

10-2011

2011 October Newsletter

Nancy Rockey

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/life-renewal>

 Part of the [Counseling Commons](#)

The Heart, the Head and Loss

I remember my orange tricycle so very well. It was a beauty, and it could take me to wherever I imagined. Funny how the world and my surroundings looked so huge when I was a child – except that is, for the fenced in yard in which I was to stay. There wasn't a whole lot of space for riding my precious trike, and I wanted to explore the world. To be sure, I was a frontal right then, and the sky was the limit in my mind. So, I escaped, and I took my friend with me! Being the big thinker that I was, I figured out how to get out of that gate, and off we pedaled, she on her trike and me on mine. Up the street past the honeysuckle bushes, past Bill Barry's candy store and the small convenience store (wasn't called that then) and to the end of the sidewalk, where we parked our tricycles, to begin another adventure (we won't go into that).

But the day came, when my legs no longer could squeeze in to pedal underneath the handlebars. You know, I don't know what happened to my orange-colored transportation, but I do remember well the pain of loss I felt when my tricycle disappeared. I remember thinking that my "wings" had been clipped, that I was not going to have any form of independence again. I felt undone, and I mourned for a long time! Come to think of it, I had already experienced a lot of loss! There was my father gone to war, my new baby brother who died at ten days of age, and when my Dad came home, there was the loss of Grandma and Grandpa because we moved five miles away to an apartment of our own – Mom, Dad and me. Back then, having no car made seeing them a once a week occurrence – just at church. To my child mind, stability and tender affection from them seemed gone forever. I felt so very lonely. Then my mother went back to nursing, and I didn't see her after 2 pm until the next morning – another connection, the way I had known it, severed. So losing the tricycle just added to my childhood devastating experiences. At eight years of age, we moved to the "country" and I was finally in the same household with grandparents again, but the move necessitated leaving my comrade in escape.

Loss has continued throughout life, and it's interesting that I seem to react more dramatically to loss than Ron does. M.m.m. – why? Could it be that my Brain Lead (the quadrant of my brain highly oxygenated) has something to do with it? Is it possible that living in the heart or head makes a difference? Or was it that loss had been set up for me even while in the womb, with my father's absence due to military service? Was I feeling my Mother's stress because she was without my father during her pregnancy?

Science, sound psychology and the WORD all tell me that the answer to the aforementioned questions is a resounding YES!

Let's look at Question One Above - Brain Lead:

There are 4 major chunks of brain tissue and usually we are "gifted" with a greater oxygen supply in one or two than in the others. (You can learn about yours by taking the MindPrint Inventory available under Products at www.fixablelife.com.) My inventory shows me to be a double right – so Visioning, Creativity and Harmony is the name of my game. Life's challenges have diminished my Frontal Right somewhat, but it is still very available to me. Loss creates dis-harmony, and because of my Frontal Right Visioning, it's easy for me to picture life ahead without the person or thing I have lost. For me, things are attached to people who gave them or are connected to them in some way. Memories and the emotions felt at the time are easily accessible or should I say, "in my face?"

Question Two - Living in the Heart or Head:

People who live in the head or brain do so because of the need to survive. The brain is designed to see to it that we survive – it is a self-protective mechanism. These folk make their decisions based on protecting themselves from extinction or hurt. Many have experienced significant wounds in the past, and because of them, find it difficult to "let go" of that need to self-protect.

People who live in the heart are those who have either not had significant wounds or who have worked through them and found that peace and joy and love can be found by living from the heart and allowing God to take care of survival and protection while we enjoy the gifts He provides while dwelling within. Revelation 3:20 makes it clear that Christ stands at the door of our heart and knocks. He wants to come in and dwell within – to sup or to relate with us. Another text (Colossians 1:27) tell us that that Christ dwelling within us (once we open the heart's door to Him) is the hope (confident expectation) of our glory - or in the actual meaning – the hope of our goodness and mercy. And yes, it is possible to get there! That's what KardiaKare teaches – see www.KardiaKare.com

Questions Three and Four – The Womb and Early Childhood Experiences:

Fairly new science verifies the word of God regarding the impact in the womb and early childhood experiences. We know (and you can find all this in our book *Heart Connection*,) that the child is an aware being from conception until birth. What affects the mother, affects the child, and the most important effect is the relationship between the birth father and the mother during the pregnancy – for the rest of the child's life! Overcoming those wounds received while in the womb takes personal knowledge and a willingness to recognize that impact when an issue arises. "What was then, is now." But the truth is or can be: "That was then, this is now." That was what happened to me as the result of others' choices. Since I know that, I can make a choice to let the past not dominate my decisions today."

So.o.o ask yourself:

“When was the most devastating loss that I can recall during my childhood years?”

“What knowledge do I have about a loss my mother may have occurred during her pregnancy for me?”

“What other losses have I incurred during my life – losses that have been overwhelming?”

“What do I need to do to make loss less horrific for me?”

Now, share your answers with your spouse, a good friend, a counselor or pastor. The process of sharing what you have discovered, and hopefully written about (remember, the hand will write what the mouth cannot say) is the step beyond that will benefit you further.

As this article was being written, and Ron and I were comparing notes, his comments were most interesting. “I hadn’t heard the bit about the tricycle before. I knew you had one and that you escaped the fenced-in yard on it,” he said, “but I hadn’t heard about how losing it affected you. Didn’t you have roller skates too,” he asked.

“I had roller skates and I could go as far as Bill Barry’s store on them, but no further. That was the rule. And when we moved to the country, there was no place to use them – no sidewalks. And of course, as you know, my mother forbade me to ride a bicycle and would never buy one for me. Between my parents and my grandparents, who wanted to keep me home most of the time, I was stuck – at least that’s how it felt. I recall feeling like I was forever bound to parents, grandparents and home – even in my teenage years,” I shared. “And then, my Bonnie (my cocker spaniel) was put to sleep because some doctor thought that my mother was allergic to her. That was the loss of my confidant. And I was told that I could not mourn because it would upset my mother.”

How has loss affected you? Have you been fearful of sharing your thoughts and feelings with those close to you? Look back and tell yourself the truth, and then share it. **IT WILL BENEFIT YOU!!**

Once you’ve figured it out, write us at: rockkeys@fixablelife.com with your story, and let us know if we can publish it – with or without your name – **AND** – watch your e-mails closely cuz’ you’ll be getting an awesome, current, true expression of feelings due to an eminent loss. Get your tissues handy!