

The Divine Plan Behind **Chaos**

As I lie in bed with the following words streaming into my head, I bask in the peace and comfort of it all. The understanding and beautiful sound of silence, complemented only by the reassuring hoots of the owl outside, every couple of minutes, seem to say, “There you go, you’re finally listening!” Of course it’s the middle of the night; when else do I allow myself to shut down the chatter in my head long enough to hear the words coming from my heart? As I finish the sentence before this one, I notice my new friend outside is quiet now too after about an hour or two of hooting, having delivered his message, urging me to get up and write.

I smile over all the chaos behind me, and how we always have the choice to allow it to drive us mad, or to jump on that crazy train and let it take us on the wild ride and rest stops we desperately need. What have I learned? Chaos is the Divine’s way of taking over and telling us, “Hey Dummy! You are NOT taking care of yourself,” or “You are NOT taking care of this situation,” or “You are NOT on your rightful path,” or the likes of these. It knocks us on our butts and insists we take a rest and re-think things a little while it shifts our life, right in front of our eyes. Most times, it’s directly for us, but often too, it’s because we are supposed to closely witness something that is meant to teach us and others something as well; usually, it’s both, so pay attention!

Try to look at things this way, the next time it all hits the fan or never seems to end, or you’re trying to find some meaning to something that seems very unreasonable or unfair; trust me, it’ll help you an awful lot. Also, remember DD and DDD. You know DD as Designated Driver; remember, others under the influence of chaos may need someone to guide or drive them safely. Try to be there for others, it’ll probably help you, too. DDD is **Do** it with **Dignity** and be **Done** with it! This is a reminder that it’s good and healthy to let your emotions out! Let yourself be sad, angry, scared, and happy. . . whatever you need, but do your best to make it a place and time you are comfortable with. **DDD**, don’t drag out the drama; it’ll only drag out the chaos! You are allowed to be human, because you ARE human!

We never know quite when the perfect storm starts brewing. For me, this time had to be at least 3 months ago, as I tried to pack every life change I could into a short amount of time. My Honey and I took the big step of buying a place together, so I started the process of moving 3 kids and over 20-some years of stuff to 3 different homes. This included the adjustment of my single-Mom daughter and her son venturing out into the world on their own for the first time too, and me adjusting to letting all my little birds leave the nest without my hovering over them. Let’s be honest, the big change can be very unsettling to all of us at times, so emotions really flare up. As a parent/grandparent, I’d just pray daily that they remembered how much I loved them and that if it was the best thing for them, I’d let them stay forever, but we all know better. I try to hang on to a little sanity by reading and listening to books I can learn something from. The right ones seem to end up right in front of me, all the time.

As I tried to downsize and get my home ready for sale, my Honey was too far away for us to help each other much, and doing the same with his previous home kept him occupied. I was on my own, which was nothing new. My day job also started demanding excessive attention and hours, so naturally, my

health started to give out. I was still working on a swollen lymph node from the breast tumors I had gotten rid of, but started pushing it to the back burner, ignoring my tiredness and headaches that were starting, and decreased time spent exercising; there was too much to do. I just wanted to get things done and get settled in my new life, where things would be peaceful and time would be mine again.

Well, it didn't take long for life to tell me I had it all wrong. Monthly migraines started and demanded I pay attention to some other symptoms that always came with them; I knew I had to be off-balance with hormones or something. A quick visit to a new wellness doctor told me my nervous system was blocked and it was struggling at the level of a 70-some-year-old. That would explain why I felt that old, for sure, but I didn't stop to do too much more about it, really. I didn't research it like I should. Then, I caught the flu one day, where it knocked me down hard enough to have to take a day off my day job, even though I work from home. Moving around much had my body temperature to the boiling point and about passing out, so I had to camp out in bed, thank God. I never get sick, ever, so this got my attention. It was time to do a couple of things I'd been putting off.

I realized at that point, I'd been ignoring the increasing swelling in my face and head and the pain, tiredness and muscle issues, and brain fog that accompanied them. Sure, I'd google the symptoms here and there, but didn't stop to pay attention much. I did go to the doctor the day before I got the flu, but didn't feel like the antibiotic they gave me for a possible deep-rooted sinus infection was doing much. It was also very odd the nurse didn't make a note when I told her I had slowly stopped taking a thyroid med because of the monthly symptoms I was having, and that they should check my blood. The doctor sees me so little, they usually do this every time I'm in there, but this time, I was home before it occurred to me they hadn't. I would have called and gone back, but I was also loaning my car to my son, whose car died, so he could get to school and work. Well, so today it was time to get on my health issues, among other little things on my "to-do" list. I had the time to sit in bed with my laptop and go after these things.

A pinched nerve in my neck or a flare-up of one of the neck bones I had broken years ago seemed like the likely suspect, but the monthly symptoms kept making me think of hormones. Either way, I wasn't sure what kind of expert out there could help me. I printed off more stuff to read on my upcoming vacation and vowed to try to get to the bottom of it while lying in the sun the following week, and I certainly did. Thankfully, I knew from past experience not to fight it when it started to resolve itself in its own way. I made myself get on the crazy train and tried my best not to take innocent bystanders with me, too much.

I felt better than I had in a long time after my flight south and even slept in, every day, knowing I needed the rest. It didn't matter. I had the strong desire to heal, and my body was demanding it now. The first day I had alone, I was forced to go to the ER, as the swelling was out of control and my body and brain started to shut down, for no reason I could find, whatsoever. Just as I hung up with the on-call nurse, my Mom happened to show up and have time to drive me there. Urgent Care was an option, so we tried that first, but quickly left when they told me they weren't equipped to do labs or to take my insurance. To the ER, it was. The Divine Plan had a female doctor treating me that happened to have a couple of thyroid diseases and she didn't hesitate to run a lot of blood tests and found me with the

highest numbers she's ever seen. I had no choice but to go back on the thyroid replacement medicine I was certain was causing my other monthly issues, but I sat in that ER alone long enough to commit to several other things, including taking care of myself and getting the right experts to help me get to the source and onto another solution, as soon as possible. No more putting this off and just listening to the MD tell me to put a band-aid of a daily medicine on it; it just wasn't cutting it and my instincts told me, it was probably harming me more than anything. (So had the wellness doctor I had been to, just a couple of months prior.)

As I sat in the ER by myself (my choice) most of that day, I pondered some bigger things in life. I didn't mean to; they just kind of came up, at that point. My life was going through a major shift in purpose, like it or not. For one thing, I knew it was time for me to leave a big part of my old identity. It was time for me to step out of my role as always taking care of loved ones and onto something else, it seemed. The signs had been there, and God was helping me let go without guilt. They needed to take care of themselves, mostly, and that was quite clear. I knew I had taught them everything I could. Every one of them had expressed they couldn't take any more of my advice as well; it was all enough! (Can you imagine, with the passion we each have to cram everything we know into the heads of our loved ones, so they don't have to go through the rough lessons we've learned? I know it's just way too much, but I appreciate them loving me, all the same, as annoying as I know I have to be!)

So now what? Was it really over that fast? Did I have to stop being the nurturer and move on to helping the masses, just like that? I didn't know if I wanted to. . . having to put loved ones first was always a good excuse to gradually work my way into saving the world, at my own pace. Was I ready for this, already? The thought was overwhelming. Was I wanting to do that, in this lifetime, or was this life's purpose over? Holy SH**! How did I get here so fast? Still, I couldn't deny the desire and all the preaching I've done on the topic; I know it is all our destinies to follow our hearts and allow our real selves out and that our real selves help save the world from itself. I was being called out now to dive in, head first. Holy SH**!

I had no complaints about the 5 hours I sat on that ER cot, just waiting for test results and re-testing results, barely visible to anyone, it seemed. I needed the time to absorb all of this, because my human instinct told me to tune it all out, and I certainly wasn't prepared to try to explain it to anyone. This was a journey I needed to start in on, on my own. I welcomed the time I was forced to sleep in and take extra naps the next couple of days; I was exhausted, but it was a good excuse to spend the time alone and in the quiet.

I realize this is a path I've been on, but it doesn't make it any less scary as I step onto it, for real and for good. It's funny though, how it makes the whole health thing secondary. However, I am more committed to taking care of myself and it is resolving itself, as things always will, once you get the main point of the lesson. The first day I was back from vacation, the exact right people expressed concern over my swollen appearance and dropped the right key words and leads that took me to the right experts within days to get to the bottom of all this soon. Sure, I had to tell my doctor that just staying on the med and checking back in a month was not acceptable; they just have no way of knowing how debilitating it is, at this point, I guess? I already know the specialists will help me figure it all out and

resolve the source of the problem and I will have valuable information to share with a ton of people with similar health challenges. I've said it before, God bless the MDs for saving lives and treating symptoms fast, but it is not their responsibility (nor are they authorized) to treat our whole body, which is all tied together, remember...we need to take the care to do this for ourselves! I'm betting 80% of you women need to see the same specialists I am, an Endocrinologist to see what's going on with hormones and such, and an Integrative Medicine (whole body)/Alternative & Natural Hormone/Thyroid Expert. Both are covered by insurance, so I'll be posting on Facebook how things go and refer them, if I feel they are honest and thorough, trust me. My opinion is that all the environmental and toxic things have most of us dealing with crazy health issues because it is affecting our chemical balances, especially.

Oh, to see the light at the end of the long tunnel I've been turning around and around in for months, and to hope I have some shred of sanity left! I have gained some valuable life lessons in the process and life-changing meanings to life, so yes, it was well worth it and yes, I'd go through all of it again to get here. I admit though, I pray I don't have to because I'm not sure what miracles brought me and those close to me through it; I can't ignore that someone up there carried me most of the time, if not the entire time, (including enlisting help from earth angels that said or did the exact thing I needed, at the perfect time) and I am so incredibly grateful. Thank you, Chaos, thank you. . .and nothing personal, but I hope I continue to learn to listen to my heart more so you don't have to step in again and make adjustments; when you do, help me to quickly remember you are only here to help and that fighting you only prolongs your visit. With gratitude for your patience, God,

~Mary Anne

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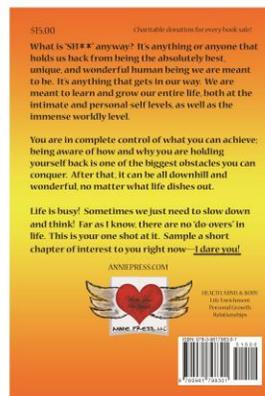
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