

# No Show

After careful assessment, I have determined that all of me did not show up for life today. I stamp these letters, on my forehead MIA. Is this odd or what? My body is here, but my mind is everywhere and nowhere. I told myself that I would start a new project ... I haven't. I need to listen to the audio of my conversation with Joe Blow ... not interested. Delete that notion too. I could exercise, and I will, later. Now what? Do my laundry? Nope. Not in the mood. Call a friend or family member? I really don't have anything civil to say to anyone. Self-motivation has left the room and confusion is now holding court. I'm sunk.

Truth is, I'm in a rut and I know it. In the past when confronted with the I-just-don't-know-what-to-do-with-myself-it is, relied on the instructions given in one of my favorite quotes. "When you're stuck ~ throw a hand grenade ~ close your eyes and jump." And this is one of my favorite quotes because? It's funny and I thought that throwing a hand grenade was the only way I would get my butt in gear when I got stuck. You could say it was a leap of faith, don't. It was a stab in the dark and my way of putting distance between discomfort and me. However, over time, I found that the hand grenade throw is not the best way to handle a wandering mind and the indecision associated with this syndrome. Picture this, when I jumped with my eyes closed, I had no clue as to where I would land. And 99.9% of the time, I traded the skillet or the frying pan. But I always remembered to fold and tuck as I fell and to roll when I hit the ground. I'd pick myself up and dust myself off. Dazed and visibly shaken, I would promise to look before I leaped the next time. I didn't. But that was then and this is now. I've learned a few things. I realized that throwing grenades and jumping blindly is physically challenging and a bit unsafe with no discernable change noted in my condition.

When you're suffering with I-just-don't-know-what-to-do-with—myself-it-is, nothing feels right and everything appears to be wrong. I am very uncomfortable in my skin. It's like having to ride home from a day spent at the ocean in wet swimwear that still has beach sand and little tiny seashells in them, ooo yucky. I have been here before and will be again; of that I am certain. Therefore, I thought it was time to find out what was really happening when my mind and body appear not to live in the same house and to a less chaotic way of handling these episodes.

If my current mental and emotional state is due to something that I am thinking and or doing, then I need to know what those thoughts are and what that something is so I can delete them and it from my playbook. If these are Spirit inspired moments that create opportunities for me to stop, look, listen, and assess the changes that have taken place within my environment and me, I certainly should approach my zombie like state as a friend rather than a foe. The sooner I accept what is new and different about me and my world, the faster I can get back to business as usual, you know, become comfortable with my new reality. Because what was is no more and what is, is morphing into what will be. The third possible, and in all likelihood, the real deal, my current state of dis-ease is not this or that, as in a-la-carte. It's this and that, as in combo with an upgrade. However, I can't say yea or nay or do this and/or that comfortable until I know the lay of the new landscape of my world.

N'Balance