

Learning Something about Myself

I learned something new about myself this weekend. I learned how angry I have been about my learning difference. The anger I have been holding was uncovered when I went to a four day class in energy work. The funny part is I thought I dealt with those emotions years ago.

I have been through a lot in my life, just like everyone, but with all the meditation I have done I thought I would have noticed this. I started asking myself how I missed it. How did I not feel this raw anger? How did I not see it? Even in starting to write this post, I see an anger monster thrashing around inside of me and I am afraid to let my anger loose on world.

I am hoping writing this post will help relieve some of this energy. So here is my anger about my learning difference, which is being dyslexic. I am not mad about being dyslexic, I am mad that no one saw it when I was a young child. I am mad that no one explained it to me or my mother. I am mad that because I did not know that I had this learning challenge and did not even know it existed, I ended up believing I was dumb and I ended up at that conclusion myself.

I hate that I, me, myself, believed that I was dumb. I gave up on myself as a kid and I did not dream too big because there were things I could not do like write or spell or even read with any clarity. I am mad that at forty seven years old, even though I write and read well now, I feel like it is a little late to dream big because now I am at an age where some things cannot be changed.

I am not down playing what I have done in my life but I am mad that I did not get to dream and I gave up.

On the other hand I can see that the disability that I am mad about is also the gift that allows me to be the meditation teacher I am and the healer that I am. Maybe that should have been my dream when I was a kid.

As I have been writing this, I noticed that the monster inside of me is just sitting in the pit of my stomach now and it is not trashing around anymore. The angry child in me is still mad but I feel it is moving quickly to healing and forgiving myself for not believing in myself. Like a child being comforted it will be relieved and dreaming big will be my new gift. I believe in time I will be fine. Like any storm this will pass and the sun will shine again.