

Old Coaches Never Die, They Just Fade Away

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I'm an executive coach. I've coached priests, ministers, rabbis, true believers, executives, fools, women, men, children, adolescents, girls, psychologists, bad marriages, people who want another job, scientists, workers, middle managers, angry people, Jewish people, Christians, Muslims, Hindus, white people, black people, oriental people, handsome people, homely people, joyous people, depressed people, people speaking different languages, people in mental hospitals, indigenous people, short people, churches, synagogues, pastors, tall people, happy people, democrats, republicans, atheists, confused people, educated people, uneducated people, stupid people, and smart people.

In college, I started looking for an ultimate point of view from which everything would make sense, from my upsetting family, to alienating kids in high school, to why I didn't understand mathall would come clear, a god that made sense and would lead me to a coherent life,

I spent years looking for such a god contemplating every religion, philosophy and practice I trusted for more than a week. Finally, someone said that what anybody deeply believes is simply a self-created sacred simulation of God according to their particular point of view, what should be true, and what right and wrong should look like.

For a while, it appealed to me that God is universal consciousness, total awareness, now and everywhere and always ...but there was no purpose to any of it at all.

So, fifty years ago, I became a coach and then helped many people and companies but never made peace with a universal framework for reality.

Then, a few minutes ago, it came to me. There is a god and that god is crazy. Crazy is defined here as loving, kind, mad, insane, out of one's mind, deranged, demented, not in one's right mind, crazed, lunatic, non compis mentis, unbalanced, unhinged, unstable, disturbed, distracted, mad as a hatter, mad as a march hare, stark mad; mental, off one's head, out of one's head, off one's nut, nutty, nutty as a fruitcake, off one's rocker, not (quite) right in the head, round the bend, raving mad, stark staring/raving mad, bats, batty, bonkers, cuckoo, loopy, loony, bananas, loco, dippy, screwy, with a screw loose, touched, gaga, up the pole, not all there, off the wall, out to lunch, not right upstairs, away with the

fairies; informal balmy, crackers, barking, barking mad, round the twist, off one's trolley, as daft as a brush, not the full shilling, one sandwich short of a picnic; buggy, nutsy, nutso, out of one's tree, meshuga, squirrely, wacko, gonzo; informally bushed.

Who else would allow for cancer, love, peace, justice, cruelty, beauty, horror, starvation and poverty, Abraham Lincoln, Jesus Christ and Donald Trump?

Now, I'm still a coach and know that everybody everywhere in the universe is crazy, I keep believing in healing and transformation, but no longer worry about who I'm talking to, or what they believe.