

# Jill Baughan

TRANSCRIPT FOR PODCAST EPISODE 61-WAKE UP

I'm Jill Baughan, and you're listening to the podcast called Find Joy...No Matter What.

This is Episode 61.

If you're in a tough place right now, your joy may seem like it's hiding—or gone.

I understand. But it's still there, I promise, just waiting to be resurrected. And this podcast is designed to help you do just that...no matter what else is going on in your life.

For just a few minutes each week, I'll tell you a story—one that just might inspire a way to uncover a piece of joy you might be looking for. Then, we'll consider how it might speak to your life, because even though you'll hear quite a few of my stories during our time together, I believe you'll find your own in every one of mine.

Finally, I'll offer a benediction to send you into your day—or into your night.

So. If you're up for doing joy shots with a friend today...have a listen.

Have you ever walked in your sleep? Or maybe if you haven't personally engaged in this bizarre behavior, you've witnessed (in terror or amusement, just depends...) someone who has.

I was a sleepwalker for a long time—from childhood through young adulthood.

When I was in the eighth grade, I was at a music camp in a lodge with probably 20 other girls.

In the middle of the night, I got up, looking for the bathroom and, not really remembering where the bathroom was (about six feet from my bunk), decided to mosey outside to find it.

Outside into the woods.

In "baby doll" pajamas and a headful of rollers and bare feet.

And, since I actually remember this, I can tell you that, oddly enough, I wasn't the least bit afraid. I also apparently wasn't the least bit concerned about running into the boogey man

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in the forest, or anyone else for that matter. Apparently, even though my motor skills were functioning, my commonsense filter was totally disengaged.

Anyway, at some point I remember stopping abruptly and thinking, “Hey, wait a minute. The bathroom is in our *lodge*. Duh.”

And—still unconcerned about my own indecent appearance—I simply turned around, trudged back through the woods and into our lodge. Then I went to the bathroom, washed off my feet (full of forest debris), and climbed back into bed.

I knew I hadn’t just dreamed this up, because the next morning I found the dirty washrag in the sink.

And it didn’t stop there.

In my early twenties, my husband and I took a short trip with his parents. One night—and I’m not sure why this was necessary, but it is what it is—we had to share a room with them. At some point in the night I had to go to the bathroom, so I got up and bumbled around, looking for it. (Sigh. Do we see a pattern here?). And I was *sure* I had found it.

It did seem a little cramped and I couldn’t find the light, but I decided to go for it anyway.

My mother-in-law heard the noise, shot up out of bed like a rocket, and caught me just as I was about to drop my drawers in the closet.

Technically, sleepwalking is defined as a behavioral disorder of sleeping in which a person sits up and performs various motor actions, such as standing, walking about, talking, eating, dressing, going to the bathroom or even leaving the house.

Yep, that does indeed sound like some of the stunts I pulled.

According to experts, sleepwalking can be the result of a variety of causes, such as stress, fatigue, anxiety or lack of sleep.

Whatever the clinical definition is, and whatever the cause of mine, I can tell you what it feels like: You’re awake. But you’re not. You’re looking right at people. But you’re not. You are physically in the room, but your head has gone to Mars.

And lately, it seems to me, many of us can be caught sleepwalking...through life.

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Like when you meet someone for the first time, they tell you their name, you hear it—but 30 seconds later you can't remember it—because you weren't really there, mentally present.

Or when you're listening to a friend, and having a "squirrel" moment, and before you know it, you realize you didn't actually hear anything your friend just said.

Or maybe you've been the one talking, and at one point you notice that your friend—though right in front of you-- is looking beyond you at something—anything—else.

I had one of those experiences when, as a young person, I went to my pastor's office with a very, very pressing question—a question that no book I'd read, no adult I'd talked to could seem to answer: "When you're dating someone, as far as physical intimacy goes, how far is too far? At what point does God poke you and say, "Nope"?"

I was not impossibly "good," but I was a very Jesus freak-y kind of kid, and I wanted to hear from Him on this. I kept asking, and just wasn't getting a clear message.

I had been taught that holding hands was okay, but "going all the way" was not. It was just that between holding hands and the whole enchilada, there was a LOT of space. Gray space. Space that nobody was addressing.

Mind you, boys were not standing in line to have sex with me at the time.

However, I was anticipating opportunities to choose between "No way" and "Whoopie."

So I poured out my heart to my pastor, and in that hour, two things happened: 1) He gave me THE dumbest answer you can imagine. I will not go into it here, out of respect for my more sensitive listeners, but feel free to email me, and 2) In the space of 60 minutes, as I was spilling my guts and making myself emotionally vulnerable, he looked at his watch once and he yawned twice.

I felt totally invalidated, unheard...like I was an imposition, and I was wasting his time.

I remember this over forty years later.

To this day, I cannot stand it when people yawn in my face during a conversation. I cannot stand it when people interrupt a conversation to look at a phone (not to take a call, but just nonessential internet gazing), and I cannot stand it when I'm having a conversation with

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someone, and they won't look me in the eyes—when their gaze wanders past me toward the door or a TV screen or some view “over there” that is apparently more captivating than my company. I want to clap my hands in their face, and yell, “HEY! OVER HERE!”

Kind of like how, when we're talking, and my husband WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM, saying, “I'm listening.”

No. No, you are not. You might be hearing, I'll tell him, but you're not listening.

Maybe it's just me. Maybe my company is just that boring. But whatever. I think we need lessons in being present. Fully present to human beings, even when they sound, to us, like the teacher on Charlie Brown cartoons whose voice is just a lot of “Wah, Wah, Wah,”

Because, my friends, we are privileged to be in each others' company here for such a short time...and there is joy in being engaged and present.

We've missed “being present” this past year, with so much Zoom calling—when we don't show our faces, when it's obvious that someone is multitasking, when we keep leaving the “room” to do whatever. I can understand why people say they're “Zoomed out.” Face to face contact includes vibes and mojo and chemistry that just don't happen with a Brady Bunch arrangement on a one-dimensional screen.

We're there, but we're not.

But you know what? We're anticipating better days ahead...

And so my friend,

When more face-to-face contact re-emerges, may you know the joy of your mind and your body actually occupying the same space...

And may you be mindful enough to fully engage your whole naked face with someone else's...

And until then, may you look people in the eyes and not waste the gift of being present to each other.

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Thanks so much for joining me.

If you know people who need a little encouragement to be present to other humans, I invite you to share this podcast with them, and subscribe yourself on Apple Podcasts, or wherever you listen to podcasts. Or you can go to my website at [jillbaughan.com](http://jillbaughan.com), click on a podcast episode and sign up to receive episodes in your inbox. Just don't miss a single one, because I so look forward to being with you again soon.

Wake up, my friends. And always, always remember, if you go looking for joy, you'll most likely find it.

Till next time...