

**OUT OF THE BOX COACHING**

4000 NW 51st St., G-121  
Gainesville, FL 32606  
352-374-6916  
coach@breakoutofthebox.com  
www.breakoutofthebox.com

SYMBOLIC MODELING SESSION, 10-10-07

("F" = Facilitator; "C" = Client)

F: And what would you *like* to have happen?

C: Well, um, I'm older than I was ten years ago (laughs), and I used to be a pretty – if not vigorous – *regular* exerciser. I've gained some weight in the past year and I'm looking at healthy eating, but also realizing it would be healthy for me to establish exercise as a regular part of my day. And, I find I've been kind of lazy. I don't have a jump-start in the morning and even if I plan it on my calendar, somehow it's more interesting to get on the computer and look up today's poem or something. And I *feel* the difference. I tend to feel sluggish, like I'm carrying around too much weight – I don't mean literally, whether I lose weight or not I just feel kind of heavy, But for some reason I haven't been able to access that level of motivation I had up until five or ten years ago. And part of it is that my image is changing. I used to be very image-conscious physically and I've allowed myself to let go of that, which I think is healthy. I'm not, you know, dressing to please anybody else. But somehow, along with the healthy, psychological comfort with myself, I lost some of the drive that went with keeping up the physical image.

F: And you lost the drive.

C: I don't want to be driven to look a certain way for other people.

F: And when you've lost the drive to keep up the physical image, but you don't want to be *driven* by that, what *would* you like to have happen?

C: An inner want or desire, looking forward to, an expectation, in the same way I happily anticipate a good movie. I'd like to happily anticipate good exercise. Because it can be fun, you know; bicycling can be fun, swimming can be fun.

F: And like to happily anticipate a good exercise like happily anticipating a good movie. And is there anything else about anticipating?

C: It's completely free from any shoulds. It's a free choice to do something I like doing.

F: And a free choice, and when a free choice, is there anything else about free?

C: Yes. It comes from within me as opposed to being imposed by someone else, some ideal.

F: And comes from within, and when free, and free choice comes from within, whereabouts is that within?

C: (long pause) I'm searching. It's almost like I have to scan because that's an unfamiliar place. It's not one I've looked at before.

F: And free from any shoulds, (pause) and free choice.

C: It's that new place where image is no longer important, but it's *so* new I'm really looking. *Where* is it? It's not in my mind. It's not in my heart. It really feels like it's down in the first chakra, the root chakra, where there is – in a positive way – a self-preservation place. A place that leads me to really smell and touch and sense the world around me, and I'm with it and part of it. A very basic, loving-to-breathe kind of a feeling. Right down in my tail-bone.

F: And in your tailbone, and first chakra, and a positive self-preservation place and loving to breathe. And is there anything else about self-preservation when you're in a positive, self-preservation place?

C: There's a part of it, a corner of it, a small corner of it, and to the left top of the space. And it's a little narrow corner that juts out, that feels negative, like "Who cares?" It's a place where depression resides. "Why not do what feels good in the moment, because who cares?"

F: And a narrow, small corner, in the top left of the space, and depression resides there. And when the top left corner of the space, is there anything else about the *rest* of that space?

C: The rest of the space is ... (laughs), fascinating, the rest of this self-preservation space... is like a paint-by-number village ... and it's not just on a canvas, it's actually a picture – I mean a living picture – of a village. And it's like a paint by number because it's a fairly new way to be, I'm gradually filling in the colors. So some of the village has color and some of the village has yet to be painted in. And the part that has yet to be painted in is the left side, top, kind of leading up to that little weird, poking-out, dark pocket.

F: And the part that *is* colored, that you're gradually filling in, what color or colors might there be now?

C: Bright colors. Lots of green things growing. Some yellows. I don't usually like yellow, but it's sort of a soft, happy yellow. Red. The roof is red. It's almost like an Italian, a Tuscan village, earthy, bright. There aren't people there yet. I can see the flowers growing and the grass growing and the light changing, and so forth, but it's not inhabited yet. It's a place I'm preparing.

F: And you're preparing. And you're preparing for it to be inhabited?

C: Yes, by me, I think, and by others, and by animals. Oh, now, when I say that I can see a few butterflies and rabbits. So, it's getting habitable but the house isn't quite finished. I've painted the door and part of the right lower side, and that's where the color stops. And that upper left part of the picture is not painted yet.

F: And so when the left side, the top, is not painted yet, what would you like to have happen now?

C: Oh! Interestingly, because it's a funny picture and even looks like an Italian village house, I'm wanting to have the chimney painted and I can see a little smoke coming out of the chimney, and that's always a sign of life. Warmth, and cooking, and pleasant smells.

F: And when you want the chimney painted, what color painted?

C: It's a kind of a natural stone. It's not at all sooty-looking yet because it's pretty much new. Very natural, pretty stones, like you might see sometimes when people put stone-work around their inside fireplace. It's practical but beautiful.

F: And natural stone. And the chimney painted, and smoke coming out of the chimney, and a sign of life. And is there anything else you'd like to have happen?

C: I'm picturing a kind of... I just saw an airplane trying to fly over the space, and I thought, "No, even if it takes magic, I want some way of having even the sky be clean and blue and only full of natural things: birds, and bees, and butterflies, and rain – anything that would be natural in the sky. As I'm saying that, it's coloring in a little bit. I'm seeing more blue. The colors are being placed upon each other. There's a definite energy there. Yeah, the feeling I'm experiencing is, if I could find a way to keep those noisy, droning airplanes and the sound of cars, and all those mechanical, human-made machinery out of this place, then I could color it in.

F: And then you could color it in. What needs to happen for you to find a way to keep the noisy, droning airplanes and sounds of cars and mechanical, human-made machinery noises out, so you can color it in?

C: (laughs) There's a witch coming out the door. She's a good witch, even though she's wearing black and has a big pointed hat, she's got a nice face. She has a big, hooked nose and a wart on her chin, but she's definitely not scary. And she's looking at me and almost saying, "Damn! I've been waiting for you!" Because really, I need her to cast a spell over all that mechanical stuff, anything that's human-made. And she can do that. What she's saying to me is, "When you're really ready, and when you're sure that's what you want, just for this place I can cast a spell, so that all that mechanical, human-made stuff stays away from this particular sphere, where you can come to rest and recoup and feel free and have fun. And there's lots of work to be done here: hoeing in the garden, and sweeping the floors, and that's all healthy exercise for you." She's calling this "Your house of life." She's saying, "This house is you, in some way. The garden is you, in some way. And when you're ready, I can cast a spell so you're hoeing your own garden and

sweeping your own floors, and that's what the exercise will do for you."

F: And when you're ready, and when sure that's what you want, how will you know when you're ready, and that's what you want?

C: I'll be free of ambivalence. That's how I know when I'm ready. When I feel ambivalence, there's something yet to be looked at or dealt with before I can freely choose. And I think what has to happen is I need to get into that dark corner, because it's hovering there. And because it's there, I'm not ready to move into the house of me, the house of life.

F: And so you need to get into that dark corner. And can you get into that dark corner?

C: Yeah, I can become big and really reach up into that corner of the sky, and I can ... yucky... reach my hand in and pull it out, and it's like oil, dirty oil that comes when you change the oil in your car. So, again, it's like the residue of something mechanical, something imposed. It isn't natural.

F: And then you reach in and pull out this residue. And then what happens?

C: It drips down and singes the grass. It's gooky on my hands, and the part that drips is really toxic; it drops on the grass and burns it. It doesn't hurt my hands to hold it, except that it's icky. And I don't get a smell from it, but I can see that the grass doesn't like it at all.

F: And it drips down, and the grass doesn't like it, and it's toxic. And is there anything else that needs to happen?

C: Yeah. I need to find some way to detoxify it, to find some sort of chemist who knows how to do that, because this isn't a place where I can, you know, call up a garbage service. This is a very natural place.

F: And a chemist who knows how to do that. And where might that chemist come from?

C: It's interesting, because even though this isn't really peopled yet, I'm now seeing a gardener-type looking guy. He's tall and lean and kind of quiet. But he's coming with a bucket and he's got a cloth with something on it that I can wipe my hands with, and he's sort of floating. His feet aren't on the ground, so I know he's some sort of magical symbol and he's collecting it. There isn't that much of it, really; it's just makes an inch layer at the bottom of the bucket, but he's helping me wipe off my hands, and then he's putting the cloth in the bucket. And my hands sort of sparkle now. There's something else happening, not just wiping off that yucky stuff, that toxic stuff.

F: And sparkles. And is there anything else about that sparkles?

C: It's a kind of energy, and it's the part of me that paints the picture. I don't even need a brush. Those hands can kind of sweep across an area. I've been sitting quietly with my hands on the desk but I'm now, with my left arm, sweeping right to left with my hand. I can sweep color into that upper left-hand portion of the picture, and the place where the black was is still like a little pocket, but it's empty now, so I can pat it with that left hand until it comes down into the rest of the picture, so it's no longer this dirty pocket sticking out. Yeah. So that kind of energy and sparkle from my *left* hand, for some reason. My right hand is holding my eyes shut. I have no idea why, but my right hand is over my eyes, holding them shut, as if to free me from any expectation, a trust that my left hand knows what it's doing. And I can see the village fine. I don't see that village with my regular vision. It's an inner vision.

F: And you can trust your left hand, and sweeping color into the upper left corner. And what kind of color is that color in the left corner now?

C: It's a kind of whitish, yellowish, bluish color – it's a light, radiant, as if there's a sun beyond the upper left corner, but it's not a sun. It's a different kind of light. I think of it as the source. The light that's the source.

F: The light that's the source. And is there anything else about that light that's the source?

C: (pause) There's a sense, as with my left hand, I can trust that source that shines in from the upper left, and holding my hand over my eyes helps me remember that source is always there. And I'm not uncomfortable, I'm not clutching my head or anything. A gentle reminder: "Close your real eyes because they see planes and cars and smoke and soot and toxic stuff. It's that inner picture, that inner village with the house of life that you need to trust."

F: And can you trust that house of life and that inner village now?

C: Yes. Yes. Absolutely! It's all colored in and there's ambient light from the source that's outside that picture. I'm going to try taking my right hand down. It's a little bit harder, because there's some light that comes through my eyelids that keeps me in this other

world. I can still picture the village and trust it, but it's not quite as easy to see. Then when I put my hand over my eyes I can see the village and its colors quite clearly.

F: And when you can see the village and the colors quite clearly, and you can trust the house of life, and the inner village, and you can trust that source, what happens to ambivalence?

C: Ah. Oh. When I have my hand over my real eyes, my right hand, there is no ambivalence because the village is so clear. When I take my right hand away, I see both pictures. I see "the real world" and I see my village and my house of life. And it's not that I feel torn; it's just that the pull of the village is not as strong because the everyday picture is so present. So, how would I describe the ambivalence? I feel a pull toward the village but it's not quite as strong a pull as the pull of everyday life, which is more on the right.

F: And when the pull is not so strong, when your hands are away from your eyes, what would you like to have happen?

C: When I feel the pull of everyday life on the right hand, I would like to allow the pull of the inner village to be brighter, to see the light from the source shining down, illuminating the village so I see it in all its color. So that I feel drawn to it, instead of the demands of everyday life. And as I say that, I can see that happening. I can appeal to the source to illuminate the village. Then I can see it and I can feel myself being drawn toward it.

F: And you can appeal to the source. And when you appeal to the source you can feel yourself drawn to it. And when you're drawn to it, and the inner village is clear, what happens to free choice?

C: Oh! It's very much there. I feel a deep emotion, a kind of a joy; that the drawing-toward is not at all a *should*. It's a pleasure. It's that joyful anticipation of something I love, or am really eager to be in or see or be part of.

F: And when that free choice is very much there, and the deep emotion that's a kind of joy, and it's that joyful anticipation, what happens to exercise?

C: (laughs) Well! That's not even the right name for it anymore. It's moving and using my body in a natural way. In the village I can picture myself riding my bicycle down to the next farm, or hoeing in the garden, and moving my body in healthful ways. Yeah. I want to find a different word. I want to find a word that's not *exercise*. It's tainted, it's toxic, it has all those shoulds attached to it.

F: And what kind of word would that word be?

C: It would be a word that has a quality to it like "dance." Pirouette, or some aspect of dance. I'm thinking of the Ballet Russes. And the end product – their bodies are so functional and so capable. And in a way they would have extraordinarily hard work to be able to dance that way, but it doesn't feel like work because it's such a joyful thing to dance. So they're able to hold a vision of the joy of the dance while they're doing the work, and it doesn't feel hard. So, what is that quality...? I don't quite have the word yet, but it's definitely not exercise, or hard work.

F: And when you hold the joy of the dance, is there anything else about that hold?

C: It's a vision of movement. A vision of freedom and movement and capability, being able to use one's body. It's more than a picture; it's a sensation, a physical sensation of really being *in* my body. Yeah. That would be OK for me. Instead of exercise, I want to be *in* my body.

F: And you want to be *in* your body. And how do you know when you're in your body?

C: It's really a sensation through all my bones and sinews and molecules. I can feel the oxygenating of my blood, and the blood flowing through, and it's a functioning thing, almost like being part of a living tree. It has a strength to it and it enjoys the movement. This body I'm in *wants* to move. That's how I know.

F: And part of a living tree, and your body wanting to move. And is there anything else about a body that's wanting to move?

C: (pause) No. Because the wanting doesn't have any restrictions. It can. It wants to and it can. (laughs) You know how when you have a dog that's just looking at you and waiting at the door: "Can we go walk? Can we go play? Can we go take a drive?"

F: Like a dog at the door. And waiting.

C: Yeah. Friendly, and anticipating, like a dog at the door. Exactly.

F: And so a dog at the door, and anticipating, and that kind of joyful anticipation. And when all that, what happens with image

changing?

C: (chuckles) Oh, well. You know, when I'm a dog at the door I don't care. If I'm happy my tongue's sort of lolling out, and I'm drooling and panting, and I don't care. I just want to go and prance around and leap for balls and bark.

F: What kind of dog is the dog?

C: I'm not a show dog. I'm *not* a show dog. I honestly don't know much about dogs, but I'm kind of a medium-sized dog, not real long hair, nothing approaching a show dog. You know, I don't need a lot of grooming, and I'm sort of cute but nothing special, just a good old dog.

F: And do you have a color?

C: Kind of a golden color. It sort of changes, though. You know, it's not any one dog. I'll see spots and they'll go away, and I'll see a golden retriever and then, no the hair's too long – it's more a dog energy, a dog shape, a dog's simple happiness.

F: And when a dog energy, and like a dog at the door, and joyful anticipation, what happens to accessing a level of motivation that you had?

C: Oh, man. There's no need. It's just there. It wakes up and says, "Let's go play!" And eagerly awaits it, and, let's see, now, dog is not dependent on owner. Dog will look and say, "Are you ready?" but there's a little doggy door, and dog can push out and go play anytime.

F: And a doggy door. And when a doggy door, whereabouts is that door?

C: Oh, it's right in front of me.

F: And in front.

C: And I just made it big enough for me.

F: And big enough for you, and a doggy door.

C: All I have to do is ... I picture myself a little bit like Wonder Woman, leaping through it, but it's not a difficult door. You just push through it and it closes behind you, and you can get back in the same way, quite easily. It's more a Wonder Woman feeling, like when a dog leaps into play. It's that sleekness, that confidence. It's not mental at all; it's a physical confidence, a physical capability.

F: And a physical confidence, and leap into play, and a Wonder Woman feeling, and easy to get out, and get in, and right in front of you. And when a dog, and a doggy door, and an inner village, and a source you can trust, what happened to healthy eating?

C: Um, the eating isn't really an issue. It's nowhere in the landscape. Part of the sureness of the dog, I don't even know, I'm trying to see; I guess the dog can be part of that inner landscape, but it doesn't have to be. The dog can be day-to-day. And when in that state, that kind of joyful, physical, jumping, there's this trust that I'll eat when I'm hungry and stop when I'm full, and enjoy it.

F: And when the dog can be day-to-day, what happens to jump-start in the morning?

C: Not needed. This isn't a puppy, but it's not on its dying legs either. This is a mature dog that still loves to jump up. I can see it. It wakes up, it cocks an ear, it looks around. I'm kind of doing that with my body. Cocking my head up, and the energy's there. It's like, "Oh, wow! Another day I can go chase balls..."

F: And the energy's there. And when that energy's there, and wakes up, what happens to establishing exercise as a regular part of your day?

C: That's from the should place. And it's no longer relevant.

F: Ah, OK. Because this is holding.

C: Yes, because this is natural and it's that joyful anticipation. It's "Oh my gosh, it's morning" and it's not like, "Oh, it's time that you should go play." It's "Oh goody, it's time that I can go play."

F: Well, we're just about out of time for today. Is there anything else about a dog, and up in the morning, and the energy is there, and a source you can trust, and a source you can appeal to, and the inner village is clear, and is there anything else about all that for today?

C: No, I don't think so. I have a feeling of just let it simmer, be with it. I'm glad to have the recording because I have a real clear picture of the dog, and the village, and the source; maybe they're the most important. I don't seem to need the witch anymore, or the gardener. So yes.

F: I encourage you to make a metaphor map.

C: Yeah, I will, definitely. Because these are all powerful images. Great.

F: OK. How was that for you?

C: Oh, as always, it was just wonderful. There's such a freedom in not having to analyze.

F: Yes. Yes.

C: A happy freedom, kind of like being with a dream, walking through a dream as if you're having it now, and not getting to the interpretation part, but trusting that my dream world, my metaphor world is there for me. It's got my back. And I don't have to understand or interpret.

F: Yeah. And that's a lovely thing to realize that the healing that's going on happens regardless of the interpretation.

C: Right.

F: That it *is* what your mind needs, and body needs to heal.

C: Isn't that wonderful?

F: And you don't have to work at it.

C: What a concept!