searched the other faces in the crowd, hoping for the slightest hint of sympathy, clear that I had better find my game face if I wanted to save face and make it out of this thing alive.

I anxiously drew in a tentative breath and, in an effort to keep things moving right along, I invited her to "consider joining the conversation that I was having with the group". That's when she decided to put her coat on and leave, which is when I decided that dry feathers might indeed trump my thin skin.

Don't you just wish sometimes that there was such a thing as a magic button that would allow us to stop the tape, rewind, erase and re-record; a button that would "white out" what we don't want to remain?

Imagine.

It is said that one of the strongest desires of human beings is the desire to be admired - more than to be loved even, and there I stood before this group wanting to click my heels three times in the hopes of ending up in that hot bath.

What is it that I had failed to provide? How is it that I could have addressed her concerns?

These are the questions that, way after the fact, I continue to try and dissect in an effort to get to the other side of my discomfort, disappointment and pride, trusting that therein lies, for better or for worse, the opportunity to define myself and fine tune the melody of who it is that I ultimately want to be.

Dwelling in your own difficult inquiries, identifying what those inquiries are and then wrestling to discover the answers to your own questions, is worth much more to you than somebody else's *Seven Secrets to Success*. There are no assembly line solutions for winning in life. There is not a mass produced repackaged good idea out there somewhere that will help you achieve instant satisfaction. I don't have a magic formula or any fancy answers that will lead anybody down the road toward guarantees. But, what I do have is the discovery that -

When I am willing to confront myself head on, to challenge my conventional wisdom by identifying and then asking myself some real questions; when I am willing to accept a new message from an unexpected messenger, then I am bound to discover another version of my very best self.

And you?

Have you been waiting for someone else to serve you up the answers before you've asked yourself the questions that only you can ask? Have you grappled and wrestled and struggled to identify what those questions even are; those questions that are uniquely and profoundly your own? Has an undistinguished, petty refusal to be open minded and generous, kept you from receiving what someone else might have to

give?

In my perfect world I would have all of the answers and no one would ever question me or why and what I choose to do. I would never be off my game. I would always be in control and everyone would always think that I'm GREAT...

Could I have been better prepared on that cold and wintry Monday night? Could I have - should I have rehearsed over and over again my reason for being worthy of standing before a group of people who took the time out to listen to what I had to say, out of a sincere commitment to living a life that really matters?

I am newly confronted -- head on.

The ability to shrug it off, shake it off, dust yourself off, no doubt has value when the object of the game is to survive. But beyond mere survival is the opportunity to thrive. The willingness to suck it up and soak it up when something happens that you don't like, is the access to the kind of profound insight into your own particular way of being, and that access is the beginning of real freedom, intangible power, the opportunity to truly grow and the ability to effectively and melodiously -

move on.

Dana

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