

## :: Dana's Weekly Insight ::

### 04.30.07 – A Bed Time Story



*The clothes made of their material possessed the wonderful quality of being invisible to any man who was unfit for his office or unpardonably stupid.*

You are no doubt familiar with the story of the Emperor - the one that was wearing no clothes. He was naked and everybody knew it, and yet nobody was willing to be the one to tell the truth.

Lately, to me, there seems to be a lot more of that going around. These days, there seems to be a lot more "going along with" than there are people who are willing to call a nude -- a nude.

When did it stop being cool to think and act for yourself? How is it that playing it safe has become so acceptable? What did anyone ever really get out of just going along with what the crowd says is or -

is not?

At an hour when most of the civilized world is fast asleep, we sat there in silence for what was probably only a minute, maybe two. So numb that we couldn't even remember the day of the week, we were completely at a loss for what we were supposed to do next and there didn't seem to be anything to look forward to, but more of the same.

And so...

we sat.

After that, we just kept sitting.

Sitting.

Sitting and staring - silently.

Auguste and I were on one side, and she, she was on the other.

We were a team, Auguste and I, but could we stick together? Could the two of us remain strong? She, with her suspicious looks and her innocent act was slowly breaking us down -- this intruder, this obstacle between us and a good night's sleep, this bane of my existence; the existence which is a whole lot more effective when it is operating on a

full tank of sleep.

We were clearly at some kind of a stand still here and neither side was backing down.

And then, as if I had just been given permission from somewhere up above, I turned to Auguste and I said it:

*"You know, I have to admit this. I'm not all that in love with her. To tell you the truth, I don't even think I like her all that much."*

Auguste, emerging from his trance, looked at me and agreed:

*"You don't know how relieved I am to hear you say that because I think I feel the same way too."*

And with that we were suddenly set free!

We had read so many books on parenting. All of the stories about how parents instantly fall in love with their newborns, all of those examples of love at first sight had left us feeling as if there was something wrong with us because -

This was not our reality at ALL.

We spent our first few days as parents afraid to admit to ourselves and to each other what was really going on.

We were scared to tell the truth:

This girl is ruining our lives!

It was not for us (any of us), a warm and fuzzy affair. I mean, we had faith that it would all come together, eventually, but it was hard to give up sleep. It took some time for us to fall in love with our daughter and we did, and head over heels. Only first we had to get to know her. That took us a few days, but once we told the truth and stopped trying to live up to what the books had said, we could relax, laugh and have a good time while we were wishing we were sleep at two o'clock in the morning.

And you?

**Don't be afraid to tell the truth to yourself and then don't be afraid to say that truth out loud.**

It takes courage to tell the truth but the reward is an access to real power. Open up your eyes and take a good look. Are there clothes on the king or not?

Pretending is so exhausting and hard. Today, search inside of your own soul and decide what is **SO** -

for you.

If the man, according to you, is not wearing clothes, shouldn't it be O.K. for you to say so?

Today, don't sit and suffer in silence. Don't go along just so you can get along. Search your soul, locate your truth, say it loud and set yourself free!

Besides, playing it safe is far too overrated, anyway...

Dana

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