



I am sure you are familiar with the quote, "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast." (Yes, breast, not beast.) Many think Shakespeare is the author, but in actuality it was written by William Congreve (1670-1729) as a character's quote from his tragic play, "The Mourning Bride". In Congreve's time breast referred to the upper torso. Almeria (the bride) is reflecting on how to assuage her deep yearning and passion for her new husband who she believes is dead.

This misquote using beast (definitely inappropriate to use in this scene) instead of breast has implied a "beast" outside of ourselves, absolving us of personal responsibility or attachment. The true quote is more powerful when contemplated. What is it inside yourself that rages, surges in your body, causes you mental and physical pain, demanding to be recognized and appeased? What is your internal imperative, your yearning? You are aware of this feeling. What causes your stomach to churn, head to ache, the consistent boiling inside demanding for that release of pent up steam? What is it inside you that demands that the "music" be played? What needs to be done to ease this burden?

Putting your finger on this "rage" can sometimes be no easy accomplishment. What you thought was your "rage" could be "rages". What is your rage(s)? What are you internally yearning to be soothed? This may be a daunting journey, but not impossible. Hunting down these rages brings about the healing mentally, physically, emotionally and spiritually of oneself. When the mental torment is dissipated, the physical and emotional symptoms are given the go ahead to subside and your spiritual path is clear to continue your journey.

Did I need to find and acknowledge my internal "savage breast"? Yes. Did I, once I recognized it, have to wage a war of sorts without turning my body inside out? Yes. My latest battle was an ongoing war. I have wanted to write for most of my life. The desire was buried deep within me, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. How could I place something down on paper that may be ridiculed? I was fine doing writing that was in conjunction with my nursing career. That was safe, that was dispensing information akin to dispensing medication, no problem. But when it came to the possible sharing of thoughts, feelings, opinions, or outlooks, it was a battlefield. I dared not save anything I wrote. I would tear up into tiny pieces anything I wrote before throwing it away.

No trace to be found and read by anyone! I wrote no diary, no journal. No one would be able to attribute any writing to me! No one would be able to accuse me of "not being good enough, interesting enough". My having personal thoughts being criticized by others. Add to this some "advice" from my mother stressing the importance of never writing anything down that has the possibility of being in print. The war was over before it ever began. This turmoil brewed inside me for decades. Life itself was the perfect out. No time- family to raise, work too consuming or too tiring, grandkids to watch. What more could I ask for? You get the picture. I encased this internal imperative behind lovely stucco. But there was more and deep down I knew it. I felt it churning, aching, the voice demanding, LET ME OUT! And then came the war cry, DO THIS! People started telling me to write a book, others that there was a writer in me, still others asking me if I was a writer. Okay Universe, so you had to hit that wall and me with a sledge hammer. I got the message. WRITE.

Sometimes you need help along the way. First you need to calm your body's internal turmoil long enough to start thinking and feeling clearly. Once your path has been cleared you may need help in waging your own personal battle to find and then soothe that "rage". Not to worry, you found Kryscheno. Not by accident I might add, but that is a discussion for another day.

Did I need help to be comfortable in my own skin to take this on? You bet I did! Writing is my "music" that soothes my savage breast within. You, here, now, reading what I have written is a big part of that soothing. I thank each and every one of you. Thank You. I would also like to thank Krystene and Deb. Thank You Krystene and Deb!

You will be hearing more from me on a consistent basis in weeks to come. In "Ponder This..." you will find articles that contribute to your (and mine) self-improvement, growth, healing and empowerment; these may touch on your mental, physical, emotional and spiritual selves; and you may find stories to make you laugh or make you cry. Subject matter will be varied, far reaching or just far out. (All to keep me and you on our toes!)

Please start to explore Kryscheno and everything offered here.

*With Gratitude,*

*Kai*