

Carolyn's Life Reflection

Dedicated to those individuals whose hearts are heavy,
who want to feel hope, and want to believe that
their life can become extraordinary.



LIFE IS A FUNNY THING. We are born into a particular family, raised in a particular place, given certain guidelines and expectations to follow by the people in our life, and we travel the road that seems to be plotted for us, often without considering any other way. We accept the course given to us without a thought and simply travel it without realizing we have a choice. While it may not have been possible to change our initial earthly heritage, it is possible to change the course we now travel. This I learned on my journey after multiple decades, and my perception of life transformed from accepting what was given to me to knowing my inborn power to choose what I want for my life.

My life began in a small town in Southern New Jersey, home of those big brown-eyed Jersey cows. Like those cows, I was endowed with large brown eyes, so often I'm told my eyes look like cow eyes. Any connection I wonder? I had center stage until siblings arrived on the scene nine and thirteen years later. Life was very structured and rigid religious guidelines were employed. I had to adhere to more don'ts than do's, but accepted all as the way it had to be.

My teenage years created a new dilemma for me. I had questions and wondered deeply about things. My mind seemed to travel to places I didn't understand but because of the religious beliefs of my family I couldn't get satisfying answers. Neither did I feel I could share my innermost thoughts. Therefore, I buried them deep within me and created a rebellious attitude during that era of my life. My wings were spreading and wanted to fly, but they were continually clipped, making flying impossible at that time.

So, the stage was set for me at an early age to ignore my inner thoughts and follow what I was told to do. If I didn't, I would be punished, something I didn't like too much. Like it or not, it was difficult for me to follow the rules, so punishment loomed over me and a feeling of unworthiness and guilt permeated my innermost being just as an early morning fog filters upon the earth. College years came and much fear erupted. From my very sheltered upbringing, which included small church schools for my education, entering a major university kind of knocked me for a loop. My eyes were certainly opened to the ways of the world in a big way. I developed a spastic colon and other discomforts, all of which I learned later were simply from the stress of new things making waves but old patterns and beliefs causing major fear if I ventured into new territory. Not knowing this at that time, I continued the journey plotted for me in the best way I could.

Forced into taking piano lessons and hating it for years, yet finding I was proficient in learning the skill, I began accompanying for church and my school choruses, then finally became the college accompanist for many events in the