

Projector's Perspective by Becky Markley



Do Projectors really get juicy invitations or is this all theoretical stuff? Most of us probably have our stories of invitations that didn't work out and some that did bring that sweetness of success we hear about so much. Both types of stories have their value, but I'm going to start with a sweet invitation. By the way, I want to share your stories here so be sure to catch the end of this article.

In my experience, great invitations have come when I'm not panting and salivating for one. Just when I'm minding my own business doing my 1st line thing and boom. Somebody asks. They want something, of course. Segue to authority.

I'm in my 7th year of deconditioning and am increasingly aware of my splenic authority. That's another story, but it is important here to make a point. Authority is the linchpin for accepting correct invitations. So I had an invitation from Lynda to contribute an article for this newsletter. Now, I have more than plenty to do with digital books and I love it. And she asks if I want to write a Projector article. I usually need to **see** things first in order to decide. Then my spleen knows. Lynda magically sent me a draft of the newsletter. Ah, Yes is the answer. I just let the Yes sit for a few hours; I wasn't in a hurry to respond. I had other things to work on first.

Out of curiosity, I just now looked at the emails and there was a 4 hour 1 minute gap. If you're an open rooted, splenic Projector then you know how long that is. Eons. I was interested in what my mind would come up with. I knew that saying No would be a not-self decision. "Oh thanks, but I'm too busy." But this invitation fits me. I can write about my perspective. That's what I like to do. I'm here to do my own thing. Sweet. My spleen nods an ok. But my mind says do I have the time and what in the hell am I going to write? I'm splenic. I have no idea what I'm going to write until I start. Plus, I have no idea how it will end up. Score 0 for the mind. Segue to mythical 2005.

If I had been asked couple years ago, my mind would instantly have gone nuts with excitement. Yippee! Somebody thinks I'm of value! (Remember this is just my story.) I would have immediately, within seconds, shot back a Yes reply, my body would have been in fear from insecurity and I would have been thinking of all the reasons why I would be good (given the defined ego) and I would conjure up a list of things to write about and asked others what to write about and I would've stayed up all night hurrying to get something perfect to Lynda ASAP and lost sleep and given myself a headache. (The run-on sentence makes the point.) Pure craziness. My splenic response wouldn't have had any chance to get noticed, let alone seen what I needed to see. Score 120,874,234+ for the mind.

So Projectors want to know: How do the good invitations come?
Well, I was just doing what I love. Simple.
The drama and drudgery of 'Waiting' is not an issue any more.
Now how long did that take?

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*p.s. I'd like to share your **brief** story of a great invitation. Please send your **brief** story to becky@jovianarchive.com with the subject line "Projector." By **brief** I mean approximately a paragraph. (Sorry, if it's long, I won't read it.) Also I invite you to send suggestions for an article. Let me know your profile and type, if possible, birth data, too.*