

## **Become! Become! Become!** by John Roedel

Me: Hey God.

God: Hello.....

Me: I'm falling apart. Can you put me back together?

God: I would rather not.

Me: Why?

God: Because you aren't a puzzle.

Me: What about all of the pieces of my life that are falling down onto the ground?

God: Let them stay there for a while. They fell off for a reason. Take some time and decide if you need any of those pieces back.

Me: You don't understand! I'm breaking down!

God: No - you don't understand. You are breaking through. What you are feeling are just growing pains. You are shedding the things and the people in your life that are holding you back. You aren't falling apart. You are falling into place. Relax. Take some deep breaths and allow those things you don't need anymore to fall off of you. Quit holding onto the pieces that don't fit you anymore. Let them fall off. Let them go.

Me: Once I start doing that, what will be left of me?

God: Only the very best pieces of you.

Me: I'm scared of changing.

God: I keep telling you - YOU AREN'T CHANGING!! YOU ARE BECOMING!

Me: Becoming who?

God: Becoming who I created you to be! A person of light and love and charity and hope and courage and joy and mercy and grace and compassion. I made you for more than the shallow pieces you have decided to adorn yourself with that you cling to with such greed and fear. Let those things fall off of you. I love you! Don't change! ... Become! Become! Become who I made you to be. I'm going to keep telling you this until you remember it.

Me: There goes another piece.

God: Yep. Let it be.

Me: So ... I'm not broken?

God: Of course Not! - but you are breaking like the dawn. It's a new day. Become!!!

# How to live with my body

my brain and  
heart divorced

a decade ago

over who was  
to blame about  
how big of a mess  
I have become

eventually,  
they couldn't be  
in the same room  
with each other

now my head and heart  
share custody of me

I stay with my brain  
during the week

and my heart  
gets me on weekends

they never speak to one another

- instead, they give me  
the same note to pass  
to each other every week

and their notes they  
send to one another always  
says the same thing:

"This is all your fault"

on Sundays  
my heart complains  
about how my  
head has let me down  
in the past

and on Wednesdays  
my head lists all  
of the times my  
heart has screwed  
things up for me  
in the future

they blame each  
other for the  
state of my life

there's been a lot  
of yelling - and crying

so,

lately, I've been  
spending a lot of  
time with my gut

who serves as my  
unofficial therapist

most nights, I sneak out of the  
window in my ribcage

and slide down my spine  
and collapse on my  
gut's plush leather chair  
that's always open for me

~ and I just sit sit sit sit  
until the sun comes up

last evening,  
my gut asked me  
if I was having a hard  
time being caught  
between my heart  
and my head

I nodded

I said I didn't know  
if I could live with  
either of them anymore

"my heart is always sad about  
something that happened yesterday  
while my head is always worried  
about something that may happen tomorrow,"  
I lamented

my gut squeezed my hand

"I just can't live with  
my mistakes of the past  
or my anxiety about the future,"  
I sighed

my gut smiled and said:

"in that case,  
you should  
go stay with your  
lungs for a while,"

I was confused  
- the look on my face gave it away

"if you are exhausted about  
your heart's obsession with  
the fixed past and your mind's focus  
on the uncertain future

your lungs are the perfect place for you

there is no yesterday in your lungs  
there is no tomorrow there either

there is only now  
there is only inhale  
there is only exhale

there is only this moment

there is only breath

and in that breath  
you can rest while your  
heart and head work  
their relationship out."

this morning,  
while my brain  
was busy reading  
tea leaves

and while my  
heart was staring  
at old photographs

I packed a little  
bag and walked  
to the door of  
my lungs

before I could even knock  
she opened the door  
with a smile and as  
a gust of air embraced me  
she said

"what took you so long?"

~ john roedel ([johnroedel.com](http://johnroedel.com))

