

A personal story about resentment and responsibility:

A few years ago, I was at a yoga training. It was amazing that I even made it there because I was going through a very stressful time in my life. I was working, parenting four children, and completing graduate school. My boyfriend at the time had been in an accident that resulted in the loss of his lower legs. If the training had not been scheduled months in advance and prepaid, I probably would not have made it there at all. I knew things in my life needed to change, but I had no idea how this could possibly happen. As we entered the room, the teacher went around handing out “angel cards.” Each card had a word of encouragement or significance for the person who got it. I felt very excited. I came to this training desperately needing some encouragement or some direction from God. I specifically remember her saying “the one you get is the one that is meant for you.” I was very excited when I took my card and went back to my mat. I put my head down in child's pose and with much anticipation read my card. It said “RESPONSIBILITY.” My heart sank. I immediately got mad and began to pout. I could not believe I got this card! I was taking responsibility for *everybody* and *everything*, and I had nothing left. Taking any more responsibility was impossible to imagine. Then it hit me. The light bulb came on—*my* stress level was *my* responsibility. *My* resentments were *my* responsibility. As hard as it was for me to accept and absorb this truth, surrendering to it brought me some relief. I knew what I had to do. I went to work the following Monday and reduced my hours. Something had to give. Even though it was not what my boss wanted to hear, I had to own my stress level and my self care. My top priority was being a mom—what kind of mom were my kids getting?? Not the best version of me, for sure! Avoiding the discomfort of telling my boss and “protecting” my co-workers to adjusting to having me there less was blocking me from my number one goal in life.

I knew that I could not sustain my pleasing behaviors but knowing my “why” finally gave me the push to take action. Making change is difficult and painful. In order to push

through this, you must understand the cost of staying the same. What is it costing you to NOT change? I was paying the price with my mental health and my relationships and that still was not enough. However, once I realized my kids were paying the price it became non-negotiable. I had to make a change.