

:: Dana's Weekly Insight ::

04.14.08 – Everybody's Got One



"Pride attaches undue importance to the superiority of one's status in the eyes of others; And shame is fear of humiliation at one's inferior status in the estimation of others. When one sets his heart on being highly esteemed, and achieves such rating, then he is automatically involved in fear of losing his status."

You've been there, you've done that, in fact you might even be doing it right now. Everyday, whether actively or passively, people every where are working overtime to avoid messing up somehow because let's face it, few things are more unsettling in life than someone else watching you when you're about to look bad.

We will do whatever it takes to maintain the image that we've got it all together, which just sets us up for the inevitable fall because remaining on a pedestal; sustaining admiration and high regard, is a delicate balancing act that no man has ever mastered.

We are not in control. Sometimes stuff just happens.

Within in minutes I was surrounded.

I knew that I would have to think fast, which was typically not a difficult thing for me to do. I had always been able to figure my way in and out of "a situation", however this one was posing some unique logistical challenges, promising some potentially damaging personal consequences indeed. This was a real mess and I was stuck sitting there cross-legged on the floor and without a plan of escape.

"Better think fast", I thought. As I tried to breathe and maintain my composure, I started to panic, realizing that this episode could threaten my reputation as their hero and reduce me to just another face in the crowd.

As the puddle rapidly expanded, I knew that I'd better act now or innocent unsuspecting bystanders, like the kid sitting slightly behind me and just to my left, were going to get hurt.

"Oh no!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. And with that outburst I had instantly become the center of attention, which was kind of what I was trying to avoid. All eyes on me, now I had no choice but to commit and to play this card all the way through. My determination to save face

had just become an all or nothing proposition.

"Didn't you guys see him?", I screamed even louder this time, trying to invoke confusion in an effort to thwart any attempt on their part to employ logic and figure out what was really going on here.

"The little man that was flying around my head just now -- you didn't just see him throw that bucket of warm water under my legs?!"

All I could hear was the sound of my heart pounding away at what once was my tidy little reality. All I could feel was the anticipation of doom as I fought to hold back my tears. All I could think about was how I was going to get from this puddle to my front door with my dignity in tact and whether or not I was going to be able show my face back at school the next day.

They looked at me, they looked at each other, they looked at the puddle and then back at me again and I was relieved to see that I might just be able to spin my way out of this one realizing that if I didn't, I would be doomed to be the girl who wet her pants that day in kindergarten.

Imagine.

I worked hard to convince those kids back then that I was innocent no matter what it looked like to them and no matter how effectively the evidence stacked up against my desperate alibi. And, in an effort to survive and move on, I convinced myself at five years old, and choose to believe to this day, that they bought my story of the little man flying around my head with a bucket of warm water, hook line and sinker. Maybe I could have humbly confessed to my accident. Maybe I should have asked my teacher for help. At five years old however, that was an option I didn't know that I had.

And you?

You've been caught in the spotlight of an embarrassing moment, trying desperately to figure out how to maintain your elevated status in someone else's eyes, haven't you? Have you ever lied, even just a little bit, to save face so that you could show your face again when it was all over, said and done? Maybe you felt like you had no other choice.

We've all been there and we've all done that, working overtime to avoid messing up somehow because let's face it, we will do whatever it takes to maintain the image that we've got it all together, which just sets us up for the inevitable fall because remaining on a pedestal; sustaining admiration and high regard, is a delicate balancing act that no man has ever mastered.

There will always be that unexpected "crack in the sidewalk" just waiting to trip us up! But, it's not about the fact that we've fallen that threatens to make us look bad. It is about how we deal with the fact that we've fallen. It is about how we choose to get up that will ultimately determine who we are and that will allow us to live our lives

powerfully and on our own terms.

When we are trusting enough to allow our flaws and imperfections to emerge unopposed; courageous enough to accept "looking bad" for a minute, by owning the truth, we open ourselves up to the possibility of accessing the kind of power and influence that can only come through the magic of being fully ourselves.

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