

LOVING THE PROCESS

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We all have some sort of vision, an idea, an outcome that we desire. We are told to hold this within our mind's eye, as the prize for all of our hard work, to encourage us through the challenges, as we move towards achieving our goal.

We endeavour to see ourselves in our new reality. Encouraged by the personal development genre to hold the vision, perhaps have a picture of it handy, to remind us of our desired outcome. Whether creating a nice meal, a new body, a new career, a new house, a new life, we are drawn to the end result, the outcome.

But there is a big leap, a multitude of steps, challenges and changes that lie between here and there.

We may have a goal firmly planted in our mind, but, what if we don't like the journey in-between where we are now, and where we want to be?

This thought lead me down a road of self examination and exploration on the process of change, with emphasis on the *process*, rather than the change itself.

When contemplating a career change for instance, I began to look at the movement of my day, at all the external and internal processes I was involved in, to find I had no sense of accomplishment. Not so much in the outcomes which were successful, but rather in the process itself. The process of coming to a known job, with known tasks, with little variety, working with numbers, left little room for my imagination, defined hours, and sitting at a desk all day, I spent the majority of my day processing numerical data.

I could do the job, but there was no room for ME within it. For someone else, this job would be a great fit, because it aligns with a process that is in sync with who they are.

Some people thrive on structure and routine, in a known day, with a known outcome. We need such people to fulfill a multitude of roles in our society. Their freedom is found within the boundaries of the known, in which they provide a necessary service.

For me, the known felt restrictive. I am a seeker, always desiring to learn and experience something new, and to share this knowledge and experience with others. My freedom is found in the seeking, learning, and sharing.

When I realized this, it was very clear that my own internal process did not align with the process of my job, which affected the process of my day, which affected the process of

my life.

The quest then became, not in *finding my passion*, but rather in *connecting to my process*. To discover how life moves uniquely through me, and how to best express this in the world.

As I began to understand and engage with my process, options became more apparent. Through a journey of discovery, I could feel what was a good fit for me, and in turn, how this best served others.

There are many challenges to making changes. We need to be committed to the process, but most importantly to our own unique process which guides us step by step, choice by choice, to our desired outcome. We become a changed person when we allow ourselves to be molded and shaped by the process itself.

We are all unique expressions of life. Someone may hold the same vision as we do, but have a completely different process to get there. Igniting your passion then, is rooted in discovering your process and asking not just *What* do you like/love to do?, but *How* do you like/love to do it?

We are encouraged to find our passion, as though it is a destination. Perhaps it is not the destination, but rather, the passion for the *process* we are called to. The true expression of ourselves.

When we are going against the grain of ourselves, there are consequences felt in our body, mind and heart, signaling change is in the air. We are called into a process that will lead to a new destination, but it is the *process* that requires our focus and attention.

Making changes can be difficult with a multitude of feelings, emotions, and challenges. We can become overwhelmed with the process we are in. Loving the process feels like the last thing we want to do. I have had many moments of tears, frustration, anger, confusion, mixed in with heart-felt, eye-opening moments of love and awareness that take me by the hand, comfort me, and let me know that it's ok, this is all part of the process of change that I am in. All of the feelings, all of the experiences, all necessary, each bringing with it an opportunity to move me through to a deeper understanding if I am willing to embrace it, and to realize that, this *is* the human experience. That I am a *process* within a *process* called life that is an ever-changing, ever unfolding journey, and within all the ups and downs, all the twists and turns, I can love the process.

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