

## The Spleen Screams!

My spleen occasionally speaks loudly and clearly. It screams NO!!!!!!! The powerful vibrations that course through, and take over my body, make my heart pound, my ears go deaf, and signal that I must stop and listen – to my body’s wisdom. This body has my full attention and my mind goes numb. It feels like I have stuck my finger in an electrical outlet. It does not feel good, but it won’t let me withdraw. What does this mean?

“NO,” obviously.

This time I need to retreat to ponder what the “NO!!!!!!” is in response to. Is it something I’m not supposed to do? Is this someone who is a NO?

I lie in bed and let my thoughts wander – no agenda or “trying” to figure it out. I let thoughts come and go until my spleen responds to one. I write it down on a post-it. Is this my truth? Maybe. I take more time for my knowing to emerge. One thought mutates from another, a kind of synthesis, a process that takes me to clarity later. This journey of getting to know my splenic authority takes time to re-learn, as it has been corrupted from the forces of the past by those people and ideas that conditioned me to believe they knew better. I must learn to trust my splenic authority instead. Sometimes it’s confusing. Tests of the gods to see if once again, I ignore and suffer the result of not honoring this whisper of my fates, or in this case, an undeniable force that, if ignored, will land me again in hot water or burned at the stake. Freakdom, or smoking bitterness – which result is it to be this time?

I look at my design again. I remember the Individual & Incarnation Cross readings Ra gave me in Toronto last May – “do it your way” is my mantra. My cross of individualism – the only cross with all four gates that are individual - dictates that I must, to fulfill my purpose, do it my way, to not conform, not follow anybody else’s rules, to upset people (who in the end may like what I did anyway). Having the uninvited, painful emotional waves come crashing into my body. That’s not fun. Or is it?

So my protection is that I am deaf to outer influences. My spleen was responding to that part, a big part of me. “No, this isn’t right.” Go deaf. Don’t hear the influence. Don’t hear the way the other wants me to do it. It isn’t right for me to compromise, to dishonor my design. Ra said that the collective talent pulls me to conform, to share and be normal. The polar opposite of what a freak is designed to be. To be a potential mutative force. Big things, little things.

No blame. It’s just not right for me.

I feel humbled by the accuracy of my mechanics, by the sadness I experience having to say no to the invitation. The invitation just isn’t right for me. The invitation is over. I’m done. My spleen tells me that in no uncertain terms. The initial experience from which my spleen responded leaves my spirit feeling crushed, like a smashed cigarette on the sidewalk. Another sign of “NO.” My sadness and melancholy drives home that this invitation is not in the right spirit. My deep sadness seems to come from the loss I feel letting go of my collective talent that must surrender to my individuality. And probably the loss of Projector recognition, although I don’t consciously feel that as much.

This sadness marks an ending, a death. Of a relationship. Of a dream. Of something I thought I needed to fix, a transference from my motivation of hope. Of the way it was. There is a mutation inherent in this process. Things have to be different, they will be different. There is no choice. I cannot will it to stay the same. I have changed. My perceptions have changed. Have refined. Perhaps a sleeping phoenix will rise in a new form, or not. If so, to begin again from a repaired foundation, a shifted foundation. A sense of relief that the bond has been broken from one of my many not selves. That this sacred ground of my "self" is one tiny step closer to my true nature. I feel grateful for this experience as it moves me one step away from FUBAR.

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So, I can share my talent only if invited and only if I can do it my own way. Only then will the spleen potentially say yes. Only then do I have a chance of provoking the right spirit in others, in myself, and have the potential to mutate or not. I never know what is mutated, or even if there is a mutation. It just happens. Sometimes I hear back about it. Usually not. It's a trust in the perfection of the right "thing" at the right time if I'm surrendered to where this body and this life take me.

And so I read Human Design charts my way based on my research, and is "channeled" through my unique intuitive voice that initiates people into living their uniqueness.

I study, research and investigate in my own way.

I teach people about Human Design in my own way.

I teach people logical things, like how to use software, if I can do it my way.

Amen.

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