

Gift of humility

Written by Elizabeth Barrett
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It seeps in slowly, insidiously and grows like the puddle in our basement when the sewer clogs.

One moment life is calm and in the next, I find myself worrying about bizarre situations.

Like whether or not our one-eyed black cat has crawled into an empty box by the dumpster and been unwittingly lifted into the back of the garbage truck bellowing in the alley.

And thinking, even if she did, that I had the superhuman ability to prevent it.

That kind of irrational thinking happens when I've not taken care of myself.

Drawn lines in the sand about what I will and will not do.

During this time of year, those lines often become blurred because we women are nurturers.

Most of us know how to make and take food places as fast as you can say "Betty Crocker," even when we've already made enough commitments to buckle the knees of Superwoman.

But we don't say no.

What would people think? How would family and friends survive without our delectable culinary contributions?

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When I make myself the center of my universe, I begin to believe I'm indispensable. It's then that the worries get a stranglehold and my peace of mind begins to unravel.

Anne Wilson Schaef in *Meditations for Living in Balance*, writes about deep-seated fears of inadequacy.

"We fear not knowing enough to do our job well, not being good-enough parents, not being good enough human beings," she says.

When I begin to accept myself as good enough and where I am in the here and now, the puddle of pride in my basement mysteriously evaporates.

Humility takes over and, like a planet, I'm revolving around a spiritual center.

Life feels good.

Again.

"We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility."—Rabindranath Tagore