

Strategic Conversation



strengths-based
establishing trust
hopeful

Where You End and I Begin

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"Why does it feel like no one hears me?"

"What do you mean?"

"When I finally ask for help, people just do things for me, not help me."

"Can you tell me more?"

"I want to be able to do things for myself, and then they do it for me instead."

"What kind of things?"

"One thing is, I want to be able to understand the forms I am supposed to do at work."

"Who did you ask for help?"

"My co-worker. Then they just filled it out for me."

"Did you tell them you want to learn?"

"I said I want to learn to do stuff better. They did it for me, and I still don't know how."

"Can I share a story with you?"

"Ummmm, ok?"

As it was, the house I lived in no longer worked for me. The front door didn't close properly. The inside was old wallpaper that was peeling off. The outside paint was faded. The fence had fallen down in two places. It all felt like too much, and I didn't know where to start or if I could even do all that needed to be done. I had people in my life who said they would help, though I couldn't ask them since I didn't know where I needed to start. It didn't feel like my home anymore.

I sat and looked at my house on the inside. I knew that the building was ok. I could use what was already there without having to start again. I knew I needed some things to be different, like the spare room that mostly sat empty.

I sat outside and looked at the yard and fence. I used to love sitting by the tree and listening to the birds. Now all I heard was the traffic and people passing through my yard. I wanted this to be a space I felt I belonged.

When my one auntie came to help, she said I needed a craft room like she has at her place. I don't do crafts.

When my neighbour saw me outside, he said I needed a six-foot-high fence so no one could see me. That also means I could not see out.

My friend said I needed to repaint everything with bright colours like they had at their home. Bright colours feel like too much.

I respected all these people. All their homes seem happy. Since my home was such a mess, maybe it was me that was the problem. Maybe I am wrong and they are right.

I sat again and thought of what I wanted my space to look like and what I needed. I knew I could do some of these things on my own, like painting. I also knew I needed help with other things, like the fence.

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