

Them Changes

by Bob Rush



When I think of new things, new opportunities and the like, I often hear this song by the late Buddy Miles in my head. I think one of the lyrics went something like, “*Well my mind’s been going through them changes...*” Buddy was a drummer for Jimi Hendrix for awhile. Kind of silly how the mind wanders to song lines.

***To me, change stirs inspiration.
Being parked in a rut tends to blunt
creativity.***

Thanks, Buddy for the song. It’s one that sticks with you.

It’s funny how inspiration appears. I have been trying to write, blog or whatever and the creative centers in my being have just said ‘Thanks, but no thanks – we’re on hiatus.’ Frustrating at best, because I take joy in writing about the trials and tribulations along the path. I firmly believe that our creative streaks teach us something about ourselves. Having recently moved out to Rappahannock County in Virginia and a truly rural setting, my commute has become longer. It’s given me the opportunity to reacquaint myself with all things spiritual, and living with appreciation for abundant gifts of beauty and serenity placed right before my eyes on a daily basis.

***It is a daily reminder to try to live my
life with intention and kindness.***

A good deal of my drive rolls through areas that are complete with too many houses, shopping centers, cars and the like. The last quarter of my trip is open, rolling pastures heading into the mountains. The vistas are incredible. It’s a chance to turn off the radio, do the speed limit and marvel at life’s bountiful creations. I am given a chance daily to change my thoughts from the negative rat race to a positive air of appreciation.

Life is pushing me in a direction somewhat uncharted. Rather than beat the drum of OMG – the economy has tanked and I’m one of the thousands + in the country facing layoff. Not a definite, but if I was in the

decision making chair – I would probably lay me off. There are some tough choices ahead for these people to make and I hold no ill will if I am laid off. I'm looking at this as closing one chapter – rather lengthy as I have been in this incarnation jobwise for 22+ years, and the beginning of an opportunity of a new adventure.

The new quarters in which I reside have given me ample opportunity to be with myself. The area in which I live boasts that there is not a single stop light in the county, no strip malls and very little traffic. I might see one to three cars on our road on any given afternoon. Once the weather breaks, I plan to start riding my mountain bike again and also to get back on the horses. I have not ridden for close to a year. I've just been too busy or too tired. Probably tired, since I did the barn work and it was generally an average of about nine stalls a day. And when you stop being active, the pounds start to look for permanent housing. Yuck.

I decided to revisit *The Power of Intention* by Wayne Dyer. I had been looking for a new inspirational read for awhile and this book just popped into my center of attention. I felt I needed to tap some source to assist me in answering the old question – So what do you want to do when you grow up. Tis a bit of a quandary. In the starchy corporate world, I'm over-the-hill. Yes, Virginia there is age discrimination but it so well-veiled you could never, ever prove it. And to be brutally honest, not really sure if I want to stay in 'corporate". I had set a goal of trying to make 25 years but circumstances outside of my control have dictated otherwise.

This time is giving me a chance to really examine what I truly, truly want to do as an endeavor rather than simply choosing the least acceptable alternative. It is a chance to revisit my intentions and put some real power behind them.

What I have found during this search is the tendency to fall into bad mental habits. Which then are followed by every other bad habits. I look at it as toilet bowl thinking – once flushed negative thinking spirals and spirals down. One thought leads to another and you find yourself doing an impression of Chicken Little screaming the sky is falling. Please unplug the brain now. Something as small as stopping and just saying enough

requires some brainwashing till it becomes habit. Why does that sound so easy, yet is really pretty hard. Ahh, the committee of resistance whose meeting are held in my head any time day or night.

Believe me, I have tried nailing the door shut, changing my address, and turning out the lights. But the committee is like the all powerful Oz. And of course, behind the curtain is Ego – the one who supposedly knows best.

So lets take this little trip a few steps down the road. One of my admitted passions is equine bodywork. I love working on horses and helping them feel the best that they can feel and work to their full potential. It is really a joy to see the look in a horse's eye and feeling that non-verbal "Thank you". It is when I feel I'm touching the divine.

Enter tight times.

This is where I get hesitant about jumping off the high dive and declaring that I can fully support myself and my spouse by doing the bodywork and saddle fitting full time. While barns are downsizing, its tough to imagine that equine massage doesn't fall to the back of the list. It is a bit of a luxury in many owner's eyes that they just can't always afford. Coupled with very little backing from the veterinary community. I don't look at massage as the end all but rather simply getting a horse to relax and thus feel better. When a horse feels better, they will perform better. I do not try to sell a program of so many massages in such a given time. So the income is not always consistent.

This is where fear sets in and paralyzes actions. And thus brings us full circle into the job I have been in for twenty two years. I have kept this job to keep afloat. But in so doing I wonder if I have held myself back.

Further, more training is a possibility yet its cost holds me back. There are some hefty tuitions out there for some of these programs. There is no guarantee that this would make me any more of an in demand bodyworker and saddle fitter. The other trap that I will occasionally fall in is why would anyone hire me – they don't know me, I don't have a big resume and why, why, why, etc. It's the same why with my writing.

To borrow another line, this time from Jimmy Buffett, "*these changes in attitudes.....*" That is the key or at least what I believe is the key to setting myself up for success. If I stop worrying about the what ifs and just get down and throw myself full force into my chosen passion, the details

will sort themselves out. I have yet to go without a place to sleep, a hot meal or a shower. So all in all, things are pretty doggone good.

Yes, I am my own worst critic. Is the perfectionist gremlin lurking in the shadows or am I just finding a way to stay in my comfort zone and not take that leap of faith step that Indiana Jones had to take to save his father in “The Last Crusade”.

I have been very good at the tactic of delay all in the name of doing my due diligence research. I would tell myself if I just take this one class or get one more certification, the public will really want my services. All this instead of getting out there and “just doing it”.

Rather than the self talk of why would anyone want to hire me, just change my thought to I know I am good at what I do. Now this might sound a touch schizo at this point– but some of these “unknown” changes have got me pretty pumped that there is a new adventure out there that is going to be kickass.

Makes me want to stay around and read the next chapter. I’ll look at it as unveiled inspiration. Oh, them changes.

From further down the road and until next time, appreciate the moment.

Bob

Pinecroft99@yahoo.com
