



No Worries, I'll Just Push Through

By Wayne Zink

It is been said by one famous Christian, that our body is our temple. Well said, and I see the beauty of the analogy. However, for much of 2010 my body felt more like a worn out double-wide trailer.

Suddenly there was darkness...cold, dank darkness. It felt as though I was on the bottom of a mucky pond looking up into near blackness. Then slowly, a slight rhythmic chanting was breaking through the stillness. "Wayne, come on Wayne, come back Wayne, Wayne can you hear me, can you hear me?"

Darn it. The cold stillness of the dark felt safe and protective. But, someone was calling, and it's my nature to come when beckoned. Desperately, I made my way upward toward the small voice I could just make out, "Wayne, Wayne, come on Wayne." Eyes open. WHAT? I have to be on stage, I have to say good evening to the Wishard 150th birthday anniversary well-wishers at the Deer-Zink Pavilion. Geez, I am co-chairing, and I HAVE to be on stage NOW.

Instead, I was feeling the hard board beneath me, my neck held fast by a stiff plastic brace, my body held fast by bands of tight nylon, and the flashing lights of an ambulance in my peripheral vision. Then, the comfort of my partner's voice; Randy Deer is directing people traffic, he is giving direction to what I see is a disturbed set of our friends who are worried. Oh boy, I am embarrassed. How could my body have given out on me?

WHAT, a grand mal seizure? No. Clearly, I am ill-served by a confused lot of paramedics. Good thing I am a clear communicator. I will tell them. I open my mouth, and all I can muster is a yelp of pain and fear, accompanied by a flood of tears. And my back hurts; it would seem the fall was a hard one.

Neck surgery in January, a lower back surgery coming in June, and I was in pain. Pain meds are for the weak. And, now this; I could always count on my body. When all else failed I could indeed "push through." Now there is a feeling of pure vulnerability, coupled with sadness and tinged with just a bit of loss. Sounds like I am making body meatloaf.

Apparently, while nobly ignoring the subtle nudges from the universe to slow down, to stop "pushing through," and to start just being, the energies participating in working out various life lessons with us found it necessary to capture my attention. By ignoring the graceful cues to throttle back, the universe simply gave me a perfectly clear wallop on the back of the head and I was out.

All is well now. My body intact. What have I learned? Take your damn pain meds when you have pain, breathe more, honor not knowing, eat slower, shave slower, read the journals slowly. When holding coffee, sniff it, and enjoy its aroma. Put on the in-line skates and hit the trail more. Trust with your entire being those you work with. Be kind. Lose yourself in the service of others. Listen to your body, to the universe. Slow food equals better life. Live. Just take the time to live.