

The Art of RECEIVING

Yes, receiving is an art form, especially for women. You'd think receiving would be the easiest thing in the world to do, right? WRONG! I have found over the years, especially when I was a nail tech, the only time women took for themselves was every 2 weeks to get their nails done, and a few of them even felt guilty about that. Women by nature are the nurturers and givers, not receivers. I'm not sure when all that nonsense started, but it definitely needs to STOP!

I have to say, that I have been guilty of not being able to receive all that well too. But nothing makes you learn how to receive then being brought to you knees when your child is diagnosed with leukemia. When something like that happens, you really don't have too much of a choice other than to receive. I guess you could play the martyr, but not if you want to be right there by your child's side while they go through leukemia treatment. For me, that is exactly where I planned on being, right by Andrew's side. Nothing else mattered. If we lost everything, it just didn't matter to us. All that mattered was that we were with our son, and trusted the rest would work itself out IF we allowed ourselves to receive. And that is exactly what happened. Because we allowed ourselves to receive, everything on the outside world was taken care of while we were in the hospital with our son. Because of our decision to receive and surrender, we have the most beautiful, tender moments and memories with our son his last four months here. We shared such intimate moments with Andrew that parents will never experience with their children. There are no words to adequately describe what we shared with our son together.

Now after Andrew left here, I did have major guilt about how much receiving we did, because it was A LOT! I wondered how I was going to pay everyone back for their generosity on so many levels. As time went on I came to a realization. One, there was no way I could actually repay everyone for their

generosity. Two, the most important realization, my receiving was a gift for those that did the giving. That's right, my receiving was a gift to those that gave as well. It is a two way street.

Think about it, why do some people give so much? Because of how it makes them feel. They feel so good when they give to someone. I had a few friends that loved to give but had a hard time receiving. So I gave them a new perspective on it in my infinite Wise One ways. When I would try to do something nice for them, they would say "No, you don't have to do that!" Then I would ask, "Why do you like to give?" Answer, "because it makes me feel so good." My reply, "So why are you denying me that feeling!? That gift?" Then I saw the light bulb go on for them. They realized they were denying me the wonderful gift of giving.

Recently there was a similar situation with a co-worker. A neighbor really helped her out when she had surgery, so she's been helping him A LOT! Actually she's been going over board with it, to where she's not putting herself first. I explained to her that her neighbor giving to her probably did more for him on a karmic level considering his, how shall I say this, questionable past? She actually will have helped his life review after he passes is my guess. I also had to look at some people in the same way that gave to us. Just because they were generous to us while we were in the hospital does NOT give them the right to dump on me afterward. That's when I realized that their giving to us will definitely help them karmically down the road. It may have even been a bigger gift to them than to us. Although I will ALWAYS be eternally grateful for their generosity.

Of course, there has to be a healthy balance in all of this. You don't want to be the receiver or the giver all of the time. If you give all of the time and don't receive, you'll get burned out and resentful. If all you do is receive, well then, how do I say this, oh yeah, you're just a mooch, sponge,

bum, leech, or a freeloader. Oh, I guess I do know how to say this! *wink*

Remember, it's not REAL giving if you are sacrificing yourself. Give to yourself first, only then can you truly give to someone else. If you give in resentment, energetically you are just giving resentment to the other person. Give from a joyful heart and the rewards are GREAT for both parties involved, it's a win/win situation!

What else I have found is that it's not about paying back the people that have been so kind and generous to you, it's just about paying it forward! Sometimes it will be the people that gave to you and sometimes it's not. The Universe will align you with the people you are suppose to give to. There is an amazing checks and balances in Universe. If you allow it, you will see, feel and learn the amazing art of receiving.

IT'S ALL GOOD!

DR. PHIL SEZ

(this is suppose to only be on the the early years side. Gotta get Marts to move it. HELP! I need the Cyber Savvy class! I've screwed this all up I see)

I was just reminded of this story when I was posting a reply on the other part of the blog & knew it was time for another Muck tales here.

When Andrew was 9 yrs. old we went to Orlando for a health and wellness convention for the company Martin and I were with. Our friends from W. Virginia were there and their brother and kids from Washington State came as well. Their son was

Andrew's age. We all went to Epcot together.

One afternoon before the evening event we were watching Oprah, this was when she would have Dr. Phil on. Andrew would always watch her show with me. I didn't think anything of it. I wasn't really sure if he was paying attention anyway. Sometimes we would discuss the topics.

During the convention, Billie would watch the kids. This one particular evening she decided to take the kids to a Chinese restaurant. The boys were talking their usual 9 yr. old Pokemon talk. What cards they had, what tournaments they had been in, the Pokemon cartoons. Typical right??

Then it took a sharp left turn! Out of the blue, outta no where, Andrew says "Did you catch Dr. Phil on Oprah today?? He knows his stuff! He says men need to put on the toilet roll the right way and don't beat your woman!"

Well, Billie nearly choked from laughing so hard. I mean she was laughing so hard and so loud that the entire restaurant got quite and was staring at their table. But she couldn't stop herself! Her niece was like "Aunt Billie, PLEASE stop laughing! Everyone is looking at us!" Billie couldn't talk! The tears are tripping her from laughing so hard! Every time she looked at Andrew she'd laugh even harder because he's sitting there wondering what's so funny. It's just normal conversation to him! LOL

She couldn't figure how a 9 yr.old could switch gears so fast from Pokemon to dispensing Dr. Phil advice about not beating yer woman!

I believe it was at this same dinner that Andrew told Jason to keep his stinking energy away from him when Jason told him he'd never save enough money for his motorbike. I believe Andrew informed him that he could manifest anything he wanted to, if he stayed positive & focused.

Billie said "You would know he was your son!" Yes he is! And I am proud and honored to be able to call him my son!

IT'S ALL GOOD!

THE WONDER YEARS

THE WONDER YEARS

Sunday, November 18th, 2007

When Andrew was younger he was so outgoing as I mentioned before. He just loved to talk to everyone! SO here's a few more stories for you about The Muck!

When I would take him to work with me at the nail salon when we lived in Ft. Lauderdale, he would go to every nail desk and have a chat with everyone! ☒ The one young girl upfront did not appreciate his friendly demeanor at all. Ahhh she was a bitch anyway! ☒ Most others found him delightful. The teachers that would come in were in awe of him and how bright he was. I'd say "Can you talk to his teachers?? They don't seem to appreciate his intelligence!" ☒ What an understatement that was!

One of the clients that came in who was not a client of mine, asked me if Andrew was my son. I was a little afraid to answer that knowing it could go either way! LOL I decided to claim him. She said that she just loved him! YAY! Another fan! *happy dance* She said that when he would ride his bike around, if he saw anyone in their yard working he'd just stop on by to chat. He did so with her on several occasions and that her and her husband really enjoyed chatting with him. Awwwww how sweet huh?

On another occasion I went looking for him at a friend's house in our neighborhood and a woman stopped to talk to me. She too asked if I was Andrew's mother. Again I hesitated, weighing it up, she seemed friendly enough so I again claimed him. LOL She said that he was so special..in a good way. She said that he had such an innocence about him that most kids don't have anymore. She said it was refreshing talking to him. YAY! Yet another fan!

He also like the old people in the neighborhood there. He found out if he talked to them, then they would give him candy; the good stuff too! Which came in handy when I had a hankering for some chocolate! I'd say "Be a good boy & go talk to the old lady down the street! Mommy needs you to score some chocolate!" LMAO Or something to that effect.

He is a garage sale nut! He loves garage sales and garbage picking on bulk pick up day! I was telling a friend this at work, that he loves his garbage pickin. His motto was "One man's garbage is another man's treasure!" He really believed that! Her mother lived in my neighborhood and baby sat her son. She called me after she had left work, I was still there, to tell me she saw Andrew bent over a garbage can, and that I wasn't lying about his garbage pickin! LOL
LOL

He would get ALL excited when he saw a U-Haul truck! He knew it meant MOVING DAY! AND people love to throw out stuff when they move!! He was right there as soon as the U-Haul truck pulled out of the drive way. He was like a drug addict withdrawing from crack if the truck sat for a few days. He was like "What is taking them so long?? Can't move already!" LOL. He found a kid's set of gulf clubs once & some pretty cool stuff. One time he brought home a ton of paper back books and cleared out his dresser to put them in. He couldn't even read them! And they were nonsense books too! But to him they were a treasure! He was only 5-7 yrs old when he did all this!

When we were moving to Sarasota, we were loading the truck when this old lady came by that we have never seen before. She says "Is it true then? Andrew is really moving?" I said "yes, we are." She was so sad! I thought she was going to cry, and we had no idea who she was! I asked Martin who she was and he said "I guess one of Andrew's friends" We had to laugh as no kids came around to say good bye only an old lady! LOL

He's kept us laughing the whole past 16 yrs and I know he will continue to do so!

I love you Muck!

IT'S ALL GOOD!

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