

SAME as it never was

by Mary K Weinhagen



Have you ever had one of those re-defining moments when you're having a conversation with someone you've known for years, someone you've shared many experiences with and as you're reminiscing with some enjoyment the whole conversation seems to go south when 'memories' of an event CLaSH?!??

You might get what I mean when I explain that the past winter was filled with f-a-m-i-l-y gatherings of one sort or another. *Family*... now there's an F word! ;-) Something about the dynamics of families can leave us all vulnerable to some powerful emotions... and what is **e**motion but **E**nergy in Motion. If we're not fully present and being 'on purpose'... that motion can take us all over the place. I have to confess, there was a day or two when I felt stung by the idea that some of the people who participated in my (quite lovely, thank you very much) past experiences didn't recall anything lovely at all! DARN IT! What is wrong with these folks?!?

As we gathered for yet another family wedding where the 'spirits' flow freely, loosening the tongues of many, I found a gathering of my siblings where we briefly rehashed our very different perspectives of our childhood... (that goes back to a re-defining moment of an earlier time☺) which led to conversations of our experiences of our own child-rearing efforts in the more recent past. As my two oldest sons are now parents with children of their own they have gained a different perspective which has included moments of expressing appreciation for me that they didn't have earlier... and yet all three of my sons apparently felt it was the perfect time to offer a thorough critique. What an eye-opener!!! It was probably the booze making the youngest son a bit maudlin but man, that kid had a lousy childhood... how could I fail to notice that?!?! OUCH!



Upon giving it some thought I remember that we are all, *always*... making everything up! Yep! This whole life, filled with a variety of experiences and of course, memories of those experiences, is simply made up as we go along living it. We truly are powerful creators and imagineers... so it makes perfect sense that two or more people who are at the same place at the same time may be having entirely different experiences. I think the uneasiness comes in when we expect ourselves to be able to correctly interpret how our loved ones are experiencing something. That's a risky think to do because there is an inherent flaw there.

The problem is that we, ourselves, are not always clear about how we're experiencing something in the moment. And even when we believe ourselves clear it's susceptible to change based on some very subtle influences... influences that may not appear on your radar at all so you would have absolutely no way to know what is influencing another's decision about their experience... of anything!

If I cling tightly to the idea that it's important that I have shared experience with another that is viewed in a very similar way... then I'm setting myself up for some big surprises. I'm also narrowing my options and pinching off freedom when I insist on keeping things the same as they never were in the first place.

When I allow others, whether my siblings, my children or friends, the freedom to experience and recall things exactly as they do... then I, too, have the freedom to experience and recall things exactly as I CHOOSE! Others way of experiencing a given event can only influence mine if and how I *choose* to let it. Now THAT'S FREEDOM!

Did you know your mind accepts your beliefs about experiences as if they are real... regardless of whether or not you've newly imagined them or you've actually had the experience? It does... (this is how you can literally "reinvent your past") And remember that your mind works in geometric progression. Those neural pathways get deeper and multiply the number of times you "remember" or relive the experience... whether actual or imagineered. The good news here is that in no time the scales in your mind will be weighing in the direction you choose. It always works that way whether you're choosing on purpose or choosing by default.

So once I shook off that day of sadness I experienced upon discovering that everyone didn't share my Pollyannaish perspective... I *got* the gift as I *gave* the gift... the gift of freedom. And it made me laugh as I sat down to share this awareness and found myself rereading what I wrote about my Theme for 2008... *a blank page* where I expressed the following intention:

So there you have it. I'm going to make my mark on this beautiful blank page and if I dare... it will be **bold**, **BRILLIANT**, **COLORFUL** and *breathtaking!*

WOW! The page really *is* blank... and I'm glad I'm learning a bit about what kind of marks I get to make on it! And it doesn't need to matter whether or not the granddaughter above remembers having whimsical moments in her childhood or if the grandson remembers dancing to exhaustion at a family wedding when he was four... *my* memories are just as 'real' as theirs! ;-)

