

Friendships.

I'm afraid to have new friendships. There, I said it, and to the world.

Occasionally, I meet someone I'd like to get to know better, but I rarely do. There are valid reasons for that, and there are some not-so-valid reasons.

It is not only me, of course, who is fearful and skittish of involvement in interpersonal friendships. I, like others, went into friendships with an open heart but came out wounded, and my ability to participate in other friendships was almost mortally wounded.

Time does heal most wounds, but our memories don't forget, even if we're unaware they exist.

A subconscious memory can produce feelings and reactions that, while primarily subconscious, are still felt. To a wounded mind and heart, the slightest memory of those wounds can lead us to opt-out of trying again.

My heart is no longer too wounded, and my mind has improved, too. My fear and skittishness have waned, and my strength has returned.

I have educated my mind and initially accept those I meet as equals. Educated minds, however, rarely accept a person, thought, or idea without consideration; afterward, they decide.

I have allocated my memories to the times they were created rather than bringing them into the present. Did the people I am meeting now create any negativity? Did I create any negativity in the people I am now meeting? No. It's a clean slate with many possibilities.

Instead of letting the past stop me any longer, I will consider allowing friendships in.

Written by Peter Skeels © 8-27-2024