

## Grasping at Straws

---

It's embarrassing to admit it, but it's clear to me that as I 'mature' into myself, well I may be a bottle shy of a six-pack. Now don't get me wrong, it's just that every time I think (operative word being 'think') I've gotten 'it' I am immediately hit with an emotional tsunami. As this large wave draws back into the sea I'm forced to acknowledge all the flotsam and jetsam of my 40 plus years of conditioning. And all of the litter on the bottom of the sea's floor is merely the aftermath of my past belief structures and systems that I've attempted to utilize to explain the different opinions and immovable attitudes I've adopted throughout the years.

However, today a very wise and learned individual shared with me an outlook that created the 'a-ha' that I have found life changing. It was a moment in which I actually experienced clarity. But before I share it, let me outline a little more of the dilemma. You see I'm still young enough in my Human Design understanding that I could be considered dangerous.

Historically speaking, my upbringing was as dysfunctional as most. A father who drank, a controlling mother, the stuff not-self neurotics are made of. Having had my share of therapies and of course my introduction to Human Design, I felt comfortable (as well as arrogant and superior) in my understanding of my parents roles in the conditioning of me. But in the last month or so, there has been a swelling anger about the role my father (a 3/5 Projector) has played in my life. If I stand back and merely observe my actions it is pretty embarrassing. I've been watching myself 'hide' behind my Design. I've been watching myself make my father 'wrong' (which is really pathetic since he's going to be 90 in May—I'll probably be picked up by the police for emotional Elder abuse). I've been hearing myself make those ugly superior statements like "He's not for me", "He's never recognized me", "He doesn't know or care about me", "He's a phony", and the whole time etherically waving my Human Design education, as if presenting proof as to why this poor old man needed to be excommunicated from the human race. For me there is nothing more humiliating than realizing that my mind has taken over and my opinions 'own' me. And, regarding the statement "He's not for me", well, could there actually be any statement more ridiculous when speaking about your own personal genetics? Seriously, not only is he for me, he is part of who I am! And how dare I at this stage of the game hold his Design against him? Now how disgusting is that? Haven't I learned anything? But I realize that the awareness I now gingerly hold is absolutely in response to the observations that my friend shared with me this morning.

Projector's – heads up. Being a Projector, I can attest to the absolute necessity of being 'invited', being recognized, for it is imperative to a healthy survival. However, there is a huge difference to 'wanting to be understood' as opposed to understanding. If I really **understand** how much I want to be understood, if I really get how important it is for my psyche to be recognized, then that immediately takes the pressure off of whatever or rather whomever I perceive I need it from. You see, it's not about others comprehending what we, as Projectors, need. It is about comprehending what we ourselves need.

As a Projector, I will always want to be recognized. It is not personal. Yet, my mind (or conditioning) says to have a healthy emotional relationship with my father (mother, brother, sister, fill in the blank...) he/she/they must 'understand' me. And I'm quite positive that this particular fantasy is not going to come to fruition. But, in light of this new awareness, I have to say that some of the anger really has dissipated. I may even call my Dad, which is miraculous in retrospect to how I had been feeling. I guess (at least in this moment) I'm starting to understand that people are not put on the planet to just understand me. What is terrific though is I derive the ultimate benefit from understanding myself. Truly, this is the greatest gift the Human Design System brings to all of us, no matter what our Type.