

BluesNews

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IT'S NOT ABOUT THE NAIL!

In February 2015, BluesNews printed a personal account of an individual's response to Dr. Brene Brown's work on shame. The months that have passed have evidently been somewhat unsettling for the author of those remarks. Our anonymous author returns in this edition with a powerful personal account. Detailing the experience of being unworthy, the current remarks move the story from childhood through to adolescence. Whereas the early years were fraught with assaults and violence, the school years brought humiliation ... [Read more...](#)

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT DATES INSIDE

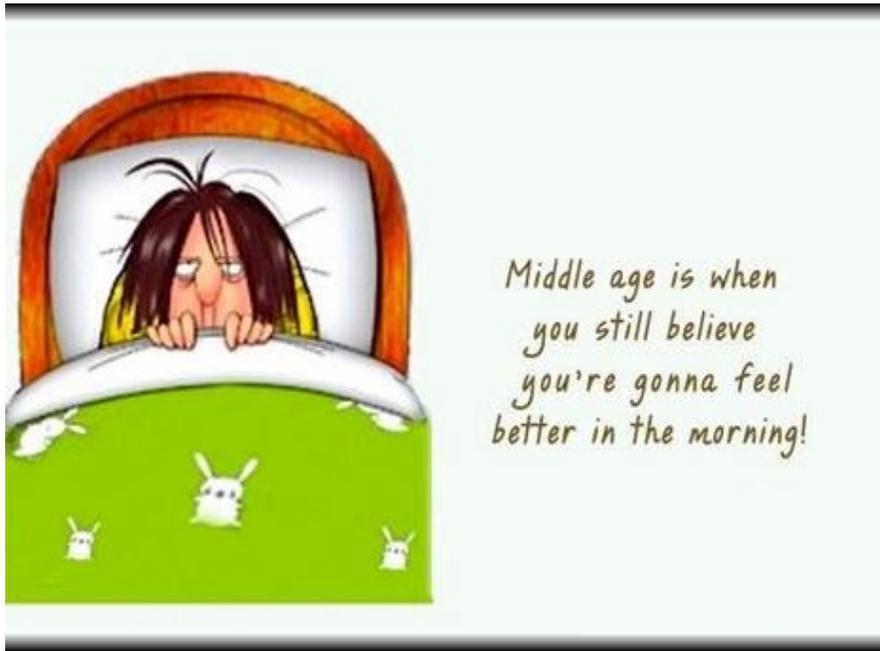
Recently I came across the musings and philosophising of Jim Rohn. Rohn was an American business man whose success in business led him to become a motivational speaker and homespun philosopher. Rohn mentored Mark R. Hughes (the founder of Herbalife International) and motivational speaker Tony Robbins in the late 1970s. Others who credit Rohn for his influence on their careers include authors Mark Victor Hansen and Jack Canfield (Chicken Soup book series), author / lecturer Brian Tracy, and T. Harvey Eker. Motivational speaker, Chris Widener's book, Twelve Pillars, was co-authored by Rohn. Two pieces credited to Rohn appear in this edition... [Read more...](#)

Hope you enjoy and be sure to share BluesNews with everyone who asks...



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An Update on SHAME:

Lately, I've been thinking I have spent my entire life in fear.

I've been thinking I live my life afraid that someday, those who love me will find out just how broken I am and leave me as a result. (Here's the definition of shame that emerged from Dr. Brene Brown's research: "Shame is the intensely painful feeling or experience of believing that we are flawed and therefore unworthy of love and belonging.") As a result, I try very hard, everyday, not to make mistakes or to make only minor errors. I live a life that is organized, structured, and consistent. I am eminently predictable.

I have tried to be impeccable. Whereas the Oxford dictionary defines impeccability as "faultless, flawless, irreproachable", I prefer the warrior definition of Carlos Castaneda, "What matters is that a warrior be impeccable. What matters to a warrior is arriving at the totality of oneself."

I tell others I am this way because it is the most efficient and effective way of managing time and energy; mostly, however, it just barely keeps a lid on the chaos ...

This shame response has led me to be very knowledgeable about lots of things but there are two things I know with complete certainty. First, I learned very early that I was smart, a gifted child; I was special! The second thing I know with complete certainty, being smart (doesn't) didn't matter. I was twelve...

LIFE IS A PARTICIPATORY DANCE (AND I DON'T DANCE)

I was twelve. I had been among the best in my class through those first six years of elementary school. I read my first chapter book when I was seven. (I still remember it: Jack London's, Call of the Wild.) My Grade 4 teacher introduced me to finite mathematics; my Grade 6 teacher asked if I would present the science course. It was all pretty cool and exciting. I was never the teacher's pet because I was not cute and endearing, but if work needed to be done on the blackboard, the teacher chose me or another girl in my class to do it.

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Kids are strange. We think strange things. Despite the emotional abuse, despite the fractured ribs, I thought being smart was a good thing; I thought it would make them proud. Some kids try to be 'perfect' to avoid abuse. They work very hard to never make mistakes; their errors or omissions carefully concealed. They seemed to think, "It is my fault. If I am 'perfect', if I never make another mistake, I won't get hurt again!" I thought, not about being 'perfect', but about being smart enough to make them proud; I was thinking, "You don't hurt the things that make you proud." I was wrong.

(Hindsight is 20/20. When I look back, after every attack, I would be sent to my room. There, in as near silence as I could hold, I destroyed the things I loved. I was clearly unworthy of having them. The first things to be destroyed were those I had chosen for myself because I liked or wanted them; when those objects were gone, carefully, very carefully, but absolutely with vengeance, I destroyed what others had given to me. There is some truth to, "You learn what you live.")

They originally approached my family about putting me in a Special Education class early in Grade 6. The local Board of Education had developed a special program for "gifted" children. The Board asked if I could participate. As I recall, my parents said, "NO", twice. "I don't want no arrogant kid!" Till then I thought I made them proud.... It was simple: nothing I was going to do would be good enough, ever. Nothing. "You must not rise above your station!" was their initial response to the offer of Special Ed. "You must not rise above your station! You will get arrogant and think we will mean nothing to you. I don't want no swollen head kid!"

The third time they asked, the last time, the class teacher came to the house, accompanied by the Board of Education Superintendent sponsoring the Gifted program. With both of them in attendance, only when I begged, pleaded and promised I would not be arrogant, was I permitted to attend. I didn't understand. I was in tears. I felt shattered. That promise, wrenched from me in the presence of the gifted classroom teacher and the Superintendent felt like an exercise in humiliation. It made me feel small, weak, and cowardly.

My parents gave their assent. But not only must I make this promise, I am threatened: no bragging, no matter how well you do; no friends to the house, no special favours, no special trips, (you must not change at all), or we will take you out of that class. Never before had it been bad to be smart; being smart was a good thing. It made everyone happy. And in the blink of an eye, it made everybody scared.

I was broken before. This was just proof.

That summer, I lost my friends. All but one. And then, that too was gone.

I was increasingly insecure. I started smoking when I went to the gifted class. I was twelve. Cigarettes were 38 cents a pack. I hid my lunch box and stole milk money for lunch. I was ashamed of me and tried very hard to hide it. I was twelve when I bought my first beer, 5 cents a glass. For a dollar you could buy a pack of smokes and a dozen glasses of beer.

I think from the time of the first assault, I had always been dissociative. Others would say I was pathologically shy. I lived in my imagination populated by characters from chapter books. In school, I stared out the window and into space always. "He is very shy." "He daydreams." "He doesn't really pay attention." Those were the comments in my elementary school report cards.

Mrs. Smith really struggled with, "He doesn't really pay attention." She was one of those teachers who would throw a chalk brush at you if you were inattentive or daydreaming or sleeping. Or she would throw erasers. She never asked

"A path is only a path, and there is no affront, to oneself or to others, in dropping it if that is what your heart tells you . . . Look at every path closely and deliberately. Try it as many times as you think necessary. Then ask yourself alone, one question . . . Does this path have a heart? If it does, the path is good; if it doesn't it is of no use."

(Continued on page 4)

me a question I couldn't answer immediately and never had to ask twice. No matter how profound the reverie, no matter how far away I appeared to be, I was always there. I still remember the look of shock on her face the day I caught the eraser she threw at me. I still remember the subsequent trip to the principal's office. Like I said, Mrs. Smith really struggled with my daydreams. I don't think she knew anything at all about dissociation.

I think that is when my secret life began...

I took a bus to school. The class was in a core area school, toughest neighborhood in the city. Maybe it was intended as an exercise in eugenics because why else would you send a bunch of nerdy smart kids to tough, gang-riddled school. We went to school early to avoid being bullied and beaten. We left school late for the same reason. Cullen was one of the few who went out to recess. He "slipped;" broke both bones in his arm. No one ever went out for recess after that.

The bullies soon learned we were most vulnerable at the bus stop. It was why I didn't carry a lunch box. The lunch box was a marker and a target. Meredith carried a briefcase but was so ridiculed and scorned, in Grade 8, he actually sat in his desk and peed his pants in anticipation of having to join a school assembly. He (we) were scared all the time. The fear was palpable and relentless. Me? The first Christmas season I was in that class, I got caught by the worst bully in the school. I had suffered black eyes and bruises at his hand a number of times. By Christmas, he was failing arithmetic and being beaten at home because of it. We made a deal: I would do his homework and he would ensure I was left unharmed. He scared me to death, but he passed arithmetic and I never got hurt again at school. Two school years; it was a small price to pay.

I ever told anyone what went on at school. Not a word. I don't think any of us ever did. I had a secret life. I got to live it at school. Why would I want to spoil that? At school, I had a secret life. No one ever knew about the homework deal. And I got to be cool, because I could walk in the hallway with impunity.

(Years later, when everyone I knew was struggling to make sense of R.D. Laing's book, Knots, I knew exactly what he meant: layers and layers of deceit, experience trapped within the parameters of lies that could never be shared or spoken about. Experience twisted from the truth to maintain an image.)

I have always loved to learn. I could not help being smart. The gifted class made me special. I loved it. Because I could show no sign of arrogance or pride by Christmas break that first year, I was third in the class. Third ... behind another boy (who was first) and a girl (who was second). Bettered by a girl and another guy? Nothing to be proud of there!

It was a functional solution. "Never work hard enough to put yourself in first." "Other people always come first." "You can never be proud of yourself; never be smug." I got to be gifted. I got to enjoy it. I could only enjoy it if those who said they loved me didn't know I loved it. They were scared that being gifted would change me. It didn't; they did!

I got lost down this wretched rabbit hole.... Cigarettes and alcohol at twelve. Sex and drugs at fourteen. By eighteen, I was suicidal.

I think about what Dr. Brown has said about shame: "...the intensely painful feeling or experience of believing that we are flawed and therefore unworthy of love and belonging." I think she is right. I think recovery takes a lifetime.

This was all a very long time ago. It is important to remember, "It is not about the nail!"

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT 2015 - 2016

PARKHILL OFFICE

2015

September 23
October 14
October 28
November 11
November 25
December 9

2016

January 13
January 27
February 10
February 24
March 9
March 23
April 13
April 27
May 11
May 25
June 8

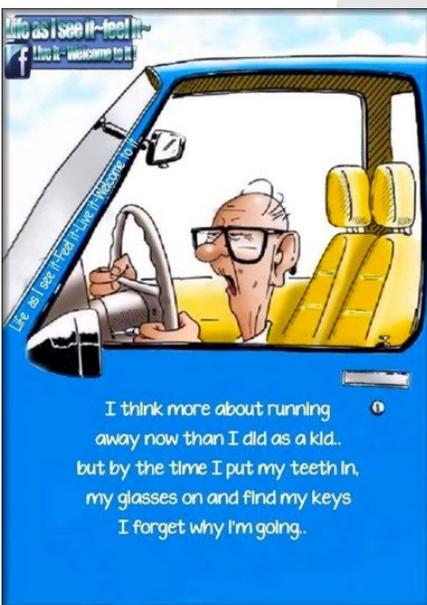
LEAMINGTON (Desnoyer's home)

2015

September 25
October 16
October 30
November 13
November 27
December 11

2016

January 15
January 29
February 12
February 26
March 11
March 25
April 15
April 29
May 13
May 27
June 10



INSPIRATION :

A young lady confidently walked around the room while leading and explaining stress management to an audience with a raised glass of water. Everyone knew she was going to ask the ultimate question, 'half empty or half full?' She fooled them all "How heavy is this glass of water?" she inquired with a smile. Answers called out ranged from 8 oz. to 20 oz.

She replied , "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, that's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my right arm.

If I hold it for a day, you'll have to call an ambulance. In each case it's the same weight, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes." She continued, "and that's the way it is with stress. If we carry our burdens all the time, sooner or later, as the burden becomes increasingly heavy, we won't be able to carry on."

"As with the glass of water, you have to put it down for a while and rest before holding it again. When we're refreshed, we can carry on with the burden - holding stress longer and better each time practiced. So, as early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don't carry them through the evening and into the night.

Be the kind of person that when your feet hit the floor each morning, the devil says "Oh crap, they're up!"

- 1 Accept the fact that some days you're the pigeon and some days you're the statue!
 - 2 Always keep your words soft and sweet just in case you have to eat them.
 - 3 Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it.
 - 4 Drive carefully... It's not only cars that can be recalled by their Maker.
 - 5 If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague.
 - 6 If you lend someone \$20 and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.
 - 7 It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply to serve as a warning to others.
 - 8 Never buy a car you can't push.
 - 9 Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time, because then you won't have a leg to stand on.
 - 10 Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.
 - 11 Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late.
 - 12 The second mouse gets the cheese.
 - 13 When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.
 - 14 Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.
 - 15 Some mistakes are too much fun to make only once.
 - 16 We could learn a lot from crayons. Some are sharp, some are pretty and some are dull. Some have weird names and all are different colors, but they all have to live in the same box.
 - 17 A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.
 - 18 Have an awesome day and know that someone has thought about you today.
- AND MOST IMPORTANTLY
- 19 Save the earth..... It's the only planet with chocolate!

QUOTES TO “SHUT YOU UP” AND KEEP YOU MOVING!

FROM JAMES ROHN (1930 - 2009)

1. “Don’t wish it was easier, wish you were better. Don’t wish for less problems, wish for more skills. Don’t wish for less challenge, wish for more wisdom.”
2. “The challenge of leadership is to be strong, but not rude; be kind, but not weak; be bold, but not a bully; be thoughtful, but not lazy; be humble, but not timid; be proud, but not arrogant; have humor, but without folly.”
3. “We must all suffer one of two things: the pain of discipline or the pain of regret.”
4. “Days are expensive. When you spend a day you have one less day to spend. So make sure you spend each one wisely.”
5. “Discipline is the bridge between goals and accomplishment.”
6. “If you are not willing to risk the unusual, you will have to settle for the ordinary.”
7. “Motivation is what gets you started. Habit is what keeps you going.”
8. “Success is nothing more than a few simple disciplines, practiced every day.”
9. “Don’t join an easy crowd; you won’t grow. Go where the expectations and the demands to perform are high.”
10. “Learn how to be happy with what you have while you pursue all that you want.”

HOW TO LIVE YOUR LEGACY

FROM JAMES ROHN (1930 - 2009)

Jim Rohn, “...actions are great ... but the important stuff is what lies underneath—the principles,”

Here are the principles he says we must commit to in order to leave the legacy we desire:

1. Life is best lived in service to others. This doesn’t mean that we do not strive for the best for ourselves. It does mean that in all things we serve other people, including our family, co-workers and friends.
2. Consider others’ interests as important as your own. Much of the world suffers simply because people consider only their own interests. People are looking out for number one, but the way to leave a legacy is to also look out for others.
3. Love your neighbor even if you don’t like him. It is interesting that Jesus told us to love others. But he never tells us to like them. Liking people has to do with emotions. Loving people has to do with actions. And what you will find is that when you love them and do good by them, you will more often than not begin to like them.
4. Maintain integrity at all costs. There are very few things you take to the grave with you. The number one thing is your reputation and good name. When people remember you, you want them to think, “She was the most honest person I knew. What integrity.” There are always going to be temptations to cut corners and break your integrity. Do not do it. Do what is right all of the time, no matter what the cost.

5. You must risk in order to gain. In just about every area of life you must risk in order to gain the reward. In love, you must risk rejection in order to ask that person out for the first time. In investing you must place your capital at risk in the market in order to receive the prize of a growing bank account. When we risk, we gain. And when we gain, we have more to leave for others.
6. You reap what you sow. In fact, you always reap more than you sow—you plant a seed and reap a bushel. What you give you get. What you put into the ground then grows out of the ground. If you give love you will receive love. If you give time, you will gain time. It is one of the truest laws of the universe. Decide what you want out of life and then begin to sow it.
7. Hard work is never a waste. No one will say, “It is too bad he was such a good, hard worker.” But if you aren’t they will surely say, “It’s too bad he was so lazy—he could have been so much more!” Hard work will leave a grand legacy. Give it your all on your trip around the earth. You will do a lot of good and leave a terrific legacy.
8. Don’t give up when you fail. Imagine what legacies would have never existed if someone had given up. How many thriving businesses would have been shut down if they quit at their first failure? Everyone fails. It is a fact of life. But those who succeed are those who do not give up when they fail. They keep going and build a successful life—and a legacy.
9. Don’t ever stop in your pursuit of a legacy. Many people have accomplished tremendous things later on in life. There is never a time to stop in your pursuit of a legacy. Sometimes older people will say, “I am 65. I’ll never change.” That won’t build a great life! No, there is always time to do more and achieve more, to help more and serve more, to teach more and to learn more.

The Goldberg Brothers - The Inventors of the Automobile Air Conditioner

Here's a little fact for automotive buffs, or just to dazzle your friends.

The four Goldberg brothers, Lowell, Norman, Hiram, and Maxwell, invented and developed the first automobile air-conditioner. On July 17, 1946, the temperature in Detroit was 97 degrees.

The four brothers walked into old man Henry Ford's office and sweet-talked his secretary into telling him that four gentlemen were there with the most exciting innovation in the auto industry since the electric starter. Henry was curious and invited them into his office.

They refused and instead asked that he come out to the parking lot to their car. They persuaded him to get into the car, which was about 130 degrees inside, turned on the air conditioner, and cooled the car off immediately.

The old man got very excited and invited them back to the office, where he offered them \$3 million for the patent. The brothers refused, saying they would settle for \$2 million, but they wanted the recognition by having a label, 'The Goldberg Air-Conditioner,' on the dashboard of each car in which it was installed.

Now old man Ford was more than just a little anti-Jewish, and there was no way he was going to put the Goldberg's name on two million Fords. They haggled back and forth for about two hours and finally agreed on \$4 million and that just their first names would be shown.

And so to this day, all Ford air conditioners show -- Lo, Norm, Hi, and Max -- on the controls.

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say what?!

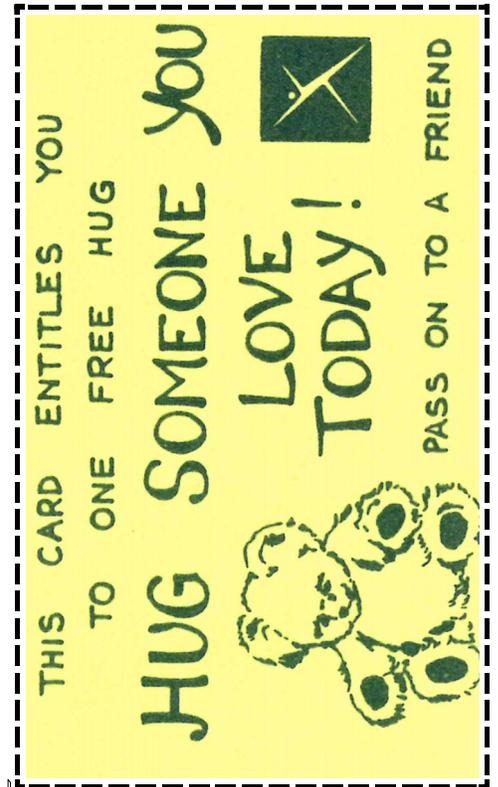
Music can be a powerful tool for communicating difficult feelings or thoughts. Songwriters often give a voice to our thoughts and express our feelings better than we might ever have dreamt.

Here are a couple of Youtube links

[FIGHT SONG](#)

[YOU CANT PUT YOUR ARM](#)

[AROUND A MEMORY](#)



HUMOUR



Woman's Poem

Before I lay me down to sleep,
I pray for a man who's not a creep.
One who's handsome, smart and strong,
one who loves to listen long.
One who thinks before he speaks,
one who calls, not wait for weeks.
Oh send me a king to make me a queen,
a man who loves to cook and clean.

Man's Poem

I pray for a deaf-mute gymnast nymphomaniac
with big boobs, who owns a bar on a
golf course, and loves to send me
out to go fishing and drinking.
This doesn't rhyme
and I don't give a shit.



Slice of Me