

TAYLOR'S TIDBITS: Letting go of the strain

Written by Wauneta Breeze
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There is a phenomenon that happens when we're trying to find something. We're usually in a hurry. Sometimes about to rush out of the house before we're late. In that struggle is when it happens.

Like a sneeze, an uneasiness hits us and we realize that we forgot to grab something. In our battle against the clock, we surge back into the room that holds the item we're trying to find.

The unfortunate part — once there, we're not sure what we are looking for.

We stand in the doorway like fools and search our brains. We can't seem to remember. In desperation we finally leave. It only takes a few steps down the hall before the real magic happens. Only when we stop trying to find it, we remember again what we were looking for.

It's like shopping. Like trying to find the other shoe. Like life.

When you're trying to find something — you can't.

It's not until we finally relieve ourselves of that pressure, or walk back out of the room, when our vision is restored. Until we finally can see what we were looking for all along.

When I was eight I helped bucket feed my dad's replacement calves. There was one that was brown with a hint of red — the color of love and a calf that casted me into its spell.

I soon named her Gabrielle and she became so tame I used to take naps with her out in the pen. She will still come running to me when I call her name in my dad's herd 12 years later.

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Wanna know the ironic part, though? When I tried taking her to the fair, she turned into a wild monster. The tighter I gripped onto her halter, the more she resisted. The harder I'd pull, the deeper her stubborn little hooves would plant.

I was leaning with all my weight, tugging at the halter when she finally decided to take a few strides. In my haste I was still concentrating on the problem, not on what would happen if I actually moved ahead. As a result I found myself falling straight into a pile of mud.

I was trying too hard to control. And had only made things messy.

We all do it. We look down to hands that are turning white in a clutch, squeezed in an attempt to control. When we're trying to figure a certain situation out or find something special, we do this silly thing. We micromanage. We overextend ourselves. We forget.

It's quite a stunt. A secret trick. When we learn to finally loosen our grip, or even let go — I think you'd be surprised.