

A Page from My Journal



When I'm overwhelmed, drained of purpose, or caught up in mental clutter, I often turn to my journal to help me out.

The other day I was trying to revise my website text. As I wrote about "clutter," "transitions," "journaling," these words that I've said so many times were starting to feel flat and meaningless.

I decided to give myself a break from trying to sound like an expert. Instead, I went into the private space of my journal where I could freely explore without having to be perfect.

I asked each of those familiar words to share with me, in a few sentences, what they meant and what their role was in the bigger picture of what I offer. Here's what came out:

Clutter Speaks:

I am a metaphor. I am the problem that brings people to your door. I am the humbler. The one who makes them believe they need fixing. I am the shame-inducer. I am the heaviness and the stuckness. The weight. The door-blocker. The distractor. The embarrassment behind the scenes. I hold clues to what needs a goodbye and what is still waiting to happen. I'm mixed in with treasures. Sometimes I come in the form of physical objects. Sometimes other forms.

Transition Speaks:

I'm a reminder that this is a process. I am the background context who finds meaning in the messiness. I make sense of confusion and feeling lost. I make sense of the discomfort that can come even with a happy change. I am constantly expressed in the natural world. I am a hopeful model. I am about spring coming after winter, and new beginnings coming out of endings.

Journaling Speaks:

I am the vehicle. I am the patient one who waits for you. The flexible one.

The respectful one. The one who reveals what's emerging. Doorways into different rooms inside. The bucket going down into the well to bring up gifts, inspirations, inner wisdom from the underground stream. I can take you where you need to go. If one way doesn't work, I have lots of other ways in. I'm a revealer of the secret treasure inside. To share me is to teach people to fish instead of giving them a fish.

I kept going with other words. **Therapy. Coaching. Classes. Gentle Approach.** What was blurry began to organize itself into a coherent shape. All those flat words sounded juicy and interesting again.

"We do indeed know more than we may consciously understand or remember, and writing brings this underlying wisdom to our awareness, where it can be accessed and used." —Kathleen Adams, *Scribing the Soul*, ©2004

Journal therapy has taught me that when one type of writing isn't getting me anywhere, it's time to shift gears and try a fresh strategy. And when I'm trying too hard to sound smart, wise, interesting, or like I've got it all together, that is a type of clutter and it's getting in the way.

My journal gives me privacy, room to play, and full permission to not know anything.

Then it provides me with lots of processes to choose from, helping me access my deeper knowing.

Sending you gentle support,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Carolyn". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'C'.