



# Rumblings & Ruminations



Newsletter from Sharon Snir for May 2007  
[www.sharonsnir.com](http://www.sharonsnir.com)

## Wait a minute!

Everyone has to wait, sometimes. For a phone call, a job, the birth of a baby or the arrival of the messiah. We wait for the operator to answer our call, for a friend to turn up for lunch, for the lift to come down and for the stock market to go up.

Everyone has to wait.

It is, however, in the very act of waiting that our true self is often revealed. Whether waiting leaves us irritated or offended, compassionate or perplexed, the effect that waiting has on each of us provides us with a window into who we really are.

Any event that triggers us into feelings of discomfort, upset or struggle, gifts us with a moment of self awareness if we are open to seeing it. Especially waiting.

Whilst I was waiting for a client to arrive last week, I started to think about the experience of waiting. What is it about waiting that can turn a pacifist into a sergeant major? It can turn a drive in the country into an hour of road rage. Why is waiting so potentially inflammable? Why do we take waiting so personally?

I think waiting can be seen from two perspectives.

### **The perspective of the physical experience**

We have an appointment at 2.30 pm and the doctor has still five patients to see before she gets to us and it's already 3.45 pm. We begin to make up stories. Stories about the doctor, stories about ourselves, stories that rationalise and stories that condemn.

### **The perspective of the non-physical experience**

Assuming everything that happens is purposeful and has some significance, we could ask

A few months ago, a very dear friend forgot that we'd made an appointment, and I waited for her for about 40 minutes. After 15 minutes I called and left her a message. 'Hi, remember we have a lunch date. See you soon'. And I waited I went from thinking, 'What a good opportunity to read my book!', to, 'I bet she's forgotten', and then to, 'How selfish of her not to even call', and finally, 'I'm counting to 10 and then I'll get up and just leave'.

By the time she puffed her way up the street I was feeling very self righteous and angry. As she sat down and gently apologised. She started to cry. Not only had she forgotten but there was a great deal she had wanted to share with me and it all came tumbling out. At her beautiful wedding reception a few weeks earlier she had in all the excitement forgotten to thank me for something I had done. I had waited to hear 'thank you Sharon' but it never came. I had wanted to be acknowledged and yet being such good friends I let it go.

As I listened to her something clicked for me. Although I would like to think I am a calm, compassionate and well considered individual, I had just experienced more emotions in 40 minutes than most people experience in a week! What a lesson! I suddenly felt humbled by the experience, grateful I was given the opportunity to see myself more clearly. As she poured out her heart, apologising to me for things that she believed had offended me I realised that not only had the same thing happened again but this time I was not as calm or compassionate as I wanted to believe myself to be.

And that's the gift.

By forgetting me twice she made sure I

and has some significance, we could ask ourselves what is this about?

I like to think that waiting is the universe putting a rest note in the symphony of life. Every symphony needs it's moments of silence and waiting. Beethoven, Mozart, List, and Chopin all understood the magic of the pause. Could waiting just be the space between Life breathing in and breathing out?

By forgetting me twice she made sure I saw myself through the space between the notes. For it is in the space between that we are truly Who we Be.

Until next month,

Love and Light

**Sharon**

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