

Newsletter from Dr. Iyer

July - August, 2015

Fear

I recently had lunch with an acquaintance who was lamenting her lot in life. There was the fact that she has to work for a living, but more important were the periodic bouts of panic she has about not making it. Not surviving. Not making enough moola to cover the rent – or in her case, two mortgages.



I've heard this story a lot. Not the two mortgages part – but some variation on the terror that can grip the belly when the specter of homelessness or “not surviving” starts to creep up.

For some reason or Act of God this does not happen to be one of my main terrors. So, I can discuss it with the view from being outside its major grip. I also want to offer the caveat that I am most certainly not free of fear; and my own variation of demons lurk in the basement, periodically scurrying up the stairs ready to pull out my nails and yank my hair.

Back to the safe territory of basic survival. I can say there has been only one time in my life I cavorted with this particular devil of doom. And that was when I cohabited with a man whose proclivity for lying only matched his ability to overdraw our credit card. I distinctly remember one particular frozen Spokane winter day, staring at the ceiling and realizing I really, really did not have any idea how I would pay the mortgage that month. In retrospect, this particular moment stemmed from one of my more sinister demons relating to deceit, but it tapped deeply enough into the survival stream that I do know how that one tastes.

Most of the time, though, where my mind goes with this facet of earth life is more brimming with possibility and adventure. I suspect this is due to Grace. I remember the time in college, when I was living in the student health center – allowed to sleep in a bed there every night in exchange for being on call in the emergency room. I had scrounged a few dollars that month doing some ward clerk work, so I headed to the grocery store for my weekly shopping spree. As I stood there eyeing the possibilities, I did some quick math that told me the turnips were the best buy – pound for penny, so I bagged up as many as my dollars would cover and headed home. Now I know for sure that living on a bag of turnips for a week and sleeping in an infirmary bed would strike some as being out there on the limb of barely surviving. But that's the point, see? I didn't feel that way. Not even a little. All this sort of living is just an adventure to me. I somehow know I can make it –

until I don't – and then that's how it will end. And that's OK with me.

The point here is that if anyone – even one single person – can live in similar dire straits as your worst nightmare (no matter what that is) and come out of it grinning, there is some likelihood that you, too, could begin to see your circumstances in some slightly different way. Even trying this on for size could rank as a novel adventure.

This opens up such amazing possibilities. Just imagine this: whatever your worst nightmare is ---- isn't. This is freedom.

Snippets of Information:

- You Tubes of talks: <https://www.youtube.com/user/DocMAWallace/>. Please pass on to anyone who may benefit from these. I'm providing these free of charge as a service, hoping to share the work I've already done. There are trailers here as well as full talks; and a couple excerpted meditations that folks might find useful.

Joy to you! ~ Mary Ann Iyer, MD

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