

Control → and why to STOP IT!

So many tend to feel that we must be in control of ourselves, our lives, and in some cases, of others. What is the definition of “control”? It is *“to exercise restraining or directing influence over”* or *“to have power over”* and *“the power to have influence or direct people's behaviour, or the course of events”*.

Do you wish to exercise restraint over yourself? Do you wish for your ego mind to have full directing influence or power over your life path and/or choices? This is a very different way to look at the idea of being in control of oneself, isn't it? And then, when you take it further, how do you feel about having anyone or anything restraining you, directing its influence over you, influencing your behaviour - and ultimately having **power** over you? (Most really dislike that don't they?) Would you do that to someone you love, someone you know - anyone?! If so why? Why would you choose to do that? Now, perhaps there are certain circumstances whereby to protect ourselves, or others, when perhaps, some one is doing harm to others, it may be appropriate.

For now though, let's put ourselves into a place of self responsibility, where we act with respect for all around us. Yet, we are creative and we choose to be the best we can be in each moment of now. How authentically creative can we be with restraints, outside influence, outside direction or power, when our true and authentic creativity comes from our heart, our beingness our **greater being**? What good is it to control that authenticity and creativity? When we trust ourselves, our **greater being** (who for me is my best friend), without restraint, then there is no limit to our creative abilities - we find ourselves in boundlessness. I find it to be time for a new word to express our ability to be unlimited, boundless, unbridled etc - all of those are un-something that restrains us.

What about *Heartacious Creativity*? What about saying - **“When we trust ourselves, our greater being, without restraint, then there is no limit to our creative abilities - we find ourselves in Heartacious Creativity.”** Much better!

Now, with the mention of being “unbridled”, I have a story to share about how I first recognized that I will do better when I trust, and let go of control. I learned this by listening to a horse - a very wise, evolved soul, my then best friend, Chippee.

Chippee was in a very big horse body. He was very handsome, funny and altogether a jokester!! He always had a big grin on his face, and had he been a human, I felt he would have often been playing practical jokes on people. He and I had a bond unlike any other I have experienced since being in this physical body. I had known scores of other horses in my long connection to the equine and equestrian world. After well over 40 years, I had never had this sort of connection with a horse. He actually was the one who showed me what it is to feel unconditional love.

Chippee was a Dutch Warmblood, about 16:3hh and probably weighed about 1400lbs. He was tall, and I'm kinda short!! When we went out in the fields and woods together, me on board, we had so much fun. I was taught for most of my life that us riders must be in full control of our horses, because they are big, and we are small - that they must always see us as the boss. It made sense - until I met Chippee. Back to the fun - we would go out across the fields and through the woods, he would just buck for fun. Normally when a horse bucks, it's quite unsettling and often they do it because they are unhappy with the rider, or something is hurting. Not with Chippee. He just bucked because he felt good and wanted to joke around. Once I recognized this, and because he never really shifted me, I started to enjoy his playing and it would make me laugh. The more he bucked, the more I would laugh, the more I laughed, the more he would buck! He would go along with his tongue slightly sticking out the right side of his mouth. It was comical, and I always giggled at him.

So, you get the picture. He and I were really good buddies. When this story that I am going to share happened, we had been friends for about 7 or 8 years. He wasn't a young horse by then, he was around 18 or 19 years old, which is not at all young when you are in a horse body. He didn't need any more training, so I would just keep him well and happy, along with the other horses I cared for. We lived on New York state on a lovely farm where there were the woods and fields all around us. But in

winter, it was mighty cold. So cold that it was better for all involved not to bother going out riding in the woods. So, I would let him (and the others) run around the indoor arena loose to take exercise and have fun during the winter months - from about the end of December through to March. So, probably about 3 months no riding. Here is where the story starts:

It got to be slightly less cold weather this particular March, so I decided that it was time to get on and ride Chippee. I went to the tackroom and brought back a saddle and bridle to put on him so that I could go and ride him in the indoor arena. I put on the saddle and went to put on the bridle. (For people who know nothing about horses or riding, I will explain a little about tack/bridles) A bridle has a metal bit that goes in the mouth and the rest of the leather parts go over the head behind the ears, and the reins go from the bit to the rider's hands. I mentioned before that Chippee was tall. To put the bridle on, he had to be agreeable. He always used to test me, but this particular day, I went to put the bit in his mouth and he said "**No**". I said, "*come on Chippee, I have to put the bridle on to ride you*". He repeated "**No**", and I felt he meant it. So, as we were just going to go to the indoor arena. I went back to the tackroom and got the bitless bridle - a hackamore, which just goes around the nose and then up and over the head behind the ears, with the reins from nose to hands. So, off we went and he took some exercise in the arena. That was all just fine.

The next day, I decided the weather was fine enough out to go and ride across the fields, so I went to the tackroom and brought the saddle and bridle. I put the saddle on, and went to put the bridle on, but he said "**No**". I said "*please Chippee, we are going to go across the fields today and I can't ride you without the bridle*". He said "**No**" again, so I pleaded with him, "*Please Chippee, I can't ride you without the bridle*". Finally, he relented and let me put the bridle on. Off we went and had a lovely ride across the fields.

The next day came time to go out again. I fetched the saddle and bridle, and same thing. I went to put the bridle on, and Chippee said "**No**". I pleaded again, "*I can't ride you without the bridle Chippee, please . . .*" Now, during all this, I heard him saying to me "*if you can't trust your best friend, who can you trust?*" - but I wasn't listening. After a bit more

pleading he relented, and off we went.

The next day came time to go out again. I fetched the saddle and bridle, and same thing. I went to put the bridle on, and Chippee said **“No”**. I pleaded again, *“I can't ride you without the bridle Chippee, please . . .”* Again, during all this, I heard him saying to me *“if you can't trust your best friend, who can you trust?”* - but I still wasn't listening.

So here I am - now, after four days of his saying **“No”** to the bridle and now two days of him asking me *“if you can't trust your best friend, who can you trust?”* I'm there asking him to let me put on the bridle AGAIN - but this time I heard him asking *“did you have to pull me in the mouth the last three days?”* In other words - did I really NEED the bridle? Did I really NEED to **control** him? NOW, I was listening. I was hearing what he was asking me, and finally I was listening.

“No Chippee, I did not need to pull you in the mouth the last three days. Not once, and therefore I DO trust you”. I went right back to the tackroom to fetch the hackamore - the bitless bridle. And off we went across the fields, walk, trot, canter and gallop just as he and I pleased. From that day on, I never put the bit in his mouth when we went alone riding across the fields and through the woods. I allowed him to change pace as he chose instead of my dictating it as I had always been taught to do when riding horses. We were in **co-operation**. I was no longer trying to be in **control**. We had so much fun - SO much fun!!

This whole episode taught me two extremely important things.

First: **If you can't trust your best friend, who can you trust?**

Trusting my greater being as my best friend is a beautiful thing.

Second: **If you let go of control, magic can happen.** Cooperation can happen. Inflowment can happen.

And wow, what a feeling.