

Looking for the Right Coach in All the Wrong Places

by Charles E. Smith

Copyright@2000

Last night, I was sitting in front of CNN, drinking wine, hoping that "in Vino Veritas" would once again prove true. What was I to do with my future? I was so sick of making lists I could have screamed. I wanted, once and for all, a goal that would bring salvation with it. I wanted a colleague, friend or lover who would answer all my questions and provide me with terminal support. I wanted to name a program that would capture my life's work, my heart's desire, and let all my skills gush forth. Once, and finally for all, to have the world beat a path to my door. Instead it came out like a never ending set of song titles "...every day I wake up, then I start to break up" "...looking for love in all the wrong places" "...give me some men who are stout hearted men" "...he was born in the summer of his 27th year." Well, 27 has come and gone and I'm still waiting to be reborn. I've spent my entire life waiting for an angel to sit on my poor pin. Long wait, no angel. Then I heard a voice, maybe my own, maybe God's, maybe an Angels. It said, "listen stupid. No self respecting angel would ever sit on a pin. They have better things to do. Whoever thought up the question about angels and pins has you sitting here, drinking wine, victimized by something that doesn't exist. It's not there and never will be."

The next morning, I went to see a Coach in Pecos, New Mexico. I love Pecos because there is nothing there but mountains, a fine river and a few low slung buildings that are clearly an afterthought. No sleek offices there, and the last man to wear a suit in public was hung. During the drive, I continued to make lists in my mind of what I should do that was different from what I had always done. Every item was distressingly familiar; an angel looking for a pin.

Then, the strangest thing happened. I sat down and the Coach and I made small talk. I can't remember what was said, except that I told her what I thought about angels and pins. All at once she said, "You know, your immune system is so disordered that whatever you set out to do, at

this point in your life, won't work. She laughed, and said that I just didn't have the energy for anything out there in the world. What I should do is take three or six months off and take care of myself physically. I replied that I wasn't tired. She said that tired was different from having no energy. Tired got better with sleep but low energy didn't. Plus angels took up a lot of energetic space and that was what I needed.

Stop initiating anything for three months, she said. Only respond to the world if your heart tells you to. Drink three quarters of a gallon of water a day. (I now feel like a waterbed.) Don't eat sweets and eat lots of vegetables. Limit the booze. Come see her for treatments.

I felt as though a huge burden had been lifted. I knew all along that I was looking for the key, not where I lost it, but under the first light of past experience. I was every bit as talented and able as ever, probably more, but for whatever reason the fierceness was gone, too many antibiotics, childhood traumas, hits while playing high school football, needy people sucking my blood for too many years, too much pasta, who knows?

For the first time in my life, I felt genuine permission to not push, strain, intend, aim, hunt. It wasn't a matter of finding the right relationships, the right projects, the right ideas, the right God. The answer was simply physical.

It struck me that if what's missing is physical, it can never be provided by relationships, ideas or spiritual practice.

If what's missing is relationship, it can't be provided by spiritual practice or physical healing... and so on. The problem is that since we are each so rooted in the areas we are familiar with, seeing the one that is really missing, where the key really is, is unthinkable without a proper coach from another category, the missing one.

So, I've joined the Order of Nothing to Do.

In joining this Order, I had to give up my membership in certain other Orders to which it was suddenly clear I had been devoted. These included but are probably not limited to the;

Order of the Devout Victim,
Order of Diminished Delight
Order of Perpetual Confession,
Order of Incessant Explanation,
Order of Insincere Apology,
Order of Insincere Offers
Order of Fearful Inaction
Order of Having to Make a Difference
Order Having to Make No Difference
Order of Self Deprecation
Order of Too Much to Do
Order of Continual Tidiness
Order of Perpetually Trite Response
Order of the Immaculate Inquiry
Order of Having to have More
Order of Nobody Tells Me What to Do
Order of Committed Inattention
Order of Desperately Seeking Salvation
Order of Perfection and Worry
Order of Terminal Service
Order of Pathetic Objectives
Order of Having to Do What You Don't Want To Do
Order of Unworthy Existence

Although there is no recognized clergy, no services and no divinity school, I saw the opportunity for priests, priestesses, young female acolytes and altar boys. As I've shared this discovery, people are volunteering for the jobs of high priest and priestess. No one so far wants to be a female acolyte.