

Well, hello there! It feels like it has been awhile. Maybe it's because of the many moving trips back and forth between God's country and Indianapolis that make it seem like it has been forever since I have written. Who knows? But what I do know is during all of this personal transition, I have learned a lot of lessons and perhaps a few I would rather not. Maybe those are the ones that make time seemingly stand still.

Here's a quote from Sholom Aleichem that seems to sum it all up. "If you listen carefully, you get to hear everything you didn't want to hear in the first place." Ya, no kidding. And, if you are anything like me, just to make sure I heard it right in the first place, I almost always ask the person to repeat themselves. Nothing like a sucker for punishment regarding bad news.

So, what are the things that we do not like to hear. For me, it's the bad news of someone's health being in decline or worse. Let's face it, almost everything else in life, with God's blessing (and the exception of stupidity) can be talked out, worked out, negotiated or flat out ignored. If you have your health, you are considered rich in many countries, if you don't, well; you just lose the ability to fully live life. In America, we have a tendency to take our health for granted and believe that even when we do "get sick" or have a disharmony, we can "take a pill for that". But, I digress. This column is supposed to be about Accepting Imperfections, not about harping on making your health a priority. But, do that anyway.

Again, what is it that we really don't want to hear? Is it mainly disagreement from people who are important to us? Or perhaps those that used to be important to us? Anyone going through divorce proceedings knows that sinking feeling you get when your lawyer has talked to your ex's lawyer and "they have a response". Almost instinctively, one assumes it is something you don't want to hear. Perhaps the correct word is DREAD.

But perhaps it goes deeper than that as well. We don't want to hear our kids are screwing up. We don't want to hear that our partner thinks we are less than perfect. Oh you know. Questions such as these. "Do these jeans make my butt look fat?" SIDE NOTE -Never, ever, ever ask that to a man watching a football game that's having an adult beverage and expect a positive response. EVER.

Hey, we know we aren't perfect, but we really don't enjoy having others point it out. But where on earth did we come up with the theory that we should be so perfect in the first place? I know I screw up. Every day there is something that I could have done better. And, I noticed I put a lot of pressure on myself to make sure "everything is taken care of"? Ladies, do any of you suffer from the same affliction? But who says everything has to be "perfect?" And why do they live in MY brain?

This idea just leads to unrealistic expectations and stress. Lots and Lots of Stress. I now believe that to accept, fully, our own imperfection is to make a huge step forward in maturity. Somehow, it affords peace of mind. Case in point. During my recent move, extending over a few weekends, I wasn't able to pack my items quite as securely as I normally would have.

Actually, not in any universe was this move like any of my others. Previously, I would have had things bubble wrapped, boxed, taped, labelled and alphabetized according to the room they were going to be moved into at the new location. This time around, I actually shoved clothing into garbage bags and

paintings into sleeping bags. And, no it wasn't because I needed to be out of my house by 5:00pm. It was simply because I had finally once and for all accepted my imperfections. Or at least some of them. I am peeling the onion of sorts.

The world is full of people who disagree with us and our imperfections. Why should I be another one of "those people"? I had finally figured out it was ok to accept my own previously labelled "failures" as the imperfections of my life. There are just some things that are never going to be perfect and no matter how hard I try, I can't make them that way. So why spend time, energy and resources trying to box everything up perfectly when throwing items in a garbage bag will do just fine? All in all, they still arrived at their destination in great shape.

However, the important lesson is to learn from failure from imperfection. From failure, we learn how to do things differently and we grow. Think of a baby learning to walk. They get up, they fall, they get back up again, fall again and finally after several failures, they LEARN to walk. Without the failing component, there is no learning.

Imperfections are those things in life that you want to do better or "make perfect" that cause extra stress in doing so. A wise source once described the difference to me as such. Next to our innate fear of complete failure, our biggest fear is that we won't be able to do something "right". Somehow we will manage to finish the job, but it won't be done "perfectly". Now, I have learned there is an antidote to the fear of inadequacy. That antidote is to WELCOME IMPERFECTION.

What that means in my particular case was to temporarily lower my expectations. This seemed to also lower my stress load which was exactly what I needed at the time—And, in hindsight, probably the two guys that were helping me move as well. At the intersection of stress and no stress, I simply chose my long term health over my short term "quality" concern. I decided that extra stress was not worth the extra effort in packing everything "perfectly."

And, in surrendering, I figured, what the hell, if something got damaged, there would be less to unpack and that thought also appealed to me. Perhaps it was indeed this secondary thought process that allowed me to focus on my real goal, which was to just get the items moved to the new location.

In a nutshell, learning to accept the imperfections at hand was indeed teaching me a life lesson---Learning the difference between failure and imperfection. And, nothing quite brings that forward like having hours in U-Hauls to think about it.

Then the bonus thought occurred. From failures, I learn and I grow. Since imperfections are temporary, accepting a few here and there really couldn't hurt anything. Why? Because I could always raise my standards when it came to situations that really mattered. Like packing the wine bottles!!!

Here's more news on the upcoming seminar with Trent and yours truly as moderators. . If you are interested in attending the Surviving to Thriving Workshop which is INKED for Saturday, October 25 in Lena, please contact us at 815 990 8732. We will limit the number of attendees to 35 so we can provide a lot of individualized and small group time for further facilitation of this skill set. So, if you are interested, please call Natural Healing Express and get on the Pre-Registration list. We will be back in touch around October 1 to confirm pricing and location. It is certainly not very often that someone as talented as Trent comes to our area. Please take advantage of this opportunity. Cost is 99.00. We will meet from 9:30 – 4:00 with a meal break.

Enjoy! Hope to see you soon and as always, please contact us via one of the following methods. Natural Healing Express: Phone 815 990 8732, email: skscham@aol.com 204 W Main St, Lena, IL 61048.

Website: www.naturalhealingexpress.com Facebook: Natural Healing Express