



## INSPIRED THINKING

### *Humpty Dumpty*

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. They called a doctor from the town to come and fix poor Humpty's crown. He put a stitch in Humpty's leg and bandaged up poor Humpty's egg. He used some tape and then some glue, and Humpty's now as good as new.\**

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty back together again.*

And why not? Did they just not have the energy to do it one more time? Was he scrambled beyond recognition causing them to ponder what their success rate would be? Maybe the king's men had some resentment building inside due to the constant repair work and the unquestioned assumption that they would always be there to rescue him. Maybe they no longer had the tools to deal with such intricate things, or maybe the king's horses and men were in an extreme makeover, tear down, throw away, disposable, modern kind of mood. Maybe, with an entitled attitude, they merely wanted a new egg.

And what made him fall in the first place? Was he not paying attention so he just fell, his shell cracking causing things to become a bit runny...he was, after all, just an egg. Did he lose his inner balance or was he always a bit unsteady, a little too oval for his own good? Was he really sitting on a wall or was it a self created pedestal that became unstable? Maybe he just got tired of the balancing act he did day in and day out and decided to let the egg shells fall where they may.

Or quite simply, in a surprise turn of events he had his very own, personal, sunny side up, aha moment and decided with profound certainty that he could not have the king's men put him back together again. He'd been falling off that wall for hundreds of years and as far as he could tell he wasn't getting any better at holding his own. Yes, it was clearly time to get in touch with his inner yolk and learn how to rebuild on his own. It was time for change.

When we fall off our own wall, where do we land? Do we rely heavily on others to put us back together again? Are we so well versed in 'why me?' that we are numb to how we got here? Do we trust our internal mechanisms to recuperate? Have we learned to become interdependent with the resources that surround us and with those within us? Do we even care? In a world where most of us feel battered and bruised by the complexity of life we may just wonder how many times we can get up after falling down and do we have to keep getting up? The short answer is yes; so is the long one if you want to be on the planet. Will there always be someone or something there to break the fall, cushion the hurt, or take the sting out? Maybe. Maybe not. The only way you'll know is to keep living into your life.

So what happens when the people, places and things we usually find comfort in are no longer available to us? How resilient are we? What gives us strength and soothes our vulnerable selves in a world we think has gone mad? Do we trust the process of life or in our body's ability to perform, function, rebound, resolve and create...to carry us through with as much ease and grace as possible?

Trust is a tricky thing. It's a rare being that doesn't live on a foundation of fear first, **practiced** trust and safety, second. Each one of us at some point looks for a hero or a 'leading authority,' who will radiate the strength and certainty we feel we are missing. But what happens to our sense of self when that external search becomes a habit? When do we learn to applaud the hero within and hold that hero in equal, if not greater, esteem than the ones we choose from the external world? We are walking, talking, breathing, miracles! How easy it is to take for granted.

*We don't conquer nature. We join her.*

Nature is a patient teacher who simply waits for our willingness to partner with her. The nature of us is waiting for us to notice the marvels that exist in every moment of life, proving to us over and over again that everything expands, contracts and evolves in perfection. We spend so much time futzing over how we have been broken into a zillion pieces that we miss the moments we actually get up, dust ourselves off and move on! Dusting ourselves off is proof of our ability to thrive despite our judgments of the obstacles that surround us. So every time we scream to the High Heavens that we can't do it, not even one more time, we're actually lying...to ourselves and to the High Heavens. Because we're still here and no matter what, for most of us, this side of the grass still looks pretty good.

Living things always strive towards balance, connection and wholeness. Within every hurricane is an eye in the center that holds the space for clarity and calm. Beneath the swirl of chaos lays a quiet inner truth; in every aspect of life nature creates, burns brightly, flickers, takes a deep breath of release and moves on, transforming into the next phase of expression. Sunrise. Sunset. Sometimes that's all the proof one needs.

Maybe this is the 'aha' sunny side up moment Humpty had. Maybe he realized that life was more fluid than he had previously considered and that band aids and stitches, while helpful in their own right, were not always the answer. Maybe he knew that with each fall he had actually changed, even when he wasn't aware of it, and while sometimes difficult to admit, he was a stronger, wiser egg. He now understands that he **gets** the opportunity to learn, regroup, and create. How powerful! How extraordinary! *What a blessing!*

The texture of life is such that we will collide with experiences, ideas, people or events that will shake us to our core. It can be exhausting and exhilarating, and yet it's one of the great side effects of being alive. Where do we find trust as life swirls around us? It's in the middle, in the eye, in our inner yolk, waiting to sizzle and run where our breath is slow, certain and deep. Humpty Dumpty was such a brave egg. He fell so many times, split wide open, exposed and vulnerable to his surroundings... yet he got back up again, and again and again. Just like we do. And each time we do, we change and grow a little bit more, and as the expression goes, **Thank God** for that.

Always Live in the Direction of your Joy!



Practicing the fine art of Original Medicine, Dr. Lauren Nappen, a natural born healer,



has created a unique system of healing that incorporates the most beautiful and successful healing tools that she has studied thus far in her 17 year career. She is a writer, visionary, educator, Spiritual Intuitive and witness. She holds advanced certifications in Chiropractic, Medicinal Aromatherapy, Flower Essence Therapy (international educator for Bach Flower Essences,) Energy Medicine (Reconnective Healing, Reiki Master Teacher,) and Nutrition. Whether you are in transition or merely wish for a smoother wave, the personalized plans created by Dr. Lauren will have you falling in love with life again! Her gentle ahhhjusting style allows for a tenderness in healing that is not often seen nor experienced and is applicable to all ages. She welcomes your inquiry or your visit to her sanctuary in Mechanicsville, PA., minutes from Doylestown.

