

Now Wasn't That Fun

Fun: what is it? How does one do it? One of my reactions to my upbringing was to be in a constant state of fighting for survival. I have lived like this for 45 years, I do not think I know how to have fun, I did not have time to learn, there was no one to teach me. When not fighting for survival, I am doing a task with a purpose that is in some way connected to possible future survival. One of my substitutions for fun is entertaining obsessions or doing activities that others may do for fun, but I always have a goal. My goals are usually pursued obsessively bombarding them with my will until I have acquired a certain degree of success and then it is discarded. Other duties are done in a way that I think would look like I was having fun to an observer. Everything is done for survival, to complete a goal or to attempt to fit in. All the time I am deeply aware that the joy that others seem to derive from activities completely escapes me.

The personal, professional and spiritual growth I have achieved thus far has led me to the entry to a world of protection and peace. Where survival is assured and making mistakes is allowed. I feel out of place and without purpose. I feel as though I am constantly searching for the next desperate situation so that I can feel at home once more, while at the same time I yearn for the relief that is promised by the world I am moving into. Needs that I had previously been able to push aside and ignore are becoming more and more insistent. Things like hunger, sleep and something called an emotional recharge. On some intuitive level I am aware that learning how to have fun is an important part of achieving the balance I will need to learn to be comfortable in this new world. The ability to accept comfort is one of the key factors that will be required in order for me to stop making messes to remind me of my old world. Thinking back I have on rare occasions accidentally let go of enough control to have a small outburst of fun. These moments are quickly followed by a mental slap in the face and a healthy dose of fear, guilt and shame. In spite of my intellectual grasp of the issue, I am at a loss as to where I can begin to unravel the knot.

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