

My Trip Back To Me...How I Reclaimed My, Joy, Health, And Emotional Well-Being

There is a saying that when you know better, you do better. I say, you can know better but you only do better once you understand that your thoughts and behaviors are doing you and possibly others, a dis service. It is common for the human mind to “check out” and dismiss thoughts that require us to “check ourselves”. Becoming introspective can be scary. But that is what is required if we want a life where we feel whole, confident and at peace with who we really are. – Jennifer Bell

Chapter 4

My life continued at a more normal pace (for Miami living), after about a year of my friend's passing. I think I just got tired of being sad. However, I was never “single”. There was always a man in my life. I think I was just happy that I could actually have feelings for someone else, when for a while, I questioned if I would ever find another connection like I had with my friend. In each situation, I thought I was able to handle not receiving a commitment from the man. But I became involved in relationships from which I wanted to escape, but my evolved feelings kept me from moving on.

As for the rest of my life, I continued to work, attend church, and spend time with friends. In Summer of 1999, I went to a regular doctor's appointment. My Ob/Gyn, detected a small fibroid tumor. He told me it was of minor concern because it was so small that it would probably dissolve on it's own. He said we would “watch it”. A year later, at my annual check up, an examination concluded that my fibroid had grown. I was given the option of having a myomectomy or hysterectomy. As I have already mentioned, I decided to have the myomectomy. I was in my mid 30's and wanted the opportunity to have a child. At the time I did not know about UFE procedures, so having a myomectomy was the obvious solution.

The procedure was successful, and when I looked at the photo of the twenty-four little fibroids that had developed inside me, I wondered, “What caused the one small one to grow into so many more in a year?” I may never know exactly what caused the first tumor to exist or why so many grew over time. I do find it interesting that from 1998 to well into 1999, my period of mourning and the manner in which I attempted to recover did not serve me well. It would be hard to think that my medical condition had no relation to my emotional health.

This was the beginning of me thinking more about my life and wanting to feel better than I was feeling. At the time, I had not considered that although my mourning period ended, I turned into a woman who was out of emotional alignment with who I really was. I started thinking about why my friend's death affected me as it had, beyond just the sadness of him being gone. I began to question if I deserved to have a man of my own.

I had boyfriends in the past, but I began to think about some common denominators serving as signs of why I chose the men I did. Before I reconnected with my friend who passed, I was in a relationship that ended after five years. Although that relationship was great and a blessing in so many ways, I remember a particular incident. I was competing in Las Vegas at the National Finals of Ms. Fitness competition. After

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initiating a serious conversation with me about an hour before I was to go on stage to perform, he left Vegas. I was stunned and barely got through my routine. But I came in 10th place out of fifty competitors, so thank God for focus!

Although I did not technically break up with him, I had received a job offer as Director and Choreographer for the Miami Heat Dancers and moved to Miami with no hesitation. He conducted the official break up call a year later, even though it was obvious that my move to Miami was the beginning of our end. I knew that we were just not meant to be together but I would not be the one to break up and leave the relationship entirely.

There was a pattern that I would eventually notice. Prior to my five year relationship, I was never really in a committed relationship. It was easier (or so I thought), for me to just have fun and enjoy companionship and not require or ask any more from the man. So even though I enjoyed relationships, there was a reason I never demanded more. The relationships would usually just fizzle out and I would move on. I had grown accustomed to the lack of commitment and people leaving.

Ironically though, I never liked the idea of people I was close to, leaving me. I did not like when my Daddy left for business trips. And I remember crying my eyes out when I was little and heard the back door close, only to find out my Mama left for a PTA meeting and I had not heard her say good bye. And while Mama and Daddy have been happily married now for 54 years, I remember when my parents almost separated. I think my Daddy had packed, but changed his mind. At least that is the memory from my perspective as a child. I have never mentioned those memories to them, but they are all vivid to me. The memories may sound silly and dramatic as I recall them, but why do I feel emotional writing about this even now? I think because from an early age, I knew I did not like feeling abandoned or having loved ones leaving unexpectedly. Subconsciously, this fear of abandonment stayed with me into adulthood. So I spent my life in continuous movement to avoid it, only to send off my real vibration of what I didn't want and experiencing just that.

To be continued.....

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