

Reality or Metaphor?

Jacquie Nagy, Holistic Directions - April 2009

I was recently in Mexico on vacation with my two cousins who rarely travel together. The three of us had a lot in common and some differences too. One of my favourite sensations was feeling the hot sun on my shoulders – a wonderful experience that only some people can enjoy.

Not wanting to miss an opportunity on one particularly buoyant morning I snuck away for a lone trek on the beach. My goal was to walk for about an hour.

The illuminating light of the morning sun was imperceptible, the wind barely a murmur. My favourite music was vibrating on the iPod - just loud enough. As I walked at a steady pace, I could still hear the sound of each wave as it whooshed across the grains of sand on the shore and make out the ruffled vibrations of pelican calls.

After what felt like twenty-five or thirty minutes my eyes caught a glimmer of the sun's reflection on several objects in the sand virtually three feet in front of me. Standing up tall were two or three pier posts stuck in the sand. I stopped to look. Evidently at one time a dock had been there. High tide and storms destroyed the timbre leaving behind only the posts. Noticing this to be a good half way marker for an hour long walk, I deliberated on how I would make the announcement to the others upon my return. *The first set of dock posts as you walk east along the beach is about a twenty five or thirty minute walk one way.*

Turning around, I started the west walk back.

Sensing another five minutes had passed, I set my eyes on another series of pier posts stuck in the sand only this time there were more – five or six. I was surprised as I had not seen this set of posts going east. And yet - there they were – plain as day. *Ok. I said to myself. The second set of dock posts as you walk east along the beach is about a twenty five or thirty minute walk one way.*

Another five minutes, maybe ten, and I easily spot a third set of pier posts stuck up ahead. *Humph. Why didn't I see that set? Ok, fine. Announcement now attuned. Turn around when you see the third set of dock posts for a twenty five or thirty minute walk one way.*

I kept walking. Then, up ahead - you guessed it. Another set of posts – right in front of the condo building I had left from an hour earlier. Not seeing a fourth set was incredulous. *How did that happen?*

Gobsmacked, I paused to reflect and shake out the fine white silica sand from the bottom of my shoes.

Later that day, I mused. *Is it possible that I can rely on out of sight signals to guide me toward other turn-around points in my future?*

“All which is not concrete is metaphoric – clearly, this involves the vast majority of our everyday experiences.” John Grinder, co-founder of NLP