

# Sue's March MuseLetter

## Haiku by Sue

Is trying so hard  
The result of love  
                  or fear?  
Only you can know.

.....

Imperceptively,  
Between the freeze  
                  and the thaw  
Softening occurs.

.....

Harsh winter departs  
In answer to the sun's  
                  warmth  
With birdcalls and  
                  buds.

.....

The highest calling  
Is growing love in  
                  our hearts  
To reseed the world.



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## Happy Magical Month of March

March is one of my two favorite months. As a kid, I loved March because it was my birthday month. And the magic of March increased as I began to notice it was the month in which Mother Earth started to awaken from her winter nap. As a fanciful little girl, daffodils became my own fairytale heralds announcing the earth's comeback to vibrant, colorful life. As my daffodils poked their brave heads out of the cold ground, I worried about them being buried by late "in like a lion" snow storms. Because more daffodils naturally, and seemingly effortlessly, arrived--even if early-bloomer's bright, eager faces were ruined by wet, heavy snow--I learned valuable lessons in trust and continuity.

To this day, daffodils lift my heart. Which brings me to the topic I've been musing about recently...

## The Tyranny of Trying Too Hard

March 23rd is my 70th birthday. To me, this birthday is a milestone! Meaningful... humbling... hard to grasp... gratitude inducing... thought provoking... One of the thoughts I've been mulling over is how much of my seventy years has been spent *trying too hard*. Trying to hard to be perfect, trying too hard to be liked, trying too hard to please others, trying too hard to live up to unrealistic expectations, to be an always-available friend, a supportive, sexy, fun wife, a success, ad infinitum... You can probably add a few of your own unique "trying-too-hards" to the list.

The kind of trying-too-hard I'm talking about is different than the desire to do our best or give something our all. When doing for others--or effort of any kind--comes as a result of love, enthusiasm, and passion, it is fulfilling and rewarding. Such endeavors feed your soul. What I'm referring to as *trying too hard* is excessive efforting that is rooted in fear, steeped in anxiety, and reeks of judgment. This type of fearful trying dampens spirits and sabotages self-esteem.

As an example, I tried so hard to be a good (who am I kidding? I thought I should be a *perfect*) mother and stepmother. Looking back, I realize that lack of trust in myself and my parenting abilities caused me to try too hard, which often got in the way of really enjoying my kids as much as I could have if I'd been more relaxed. I'm not beating myself up. I believe I did the best I could at the time and in the circumstances. Thankfully, I'm finally learning to let go of trying too hard with my adult kids and enjoy the dickens out of them as a result.

Musing about trying has led me to the awareness that I need to trust myself, and my well-meaning evolution, as much as I trust daffodils to bloom anew even in harsh conditions. As February's MuseLetter said, "You are the love you want and deserve." As soon as I can truly feel, in my heart of hearts, that *I* am the love I want and deserve, I believe I'll be able to completely give up the tyranny of trying too hard. If it feels right to you, I'd love for you to join me.

## My Decade Mottos

Forty is feisty  
Fifty is freedom  
Sixty is savvy  
Seventy stops trying too hard

To paraphrase Abe Lincoln: *You can please some of the people all of the time, and many of the people some of the time, but you cannot please all of the people all of the time... no matter how hard you try.* You are love; your heart is good. Trust yourself and be true to your own heart, and all will be well.

*Anything done with love is usually good enough.*

Blessing and hugs,

Sue



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