

How I Learned to Appreciate Myself



I was born into this world as an expression of greatness and other than the occasional blip on the radar I have so much appreciation for who and what I am today.

I remember as a younger child, patting myself on the back when I did something. It may have been finishing that essay for school or getting that hit in a baseball game. No matter what I was doing, I went into it with the attitude of greatness and I then gave myself the job well done speech afterwards.

This did not mean that I was amazing at doing all the stuff I set out to do but I was confident enough inside to still appreciate the effort I put into what I attempted.

A few years back, about 40 or so, I was a junior in high school and took music as elective where I was to learn how to play an instrument. I was excited at the prospect of playing but had no idea which one to select. During the first class we were all lined up and the teacher, who I will not name, placed a pencil up against my lips and from there decided what instrument I would be playing.

I guess my lips screamed the almighty Trombone and that was when I was lead to the back row of the class to pick up my new appendage for the rest of the year. Excited as I was, I had no clue about how to operate this twisted tube let alone read any kind of music.

After several classes I was beginning to realize that it would take a lot of practice which I was doing on a regular basis at school and at home. I do pity my parents for listening to my daily practicing of the required scales over and over again. *LOL*

Out of the blue one day, the teacher asked each of us to play the scales that we were learning for the class. After my turn, the words spoken by the teacher were, 'Wayne, you are nothing.' I left the class almost in tears, cursing that teacher under my breath for what he had said to me.

Once home, I started to listen to what I was playing and came to the realization that I was not really good at this trombone thing. To make this long story short, I quit the music portion of my life right then and there but I did not beat myself up nor did I take ownership of the words spoken by my teacher.

Instead I turned it around and thought to myself that I had made a good attempt at this instrument stuff and came to realized that playing an instrument simply wasn't something I would excel at. If I were good at everything, how boring would that be? Today the head of Microsoft, tomorrow the inventor of that new vaccine and maybe if time provides, conquer Mount Everest. Well that could be fun but what would it leave for others to do?

We are all special, unique and talented though that doesn't mean we are good at everything we try.

The whole point I am trying to make is that I continue to pat myself on the back for all that I do. That doesn't mean that I succeed at everything in my life but I totally appreciate myself for the effort I make towards doing things in my life. What a wonderful world it would be if everyone could do this every single day.

Up until a few weeks ago, I bought into the fact that I was not a good writer. While talking with my partner Kat one day recently, she pointed out that I was a good writer. Sure I need some editing done but what writer does not require a second set of eyes on their work? Thank you Kat for pointing that out to me and now when the topic does come up, I let people know that I am a writer. Heck, I just released a 100 page

e-book on [Website Design](#). I am a writer, I am an author, people are buying my stuff and the reviews are wonderful.

Every single day at bedtime, I take a few minutes to appreciate all of the wonders in my life and then I take a few extra minutes and do my self appreciations for me. So today at bedtime, I will appreciate that teacher who spoke those words to me all those years ago which helped me realize that I am still great even though I am not perfect at everything.

Life is good and it continues to get better each day as I take myself to that place of higher appreciation for whom and what I am.

Peace and Love
Wayne
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