

Simply One Page-Fostering Freedom-When I catch myself

This piece was created from my own reflections and vision. I used ChatGPT as a tool to help shape the text from my original concepts and structure. The final form is the result of thoughtful revision motivated by my one page intent. Mike Haddorff 2636

There are moments when I can feel it. Something stirs inside me. A comment lands wrong. A situation feels uncertain. And almost instantly, a story begins to form. I start to assume. I begin to interpret. I draw conclusions about what's happening, and about what it means for me.

And, most of the time, I don't even notice I'm doing it.

But every now and then, I catch it. Not because I'm trying harder. But because I'm learning to recognize the feeling. There's tension in my body. A tightening. A sense of urgency to fix or correct.

But if I slow down, even just a little, I can begin to see it. I'm not reacting to what is actually happening. I'm reacting to the story that I'm creating about it.

And this is a pivotal moment. Because my instinct is usually to keep going. To act. To fix. To defend. To explain.

But what if the invitation is different? What if the first step is not to act, but to notice? To pause long enough to ask: Is what I'm believing actually true? Not in a harsh or self-critical way. Just honestly. Because often, the story I'm living out of is shaped more by fear than by reality.

And once I see that, something begins to loosen. I don't have to force a better response. I don't have to correct everything immediately. I can settle again into what is true.

Often that means asking a question instead of moving to assumption. Often it means pausing when everything inside of me is urging me to react. And often it means admitting I was wrong.

None of this removes my freedom. It actually restores it. Because I'm no longer being carried along by a story I didn't even realize I was telling.

I'm choosing again. And maybe that's what this looks like in everyday life. Not perfection. Not constant clarity. But a growing awareness of the stories I live from, and a quiet willingness to let them go when they aren't true.

Freedom doesn't disappear when I get it wrong. It is actually restored, right there in the moment. Inviting me to see more clearly. And to live a little more in line with what is real.