

The Possibility Path

The Seven Stories

“Bringing Possibilities to Reality”



GRANDMOTHER CASTLE

The story of Grandmother Castle is the tale of how one person’s opinion can change so many lives, just because we let them, and how hard it is to pull out of the cycle of control. This type of control most often starts domestically within our families, but is also on a grand scale a world order used by many in power to keep their power. Recognizing it important to being open to freedom and possibilities to live our own lives!

Instructions:

Read the story, listen to the audio first, or do both together.
Journal as you go, during, or after.

It is your personal development course. Make it best for you in the way that is best for you!
And welcome to The Possibility Path: The Seven Stories!

The Possibility Path Stories

Grandmother Castle

Once upon a time, (shall we not start as all good fairytales do?) once upon a time there lived in a castle (keeping up with the theme) a very loving family. They had a few children, a few dogs, a cat, a horse, a mouse, all the things that gravitate towards castles and families. It was, as stated, a very loving family. The father was a stern, proud man capable and confident. The mother was sweet and endearing yet focused and no nonsense. There was balance in these relationships. There was harmony as best as harmony can be in a house with a few children, dogs, a cat, a horse and a mouse or two.

But one day things changed. (The plot thickens.) The elderly grandmother who had rightfully owned the house and all its inhabitants decided to move in to inspect this house and make sure everyone was living up to her standards. Of course, they would impress grand-ma-ma as this seemed to be the most perfect loving family... or would they?

The grand-ma-ma in her obstinate haughty way began to criticize everything from the hair on her dear daughter-in-laws' head to the chips in the china, the smell of their horses and the chatter of the mouse. Suddenly everything that seemed so quaint and lovely looked horrible and wrong. This was the grandmother's viewpoint and soon it became theirs.

The people of the house began to feel bad about themselves and shame came to darken the narrow footsteps to the bedrooms. Suddenly nothing was right. "Nothing would ever be right again!" cried the littlest child, a girl merely of ten.

Now the grand-ma-ma was not doing these things out of spite or unkindness. She was just doing what made her feel comfortable, doing what made her feel empowered, doing what made her feel less insecure. It had nothing to do with the family. It could have been a pack of geese for all she cared.

But to the family it was devastating. The eldest of the children began to rebel. She hated how the grandmother made her feel and was shocked her father would allow such behavior in his house. Her whole world crumpled as she saw that her parents were not the ones in calm control of this castle, but that they had someone to answer to as well, someone let's just say, not so kind. She grew her hair long, cut it, dyed it, changed her clothes, anything to try to regain control of the uncontrollable situations in her world. She screamed, threw tantrums, yelled, found a stable boy who would listen, and got pregnant. The grandmother insisted the parents banish her from the house.

The whole happy ever after ending for this family erupted. The father sank into despair, ashamed he had banished his eldest daughter. Powerless against his mother, he avoided his wife and thought about ending his life. The other children shut their mouths in fear. They spent the rest of their lives always trying to do everything right, everything perfect, everything just so, hoping to

gain back that feeling of happiness. The mother disappeared into the shadows, a ghost of the happy, vibrant woman she once was.

And the grandmother? All the grandmother had to say was “I told you so.” They had proven her right. They had become what she needed them to become in order to fulfill her dramatic need for power, for security that she knew best, that she was always right, that she was the only perfect one.

No one had escaped her claws. The castle fell into disrepair. The stable and grounds covered in weeds. There were whispers in the town about “the house on the hill.” All that was lovely was gone. Yet the grandmother held her head high as she walked into town. She knew she had been right all along. No one could be that happy, that loving. No one. And so, she had proved herself right. And in doing so, they had proved themselves wrong.

On her death bed it is to have been rumored she smiled. She was indeed the only queen of this castle.

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Now what a horrible story you would say! What a shocker. Why did the father let the grandmother to move on in the first place? Why didn't the mother speak up and protect the children? Why couldn't they have just left the castle and gone and lived poor and yet still loving and happy? And some of you very, very open minded are asking, “Why didn't someone just go hug the grandmother, tell her that to be loved one does not need to be kind and held their ground against the emotional suggestions of the grandma-ma's will?” Why? Why not?

These are all potential possibles. These are all scenarios that could have, would have, and did have different endings to this story. They all played out. They all materialized. They all created much different worlds. These are all possibles.

The grandmother had one possible reality, but the whole family agreed. Each day they chose her reality to become their own. It is very difficult to fight against one who is so certain in their version of reality as the only one, especially if it is family. These strong personalities are so convinced in their own version of life they appear confident, strong, and some would say even “smarter” or “know better.” They do not. They just act like they do, and we believe them.

Unfortunately what happens when we are around someone like this who is so able to blame, shame, lie, manipulate, and control is that we begin to question ourselves. We begin to question our own version of reality. We begin to think, “Maybe we are wrong. Maybe they are right.” We begin to move into their swirling, confusing, and sadly exhausting view of reality, the world, and ourselves.

These people make us feel a few things. They make us first feel fear. Fear of them. Fear of others. Fear of doing wrong. Second, they divide. They make us feel others are bad or wrong so we turn on each other. Then, third, they make us feel we are never enough and we do not know

better. (If we were enough and knew better we would not need them, would we?) And finally they say they are the only ones who are right. To stay in power over our worlds they have to be the only one who knows better. Anyone who questions is met with anger, fear, insults, and even violence.

So how do we counteract this all powerful seemingly in control personality? It is a simple answer, but hard to do. We know ourselves. We know ourselves so well we recognize when these feelings arise. We know our world. We know our reality. We have strong sense of self and confidence in our own reality.

And more importantly we need support. We need to know we are supported by others who see past the manipulation, blame, shame, adoration mix coming at us. We need people who know themselves and are able to see clearly. We need people who can say "No." We need people who can allow others to be who they are independently. It is extremely difficult to fight against those who are so strong in this power-is-all personality. It is possible, but it is difficult. We need the support.

It is difficult to resist anyone, much less someone who is close to you. That is why resisting against a family elder is so hard to do. We were children when they started their control dance with us. We did not know better, or were told we did not. We were powerless. We were vulnerable. When we have these people in our lives growing up, it is easier to fall prey to others like this later on in life. It is familiar. It is comfortable. It is known. They order, we follow. They manipulate. We fall prey. To pull out of that drama takes a lot of inner work facing our own reality and finding our own direction in life.

Have compassion for yourself if you have ever fell prey to those people in the world. Have compassion for others who are in their clutches as well. Breaking free is not as easy as it seems. But it is possible. And once it is possible, you can know a freedom of possibilities you may have never known before.

There are no right or wrong scenarios. There are no right or wrong choices. They are all just cause and effect. You can change the storyline anytime you wish. You can change your reaction to the characters in your life anytime you wish. You are the hero/heroine of your own life, your own saga. What do you choose? And what are the results of your choices?

Building confidence in who we are and the lives we want to live away from the inner voices in our heads is difficult. Many (mostly well intended) people who have held power over us in our lives have told us how we should eat, walk, sit, think, feel, wear, live, and be. Growing up means growing beyond those voices and those people in our lives to find our own unique voice that opens us up to our own possibilities for our world. Confidence in our own stories and our own world creates an ability to stand our ground when those people (and their voices in our heads) have an opinion on our lives.

How do you choose to live your life today?







If you are ready to delve into the amazing world that is you, if you are ready to change your life and open up to possibility, then come join us and walk The Possibility Path!

Go to [www.thepossibilitypath.com](http://www.thepossibilitypath.com) to start today!