

The Chandelier

An Anecdote From Brian Rainie

We manifest all the time. Every day we create and update our world. For many people, these are subtle changes. For me, well, I tend to manifest big. In my 20's I was considering getting a pet. What did the universe send me? An elephant. In 1983 I felt very isolated sitting in my cube at a high tech company. I told the universe I wanted to get out more and meet people. Six weeks later I was demonstrating future technologies to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Phillip. Like I said – I tend to manifest big.

We manifest objects, situations, and experiences. Sometimes, if we don't want to look at something, we manifest distractions.

After teaching metaphysics for years, I hit burnout. I took a break for two years, then came back to it with a whole new vision. One that needed a very different look and feel. One that needed a new website.

I really don't like website design. You can get lots of help with the formatting, but you still have to come up with the content. This can be a lot of work. After several weeks of procrastinating, I finally sat down at the computer in my den and started to write. I blew up a motherboard and two hard drives. It took me two weeks to set up and configure a new system the way I needed it. OK. Back to the den, and that stupid website. The next day I was rear-ended on the freeway. No one was hurt, but I had to deal with getting my car repaired, working with insurance, etc. Another couple of weeks go by. Ok. Back to the den, and that stupid website. As I'm typing away, a 40 pound glass chandelier dislodges from the ceiling and crashes down onto the dining room table. It went off like a bomb, and shook the house.



I walked to the edge of the den, where the debris field started. Glass filled three rooms. The dining room was covered. The living room had shards of sharp glass all over the furniture. Glass reflected off the counters in the kitchen. It even made it as far as the sink. It was going to take days, possibly weeks, to get up every piece and make sure the environment was safe again.

As I'm standing there, my wife walks up and stands next to me. She was in the back bedroom reading. She heard it. I'm pretty sure the neighbors heard it.

Now, what you'd probably expect is a very loud "What the &^%\$?" Oh no. She just turns to me and says "It's getting kind of loud." I look at her, puzzled. She says "It's getting kind of loud – and a little dangerous too. Are you ready to look at this yet? 'Cus it's getting kind of loud."

I said "It's the website, isn't it. I need to get over my resentment." She responds "You think? I hope you do that soon – 'cus it's getting kind of loud and I'm not sure I want to be around for the next one."

Then she went back to the bedroom to finish reading, leaving me to clean up the mess – because, it was my mess and I had to clean it up.