

## TRANSCRIPT FOR PODCAST EPISODE 126-REST YOUR HEART

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

This is Episode 126.

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.

Then 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.

Does it seem to you like our parents just didn't worry about as much as we do?

In a 2019 Facebook post about her kids, Jen Hatmaker said,

Brandon brought up some new "questionable behavior" by a kid last night, and I literally said: *Our parents knew exactly zero about where we were, who we were with, much less how fast we were freaking driving, omg. They called the land line of wherever we said we were, and if that didn't work out, they just turned on Dynasty and went on with their night.*

And I've heard people talk about how their parents pushed them out the back door every day in the summer and said, "Go play. Come back when the street lights come on."

And maybe they were on to something; maybe they were mentally healthier than we are, or had some kind of magic coping skills of yesteryear.

When the father of Jen's kids brought up a new "questionable behavior" of one of their children, she'd reached her limit of caring. *I can't care about everything, she writes. I have zero capacity for another set of rules, enforcement and consequences. I've done all I can do here. Please have a nice day. Shout out to the parents who are worn out from ALL THE DISCIPLINING AND RULE-SETTING AND FACT-CHECKING AND BOUNDARY-KEEPING. I mean, we can't let them all grow up to be terrorists. I know. But my gosh.*

*Look, yes they leave for college and crush our hearts, but there is something also to be said for just not knowing what the heck they are doing all the time. Their blood is off our hands, and I sleep just fine at night. The Keeping of the High School Comings and Goings is a full time job, man. Brandon has an app that shows how fast the kids drive, and I just said NO, UNIVERSE. NO TO THIS. I CANNOT KNOW THIS. I CAN'T DO IT ALL.*

You may look down your nose at this attitude. On the other hand, you may understand completely. And not just on the home front.

There is so much to worry about these days, so much to fill our minds with stress and distress: the war in Ukraine, mass shootings that never seem to stop, natural disasters, crises among faith leaders, inflation (Oh that price of gas).

And because we are so media-saturated, we know so much the minute it happens and the gruesome details of what's happening and where it's happening and keeps happening...and sometimes it's just too stinkin' much.

*There's a kind of secondary compassion fatigue that's described in *Psychology Today* as the experience of any empathetic individual who is acutely conscious of societal needs but feels helpless to solve them...feeling overwhelmed or paralyzed by pleas for support and that the world's challenges are never-ending.*

*Watching the news makes us feel despair--not surprising, since viewing violent news events on television or social media can also cause some people with high levels of empathy to experience symptoms similar to those of secondary trauma.*

I've been known to avoid the news altogether.

If you ever feel like this, and it bothers you to feel like this, and you feel like feeling like this is stealing your joy, but you feel guilty for having to shut it all out of your mind and heart, author and preacher Nadia Bolz Weber has some comforting words for you.

*If you can't take in anymore, she says, there's a reason.*

*It's all too much.*

*I used to live in a very old apartment building with super sketchy electrical wiring, she writes. Were I to audaciously assume my hair drier could run while my stereo was on, I would once again find myself opening the grey metal fuse box next to the refrigerator and flipping the breaker. My apartment had been built at a time when there were no electric hair driers, and the system shut down when modernity asked too much of it.*

*I think of that fuse box often these days, because friends, I just do not think our psyches were developed to hold, feel and respond to everything coming at them right now; every tragedy, injustice, sorrow and natural disaster happening to every human across the entire planet, in real time every minute of every day. The human heart and spirit were developed to be able to*

*hold, feel and respond to any tragedy, injustice, sorrow or natural disaster that was happening IN OUR VILLAGE.*

*So my emotional circuit breaker keeps overloading because the hardware was built for an older time.*

*And yet, when I check social media it feels like there are voices saying "if you aren't talking about, doing something about, performatively posting about \_\_\_(fill in the blank)\_\_\_ then you are... PART OF THE PROBLEM" and when I am someone who does actually care about human suffering and injustice... I am left with wondering: am I doing enough, sacrificing enough, giving enough, saying enough about all the horrible things right now to think of myself as a good person and subsequently silence the accusing voice in my head? No. The answer is always no. No I am not. Nor could I. Because no matter what I do the goal of "enough" is just as far as when I started.*

*And yet doing nothing is hardly the answer.*

*So I wanted to share something with you. Every day of my life I ask myself three discernment questions I learned from one of my teachers, Suzanne Stabile:*

*What's MINE to do, and what's NOT mine to do?*

*What's MINE to say and what's NOT mine to say?*

*And the third one is harder:*

*What's MINE to care about and what's NOT mine to care about?*

*So I try and remember, 1. We are still living through a global pandemic and that means the baseline of anxiety and grief is higher than ever and shared by everyone. 2. The world is on fire literally and metaphorically. But 3. I only have so much water in my bucket to help with the fires. The more exposure I have to the fires I have NO WATER to fight, the more likely I am to get so burned, and inhale so much smoke that I cannot help anymore with the fires close enough to fight once my bucket is full again.*

*So I try and tell myself that It's ok to focus on one fire.*

*It's ok to do what is YOURS to do. Say what's yours to say. Care about what's yours to care about.*

*That's enough.*

*I'm not saying we should put our heads in the sand, I'm saying that if your circuits are overwhelmed there's a reason and the reason isn't because you are heartless, it's because there is not a human heart on this planet that can bear all of what is happening right now...*

And so my friend, when it all gets to be too much for your world-weary soul, may you pray this prayer from Nadia:

*Dear God,*

*I am sad to inform you that the planet is on fire and...it's all a bit much right now.*

*I don't want to feel numb but sometimes I do.*

*Except for when I'm having random level 9 responses to a level 2 situations. I mean, it's humbling to admit that yesterday I shouted THAT EXPLETIVE at the guy with the painfully and unnecessarily loud muscle car in front of my apartment. Bless that guy, Lord.*

*Please just show me what is mine to do because otherwise I will feel horrible not doing everything or callous for just doing nothing. So, give me grace for myself and others.*

*And when all I can do is stop during the day and place my hand on my heart and hold all these heavy realities up to you, may it count as prayer.*

*Help me to know when there is water in my bucket and which fire to throw it on, but also to know when to wait because I am on empty. Help me to trust that you will give me what I am to give away and to not feel like I must carry water for everyone else.*

*I guess what I am saying Lord, is: please show us some mercy, and help us to show this same mercy to ourselves and others.*

*Amen.*

Thanks so much for joining me.

If you know people who are high on anxiety because of all the things one heart cannot hold, I invite you to share this podcast with them, and subscribe yourself on iTunes, 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 an episode, because I so look forward to being with you again soon.

Rest your heart, friend. And always, always remember, if you go looking for joy, you'll most likely find it.

Till next time...

NOTES:

“Compassion Fatigue.” *Psychology Today*.

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/basics/compassion-fatigue>

Hatmaker, Jen. FaceBook post, September 6, 2019.

<https://www.facebook.com/jenhatmaker/photos/a.217119135053756/2329231783842470/?type=3>

Weber, Nadia Bolz. “If You Can’t Take In Any More, There’s a Reason.” *The Corners*, August 17, 2021. <https://thecorners.substack.com/p/if-you-cant-take-in-anymore-theres?s=r>