



## Allison Nazarian: The Wisdom Inside

*I met Allison Nazarian in real life when I travelled to Atlanta for a workshop. Beautiful, engaging and indescribably warm, Allison spoke to our group about writing. If I hadn't been a writer before that spirited talk, I'd have run out and purchased a notebook – she made it sound so important, so beautiful – and I wanted a piece of whatever she was having. Her writing feels the same way: Warm, inspiring, engaging – and beautifully alive.*

*I asked Allison to be a part of the Wisdom Series because of what she awakens in me – and the many readers of her beautiful blog – playfulness, engagement, a way of living with what I will call 'heart spirit' that is absolutely captivating. At the same time, Allison's work can be breathtakingly honest - inspiring investigation of what she calls our 'messes' – inner and outer. For me, Allison's is the wisdom of curiosity, of spirited engagement and open-hearted invitation. I am pleased and proud to introduce her to you.*

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**I know you have looked for it everywhere, because I, too, have also looked for it everywhere.**

You know...IT.

The way.

The truth.

The answer. About your life, your soul, your future, your commitments, your partners, your decisions, your loves.

Your answers.

I sought it out in books, online, on CDs, somewhere on my iPod, on video, through my TV, my radio, my headsets, my own eyes, my ears.

I had my palms read, my chart done, my future foretold, my energy cleared, my energy healed, pins stuck in me, hands kneading my skin. I read about chakras and smudging and breathing and colors and feng shui and quantum physics. I was hypnotized, yoga-ized, therapy-ized, meditation-ized, coached, cajoled and advised. I talked to spirits, dead people, live people and even some people in-between. I went to the events, the conferences, the networking groups and the gatherings. I picked lots of people – the wrong people, great people, bad people, normal people. I was busy. I had something I needed to find. I was looking for IT.

Someone or something that would tell me whether I should stay in my marriage or go.

Someone or something that would give me the secret to being a better mom.

Someone or something that would teach me the trick to better writing and give me the tools I really needed to run my business well.

And while we were at it, someone who knew how to take 10 pounds off and keep them off forever.

I knew IT was right around the corner. I was going to find IT, by golly, if it was the last thing I did!

Like the baby chick in the famous story “Are You My Mother?” I was sure someone out there had the wisdom I needed. I wouldn’t quit until I found The One Who Had IT.

I looked up to others. Felt they must know better than me. Why? Because they said so. Because they seemed sure. They said the right things and had the right offers.

My life felt like a constant pursuit for something. For IT. Not being or even doing, but seeking.

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And then, well, only because I am impatient and I am not one to wait or to keep on without resolution or direction, I started to wonder.

I started to see through the cracks. I questioned “them” and tried my own hand here and there. I started to make my own things happen. I stopped assuming everyone else was wiser than I. I started to be ok with making mistakes. I jumped a few times and found that landing without dying or being horribly embarrassed was highly likely.

I started to let the posers go. I began to protect my time and my money and my energy. I stopped acting so f\*\*\*ing eager to let anyone give me his or her version of IT. I learned to say no and practiced using it as a complete sentence.

And then, because I am not one to keep at a dead end forever, I just stopped.

Because, well, I didn’t seem to be making a ton of progress. I still didn’t have The Answer about being a better mom, or finding love, or what my purpose was all about or how to run my business.

I was no closer to finding IT than I had been way back when, so, yes, one day, I just stopped. I called off the troops and stopped the search.

I quit looking around.

I pulled back the brakes.

I called myself on my own B.S.

I got real quiet and sat real still. And it wasn’t easy because it didn’t always feel so great and there was no one telling me “This is The Way” and I didn’t always feel so sure.

I didn't always feel so sure because for the first time I turned my gaze in a new and different direction.

For the first time, I looked inward.

I began to realize that discomfort was a by-product of a life honestly lived. That because water seeks its own level, not everyone would like or accept this new approach of mine. That being too nice was an old excuse. That people who had coasted along on their stories and had their own – but not my – best interests at heart wouldn't be welcome around me anymore.

And despite and because of all that, for the first time, I found exactly what I was looking for.

The truth.

The answers.

The way.

I'd had IT all along.

I saw what I'd been looking for. I knew whether I would stay in the marriage. I knew what I wanted to write about. I knew what my kids needed in me.

IT was there...all there. But it was rusty and flawed and infinitely human. It was not pretty. It was not sweet, there were no birds circling around and I did not look like Snow White. IT was weird and craggly and very, very messy. IT was imbalanced and blemished. IT didn't smell like perfume and it didn't taste sweet.

It needed to be dusted off and it wasn't always easy to use, but it was begging to be trusted. I knew where it was and it was mine, mine and only mine.

Sure, I had doubts and trips and stumbles and moments of complete I-have-no-clue-ness. But so did all those other people I looked to. So did all those programs and systems and "Here Is The Way" paths I'd traveled so many times before. So did the experts and the gurus and the answers. So did everything and everyone else.

Recognizing, hearing and using the wisdom inside is not an in-and-out job. It is an ongoing journey that never ends. It is solitary and GPS-less. There are no shortcuts, and while the people you come across will be as deep and wise as you, they will number far fewer than those on the "Guru Path."

But if you listen closely and trust fully, you will have all you need, craved, desperately sought and even begged for right there in one place.

And in one place only.

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Allison Nazarian is widely known as one of the most honest and innovative voices in marketing, blogging, and the online world today. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, Allison is the author of the “Do-It-Yourself” copywriting books *Copywriting 101* and *One Minute Copywriter*, as well as of the newly-released *Love Your Mess*. She has been featured in *The Wall Street Journal, INC*, *Entrepreneur*, *Fortune Small Business* and as a guest columnist/blogger and interviewee on dozens of blogs, teleseminars and on- and offline programs. An entrepreneur, author and consultant professionally and a mom, walker and reader personally, Allison writes on working from home, working moms, single parenthood, loving your mess, business ownership and all of the things, people, and “stuff” that make up real life from her home in Florida.

The Book: <http://LoveYourMessBook.com>

The Writing: <http://AllisonNazarian.com/blog>

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