

Life Matters in October



We are expanding!

In October, Life Matters is joining with Head 2 Toe Osteopathy at Newmarket www.head2toeosteopathy.com.au/ and opening its doors. Sessions are by appointment weekday evenings.

What is Life Matters?

For those in contact with us for the first time, Life Matters offers professional Life Coaching and Counselling to individuals and families; we also offer counselling for children. Life Matters has rooms in Capalaba and in Newmarket.

Reframing

- A simple tool to change ‘problems’ into opportunities and transform your perspective!

Re-frame – To fashion or shape a state of mind - again.

“What is great about this problem?”

As I write October’s bulletin, it is raining buckets of water outside. My first thought on waking up this morning, was to reflect on the bike ride I would not be taking because of the rain. I then asked myself, ‘*What is great about this problem...*’ The answer came back almost immediately, ‘I have a whole morning spare.’

Again I asked myself, ‘*What is great about this problem...*’ Again, the answer came back almost immediately, ‘I can write October’s bulletin – I know I was feeling pressed for time this month.’

“Aren’t you fortunate...”

I was reminded of the power of reframing just yesterday, when watching a seven year old girl on a swing. The woman looking after the little girl reminded her it was time to go. As is typical of seven year old girls on swings, she pleaded ‘I only just got on; I want to swing for longer!’

The woman’s comment made me smile. She knelt down and said, ‘*Aren’t you fortunate, you have had a whole 3 minutes on this swing. That is so much better than no time at all.*’ Amazingly, albeit somewhat reluctantly, the young girl climbed off the swing.



"I am so lucky..."

Hearing an interview with Terri Irwin some time ago I recall the interviewer speaking with her about regret, that she only had a short time with Steve. Terri's response made me sit up and take note of her ultimate reframe. 'Regret!' She shook her head, 'Oh no, I think to myself *I am so lucky* to have spent fourteen precious years with my husband.'

Next time your carefully planned day gets unplanned, something unexpected happens or you are presented with a problem, see if any of the questions or statements below help to re-frame your situation...



What's great about this problem?



How am I fortunate here?



What is the benefit to me of this situation?



I am so lucky right now because...



I have gratitude because...



How can I enjoy this right now?

Stay in the question and enjoy...no matter what comes your way!



October Words of Wisdom



Two Choices: What would you do?

At a fund raising dinner for a school that serves children with learning disabilities, the father of one of the students delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended. After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he offered a question:

'When not interfered with by outside influences, everything nature does, is done with perfection. Yet my son, Shay, cannot learn things as other children do. He cannot understand things as other children do. Where is the natural order of things in my son?'

The audience was stilled by the query.

The father continued. 'I believe that when a child like Shay, who was mentally and physically disabled comes into the world, an opportunity to realize true human nature presents itself, and it comes in the way other people treat that child.'

Then he told the following story:

Shay and I had walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, 'Do you think they'll let me play?' I knew that most of the boys would not want someone like Shay on their team, but as a father I also understood that if my son were allowed to play, it would give him a much-needed sense of belonging and some confidence to be accepted by others in spite of his handicaps.

I approached one of the boys on the field and asked (not expecting much) if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance and said, 'We're losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him in to bat in the ninth inning.'

Shay struggled over to the team's bench and, with a broad smile, put on a team shirt. I watched with a small tear in my eye and warmth in my heart. The boys saw my joy at my son being accepted.



In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three.

In the top of the ninth inning, Shay put on a glove and played in the right field. Even though no hits came his way, he was obviously ecstatic just to be in the game and on the field, grinning from ear to ear as I waved to him from the stands.

In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again.

Now, with two outs and the bases loaded, the potential winning run was on base and Shay was scheduled to be next at bat.

At this juncture, do they let Shay bat and give away their chance to win the game?

Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that a hit was all but impossible because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, much less connect with the ball.

However, as Shay stepped up to the plate, the pitcher, recognizing that the other team was putting winning aside for this moment in Shay's life, moved in a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay could at least make contact.

The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed. The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly towards Shay...

As the pitch came in, Shay swung at the ball and hit a slow ground ball right back to the pitcher. The game would now be over. The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could have easily thrown the ball to the first baseman.





Shay would have been out and that would have been the end of the game. Instead, the pitcher threw the ball right over the first baseman's head, out of reach of all team mates.

Everyone from the stands and both teams started yelling, 'Shay, run to first! Run to first!'

Never in his life had Shay ever run that far, but he made it to first base. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled.

Everyone yelled, 'Run to second, run to second!'

Catching his breath, Shay awkwardly ran towards second, gleaming and struggling to make it to the base. By the time Shay rounded towards second base, the right fielder had the ball. He was the smallest guy on their team who now had his first chance to be the hero for his team.

He could have thrown the ball to the second-baseman for the tag, but he understood the pitcher's intentions so he, too, intentionally threw the ball high and far over the third-baseman's head.

Shay ran toward third base deliriously as the runners ahead of him circled the bases toward home. All were screaming, 'Shay, Shay, Shay, all the way Shay'.

Shay reached third base because the opposing shortstop ran to help him by turning him in the direction of third base, and shouted, 'Run to third!

Shay, run to third!' As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams, and the spectators, were on their feet screaming, 'Shay, run home! Run home!'

Shay ran to home, stepped on the plate, and was cheered as the hero who hit the grand slam and won the game for his team.

'That day', said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, 'the boys from both teams helped bring a piece of true love and humanity into this world'.

Shay didn't make it to another summer. He died that winter, having never forgotten being the hero, making me so happy, and coming home and seeing his Mother tearfully embrace her little hero of the day!

AND NOW A LITTLE FOOTNOTE TO THIS STORY:

We all have thousands of opportunities every single day to help realize the 'natural order of things...'

So many seemingly trivial interactions between two people present us with a choice:

Do we pass along a little spark of love and humanity or do we pass up those opportunities and leave the world a little bit colder in the process?

It is said, that every society is judged by how it treats its least fortunate amongst them.

You now have two choices:

May your day, be a Shay Day.



Humour for your Health

Taxiing down the tarmac, the jetliner abruptly stopped, turned around, and returned to the gate. After an hour-long wait it finally took off.

A concerned passenger asked a flight attendant, “What was the problem?”

“The pilot was bothered by a noise he heard in the engine,” the flight attendant explained, “and it took us a while to find another pilot.”



I trust you enjoyed the October edition of Life Matters *What Matters*.
For appointments and enquiries please contact me on the details below.

Warm Regards,

Kristie