

By Sue Ludwig
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Clarity Changes Everything

I love words.

So picking just ONE word for the year seemed like trying to pick my favorite song, favorite food, or favorite book. There were so many to choose from with all sorts of meanings and textures.

I gave it a few days and chose the word clarity. Though sometimes I prefer to think of it in my mind in a different font, like **CLARITY**, or **Clarity**. It has to look as clear as it sounds, and as clear as the action it directs.

I am still amazed how this one little word influenced me.

Clarity helped me know that I have a choice in deciding my response to every situation. That no one decides my joy for me.

It surfaced when there was a decision to be made, like a message appearing in the milk of my childhood Alpha-Bits cereal. I imagine it was always there, I just couldn't see it until I cleared away other distractions. All I committed to was saying it to myself each morning - my first thought of the day. What I received was so much more.

Clarity helped me with the following things, a partial list for sure:

- Saying it to myself as I got up in the morning helped me think clearly about my day and I immediately felt more positive. I got to work 30 minutes earlier on average.
- When standing at the pantry at 5pm shuffling around in the snacks, clarity sometimes told me that what I was really looking for was something to feed my mind or soul. I found that thing instead. It helped me see that no one was lining up to take care of my health, except me. Clarity showed me balance.
- When I felt overwhelmed with the kids, the house, and work, clarity told me to breathe. In that moment I noticed there are 2 distinct colors in my daughter's eyes, because I was actually looking at her while she talked. Clarity granted me perspective.

- Clarity helped me choose what kind of work I wanted to do this year, who I wanted to work with, and for what end. I therefore felt at peace with my work. I was doing exactly what I wanted to do.
- I had to *allow* for clarity more than I had to reach for it. My mind wanted to find far more distracting things to do than being clear and present. It also reminded me that the guy who actively shares the joys, sorrows and schedules of parenting and marriage is still my favorite person on the planet.
- Clarity *frustrated* me at times because I didn't always want to choose the thing that seemed clearest! Sometimes I wanted to fight internally about it. So, sometimes I did that. And there was clarity leaning on the door frame of my mind waiting for me to be over my tantrum.

When I got over myself, I chose to start again.

I guess that's the beauty of clarity. It never changes. I can spin its motives any way I want, and there it is being the same. Clear, sparkly, almost annoying in its authenticity. I have learned to trust its consistency, while learning my power comes from either paying attention to it or not. Acting on it, or not.

I used to think clarity was just a word. Now I know it is a choice.