



# LOOKING FORWARD < > LOOKING BACK

June 08

Edition 8

## LOOKING FORWARD<

### WELCOME

Initially composing this newsletter was a bit of a scramble. Work was continually trying to hijack my time and attention to timeslots set aside for family and personal development (which this comes under). Headings were set out, ideas jotted down, format and theme tucked away (at least I thought) and then it all got shelved for a short period as other duties beckoned.

When I returned to my friend and confidant of privately public thoughts and the fingers flashed across the keyboards, everything that was planned was stripped out and essentially a blank canvas presented itself. I found myself catching my breath asking the question “What the Gordon Ramsey is going on here????”.. This was one of many questions and the answer that came back was “*Trust and be patient*”. Cause I’d never heard that before had I? Okay, okay I know the drill well enough – stop project managing the newsletter, let it happen, just make the space and the words will come through. Don’t worry that I am perilously close to the deadline I set myself, don’t worry about what has come through already. Sometimes this writing gig has got whiskers on it but it can be a heap of fun at the same time – how can that be? So I waited - tick, tick tick - and waited some more. Guys, look at the date, then look at this one – I’d like to have it out by then. “*Be patient*” was, as usual, the response.

And then the words started filtering down, thoughts and concepts formed and the blank canvas had colour and hues, shades and definition, a little corner was completed here whilst another section commenced there. It was all over the place yet its structure was strangely organic, regardless of what section I was writing and in what order. In my minds eye I could see what the Universe was getting at and then the lightbulbs started glowing till Homer was running for that auxiliary generator switch whilst the lights in Springfield started to fade. Whoa – my guides weren’t holding back this time! All I could do was be open and give thanks, listening carefully to ideas, concepts, even long awaited explanations. I’m not the sharpest pencil in the pack but with a bit of care I can still draw a picture that’s worth a thousand words.

So I hope you enjoy this newsletter – it’s a bit different (but also a bit longer than usual, so I hope you see it through to the end). Not sure if it’s a sign of what’s to come but I do know it’s a milestone moment in my development. I appreciate the fact I can share it with you and that some of you relate to the content in a way that aids your development. Thanks for the willingness to read it and the synergy it creates.

## PASS THE PARCEL!

For Forrest Gump “Life is like a box of chocolates”. Fortunately that’s not the case for me cause I would be constantly devouring them then spend the rest of the time feeling very ill! Life for me is like a game of pass the parcel. The music plays and life goes on punctuated by silences long enough to unwrap the parcel that’s ended up in my lap. Within it is a message/ gift etc that brings me closer to the main prize. Over a very intense 3 month period since the last newsletter, the music has quickened, the silences have been longer, the gifts have unravelled and I’ve been privy to a huge prize. So pull up a pew and play parcel the parcel with me.



***“They picked up their swags and started off walking***

***At Wattie Creek they sat themselves down***

***Now it don't sound like much but it sure got tongues talking***

***Back at the homestead and then in the town***

***From little things big things grow***

***From little things big things grow”***

*From Big Things, Little Things Grow – Paul Kelly*

The chorus to this Paul Kelly classic has been on high rotation for some time and I just couldn’t work out why. It’s a tale of patience, of standing up for what you believe in and trusting that if it’s coming from the right place, then just rewards will come. Okay, I can see some similarities there and oh yeah – I’ve been patient. Yes the rewards are coming through and I acknowledge those on a daily basis but something has changed. Something has shifted and it actually feels right but still unsure what IT is.

*Look around, reflect, don’t think – drift. Let it come to you instead of chasing it cause you know you are too harsh on yourself – your are your greatest critic. Ease up and let it happen.*

In my lap is a photo of myself. Not doing anything in particular just me being me. Okay, thanks guys – great hint. On the back were two words – *be me*. Yup, not getting any warmer, but thanks for the hint. You don’t want to just come out and say it do you? No, that would be too easy. Okay well what does being me entail?

Well I’m many things. Correction - I play many roles whilst being me. Dad, mate, peer, mentor, student, leader, volunteer – all thoroughly enjoyable roles that I love doing and thankful that I have the opportunity to do so. Think I’ve got those covered.

*Think outside the square.*

Oh, okay. I'm *aware* (becoming more so), *conscientious* (yep do unto others what you would have done to yourself), *stand up for myself and my beliefs* (umm okay sometimes) *true to myself* (ummm getting harder can I have an easier one please?), *a shining light* (what the? – where did that come from?). Okay some introspection – what makes me tick?



***“When I get into the kitchen, I can’t control my hands***

***Look into the cupboard, for some pots and pans***

***Today, this is the way we play***

***With a bang, crash, clatter, dang***

***Ringer, dinger, whack blown away,***

***I like pots and pans***

***I like pots and pans”.***

*Grade 2 concert song from last year’s school concert*

I am fascinated by Gordon Ramsey. I am amazed that not only does he get away with a show in primetime that is currently watched by 1.3 million people, not once but twice a week but that almost every 3<sup>rd</sup> word is a swear word. Other than an initial bit of controversy up on the hill in Canberra it hasn't so much as ruffled a feather. In fact this dichotomy has been largely celebrated in the media rather than admonished so why, or more importantly, how does he do it?

My belief is that the secret to his success is that he is passionate about what he does. Being a chef isn't just a job – it's an extension of who he is and an embodiment of his values. For Gordon that's hard work, creating a dish that even if it was plain pasta it would have to be cooked and presented just right, and creating an environment that is the total package – a clean kitchen and a restaurant that encapsulates the chef and owners world. The customers are welcomed in and for a short, magical period they share the chef's world. They experience his food using all their senses and at the end of the meal leave the premises knowing in their hearts that when they say they will be back, they mean it. He doesn't suffer fools easily, egos are brushed aside, incompetence is used to wipe the floor and god help anyone who verbally disagrees with him cause they are in for a right royal bollocking.

And Australians can't get enough of him! Is it because, in our hearts as a culture, this cockney chap epitomises the pride and passion that we espouse to (sometimes secretly)? Do we compare our standards with his lofty ones? Well let's have a look at another celebrity chef. Jamie Oliver is a masterful chef, hosted several of his own shows and written many books. He's opened a restaurant “15” here in Melbourne that is still going strong, the skills of homeless kids that have been/ are being trained as chefs its cornerstone. He saw an opportunity to give the homeless and disadvantaged a chance to share in his passion for gastronomic delights and in the process re-establish their self respect that is often disbanded in their circumstances. He desperately wanted

to give them a second chance through a wonderful learning experience and he's done it worldwide.

Jaime was on TV just recently, before Ramsey on rival channel. The two are strikingly dissimilar in many ways. Jamie is relatively quiet with an audible stutter, Gordon roars – literally. Jamie is rather short and blends in, whilst Gordon's presence verbally and physically fills the room. But, and here is the big but – put food in front of them and they are mirror images of one another. The tenderness with which they speak reverently about the foods that they are preparing, the care with which they prepare the meal, the knowledge they share about the types of flavours, aromas etc that can be created with the ingredients and finally the pride with which they present the final dish is like watching a master artist apply the final stroke to their latest painting.

The key? They are so passionate about what they are doing and what they believe in. That, I believe, is what connects our souls to theirs. Everything else is their persona which we are willing to forgive or embrace because for a short time we are there, sharing the preparation and salivating at the dish as it goes out to the paying customer. Granted, both of them have become very wealthy from their trade. However they have both put in the hard yards. They have maintained their passion over all the years and perhaps that is where the difference lies between them and other chefs who put in the hard yards but can't quite seem to get there.

So what am I passionate about? Lots of things! but predominately my family, my holistic work, my professional work and my writing. *And do I speak openly of these passions? Does my being radiate visibly at any opportunity to discuss them in detail?* Family – tick. Holistic work – tick. Professional work – yep tick. Writing, (silence), again - writing. Hmmm let's explore shall we?



*Baby, sometimes I'm so carefree  
With a joy that's hard to hide  
And sometimes it seems that all I have to do is worry  
And then you're bound to see my other side*

*I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood*

*“Don't let me be misunderstood”, The Animals*

I see before me Robert Rabbins book Real Time Speaking – YOU ARE THE MESSENGER, opened at page 158. It's Ida's chapter. Ida is my Sekhem master, one of the most serene and peaceful people you could ever meet. A lady of incredible poise and connection. Yet in her chapter she pinpoints an issue, an event that profoundly affected her for years. With Robert's assistance and guidance she worked through the emotions, the terror and the pain associated with this event that was holding her back for so many years. By the time I have read the chapter I'm reduced

to tears, a repressed memory comes rushing to the surface along with the hurt and rage and find myself projected back to 1983.

Form 3 English, third term, Mr Trevor Simpson's English class (Not his real name). He's wearing tweed sports coat with leather padded elbows and is rocking back and forth on his heels and toes, hands buried deep in pockets at the front of the class. I sit to the side in the old classroom that has tables in rows parallel to his desk with another row running parallel to the side wall perpendicular to the other desks. We are seated in alphabetical order according to our surnames so I am second last almost level with his desk along the side. In my hand is our second term exam papers and I've managed 63%. The first section is poetry comprehension and in red pen at the top of the page in a poorly drawn circle is my mark 11/25 – another fail. I have failed every poetry comprehension for the last 3 years and my hand is now shaking with rage.

Trevor (Mr Simpson) is out the front of the class espousing the brilliance of this poet, his words, phrasing and the meaning of the poem. I'm sitting there thinking "if he was so bloody brilliant why do we need to comprehend him then cause it should be pretty bloody obvious what he's banging on about" (sorry if I offend anyone here but if I'm to be true to the crystal clear moment in my head I need to stay true to the event).

Then Trevor starts to dissect the questions and the answers like a surgeon with crisp precision – devoid of any emotion so he can carry out the task at hand. The first 3 answers I get right – correction they match the answer on his sheet. The fourth doesn't so I'm marked incorrect and it flows on from there. At my school, one thing you didn't do was question the teachers. What happened next was not a common experience (for myself especially) just to put the episode into perspective.

Trevor is about to move on to the fifth question but I stop him mid sentence (Note whilst I remember the incident and the dialogue between us I have no recollection of what the poem was, nor its details)!

O "Sir" hand straight up

T "Yes Warlond (Cause we were only addressed by our surname at school). What is it?"

O "Sir why is my answer wrong?"

T (Raising a hairy eyebrow) "What? What did you say"

O (Evenly but looking him unflinchingly in the eyes) "I said why is my answer to question 4 wrong? I have answered that the poet was expressing his thoughts about (something) but you have marked this wrong"

T (stunned) "Because he wasn't"

O "How do you know?"

T "WHAT?"

O "How do you know he wasn't? From here on my answers relate to this question and they are perfectly feasible in the context of the poem"

T (eyes start to narrow and shoulders are coming up to his neck) "Warlond are you trying to be funny?"

O "No Sir" (A bit bewildered at his reaction. Class starts to snigger sensing a world class bollocking about to happen. This sets off Trevor off like a match in a fireworks factory)

T (virtually spitting the words at me). "Really? I think your being a smart ass in front of your peers to deflect the attention off your mark. You got it wrong and that's the end of it". (Turns back to the class and his paper)

O (Anger starting to flush my face red) “Sir why did I get it wrong? (I rise out of my chair at this point cause I am so angry at not only being provided with such an insipid answer but because I have been called out in front of my classmates). The poem was written 300 years ago – maybe you got the answer wrong on your sheet and my answer is right!” (Chin is pushed out and eyes are challenging his position in the class)

T (Drawing himself up to his full height of 5ft 6 and literally standing on his toes to be higher than me at nearly 6ft) “How dare you question my authority. You insolent child. The answer on my sheet is correct and that is it. Now sit down before I give you a Saturday” he roared (This was a 2hr detention writing pointless essays about what you did to get there whilst in full school uniform – worst part was you missed sport).

O (Losing it and rising to my full height, hands on hips and face about a foot away from his) “I hardly think he sat at his desk and wrote a poem saying to himself – now lets see if I write it this way in 300 years time some poor bastards going to misinterpret this. Actually that might be fun! Did you (T) sit beside him and ask him questions then wrote the answer because that is the only way your f%#king sheet means anything. Its f%#king poetry mate – he wrote from the heart not from a bloody guidebook that ripped the thing to shreds then pieced it back again!”

At this point the Universe well and truly intervened. Whilst the class went nuts at the thought of a student decking a teacher (this did NOT happen at my school, nor had I ever reacted to a teacher like this before), it dawned on the teacher that I had passed the point of rationale behaviour and he actually started to withdraw. Whilst adrenalin rooted me to the spot unable to move, the headmaster (who was strolling down the corridor returning from a Latin class and singing a hymn to himself) looked through the glass panels and reflexes propelled him through the door. He was good – he assessed the situation, motioned me to remove myself (which I did trying not to tremble as the adrenalin rush had subsided and I was about to burst into tears), yelled at the class to sit down and open their books and gave the teacher a nod as if to say “back to you now squire”.

We walked back to his office where I composed myself enough not to cry and offer a very weak apology. Leaning back in his chair (almost like a psychologist as I reflect on the image in my mind) he asked me to explain what happened. Now Nige loved his literary works – he loved English Lit and Latin. You could say he was passionate about them so he was intrigued by my reaction, almost to the point of having a gleam in his eye. One of the students was standing up for the poor bloody poet. Hoorah. I copped a Saturday as expected and surprisingly got 13/25 for Poetry Comprehension for third term exams. I’m not sure if Trevor was expecting me to do cartwheels when I read the mark but he had that “I let you pass this time” smug look as he flourished the paper in front of me. The clown just didn’t get it!

The connection between this incident and Ida’s? This incident has stayed in my mind for years, scarring me badly yet I barely remembered it until I read Ida’s piece. Yes I stood up for myself, my beliefs and verbalised them but the sheer effort and humiliation in front of my peers broke me and that creative spirit that up until then loved expressing itself. It came from 3 years of perceived failure, that dripping water eroding the rock kind of consistency, that in one final act of self respect and defiance, welled up in a suppressed rage that was punished in the only fashion the school knew how to punish – A Saturday.

Up until then I wrote poetry on a regular basis to express my feelings because I was hopeless at articulating myself. Even if I could have I didn't really have anyone to confide in. So it was my sanctuary, my place of introspection and release. And this turkey had ripped the heart out of it, baselining it to nothing more than an exercise where essentially your dissection had to match his answer sheet. No passion, no emotion - straight comprehension with no deviations which is not poetry. So apart from writing for Kim and a couple of other significant occasions, I let it lie dormant, not feeding it, not nourishing it, letting a major part of me wilt and hope that this gift would even die.

For our wedding it got resurrected. My gift to Kim was a poem that I had a friend reproduce using calligraphy on Japanese parchment. I had it mounted and framed and proudly hangs above our bed to remind us of why I love her. Especially in times of difficulties, we find ourselves reading the words and it re-emphasizes our relationship and why we are apart of it. Apart from this special gift from my heart to Kim, there was nothing.



*She's got a smile that it seems to me  
Reminds me of childhood memories  
Where everything  
Was as fresh as the bright blue sky  
Now and then when I see her face  
She takes me away to that special place  
And if I stared too long  
I'd probably break down and cry*

*Sweet child o' mine  
Sweet love of mine*

*"Sweet Child of mine", Guns and Roses*

My newsletter was born from a journal I kept when I started running meditations. I collected ideas, thoughts, and inspirational quotes. As I started to open up to people about my holistic work, I found that I was drawing on these items and people found it helpful. They provided feedback on how they had thought about that quote or perspective and things started to shift in them. As my confidence in myself started to grow I took the initiative to write a newsletter and circulate it to friends – people who were my safety net. The feedback I received was very positive and encouraging so I committed myself to a 3 monthly cycle as this gave me enough time to collect my thoughts and share experiences.

Whilst doing this, I undertook my meditation teacher's course where we had to write a journal about our experiences during the course. I found I wrote some of my most intense and personal thoughts in this journal and it was liberating. It was a chance to reflect and let go of issues that were no longer relevant. Upon reflection, subconsciously it must have reminded me of earlier times but I couldn't see that then.

As a result I felt as though I was also becoming a better person for it as it paralleled and even reflected my growth.

The newsletter combined the earlier style with this new found introspection. The hope was that people would be able to associate with the written words and in some way connect with the intent, becoming inspired to examine aspects of their lives, especially those they weren't happy with and wanted to improve. I hoped that their journeys may become a little easier or enjoyable and they would grow in confidence to share their thoughts, ideas and encouragement to others. And so the cycle might grow and evolve, changing aspects for the better and life becomes something a little more than what it currently is.

I have stressed at times about the content and style. It doesn't tackle the big global issues – rising petrol prices, changing global climatic conditions, aid for natural disaster victims etc. These are all very important but I feel there are people better equipped/ qualified/ maybe even passionate about these issues than what I am. We all have roles to play and I've come to 1/realise and 2/ start to become comfortable with mine. I see my role as that of a conduit relating everyday stories about everyday experiences and issues. If I can do this well then this role is just as important. My style is of a rambling nature similar to the way I talk when relating something back. It has the potential to wander rather than come to the point and that is a constant work in process that I am trying to refine. I do so however whilst paying respect to the fact that newsletter is an extension of myself and that's just who I am so it is a fine balance I am trying to achieve.

When I find myself stressing about this (and unfortunately I still do) I only have look to one of my inspirations to see how successful he has become at taking the everyday and viewing it from a perspective that is a little left of centre make people laugh – at him and themselves. Billy Connelly has been written about before in my newsletters because he just has this knack of taking the ordinary and through his expression, both physically and verbally, he twists it and turns it into this hilarious, extraordinary thing with a life of its own. Like Gordon, he swears like a trooper but 80yr old god fearing couples laugh out loud along side their teenage grandchildren and forgive his “roguish ways”. This includes his individualistic fashion sense right down to his shoes. He somehow manages break down the barriers between cultures, ages, sexes and touch their souls. Again he is passionate about getting people to have a laugh at life and lighten up.

Some of the most successful TV series are based on same “everydayness” activities of the characters. Seinfeld and The Simpsons are the most notable but shows like Friends and Everyone loves Raymond use the same base concept. Even the show Cheers, whilst based in a pub, was something that anyone could relate to due to the characters and their stories All are based on the same concept.

So I have come to accept, hopefully with grace, my role and try to carry it through with the same honesty and intent in all aspects of my life. I love looking at life through crooked rimmed glasses and laughing at aspects that others fail to initially understand or appreciate. But I have often wondered (and still do) whether there is more to it than that.



*I love a sunburnt country,  
A land of sweeping plains,  
Of ragged mountain ranges,  
Of drought and flooding rains,  
I love her far horizons,  
I love her jewel sea,  
Her beauty and her terror -  
The wide brown land for me.*

*“I love a sunburnt country”, Dorothy MacKellar 1906*

I recently had opportunity to drive to Shepparton for work. A trip like this generally knocks out most of the day so emails accumulate, the mobile battery gets drained from the usage and computer based work such as reports just don't happen. So whilst it might sound like fun to gallivant around the country side and leave the office for a day depending on the status of my various projects, it can be a right royal pain in the butt. I try to factor this into the week and work around it and this happened to be one of those occasions that it all worked out. I took off in a good mood.

Maybe it was my approach that set the tone of the day but as I travelled up the Melba Highway, rather than go through the city and up the Hume, the beauty of the Yarra Valley seemed to glow. The autumn leaves in their various hues scattered across the landscape contrasted with the deep blue of the sky. The vines were starting to wither but they still maintained a natural beauty. I was stunned as I realised that although regular trips around Coldstream and up to Alexandra dotted my childhood and adolescence, I had never been up this road and witnessed this part of the world. I was looking at the scene with through the eyes of a babe. Once through the vineyards it was onward and upward across the Great Divide and through the Kinglake National Park. It reminded me of going through the Black Spur however the cornering is gentler so I was able to absorb the lush greens of the forest without fear of overshooting a curve.

Then it was out in the open again, through Yea and Seymour and then back into familiar territory. In a previous architectural life, I partook in a project in Benalla and there are elevated sections of the Hume and Goulburn Valley Highways that make you feel very close to the sky. By this I mean that you have such large expanses of sky surrounding you, you tend to feel like you are driving along a peak. I've been very fortunate because I can only recall one drive where the clouds obscured the vastness of the sky, the rest have been clear blue, blue sky. Maybe it stems from my love of flying and that intense connection I feel when in the sky of being physically closer to “my Universe” but there is some kind of spiritual connection when travelling through this region. It's difficult to describe I realise, as it's a feeling that's defying a description that does justice to its intensity but I've tried!

During these drives and for many days after, I feel a deep connection within myself and externally to my Universe. It commonly provides clarity I only experience during Sekhem and meditation sessions. It was during this clarity that the “surely there is more to it” question got resoundingly answered. I just needed to step through my fears and it was my turn to shine.



*So scream you, out from behind the bitter ache  
You're hanging on the memory, you need most  
You still want love. love's ugly, smooth and delicate  
But not without affection, no not alone*

*And instead of wishing that it would get better  
Man you're seeing that you just get angrier*

*And it's good that I'm not angry  
Well I need to get over  
I'm not angry, anymore*

*“Angry”, Matchbox 20*

I am learning quite rapidly that sometimes hanging on to fears is the easy part. It allows you to develop in a limited fashion with a safety net around you. If you don't succeed at what you attempt there is always the net to catch you. Hanging on to memories, (even if they are subconscious) provide a safety net in a sense as well because you know what to expect and how you will probably react. Whilst not pleasurable, it's safe because it's predictable. What I came to understand is that I had a lot of thoughts whirling around in my head. If I could get the courage up to articulately express them, they would go from thoughts to ideas. Those who know me well could see what was happening and encouraged me in various ways to give them the life they deserved. Take a chance and at the same time allow myself to be who I truly was rather than always being my harshest critic.

I worried that once beyond my head, I may have little control over what might develop from the release of these thoughts. What if this idea actually succeeded – I had only worked out the idea, not the consequences. Could I dare to dream? What if it failed? The Holistic Modality Directory appeared to be a cracker of an idea but it hasn't to date been strongly supported. Is it my fault? Have I done something wrong or incorrectly that has impacted negatively on it? Was I just naïve to think that I could compete with something like the natural therapies website that is free to register and you are referred to as a number? Or do I just need to be patient, refine it here and there and continue to trust the direction I was following from my guides? These questions constantly plagued me.

On top of that I may also be judged. I might unwittingly start wars with people I may be completely oblivious to because the ideas put forward may contradict their beliefs and ideals. Whilst on the whole I'm pretty resilient about not taking people's comments personally, as they are in reality just their opinions, doubt had started to creep in. It was these kind of sandbags that I had stacked mightily high around the thoughts. Nursing them loving them for what they were and what they could potentially be but at the same time not paying them their due respect and stifling their natural development.

Now I'm not sure if it was one single event listed in here or a combination of them. Maybe it was the constant encouragement I have received by the likes of Pieter, Anthony, Fiona and Odette at work who regularly comment about the potential inside of me. Maybe it was that I couldn't physically contain the thoughts any more.

Maybe it was getting through a difficult patch with a great mate. An idea turned in a different direction and what was and still is an amazing concept in corporate health, didn't come to fruition for a variety of reasons. My greatest fear of its failure was the affect on the friendship. Did I manifest it by worrying about it or did I know something before it happened so I wouldn't be so shocked when it did? Fortunately the most important thing was that the friendship survived – this was always the number one priority and there will be other opportunities there.

Maybe it was all of these, maybe it was none. Maybe I'll never know and all the maybes don't matter. The important thing was that an ESD (Environmentally Sustainable Development) proposal regarding the establishment and implementation of a schools based program went from just an idea to a written paper. It was drafted a number of times until I and those whose business acumen and savvy I admire were happy with it too. Then I forwarded it on to the leader of our ESD focus group in Brisbane.

The excitement and release when I hit that "send" button was indescribable. Here was an opportunity to make a difference – possibly a very real difference. And I did it, I actually stepped over that threshold and became accountable for a thought, presenting it as an idea, a concept, a tangible proposal that could and hopefully will be explored further. Now I am very aware that it may not get any further than this phase but I'm cool with that. The difference is that it actually became an idea because it was consciously released from being just a thought. Sensing a shift in my being, I listened to within and tuned in.

I was then asked to come along to a meeting where an existing Client had some ESD issues he wished to discuss. It appeared that my idea had got out and now I was being looked at as someone who could assist with ESD issues within the office. I had grown into a role without even being aware of it! Normally something like this would seriously challenge me cause its way beyond my comfort zone. I was introduced to the Client and after establishing that I had a developing interest in all things ESD based and that I was not an ESD expert, I proceeded to listen carefully to the Client's issue.

As we walked around I started to analysis the situation and offer suggestions that could be explored further by the right people. We have another branch within Coffey that offer those services. The Client's ears pricked up and he was keen to have the issues discussed, summarised in a paper and it would be reviewed in time from there. I walked back to my car in amazement. What had just gone down? Was this another recognizable step forward? This was like a different Owen getting back into his car. A confident (but not overconfident) professional who had a number of strings in his bow and he was developing others that had all come into play in one meeting. To date there has been no response to my letter but it was another one that was filled with excitement and confidence when the "send" button was duly hit. Little did I know what the Universe had in store for me from there!

Not long after that episode, we had a lunchtime presentation with our Managing Director. He is a very grounded, visionary and approachable gentlemen whom I have a great deal of respect for, a respect that has grown over a number of presentations he has given. He is articulate and thinks within and outside of the big picture. He has always said his door is always open, just step in and have a chat – so I literally did that. It wasn't premeditated and I didn't even have the questions ready when at the

end of the presentation he asked if anyone had any questions. After a couple of questions were asked by people around the table I opened my mouth and the words came out in a sensible and articulate fashion (much to my amazement). Not once, not twice but on a number of occasions. They were big picture questions and one in particular was quite challenging. My brain was in a panic – what was I doing??? There were 35+ people around this table and I was holding court with the MD – was I nuts? Even after he answered my questions and covered a number of other people's questions he kept returning to my questions with further thoughts. Part of me just wanted to be swallowed whole there and then. The remaining part was absolutely exhilarated on what had been achieved.

After this lunch I returned to our workstations with my peers and carry on with our tasks. The split personality thing kicked in again. One part of me was worried about how I would be perceived – would I be laughed at, loathed, questioned? Did I just cross some unspoken lines and would I be dealt with later. What have I done????? The other part that was emerging at a rate of knots was championing the discussion filling my head with thoughts about a possible connection that had just been made and what other ideas may be imparted to such a responsive and receptive individual who had the ability to make some serious decisions. Where was this coming from? I was thinking like a business person, someone with some aptitude for analysing risks and weighing up the odds. Could this be what others had seen and tried to coax and cajole it out of me?

I went home and dared to dream once again. I had been kicking this idea around in my head for some time but now I started committing the thoughts to paper and turning it into another idea. As project managers one of our key roles is to communicate. We communicate with ever person on the Project Team from Client to Builder, from Authorities to Consultants and sometimes to the wider community. Each member has a different language it appears at times but we HAVE to be able to speak that language if the Project is to succeed. Some of us can do it – we do it well or we do it so so. Some however don't even get to that level because of their fear of speaking in public and it pains me to see individuals who suffer from this because they do themselves an injustice. Having established the problem and what negative impact it had on the company I needed the tool that could produce the outcome I desired to finalise the presentation. To put things into perspective here, the lunch time presentation took place on the 8.05.08

Enter the Universe.

On the 14.05.08 I received an email from Robert Rabbin about his upcoming Real Time Speaking courses. I have had previous correspondence and assistance from Robert when developing the website and subsequent flyers. He is very articulate and passionate about the “public speaking” that he does because it all comes from within and there in lies the difference between his courses and other “traditional” public speaking courses. He also mentioned his book. So over the weekend I checked out his website again and read the downloadable first chapter and prefaces. And without having to read anymore I knew the Universe had provided me with the means for this idea to come to fruition. On the 18.05.08 I dared to speak about the concept with Robert raising it in very broad and cautious terms and he responded that very night in the affirmative.

By the 21.05.09 I had drafted the second and final version of my proposal. I cannot describe to you the nervousness I felt as my finger hovered over the send button that afternoon with an email addressed to my Managing Director. All day it had sat in my draft folder and as I packed up for the day I sent it with a wish for angelic assistance to help guide it on its way. That was at 5.11pm.

I opened the emails to finalise some work later that night and I started to tremble. There was not one but two emails from the MD! The first was at 5.43pm agreeing with my sentiments about communication and our role as Project Managers to facilitate this. The second at 6.06pm acknowledged that the proposal may be able to fill a current void in our training and an invite to come in with Robert to discuss it further was attached. I was almost shaking when I asked Kim to look at the emails. I was stunned. Regardless of how it went from here I had conquered my fear of speaking my truth, for standing up for what I believed in. If my MD could see the potential in an idea and I had read the situation and the person correctly, then perhaps I could learn to trust my instinct even more than I had before. I shared the email and subsequent responses with a few trusted people, not too boast but to share my excitement and they all got it to. Finally, finally I let the light within shine. I had received the confirmation I so desperately needed to believe again. Whilst I probably shouldn't have needed that in an ideal world, I live in this one and grabbed the opportunity with both hands.

Since then I have had thoughts pouring out of my brain, many already committed to ideas that have been expressed publicly. Others are awaiting the outcome to the meeting with the MD to ensure I'm still on the same wavelength. Regardless of the outcome of the meeting I know Robert and I walk in there as winners and I can't wait. Reading back over the last newsletter I saw one of the quotes I had put in there and now it holds even more relevance:

"Everyone has a talent. What is rare is the courage to follow the talent to the dark place where it leads".

*Erica Long, American Novelist & Poet (My Christmas cracker message this year – thanks Universe!)*

*Tell everybody I'm on my way  
New friends and new places to see  
With blue skies ahead, yes I'm on my way  
And there's no where else I'd rather be*

*Tell everybody I'm on my way  
And I'm loving every step I take  
With the sun beating down, yes I'm on my way  
And I can't keep this smile off my face*

*"On my way from the Brother Bear soundtrack", Phil Collins*

## CONGRATULATIONS

Over the past 3 months there are two books that are now available that have been written by two contributors to the Holistic Modality Website and I would like to extend a warm congratulations to them both for spreading their words and wisdom with everyone.

Dana Mrkich is a Sydney based Spiritual Intuitive, Writer, a New Reality Visionary and soon to be Radio Host in the USA who kindly wrote the Energy Reading Modality ([http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com/energyreading\\_modality.htm](http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com/energyreading_modality.htm) ). Dana has just completed her book “A New Chapter” (available June 2008). The book’s publicity release is as follows:

*“Are you experiencing profound, intense shifts in your life and wondering what is going on as you look around at the major changes going on all around the world? Humanity is right now at a crossroads. Now is the time to remember who you really are and to do what you came here to do. A new chapter in our evolution lies before us. Each of us is a page in this new chapter. Each of us has a part to play in determining what this new chapter looks like. All you have to do to make your page the best it can be is: be your true self. A New Chapter is your own personal guidebook showing you the way”.*

You can find out more at Dana’s website: [www.danamrkich.com](http://www.danamrkich.com)

The second author is Robert Rabbin, a man who wears many caps including public speaker, executive advisor, leadership and communication consultant, and personal growth and self awareness teacher. He also very kindly wrote two modality sheets: Real Time Speaking ([http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com/spiritatwork\\_modality.htm](http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com/spiritatwork_modality.htm) ) & Spirit at Work ([http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com/spiritatwork\\_modality.htm](http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com/spiritatwork_modality.htm) ). He also provided some much needed advice when refining my initial wording for the website flyers. Real Time Speaking – YOU ARE THE MESSAGE is Robert’s sixth book and was launched in March 2008. The book’s publicity release is as follows:

*Rabbin's book comprises 26 essays by RealTime Speaking workshop participants - Australians from all walks of life - from leadership experts to magazine editors, from corporate managers to holistic healers - who tell their profound and poignant stories of personal growth and professional success by claiming their power to speak publicly with credibility and confidence, finding deeper meaning along the way, and transforming their lives with the power of authentic self-expression. Following each compelling essay is Robert's expert Commentary, in which he expands upon a theme from the preceding essay, thus slowly presenting the principles and practices of RealTime Speaking throughout the book, but within the context of his students' stories.*

(Note for those who are aware of them, Ida Lyall is one of the contributors and Jane Green was the book covers graphic artist – Congrats!)

The book can be ordered through Robert’s Real Time Speaking website (also designed by Jane): [www.realtimespeaking.com](http://www.realtimespeaking.com)

I wish them all the very, very best in spreading their message.

Congratulations also to Cass and David on the birth of the daughter Emei Neissen Blenkhorn, a wonderful healthy sister to their son Xavier. Hope all is going well

### **WHAT MODALITY IS THAT DIRECTORY**

The website is having a bit of an overhaul! It's being refined and simplified to make its purpose and use even easier. To celebrate this event, for the month of July 2008 only, anyone who registers can list their details for FREE FOR 6 MONTHS! Head to [www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com](http://www.holisticmodalitydirectory.com) for further details. And remember, the deal commences 1<sup>st</sup> July so don't forget to tell your friends

### **EQUINOX HOLISTIC SERVICES**

I surprised myself when reading back that I don't think I have mentioned what services I provide in a long time. Currently I provide the following:

- Sekhem sessions in Lysterfield (Approximately 1-1.5hr per session). \$75 per session.
- Distance Sekhem sessions. This means that I can access the Universal energy and carry out a Sekhem session at my place whilst you are at your place! Post session discussion at a mutually agreed time. (Approximately 1hr session) Great for people with busy schedules or for those that getting to Lysterfield in the evening is inconvenient. \$75 per session.
- One on One meditation sessions – when you just need to find some head space within with a guided meditation. Discussion and analysis post meditation included. \$50 per session.
- Occasionally when I get the chance I hoped to be holding informal group meditations. I haven't held these for some time but I miss the energy and opportunity to catch up with some good friends in this unique setting so I'll be in touch with past regulars when the opportunity presents itself \$15 per person.

The rates quoted above will be charged from 1<sup>st</sup> July. I've held my prices firm for the last few years absorbing the rises as they occurred but I can't sustain that and have revised them accordingly.

Interested or curious as to what's involved and what you might expect? Call me on 0438 094 282 for further information.

### **THANK YOU'S**

There are many who have assisted me this quarter in word, thought or deed and I am very grateful for your help and friendships. You know who you are!

### **IN THE NEXT EDITION**

I'm sure it will take care of itself!

Cheers,

**Owen**

## **EQUINOX HOLISTIC SERVICES**

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