Accepting Our Deficiencies

It is good to know our strengths, especially professionally. I am especially apt at pinpointing the core cause of a client’s presenting issue, as well as their spiritual gifts. Your abilities might be equivalent or quite different. Equally important, we must have a grasp of our deficiencies, not only assets.

I have many insufficiencies. My kids could list them with great proficiency, and do so, every so often. (As if life does not keep me humble enough.) For instance, when he was packing for college last year, my youngest son, Gabe, started grabbing kitchen equipment and plopping it into boxes. In fact, he took all the kitchen gadgets, leaving me with only a big spoon.

“You will not need any of this,” he grinned, “since you have not cooked in years.”

Gabe, on the other hand, had spent all summer making his own meals, losing 35 pounds in the process. Still, if I had ANY inclination toward employing my culinary skills, he broke my spirit upon returning home for a college break.

Opening the refrigerator, he gasped.

“How could I explain that my mishap actually had a logical explanation? I was tired of finding as many un-popped as popped kernels in a microwaved popcorn bag, so I took fate into my own hands. When making my last batch, I pressed the “Potato” instead of “Popcorn” button, knowing I would get an extra minute of cooking. Well, you have figured out what happened. Scared that bag would burst into flames after opening the microwave door — after all, it was belching black smoke — I had simply tossed the remains into the fridge. Despite four boxes of baking soda, the smell had not decreased.

Gabe just sighed. “When God passed out genes for cooking, which most mothers have, you were skipped.”

My lack of chef skills is only one of my many deficits. The long list of additional weaknesses includes crafting, being patient and dog training. Then there is my inability to hide my feelings, put up with neediness, control the most basic of handyman tools or file with any alacrity at all. Neither can I throw a baseball, hold my temper for long periods of time or say “no” if the person — or dog — stares at me with huge eyes.

When performing energy work, we bring our best selves forward. Our training, intuition and experience weave into a beautiful tapestry that shines light in the darkness. And yet, no matter how perfect our attempts, our shortcomings accompany us in every session.

Most of our deficiencies do not impact our client work. I cannot think of a single client that has ever expected me to cook. Neither do they care that though I am a loss at filing or that my dogs are spoiled. In order to give my best to my clients; however, I have to manage certain of my inadequacies, such as my reactions to perceived neediness.

When growing up, I was expected to be the family problem-solver. The adults were incapable, so I took over. By age four, I was cleaning my sisters’ rooms and dressing them in the mornings. Though my capacity for responsibility left me able to work endless hours, it also made me over-sensitive to neediness. Plain and simple, I do not like it when people are over-needy.

The truth is that most clients are needy because they are scared. Neediness makes people desperate and sometimes, pushy. I have had to learn to monitor my in-built “neediness alert” button. Now, when I feel it going off, as indicated by a sense of suffocation within my chest, I
pause. I breathe. And then I remind myself that *underneath neediness is a need*. If I can uncover this need, my client will benefit. And I will be left with a smile inside of my soul.

In a way, you could say that I have learned to transform a major inadequacy — my trigger-happy ways — into an asset. As long as I do not melt down, I can turn on my heart and become compassionate.

I believe that every deficiency has a silver lining. Are you impatient? Use that drive to problem-solve for a client. Do you take on others’ feelings? Wow, you can really relate to a client. Now that I am thinking if it, I am rather glad for my deficiencies. Because I do not cook, I am an expert at take-out. Lacking mechanical skills, I have acquired a huge Rolodex of hirable “guys” suitable for house tasks. Unable to assert my will over my two eighty-pound dogs, I just join the fun.

In the end, it is all good, and we get to make it so.

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