

The Tale of Two Mess's

I absolutely dread Tuesdays. They are days filled with A LOT of running around. I teach in the morning, take two afternoon classes and then rush around to get set up for a circuit class I teach at night. Today, on top of my normal Tuesday schedule, I had the added anxiety of running late for my morning class (and if you know me, I am rarely late. It drives me crazy.), the realization that I had started three different—yes different!—newsletters and not one was near completion, had a mounting pile of work to do, and I had just said “Yes” to sub the two afternoon classes I usually take. No sooner had I agreed to step in and sub when I realized I was more anxious than ever: *How will I get MY workout in today? How will I stay in shape? How will I get my newsletter and other work done?* As the anxiety mounted, I stopped, took many deep breaths and sat with my anxiety. I realized I was having exactly the day I intended for. I told myself Tuesdays are days full of chaos and anxiety. So what did I get? Exactly that. This was a startling reMINDER. It reaffirmed that the Universe operates as call-and-respond. If we say, *“This day is going to be so long/chaotic/busy”* then you know what? It will be. That’s our intention. So I slowly started to shift my perception. Anytime anxiety rose to the surface, I simply repeated, *“I am moving through my day with ease.”* And you know what? Every time I repeated that, my breath became longer and I felt tension release.



I felt deeply sad and confused last Friday. As I watched Patricia mount the stage at the *Just Love One Billion Rising for Justice* event, three intenSati leaders followed behind as her backup and I experienced that deep, pit of your stomach, gut wrenching feeling, the kind that leaves you sad and breathless all at once. My mind immediately went to: *She doesn't think you're good enough. You don't matter. You shouldn't even bother teaching anymore.* Luckily, the people rising out of their seats next to me brought me out of my head...momentarily. I rose out of my seat, chanted affirmations, and moved along with the crowd. For about 7 minutes, I was surrounded by people who caught off-guard and had no idea this was part of the lecture-laden programming, as well as those who were intenSati-enthusiasts. It was awe-inspiring. But, as soon Patricia's segment finished and the next speaker came on, I had that gut-wrenching feeling again. I missed half of what Christine Northrupe was saying because I was fighting back tears. Even more, I was upset I was upset. I felt worthless and was pissed at myself for feeling this way. I sat IN this sadness for a great deal of time. On the train ride home I realized that I could either sit IN the emotion and act IN accordance with the sadness/anxiety/anger/whatever I'm feeling, OR, I can sit WITH the feeling and choose to instead ask an empowering question like, *“How can I see this situation differently? I AM willing to see this differently. Show me.”* By asking that empowering question I didn't have an immediate shift in perception but I was able to open up to understanding why I was in this state and what the old thoughts surrounding this feeling were. And what I've come to realize by asking this empowering question is that my feeling sad has nothing to do with my personal worth. It wasn't about me being “good enough.” In fact, my sadness was in direct relation to my thoughts, thoughts of not-enoughness and old stories I've told myself.