

The Spleen Speaks Softly...

Story 1

Years ago, I moved my then teenage kids and myself into a new house after a painful divorce. After moving in, I remember hearing a whisper, like a light tap on my noggin only it was an acoustic voice, letting me know, for my information, that I wasn't going to be staying in the house very long. "You're not going to stay here long." I heard that message several times. I thought it was nonsense, but I did hear it and did remember it. I did move about a year and half later, to my surprise. Was that the spleen?

Story 2

My favorite car color has always been blue. Never had one, always wanted one. Maybe next time. I had, at the time, a silver Subaru wagon to tote teens around in, and for them to learn to drive. Segue to couple years later. I am at a state-wide high school drill team competition with my daughter, a drill team member. We are staying at a motel. One of the other mothers drives a champagne-colored new car. I love the color! Doesn't make sense. I have never liked that color before. Weird. Oh, well. One day the Subaru died. Couldn't be fixed. I'm now in a new relationship and we decide to buy a car together. As we're sitting in the Subaru lot discussing which Subaru to buy next, I spot a champagne colored '93 Honda Accord. In that moment I know it's the car we're going to buy. Wrong color, wrong make, I thought. I surrendered. We bought the car in 1996 and are still driving it.

Story 3

I heard the whisper to back up my hard drive. Maybe I give the feeling a voice. I think: Ok, ok, I'll get to it. It takes a long time to back up files to cds. Didn't know about external hard drives at that time. So I get many files burned to cd, but not the most recent ones. My hard drive crashes. I had months of warning. Ignoring that whisper cost me a huge loss of data. Much was recovered but not my Quicken files or my spreadsheets. Of the files that were restored, I had to open and name hundreds of them, as the recovery only gives the file a number. And many of the audio files were corrupted or mysteriously merged with other audio files. Hmm...well, now I back up every day to an external 1-terabyte hard drive.

Story 4

The spleen speaks a little louder. One day I was introduced to the new (romantic) partner of my employer. I got a big hit/vibration/knowing to stay away from this person. I did. Avoided that person as much as I could. I still don't know why and it doesn't matter. I suppose I'm glad I didn't have to find out!

Story 5

I'm noticing that when I look at cards (birthday, wedding, etc.) at a store, that I eventually buy the card that my hand usually picks up first. So now I just buy the 1st card and save lots of time "deciding."

Story 6

Sometimes I watch the TV show Entertainment Tonight. Pure junk. They have a segment where you can choose one of three celebrities who have a certain characteristic (Who graduated from Berkeley High School?) Then they show the three pictures. I get a hit. IF I don't think about it, I almost always get it right. This is dull mundane trivia that I'm not aware of knowing. If I think about the answer, usually because I think I know, I'm usually wrong.

Story 7

An ongoing experiment to recognize and honor my spleen. The spleen is the body (not mind). The body (spleen) makes my decisions. Now that I work from home and can usually get up when I want, when do I want to? The experiment is to lie in bed until my body gets up. Occasionally I do need to set the alarm for an appointment, so I may ignore my spleen. But it's amazing how I can just lay there, thinking whatever, just waiting until my body moves. Sometimes I play with my mind and tease it. The cat meowing at the door. Too bad for her. I just lay there until I move. The sun rises during the spring-summer around 5:30 am. I'm awake but just lying there. Ok, body, are you ready yet? No movement. Sure would like some coffee. No movement. Gotta pee. Ah, ha! Gotcha! Body moves. Maybe. Maybe not.

I wake up at 2 am and can't get back to sleep. What to do? Just lie there. Maybe my hand reaches up to turn on the reading light. Maybe I pick up the mystery book and start reading. Maybe I just roll over and lie awake. I let my body decide. It's really quite amazing what happens when I don't let my mind decide. It just happens. And I can FEEL the difference. Mind decisions seem to cause discomfort, a kind of uncomfortableness. It just doesn't feel right.

Story 8

It can be very difficult for me to feel the soft splenic responses when around other people or loud environments. Noise is very distracting as well as any activations of my open centers. It's easy for hunches to go by unnoticed. I'm still learning how to differentiate the difference between the frequencies of amplified, distorted openness and the frequencies of the splenic response. How to taste just the eggs in a cake batter? My 1st line body would rather be alone anyway, so I'm happy with being alone most of the time. I rarely go to movies, theatre, parties, etc. any more. Restaurants with food I love is the exception, but still infrequent.

Maybe I'm still in the grade school of splenic awareness.

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