

Who Is Driving You Crazy?

Whether or not you suffer from *coulrophobia*, the irrational fear of clowns, like Cosmo Kramer on Seinfeld...you have to admit that there is something creepy about watching one of those crazy little clown cars screeching to a stop on a parade route.

There it is, rocking back and forth, faster and faster. Can't you just feel the pressure building until, suddenly, its tiny little doors pop open.

Then what seems like an endless stream of full-grown clown-people comes spilling out, tumbling over each other in total chaos. The din drives all other thoughts from your head and the visual noise blinds you to whatever else is going on around you.

Isn't that sensation a lot like how you feel when you clench your jaw and say "S/he's driving me crazy!" It's just like the clown car packed to bursting, instead, with memories and resentments ready to spill out. That tension makes it difficult to think straight.

Who is responsible for driving that crazy car right into your peaceful space? Let's take a closer look inside.

Pick a recent moment where you were driven crazy.

What *really* happened in that moment? How did you feel physically?

Imagine the person you hold responsible. Let's call him/her, **Loco, the crazy-making clown**. Does Loco look like *other* people you've met? Have you had a series of Locos to deal with?

Chances are very good that you have. If so, then it follows that your repeated disappointments and resentments can't ALL be Loco's fault, can they? S/he may have lots of issues but s/he isn't actually driving your crazy car. The **good news** is, if Loco isn't to blame, then **you** get to decide what to do with your own issues.

I can almost hear you shout, "Just Get Rid Of Them!"

While I completely agree, I must caution you. Failing to properly dispose of resentments means that, pretty soon, they get crammed back into your clown car. And, all of a sudden, somebody **else** looks just like Loco. Then Loco "*Dos*" drives you crazy. What is the point of *that*?

Freeing yourself from that pattern of craziness and blame takes some focus and a few simple tools.

I'd love to teach you how to healthfully let go. But in the meantime, start emptying out your crazy car, one resentment at a time.

You'll see that you are able to make room for the things you prefer, like healthy relationships, successful efforts and peace of mind. If these are the things you want, call me for an appointment and we'll get cracking on figuring out who your *Loco* really is. We'll turn your crazy car into a Cadillac™ of calm.

**Let's find out who is driving your 'crazy' car.
Then, we can turn it into a Cadillac™ of calm!**

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