

(Stuck?) in between

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Whilst driving to the tire store to rescue Mary yesterday, I had my usual diet of NPR running as background noise and I heard a phrase that made me pull over long enough to write it down. (Mary's used to this and the interruption of my rescue mission was brief, I promise.)

I can't ascribe the comment to a specific person because due attention to my driving meant I was only half listening to the radio. So, I don't know the name of the woman being interviewed, nor can I say whether she was quoting a third person. Accordingly, I apologize for the lack of proper citation.

The phrase that caught my attention and cost Mary an additional minute or so of waiting was, "in between losing my mind and finding my soul." It seemed to have been said in relation to the woman's job and how Covid has affected her. If you want to try to search her out, I believe she manages a shopping mall in Butte; sorry I can't offer more.

Anyway, "in between losing my mind and finding my soul" resonated with me in a way that no other phrase has in some time. I know we've each had our share of challenges in the realm of staying connected to the world but – for me anyway – it's the sense of connection to self that has suffered most egregiously.

I have reconnected with some old friends, old and kind enough to have forgiven my teenage self-involvement, and I've made a few new ones. But mostly, I have decided at long last to make friends with myself. I am, of course, greatly supported in this effort of self-acceptance by the fact that the one great decision of my life involved deciding to partner with Mary. Without her in my life, I truly can't say what happens and I don't actually want to know.

But this latest period did in fact put me 'in between' as the woman said.

I believe she might actually have said 'stuck' but I'm going to pretend not. I choose to work on the latter half of her thought.

Can't tell you where this thread will take me so for now, I will stop here. More later.