

NO RHYME OR REASON

BY EVSTARR

Let's hope I can keep you from jumping all over the page with the theme of this article, which is *trust*. My mind is racing like a game of leapfrog. *Trust* means so many things to so many of us. A baby is the epitome of trust. Trusting that you'll change its diaper when wet, render its bottle when hungry, wrap it in a swaddling blanket when cold, cuddle it when it's starving for affection and basically attend to its every need. Are we born with an instinctive *trust*, or is it that we're still too young to experience our first betrayal, our first heartbreak piercing like a double-edged sword? Do we learn to distrust, or does it come naturally?

I can only speak from my own experiences. I feel that we are born innocent and trusting and somewhere along our paths we fall out of that innocence. We *trust*

our parents to love us and never leave us alone or scared. Then we have that first experience when we're left with the babysitter. Where oh where are mommy and daddy going, leaving me with this horrid stranger? Is that when we first fall out of trust? On the other hand, is it when mom sends us off to our first day of kindergarten? What do you mean I have to go to school all by myself with those mean kids? I thought you were going to take care of me forever and ever.

Now, we don't *all* experience such trauma when growing up, at least I would hope not. I myself don't have much recollection of my childhood before kindergarten. On the other hand, my years falling in and out of love are a whole'nother ball game. I have vivid memories of that first heartbreak over and over and over again. I remember only too well knitting a bright kelly green scarf that must've been six feet long for Jeffrey Norris, my heartthrob when I was

16. I trusted that after our Friday night date he'd show up on Saturday just like all the other times. Saturday came and went, so did Sunday, Monday, Tuesday...need I go on?

I sat in my room during Christmas break, playing the *Tea for the Tillerman* LP by Cat Stevens over and over again. I didn't hear from Jeffrey again until some years later. I hated the color kelly green and there I was left with a 6-foot kelly green scarf, alone in my room just me and Cat. *Trust* me, this scenario played itself out numerous times throughout my life, the names just changed along with the music.

So is this where it all started, my learning not to trust? No, I'd jump right back into the fire again, being the sentimental Cancer that I am. *I trust* you; if you say it's true...then it's true. Right? Wrong!

I've come a long way since those days of the kelly green scarf...and with it a long line of lost loves. Many of you may be aware that I've lost five boyfriends and one husband through death, each of them tragic. Not to worry, I've since worked through that Karma and understand the gift that each of those experiences brought to me. Talk about *trust* issues, it takes an awful lot of *trust* to fall in love again after so many deaths. I do understand that God doesn't put anything on our plate that he knows we can't digest.

*"I know God will not give me anything I can't handle.
I just wish He didn't trust me so much."*

— Mother Teresa

Or maybe I'm barking up the wrong tree and it's not an issue of trust at all. Is it abandonment issues that are my cross to bear? Why is it we have such a difficult time with trust when the Universe is perfect? What keeps it from falling out of the sky? It trusts implicitly.

Being a Cancer, we tend to be just a wee bit on the over-sensitive side, are you Cancers listening? On the flip side of the coin, we are exceptionally intuitive; trusting our instincts or hunches is one of our greatest assets. I can't tell you how many times I've had a gut feeling about something with absolutely no logic whatsoever to back it up. I'm sure whether you are a Cancer or an Aquarian or a turtle for that matter, you have had moments of intuition where you simply trusted and went with it.

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Take a look outside; go ahead, I'll wait. What do you see? Is the Sun shining, or is it that luminous silvery ball in the evening sky, the Moon? Do you doubt that the Sun will rise and the Moon will light up your nights? No, you *trust* that the Sun will keep on shining and the Moon will keep coming up. What about the birds, the squirrels? Picture this for a moment, will you; a squirrel lying on a psychiatrist's couch suffering an anxiety attack wondering where its next nut is coming from. Squirrels trust that the

Universe will provide...so do the rabbits, the sparrows and the sea gulls that fly over Lake Erie.

What about you? Now that I've painted this picture of our marvelous Universe that keeps on spinning, are you a still a doubting Thomas in your own life? In the Louise Hay work that I teach, we learn to let go of our fears and anxieties and *trust* the flow of life that God will provide. Think back to a time where you experienced deep anguish, when you thought your world was going to end. I'm here to tell you that if you're sitting here reading these words you've obviously survived what you thought was an excruciatingly horrible experience. You lived, didn't you? And you will live again and again and again.

So, don't worry if you don't get it right the first time; God will give you another chance. That's the beauty of reincarnation; we get to do over again those things we didn't get right the first time.. So quit beating yourself up trying to figure everything out from a logical point of view. When there is no rhyme or reason, just follow the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson —“Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason.”

Evstarr's spiritual journey has taken her coast-to-coast studying the various schools of thought. Look for her ever-popular Louise Hay classes starting in January. Register early, these classes fill up fast. Check out her new cable TV show Reach for the Moon with Evstarr. Contact Evstarr@yahoo.com for speaking engagements & visit www.reachforthemoon.net for latest listings & to be added to her mailing list.

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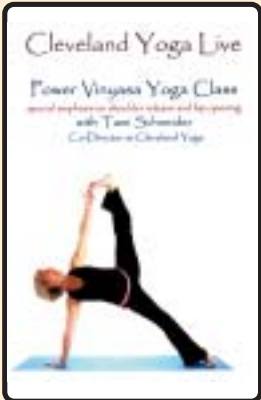
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