

## CHANGE -- "STRANGER IN MY OWN HOME TOWN"

An original song by the great jazz-blues singer Percy Mayfield comes close to communicating my current state of mind. If you have never heard Mayfield, he is a very special songwriter, one of my most favorites. Give him a listen.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ubp1QVvL1k0>

This blog is about how I vary (minutely) within myself from day to day, but when an event like my recent stroke comes along I have trouble recognizing myself because the change in me is so palpable. You can't miss it. Suddenly I am of two minds and you know I hate that. LOL.

In a word, I outgrow myself and witness it. I'm remarking how close a fit I am to myself, yet still I'm now somehow different enough, so much so that even skipping the beat or rhythm for a day or two is enough to find me beside myself like a sore thumb. I stand out. In other words, I've changed just that much and no longer feel comfortable in my own skin. This happens slightly all the time, but when a sudden event like this health crisis imprints me, it marks and changes me.

It's one thing to forget stuff, but another whole thing to not quite forget, but yet not be the same either. LOL. I coined a line years ago: "To fail ignorance by a meter or a foot." That's how I feel about now.

My resent stroke and the time in the hospital was more than enough to see me skipping a beat, losing

track of myself as I know me, and finally turning up as a relative stranger to myself. Surprise! That's how fine-tuned the beat that we live by is exact. But what has changed?

Well, perhaps I have not changed all that much so that you would notice, but certainly enough for me to find me beside myself and slightly out of whack. In a word, I've changed or at least grown enough in the last week that I now zig when I used to zag and vice-versa. In that short time I've outgrown myself by just enough that I can see around it. Usually we don't witness our own change.

It could be the solemnity of the health event or the more sobering nature of it all. Whatever the case, I've managed to pop out of my cocoon or familiar shell just enough to notice the difference. And you can't shoehorn your way back into what you once were; at least I can't. We can't go home again, so to speak.

So, I have to somehow catch up with myself, but it's impossible to catch up with the past. The past catches up with me and has to be updated or fails to. Instead, I've got to soldier on with the future and let the past go, cloying or clinging as it can. I have to reform my habits, update them; it's like molting my skin and I find it very uncomfortable.

At least I have a handle on it now; it took me a bunch of days when, as the song goes, I felt like a stranger in my own skin. I am just enough out of step with how I remember myself to not fit back into the shell I was in only days ago. I find it very irritating, but find myself facing it at every turn. Just my luck. LOL.

Anyway, I get it now. I've changed in these past days, probably via the hospital and all of that. As they say, we can't go home again. This is why they say that with marked health-events like this one, we have to get used to a new normal. That old normal won't cut it anymore.

I morphed! This is another kind of pain, witnessing my own change.

[Graphic tweaked by me.]

“As Bodhicitta is so precious,  
May those without it now create it,  
May those who have it not destroy it,  
And may it ever grow and flourish”

For those of you who would like to have access to other free books, articles, and videos on these topics, here are the links:

[http://traffic.libsyn.com/spiritgrooves/Links\\_to\\_Michael\\_Erlewine-V2.pdf](http://traffic.libsyn.com/spiritgrooves/Links_to_Michael_Erlewine-V2.pdf)