

Weekly Whisper Script  
June 21, 2010

It's All About the Shoes!

Hi, this is Vanessa with this weeks whisper message. Well I'm the proud mama of a high school graduate and the ceremony was beautiful. Taylor's graduation was held at the Detroit Opera House a beautiful grand building with impeccable acoustics. The venue added elegance to the graduation ceremony and her father and I beamed as Taylor walked across the stage to receive her diploma. After graduation she attended an all-night party at her school. It was a great day of celebration.

That was last week and I am now all moved in to my new home in Spring Texas just outside Houston near the Woodlands. I had decided to make the drive from Michigan to Texas which is a 21-hour journey. I couldn't wait to drive and give myself the experience of being on the road for two days. Just me and the road. Playing whatever I wanted on the radio, listening to a book on tape, or simply listen to the tires on the road. I wanted the experience of transitioning from the old into the new at whatever pace my heart led me. I even stopped off at LaRue's place for a glorious reunion and overnight stay. We realized it had been over 2 years since we had last seen each other. And it was all such a wonderful experience.

And that brings me to your message this week. Last week my daughter and I had gone shopping to get her graduation outfit. She selected an adorable white mini skirt with a matching vest jacket. Then we were off for the shoes. We went to my favorite designer shoe warehouse. Within moments Taylor had tried on a pair and said to me "Mom look at these, aren't they sharp!" I looked down at her feet and saw a pair of zebra striped 3 inch heeled pumps. They were shocking. Taylor, however was looking down with a look of admiration and pleasure. Not me, my "mom" self kicked in. Oh my god, I thought, she's going to walk across the stage in those. She might trip and fall or twist her ankle. Of course I didn't say those things to her, I simply stated, Let's see if there is anything else you might like. She exclaimed, but I really like these!

I went off and found a couple of shoes and showed Taylor, try these on, they are really cute with a wedge heel, which to my mind of course meant they would be safer. She was not having any of it. So, I walked away, placed my attention on my heart and said, "okay whisper, I'm needing a little help here". Immediately I heard within these words, "It's not about shoes, it's about the experience." In that moment I felt such peace. I turned back to Taylor who was still walking around the store in these zebra shoes. I had to admit they were pretty. And I no longer felt the trepidation that she would fall off the stage.

How often do we deny ourselves an experience in order to do what we believe might be easier or that might conform to tradition or worse still allay our perceived fears. I almost denied Taylor the gift of an incredible experience because of fearful images I played in my mind. Thankfully I asked guidance for direction. Now I equate those shoes with delightful experience. So next time you are questioning whether or not to give yourself an experience that makes your heart sing, remember, it's all about the shoes. Bye for now.