

The Wonder and Beauty of The Human Brain!

I have had my new glasses since the fall. The upgrade of prescription was “mild”, the frames remained same, and the scratches and dings in the lenses, that annoyed my clear view were gone!!!! Shoulda been a breeze – I’ve had bifocals and graduated gradient of focus almost forever and I am attached to my invisible frames.

It’s not been an unnoticed breeze! I have found it difficult to find the focal plane, have fiddled with them on my face (yes, they need an adjustment to sit still), and generally wondered, “what on earth?” I paid no further notice or conscious attention (or so I thought).

Before Christmas I was working on some Christmas ornament cross stitch projects and my experience of “not seeing right” became more apparent. In fact, I felt as if I was doing my cross stitch partially by braille. I wondered if maybe my lifespan with cross stitch was coming to a close as it was not as tidy and enjoyable as it used to be. I went to the pharmacy and bought myself a pair of magnifying glasses and presto – I could see with ease to work on my cross stitch again!!!! I was delighted with my idea.

Unbeknownst to me, my brain continued to reflect on, “what on earth?” Then it burst into my attention from seeming nowhere – a bursting, self-delighted feeling tone: I wonder if there might be an error in the filling of the prescription – specifically in the graduated focal distancing. Then a great idea to test my hypothesis – put my new glasses away and return to my former pair and go for a test drive. It did not take very long. When Joe came downstairs and commented immediately that I was not wearing my magnifiers, and asked if I could see with ease, using my former glasses I knew. I confidently related that I had noticed that I could see to cross stitch with ease using my former glasses and was just enjoying the freedom and ease. Now I knew my hypothesis was correct.

My dear scratched and dinged former pair of glasses were happily working with and for me – and obviously my eyes remained very well and capable (with the assist they needed). I was not even distracted in my view by the dings and scratches in the beginning. Yes, I called and spoke with the Manager, and graciously told my experience. With no expectations or demands for a resolution, and with my clear statement that I will not be in Sudbury anytime soon to bring my two pairs of glasses in (which should immediately specify the problem), I was assured that full resolution would occur when I felt comfortable returning to Sudbury.

Our Minds and brains do assume a dedicated search for the missing piece of information, or will generate a lengthy list of possible answers to any inquiry we give it (as in, “What is wrong with me?” or “How else might I explore and share my passion for photography?”). My Mind had appointed herself as investigator of “what on earth ...?”. No request from me, and no conscious awareness of mine either.

I sometimes refer to myself as Miss Mindful (with an ouchy tone) at humble moments like this (of which I have an uncounted abundance). This one is amplified as I have set a conscious intention to live more fully in my body and physical experiences and sensations this year. Ha! And, I paid little heed to really experiencing the lack of clear and easy vision, and to wonder a bit about “what on earth”. Good ol’ habit energy – to not attend to, to edit out of view or dismiss, minimize, ignore. Well, haven’t I selected a

great one to work with and on?!!! No time like the present. I say to myself, humbly, “want to grow it harder – wait for five more years, or ten, or longer – but beware as the consequences to your health and wellbeing might depend on living closer to home and in your dear physical body!!!! It might even save your life, Miss Mindful!”

Warm Regards,

Shelley & Becky

