

Through the Eyes of a Grown-Up Child

The very first time Ra looked at my Rave, he said, “My, aren’t we deeply argumentative”. Of course my initial reaction was a “What do you mean by that?” internal comeback with a ‘put up your dukes’ kind of attitude. Case closed. Point taken. Looking back now, I can honestly say that he was being very kind.

One of the very most powerful things for me about Human Design was the flood of relief I felt when I finally became aware of my own conditioning. Finding out that I’m deeply argumentative, that I’m not designed to fit in and that not everyone’s for me, well, it has slowly started to help crack the ‘eggshells’ that I’ve been walking on my entire life.

I was thinking this afternoon about what it was like being a child – knowing of course what I know now through the eyes of Human Design. What a handful I must have been – I have an entirely new sense of respect and understanding for my parents. Sure, I was cute, precocious, etc. but just to give you an idea (Design wise), my root is locked and loaded at all times. I have the 58, 38, 54, 52 and 39 gates active twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, with the 54 being the only unconscious gate. I will always struggle to find my value (which is compounded by my natural proclivity for stubbornness!) Thank God I enjoy my own company (2/4 Profile) otherwise I’d be blowing like the geyser ‘Old Faithful’ every 30 minutes. I’ve got a lot of pressure going on, and I am easily provoked. Now add an undefined solar plexus to the mix, and any parent would have had their hands full. Which is only now why I am starting to understand and appreciate my parents and their child rearing skills. In retrospect they did a great job.

First of all, I’m a projector. And you know how we are; we’re down right desperate to be recognized. Now combining that with a 2/4 profile you already have a conflict in the way I approach life. It’s hard to be recognized when you’d rather be a hermit. Luckily, the ‘4’ of my unconscious is always seeking opportunities and getting called out (much to the hermit’s chagrin). And I was definitely a crybaby. Over emotional, subject to fits, and triggered by just about anything. I’m sure I wasn’t always pleasant to be around. Since I would be so inconsolable in my outbursts, I can see why my parents felt it would be best not to tell me anything until it was absolutely necessary. Not exactly Dr. Spock protégées, but they were doing the best they could. In their eyes I must have been an amazing challenge.

There is one distinct event that when filtered through the teachings of Design has given me the opportunity to not only see myself, but also to release the bitterness I’ve accrued over the last 40 years. I’m actually smiling now as I think of my parents ‘neglecting’ to tell me at the tender age of 7 that we were moving (only to arrive home from school to find a very large moving van parked in front of the house and my room empty). They ‘neglected’ sharing many things with me – and I truly understand that in their minds it was for my own good. Let me assure you that when I’ve looked at it in the past, it was either on a therapist’s couch or from one of my own self induced pitying depressions. That one event provided the ‘truth’ I needed to be able to blame (with absolute self-righteous indignation) my poor unsuspecting parents. And the point, you may ask? Well, if I would have to choose the most important aspect of Human Design, it would be its unfaltering ability to provide a new platform that allows me to see my life from an entirely new perspective. That in turn provides me with the ability to make different choices so that I can become an active and essential part in achieving my own happiness. The awareness available is so deep that I can actually ‘forgive’ others and myself. As a carpenter friend of mine once remarked during one of my complaint festivals – “Get off the cross, I need the wood” well, that’s kind of what my relationship with Design has done. It’s taken away my cross.

Compromised by my undefined solar plexus, it is understandable as to why I would be such a nervous wreck at a young age. It’s hard to be recognized when no one tells you anything. I spent most of my youth asking people ‘what’s the matter?’ or ‘are you mad at me?’. If they replied ‘no’ then I naturally assumed that they were angry with me, and just wouldn’t tell me. So there I was riding everyone else’s wave, thinking it was me. Also, being ‘blessed’ with the 38th and 39th gate, well, let’s face it. My energy is not something that could be classified as warm and fuzzy, particularly if my energy has provoked someone (or has been provoked by someone) in some unknown way. And then of course, no one knew that life wasn’t necessarily personal. In fact, I was conditioned to believe that absolutely everything was

personal. Back then, I didn't know about the option of walking 20 feet outside of the auric field. In view of my conditioned need to bulldoze ahead, and not being aware of the strategy of 'waiting', I can see just how early in life I started to accrue the bitterness. It is amazing how 'freeing' it is to view my life now without the need to blame or hold anyone else responsible-including myself. Which is not to say I don't do any blaming now. Of course I do – it just means I'm much more aware of it and can sometimes even stop it dead in its tracks.

Too bad we don't have a primer available for parents. Just a little 'heads up' guide for the masses like "Dick and Jane Meet Design". How different life would have been had I known that 'not everyone' was for me. How different it all would have been if I had been aware of my sensitivity. Crybabies Unite!

But bitterness aside, I have quite a few years left with this experiment and I stopped crying over spilt milk quite a while ago. And for what it's worth, I have a brand new perspective to live from. I get to do it over without the need for an analyst's couch.

Mark Twain summed it up best when he wrote, "When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years." So goes my journey with Design, one step at a time, one year at a time. The farther I get along the road the more ironic it gets and the more grateful I become. And as luck would have it, I get to notice the perfection in the geometry. It couldn't have happened at a better time.