

Live Well Lifestyle Webinar Recap & Recording

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Topic: The Need to Be Needed

Often I find myself attached to the need to be needed. To be important. Really important. I will find places to serve and give my time, energy and talents in self-sacrificing amounts until I find myself resenting that which I most needed. It is a paradox, this needing to be needed. Sometimes in the needing I would see others as crippled and inefficient so that I could step in with all my gallantry and be of service. After a while the role gets old, and resentment, griping, blaming and complaining begin.

As for the others, did they ask for my service? Did they say, "fix me" or, in my sympathy did I say, "let me apply the bandage to the wound I think you have, I don't want you to hurt?" Did I imagine their hurt? Sometimes in hurting, pain and tears, there is a healing that takes place. Often bandages stop the complete healing/grieving process.

Perry A~

What would it be like if I needed me? If I gallantly served me? If I took time for me just to be? Could I teach my children and others of self-care and self-love? Could I let others be all they can be by finding their own way? Hum-m-m.....

ANY time I **think** someone needs me I need to look again. They are just reflecting my projections. The deepest truth is I either need me or I need them to need me so I can know who I am. Sounds complicated doesn't it? Well, the ego is like a finely tuned Chess player to keep you from knowing your truth.

When my youngest daughter when off to college, I had many worries and concerns for her. I attributed them to the fact that she graduated from a class of thirty in a town one-fourth the size of Texas Tech University where she would be enrolling as a freshman. I saw nothing but perils and pitfalls to snag her from her true purpose of going to college.

Being the concerned and dutiful mother that I was, I began to warn and coach her with unrequested information. "Be careful who you run around with, watch out for drugs and drinking, remember you are too young to drink or go to clubs, you must get yourself to class on time, budget your money carefully," and on and on." I gave her a lot of ideas she hadn't even thought about. Suddenly I realized I was seeing her as less than whole and perfect. My vision of her was that of a victim, an incompetent child who needed her mother to get her to class on time and advise her of her every action. Not exactly empowering for her.

Then I stopped and asked myself, "What do I get from seeing her as less than whole and perfect?" I didn't like the answer. I needed her to be needy and incompetent, to need me so I would have my 'good mother' identity. You see, my definition of good mother is one who has at least one child who NEEDS her. If I saw her as competent and independent, out of the nest so to speak, where does that leave me? Who am I with no children to need me? I have played this 'good mother' role for the past twenty-five years with my children and now suddenly my role is done. I am out of the picture. I have just lost my job. I have been laid off. I am dispensable.

Now that can be a shocking realization, and the chess game begins. When I woke up to what I was doing, I decided I needed another role. I would become my daughter's best friend and step out of the good mother role, or change my definition of good mother to one that let's their children go, to spread their wings and soar.

I thought back to a time when Ashley was eight years old and we were at a horse show in Fort Stockton, Texas. Fort Stockton is on the edge of a Texas style desert. Not much but a pile of caliche rocks, a few Greasewood bushes and oil wells. It was 2:30 p.m. in July and hot was a mild description of the weather. Perspiration evaporated from the skin as soon as it appeared, leaving you coated in a salty, gritty texture.

My husband and I were in one part of the barn helping Ashley's sister, Allyson, get her horse ready, like good co-dependent parents. Ashley was at the far end of the barn playing. She decided she wanted a coke but had no money and didn't want to come traipsing through the barns looking for us, so she sold rocks to strangers for twenty-five cents a piece and got enough money for a coke and a hotdog. And I think she needs me? She has been a capable entrepreneur since she was eight years old.

It was at then I realized I was projecting my fears about my college career onto her. Guess who nearly flunked out of college one semester when non-academic activities became the primary focus? You guessed it. Me!

So I decided to empower Ashley to be all she could be. I reminded her of the time she sold rocks in Fort Stockton and told her she would do great in college because she is creative, knows how to get her needs met and is not afraid to ask questions. She went on to get her degree in elementary education, and now she teaches kindergarten kids how to paint rocks among other things.

As for me I decided to take up a new career, in all my newly found spare time, and become a writer and speaker. I have written five books and have another on the way. I love sharing all those special moments like "Selling Rocks in Fort Stockton, Texas" as a professional speaker and author.

The need to be needed is a web that weaves and entangles the truth. If you think someone needs you, look again. Maybe you need you. For me, anytime I see anyone as less than whole and perfect, it is my red flag to look deeper. I ask, "What do I get from seeing them as not enough?" Then I get quiet and let my heart give me the answer. I call it an opportunity for spiritual growth. I welcome each person in my life as a teacher to help enlighten my path to peace and love. Checkmate.

If I had a prayer, it would be this: "God, spare me from the desire for love, approval or appreciation." Byron Katie

*God is good, God is everything –the end.
You go on with your illusion that something is not okay
and you lose
and you lose
and you lose. Byron Katie*

The moment I see you as less than whole and perfect. I am trapped. It's me. It's my projection.

Byron Katie

Follow the three Rs:
Respect for self
Respect for others and
Responsibility for all your actions.
Byron Katie

We need to become less concerned about whether or not we are needed or loved, and more concerned about whether or not we are *loving*. What have you done today, out of pure love with no expectations of returns for someone dear to you today? It is the glue that holds relationships together. When you are *loving*, it is a gift and will be retuned in many ways.

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