



# Personal Perceptions



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## Some May Say I'm a Dreamer...

She laughed and called me a “dreamer”. She said it as though I was an adult who had forgotten to put away my childhood toys. I’ve been called that before – and other things, such as idealist, blind optimist, Pollyanna, eternal enthusiast, devoted believer, naïve fool, flower child, utopian devotee, and even a romantic zealot. When I was younger, these words wounded me. I felt defensive as I pointed out instances of when I was pragmatic, level-headed, cynical, and unflinchingly realistic. I would always end my defensive rant with a sharp – witted verbal barb just to emphasize my point. I felt that to be labeled a “dreamer” or similar adjective was something detrimental to my character – as if I didn’t possess the survival skills to navigate life’s uncertain roads. I couldn’t recall one instance when the label of “dreamer” was a compliment to someone – unlike the descriptions of people who were “practical”, “down-to-earth”, “logical” or “analytical”. So I choose to hide my natural nature and began to display the more seemingly desirable qualities mentioned above. As the years passed, I encased my dreamer’s heart in layers of normalness so I could assimilate with the mass majority of those with whom I was surrounded. I assured myself that one day, when appropriate, I would easily unwrap the layers surrounding my dreamer’s heart and would return to my natural dreamer nature. I underestimated how difficult this task would become.

A few years ago I had quite an awakening. I believe most of us do at some point in our lives. An awakening that serves as a catalyst for change as we start to question our lifestyles, loves, and accomplishments. It was at this point that I deemed it an appropriate time to unwrap my heart and return to the idealist that I had always been. I had not anticipated that the layers of normalness had hardened into solid walls of practicality, separated by rooms of fear. I began to slowly chisel away the stone, day by day, as I allowed myself to have lingering thoughts about the possibilities of my life. I began to write again, slowly at first, and I began to have conversations with others, and myself, timidly at first, until the walls started to crumble, brick by brick. I realized that this journey was not without spiritual essence, (I now know that it was required). It took years, but I didn’t give up, determined to reclaim my true nature of trusting myself, others, nature, and guidance from above.

Each day I remind myself of who it is I want to be in this world. Sometimes I stray from this ideal, but I eventually return, some times quicker than others. I now understand that there are more people out there, too, trying to reclaim their dreamer’s hearts, struggling through the difficulty of it. It is my hope that we continue the battle, ban together in this journey searching for our selves – supporting and inspiring each other, laughing, crying, and trusting each other. But most importantly, knowing that to be a dreamer is something special in this world, we hold the hopes of humanity in our hands, something that a pragmatic cannot attain.

*-Angela Frisby*

## **‘Aumakua**

Seekers. Always moving.  
Searching, swimming,  
Diving deep to see if we  
Can catch a glimpse  
Of our True selves.

Looking not with eyes,  
Hearing not with ears.  
Breathing, digging,  
Pleading, crying,  
Dying to be Known.

Spirit of the Wind,

### **Who whispers answers To the heart?**

And though we could  
Believe (it's You),  
Our wounds still bleed  
From days long past  
And make it hard to Trust.

So, ours is a religion not  
Of men, but ancient  
Creatures of the deep  
Who come to us by Accident...  
Or so we choose to think.

And we are claimed. Renamed.  
Accepted in their sacred circle.  
We'd like to think  
We're wiser but  
The Turtles know the Truth.

*---Robin Hansel*

### *Thank You!*

*Thank you Robin, Brenda, and  
Janeen for your submissions to  
this month's newsletter. As we ask  
you to continue to submit  
writings, drawings, and photos,  
we also ask others to submit their  
work to be included. Please share  
your talent with us!*

Changing Perceptions classes will resume  
after this summer. Please continue to read  
our newsletter for updates!



*Photo by: Brenda Nickolaus*

## **Synchronicity**

Words came through his mouth from deep  
within his heart. Words meant for her that he  
had been carrying with him like a favorite  
picture in his wallet.

It was time for these words to come to her,  
thoughts she had been hiding from, words she  
would not speak to herself. He knew that it  
was time. A voice whispered in his ear "now".

They came out of him and attached themselves  
to her. She wore them now like a silk scarf  
around her neck. They floated in the wind,  
trailing her like violet smoke, not willing to let  
her hide from them any longer. These words  
were now a part of her, no more hiding, no  
chance of escape. What will she do with these  
words of love and truth?

The power of an island, the magic of a place.  
Where words must be spoken, where the truth  
must be faced.

*--- Janeen Serino*



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