

This Free E-Book is brought to you by Natural-Aging.com.

100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!

The Timing And Power Of Now: Making The Invisible Visible

By Saijin Kurash

Article 3 of a 10-Part Series

Summary: When the time is right, the time is now. Why is the time right? Because my topic is making the invisible, visible—and today I cannot see clearly. Things are gray, blurry, undefined. And so, in that I recognize opportunity! Make lemon drops out of lemons! So, now with the proper outlook, logic dictates: If I can write this article effectively today—making it visible in my now—when I cannot see clearly, i.e. that which is invisible—then I've put my "pen" where my mouth is.

This is such a great day to write! It's the perfect day, in fact! Why, you ask? Because when the time is right, the time is now. Why is the time right? Because my topic is making the invisible, visible—and today I cannot see clearly. Things are gray, blurry, undefined. And so, in that I recognize opportunity! Make lemon drops out of lemons! So, now with the proper outlook, logic dictates: If I can write this article effectively today—in my now—when I cannot see clearly, i.e. that which is invisible—then I've put my "pen" where my mouth is. Okay, no need to get too carried away with the visual on that one—though I dare say it's a more sane view than putting my money there! Ha!

Interestingly enough, just a couple of days ago, I sat out here on my porch with my coffee, pen and paper (I saw a sign once that said: Porch=Where I live...gotta get me one of those!), anyway, I was sitting on my porch, as I stated, outlining what I thought to be the perfect layout of this article. Soon the task became laborious, and as experience has taught me, it was time to lay down the pen. I did. I was on the wrong track. (I am currently teaching myself a better way to deal with problems, writer's block and brick walls. Just be okay with them! The solution, the answer is already present. It always is. It's simply that the correct perspective is missing. Once my perspective changes, i.e., I change my mind and get out of my own way, I'll see the solution just fine and pick up my pen again. 'When the explorer is ready, the guide appears.'—Old Himalayan saying.)

As always a wonderful series of events began as I let my article notes 'sit'...I had been tasked by my Sweetie, Ron, aka web-designer extraordinaire to quit procrastinating and give him the Terms of Service, the Welcome, The Tour article and the About Us. In other words, Ms. Leader of the Pack was falling behind in her duties. And so for the next several hours I engaged in my least favorite writing task—legalese, mumble-jumble with the Terms and Services document.

The Timing And Power Of Now: Making The Invisible Visible

A reflection here will serve to illustrate this article's purpose in making the invisible visible. Following is a letter I wrote to Robert Fulghum, author of *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*.

"Dear Mr. Fulghum:

As I sat at my computer writing my Terms of Service for my website, TellingTouch.com, I labored in frustration over what I "must" include and what I "wanted" to say. Having to protect oneself from the unseemliness of potential scrutiny—for-a—loophole is a most unwanted task... I took a break, sat on the porch, and allowed my spirit to still and regain a peaceful composure. My thoughts turned then to a small book on the shelves behind my desk—*All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*. Now that says it all, I thought. Why can't I just say it like that? Everyone should understand that! Ah, but I interrupted in my own defense—They just don't want to understand it at times. It's so much easier to

blame, to point fingers. It's hard to be all-grown-up sometimes!

I retrieved the book for my own reading pleasure and indulgence. A tear came to my eye as my spirit connected with my heart's desire. I'm comfortable with inspiration and I follow where it leads. I went then to my computer and did some research on you, to learn from whom this pause of refreshment had come. I enjoyed reading through your website and enjoyed some of your journal postings, especially the one you wrote on June 3, 2006. (I thought of where I was on June 3, 2006—preparing to embark on a journey both in changing places of residence, as well as to begin my new business, TellingTouch.com.)

Re-reading *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten* and reading through some of your journal entries created in me a desire to contact you for permission to quote you from those sources, as further presentation of my site progresses and directs. Following your quoted advice from Epictetus: "If you can fish, fish. If you can sing, sing. If you can fight, fight. Determine what you can do. And do that." I can ask!

Would you allow me the honor of quoting you on my site?

Sincerely,

Saijin"

(Note: Mr. Fulghum did grant permission. A delightful experience!)

Okay, now moving on with my assignments from my relentless taskmaster Ron... I enjoyed writing *The Tour* (make sure you visit us at TellingTouch and let me know what you think!)—writing creatively and expressing the nuts and bolts of a matter with flair and personality! It's such a high!

Finished with that and wanting to rest on my laurels awhile, I made a fresh pot of coffee and retired to my porch. It was dark outside! Where did all of the time go? I thought. Zoning out inside of a computer screen does an amazing fast-forward trick to the hands of a clock. Not to mention even the universe is at its command! (I think there's technology conspiracy going on there, don't you? Heavy mystery time,

anyone?)

A few gulps of java later, and the cup started looking half empty rather than half full. So, tired and spent I returned to my Time Thief for another lashing. About Us, eh? I wondered, noting duly that I'd saved, strike that, resisted this part until last. Why? I asked myself, as my key-pad-sensitive fingers froze over the keyboard. Oh, no, no—Ron's waiting, you must obey! "Type! I say, type!"

"We shall not type!" they retorted in rebellion.

"But why not?" I demanded.

"Because you aren't going to tell the truth! You're going to say, 'Blah Blah Blah' when you should write the truth!"

"Ah! And what is the truth?" I sat back and clenched my fists in a good measure of discipline. "Rebellious Kids!" Then my compassionate nature took over and we sat healing together, trying to regain our close bond. We are the best of friends after all, I thought. Deep sigh.

Well, the problem as I see it is that the About Us is me flying my own kite.

"Knock it off!" Mr. Index chided. "You know darn well you've already written your bio for Ezinearticles.com. All you have to do is a bit of editing to put it on your own website.

"Excuse me! I stand corrected," amazed that fingers read minds too. "Well then, it's flying Ron's kite, I suppose."

"Ah! Now we're getting somewhere. I swear they started doing a tap dance on my thighs. Fred Astaire move over. "And just why might that be?"

Such arrogance! "Hush, let me think."

"No! Just feel your way. May the force be with you!"

"Cut it out right now! This is not funny!"

"Yes it is," they stretched and found refuge clasped behind my neck.

""Run! Hide!" I challenged them. "Good, now stay there where you can't distract me while I ponder." I shook my head to clear it and closed my eyes and relaxed. Ah! Ron is truly wonderful. He's stood beside this nut he named Saijin—giving me my pen name one star-struck night. "Does the name Saijin mean anything to you?"

"No, I don't think so," I admitted, furrowing my brow and asking, "But it might. Why?"

"I think it is your name," he looked deeply into my eyes. All I could do was nod quietly in tempting

thoughtfulness. Saijin. It felt so powerful! I waned the mantel of it. And that was when I became Saijin. I sighed at the remembrance. This was my Ron! In just a short span of time Telling Touch was conceived and Ron became by techy guru—everything I could not be. (You know, don't forget my technology conspiracy theory.)

[I have to moan and groan here to Nate—my mentor at ProsperLearning.com and owner/operator of clogon.com: Nate! Hear me loud and clear! You have forced me to dabble, strike that, dive head long into the shadowy underworld of SEOs, SMOs, URLs, metatags, RSS feeds, etc. until I just don't know if I'll come out alive! May this responsibility lie fully on your geeky shoulders! There now, it's off my chest. I've said it at last!]

Hands! Back! You needn't applaud so loudly. Hush now. Back to Ron. Okay so he's wonderful. What's not to love and admire? But I can't put that in his bio—come on now."

"We concur," they intertwined and stretched outward, luring me along..

"Ok, fine then. But I can tell how he's taken on these lofty duties of being the TellingTouch webmaster. I can write about the deep commitment with which he creates the fine details of the website. How he brings my ideas to life—making the invisible, visible! Hey, Wow! I think I've got it!"

The fingers are stretching skyward! 1-2-3-4! 1-2-3-4! Adrenaline pumping. Places everyone, places. Now let us begin.

Making the invisible visible? It's a process. It's an idea, exercised, becoming a thought, motivated, becoming an act, a word, a deed, shared. We do it all the time really. It's not unique or difficult. It's actually second-nature to us. But sometimes, we forget to focus and communicate effectively—incompleteness results, misunderstandings. Gee! Not everyone's fingers are overactive like mine! About Us now completed, I ecstatically, hit Send. Ta Da!

Ron called a few minutes later, intruding on my self-satisfaction and reflection on a job well-done. (Yes, I was back out on the porch, if you really want to know.)

He queried, "About the About us...I think it needs a little work."

"What!?" I was holding back my worst fears that he wouldn't like it.

"Yes. It definitely needs a little work."

I was really getting upset now. Rejection! Failure!

"Just go pull it up and let's take a look at it together," he directed patiently, sensing my disappointment. "Open up the attachment you sent."

"I was furious! He was treating me like a child! How insensitive! How dare he! I was ready to spit nails.

"Bite your tongue!" the fingers opened the sliding door to the office.

"And, excuse me, but who's asking you? You're the ones that put me up to this anyway!" They ignored me, prancing with Fred over to the keyboard. Tap, Tappity, Tap! Open File.

There before my eyes was the document which I'd sent. About Us! Nothing more. All that followed was a blank page.

"Huh?" I questioned in disbelief. Where was my document? Then clarity. "Oh my gosh! I attached the wrong file!"

He was chuckling now. "Yeah, I thought maybe you had. I've been waiting all evening and this is what I get--the invisible 'About Us'? I figured you either sent the wrong file or your fingers weren't working too well."

"Oh, if you only knew! If you only knew!" I yawned and covered my mouth, clearing my throat. "I'll send the 'visible' one in just a second. G'night, Sweetie!"

Making the invisible, visible? I don't know. You tell me.

Is that the sweet sound of applause I hear ringing in my ears? A little louder please. I can't quite hear you!

<http://www.tellingtouch.com>

home of Saijin and Saijin's Journey Begins, the first book in a series for

pre-teens. Saijin now turns to share her gifts of inspiration and encouragement and mentoring to all those who are ready to share their gifts of wisdom and leave a legacy for those they love.

That;s Funny, You Don't Look Like You have a Disability

By Lynda Appell

That;s Funny, You Don't Look Like You have a Disability by Lynda Appell

That's Funny You don't Look Like You Have a DisABILITY

Editorial about how invisible disabilities are just as much disabilities as visible ones.

>Th's funny, you don't look
like you have a disABILITY.by Lynda Appell

The Timing And Power Of Now: Making The Invisible Visible

Any one who can see that a man, woman, boy, girl who is in a wheel chair has a visible disability. Like wise seeing some one using a cane either as a walking aid or as help for someone who is blind.

Conversely someone who has an invisible disability, be it a learning disorder, a mental illness under control with treatment, a person with chronic debilitating pain and many other examples, too numerous to mention, are seen unless their disability is known as not having anything disabling about them.

I am not implying that persons with handicaps that are not readily seen are more disabled than those with a handicap that is readily visible.

What I am saying that both visible and invisible disabilities can both be a hardship and at times even devastating to the individual.

Just because a disability can not be seen doesn't mean it's any less disabling than one that can be seen by most people.

This doesn't doesn't necessarily mean more so. It means that a visibility of disability should not be the sole criteria of who is considered disabled.

To me there is one very important exception to the above. The person with an invisible disability

has to deal with not only their disability but the public's attitude toward it. For it's easy to realize some one who is physically challenged as being impaired. It's harder to realize that a person who may look normal may also have an impairment.

Disabled disability activist for over twelve years in my local Community Support Program and Artists for Recovery.



This Free E-Book has been brought to you by Natural-Aging.com.

[100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment](#)
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!