



Crisis – Learning to Learn

"This Too Shall Pass"

by Heather Lash (2010)

Really, it shall (and it has, hasn't it - over and over again)

A short story

When I was a teenager, someone I looked up to taught me to give internal thanks whenever I felt really joyful or at peace. This was meant to build up the good stuff inside me, like saving resources, for when I felt really bad.

Over the years, I changed the practice a bit, to be a really specific little meditation I try to remember to do when I feel especially great.

I sit or lie down, close my eyes, and do a full relaxation exercise. Then I visualize - in as much exact detail as I can - myself, at a time in the past when I was having a crisis. I picture exactly where I was, what I looked like, everything around me.

Then I (as me, now) visit myself in this little movie. Like, if I am crying on my bed in my childhood room, I go up (usually from behind, for some reason) and put my arms around myself, giving a big warm hug, and I say in her ear (pretty loud) It's okay, it won't always be like this.

I make it specific. For example, when she was in crisis about being fired from a job, I told her about all the great jobs I come to have in the future. She is thinking no one will hire her ever again. "Things get so much better," I say, or, "You get pregnant again after this miscarriage." Stuff like that.

You know, I don't usually think in magical ways. If someone tells me to rub a crystal or even to have a bubble bath when I feel horrible, I feel like punching them. I'm just not that kind of person. But I have to wonder...

You see, I have been doing this strange little practice for many years, so of course, I have had many times of crisis that I have 'gone back to' in a later meditation. Sometimes, over the years, when I have been freaking out, I have to say I have felt a little... something. Like a hug. Like a voice in my ear. Whatever it is, it's like a little ... I don't know, like a whisper that says "You are going to be okay again. This... too... shall pass..."

I wonder what all this is like for you. Is there something, even something a bit weird, that has helped you remember change in your life? Something you can hold on to that has helped you believe that change is possible? No, not just that it is possible, but that it always, always, has been happening anyway? When you look, you might see at least one thing that you used to never think would change... that did. And it might make you think that even this can. Even this??? Oh, yes!