



Betty Zsoldos

CRISIS COACH

Trainer, Master Coach, NLP Master

bettyzsoldos@gmail.com

www.diybrainsurgery.com

skype: bettyzsoldos1

Mobile: 0475564233

BUSINESS
or
BUSYNESS ?

Being a breadwinner and a mother of 4, I have worked as an English teacher, a global educator, a personal development trainer and a coach for 20 years.

Taking a closer look on the nature of barriers delaying goals, working out a better and faster way to get to the destination excited me most. This professional history of mine, my husband's early death, the challenges of my four daughters' upbringing and my original curiosity drove me into passionate studies of various communicational and personal developmental methods.



Be careful with this message. It contains information that might change your life.

the things hardly ever turned out perfectly. He found the plants growing slowly, the bugs chewing the leaves, and the soil-fertility being poor. Work meant him more annoyance than pleasure. One day he rushed to Dr Mon Santo for advice, and happily returned home with six packs of goods. The next day these promising products covered the plants and the land. What happened after that, is another story.

You might say: "I guess what you mean, but... The world has changed... What worked very well before, fails now... But you don't mean we should use again hoes and shades, do you?!... Development is just into the opposite direction than the drawing board... We cannot go back."

If we cannot go back, neither we can go towards where we falsely believed "forward" is, then what? Einstein said "No problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that created it."

That is: The question above cannot be answered within this frame of mind. So, let's take another approach.

Our society is built on the foundations of exploitation. We are obsessed with tangible gains that grow on the altar of **Busyness** became a yardstick to gauge our business.

We are helpless sufferers from the tidal waves that sweep us into harder work, more speed, bigger sacrifice. Wicked

demons prey on our mind to lure us into senseless depletion of our physical and mental energies, to squeeze our souls out.

And "as outside, so inside": as we exploit our mother-nature, our environment, our resources, so we exploit our own inner landscapes. We cannot be ill, bad luck if we still are, and good luck if it falls for the weekend, holiday or Christmas-time. The "luckiest" can put it off until their retirement age: until all the trouble accumulates manifesting itself in more severe somatic illnesses.

Why is it so? Keeping ourselves in motion suggests that we are worthy, we are precious. As long as we move, we are alive, and if we are motionless we are lifeless.

Happiness is associated with loud laugh, quick and intense bodily reactions, such as "jumping of joy". In pursuit of happiness we are so much afraid of seeming lifeless that we must be wrapped up in unceasing acts, which then, slave us away.

If only we knew when to work and when to stop – but we have lost the sense of our inner "ebb and flow".

And on the other hand: it is literally painful to stop. It is painful to feel that we cannot control certain things with force. It is painful to feel the false illusion that we are not enough if we do not make big achievements.

But yet, pause for a moment to ask yourself which farmer you are...



Once upon a time...

...there was a farmer. He "ran his small business" in a perfectly balanced way, how he learned it from his father and forefathers.

He deeply respected the rhythm of nature: knew a lot about plants, soil, forces of nature, including the moon and the stars. He was very much aware of his own energy and biorhythm, even without knowing this latter terminology.

Not only did he "know" life, but this primary wisdom was deeply encoded into his blood. It lent him dignity, grace and elegance. When the right time came he sowed the seeds, gently covering them with soil and water, and then cultivated them with high attention and care...

In his neighbourhood there was another farmer. This man always consulted his diary to find the best slot to put the seeds into the soil. Somehow