

Wayne's Blast From the Past



Fear - a distressing emotion aroused by impending danger, evil, pain, etc., whether the threat is real or imagined; it is the feeling or condition of being afraid.

All too many years ago, I was asked by someone at the local college to apply for a part time job as a college professor to teach computer graphics. Since I was asked to apply, I got the job with ease. The year was 1989 and it was at a time when computers and desktop graphics were melding together in a big way. I had personally made the transition at my full time job and given my years of work experience in computers and graphics, I was more than qualified to help teach the students to make the same transition from drawing boards to computers.

As with any new venture that we are invited to explore in our lives, there was that huge FEAR factor that wanted to jump up and bite me, you know where. You know the stuff I mean; driving alone for the first time, the first real date, and the ever famous, wedding jitters.

Can you hear the 'what ifs' popping up? 'I don't really think I can do that.' Or, 'I'm not good enough to do that.' What will they think? What if I suck at this? And so on.

Everyone knows the little demons that we all get in our mind when placed in a new situation.

I was no different when it came to taking on that new teaching position than most of you reading this article with your own stuff happening. I think from the minute I accepted the offer to teach, my little demons were poking me endlessly. I realized that this was human nature and did my best to accept those pesky 'what ifs' taking their jabs at me. The one thing I hadn't taken into account was that these little devils were starting to take over my ability to focus on what I was hired for.

Four weeks to teaching day...

One of my tasks was to set up lesson plans for the first 4 month class session. This wouldn't be too hard under normal circumstances but those demons were after my butt. Was this the right material? Will I be able to explain it to the students so that they would understand? Will the administration approve my lessons and directions? Over and over again, boy was my butt getting sore from all these little 'what ifs' snapping at it. I literally was not getting anything accomplished towards my lessons.

Two weeks to go...

The nights were the worst; I could not get the voice of fear out of my head as I was trying to get rested enough to live my life. My thoughts were all over the board and nothing was coming together at all. My regular job was suffering also; I was quiet and withdrawn, not being the outgoing Wayne that my co-workers knew. I had suitcases hanging under my eyes, large enough for a full vacation and then some. My ulcers were even starting to get in on the party and the stress was tearing me down very fast.

One week to go and not a thing on paper...

This is where I started to take back the real Wayne. In my mind I held up a huge stop sign and literally gave myself permission to take a weekend off, go have some fun and play. I left all the thoughts of not good enough at home and just went out to play. No fear, no nothing just go play. So I did, well almost...I lasted until early Sunday evening before the demons started reappearing again.

This time around though, I was determined not to let them get me...

Having all this fresh play in my mind I resumed my planning with a new sense of vim and vigor.

You see while I was out playing and having fun that weekend, I realized that I am a good person, one who is well liked, who loves to laugh and who has accomplished much in the way of personal growth. I knew my material, as far as what they wanted me to teach, I was a professional in my graphics job and hey, I was born great so what's up with this fear factor thing?

I had wasted almost two weeks of my life letting this fear eat at me from the inside while deep down I knew that I could do this with ease. Why else would I have applied if I didn't know who I really was?

That week, I spent four part evenings working on lesson plans and it was handed in on a Friday to the administrators. In a little over a week and half later the time to teach was upon me.

Hi Ho, Hi Ho, it was off to school I go. All my friends wished me well but at the same time I could see that fear stuff in their eyes. It took me all of about five minutes of jitters in front of the class and for the next four months, I had the most amazing time. Judging by the feedback I received from the teacher monitors and from the students, I was a hit.

What turned it all around for me?

I appreciated whom and what I was in my life; not just the usual that I a good person, I mean total appreciation.

I sat down and wrote out on paper what I appreciated about myself and then looked at those little demons and the appreciations far out weighed the fears. The column where I wrote my appreciations for myself was about a full page long where as the fear factors were only a few lines.

I could beat myself up for the waste of time on the fear thing but I now appreciate that contrast to help me move forward into much more appreciation of me. I faced and survived my own demons. How cool is that?

I thank the universe for allowing me to see myself in a greater light than I ever did before.

So next time that fear bug comes into your life, appreciate it and know that you can easily make your way through it with a bit more understanding of who and what you are really about

I chose greatness and I appreciate that everyday.
What will you choose?

Peace and Love
Wayne
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