



“I am Not My Car” – Getting Over Environmental Attachments

In these current economic times, I feel that it is particularly important for people to remember that their possessions do not reflect who they are as human beings. This is a story to help us all remember who we really are inside.

About a year ago, my husband and I were grocery shopping. We pulled into the lot, and parked near a very interesting vehicle. It was a beat-up, black, sub-compact car (similar to an old VW Rabbit, but I don't know what the make actually was) that had writing all over it! In white (paint or marker, I'm not sure) it had things like, “I am not my car,” “Over 300,000 km and still going strong,” and “My possessions do not define me!” I looked at the rusty, dented car as I walked by and laughed thinking, “They must have a lot of courage to drive that thing around town,” and completely missing the point.

This beat-up little car started to really get to me; I started to think about my own car. It was getting old, a little rusty and I was often embarrassed to drive it – especially when I knew I'd be parking it beside some of my friends' shiny brand new cars. I had a good job, it's not like I couldn't afford a better car, but my husband and I thought that we'd pay down some other debt and built up our savings before we would get something newer. Telling myself that I was “responsible and pragmatic” about my car-situation didn't always make me feel better parking beside a brand-new SUV but I pretended that I was okay with it. After seeing this car everything hit home! “That's right! I am NOT my car,” I said firmly to myself a couple days later when I was feeling embarrassed about the state of my car. I began to ponder this further in my mind and apply it to other

area's of my life. I am not my car, my job, my spouse, my family, my house, my neighborhood, my level of education, the clothes I wear, the friends I keep, the food I eat. So if those things are not me, then who am I?

Who I am can be defined more by what I am not, than by what I am. My identity lies in my authentic self; the self that is there even after I sell my car, or move to another country. The point I am trying to make is this: *if I were to lose my possessions, or change them, would I still exist?* And my answer to this is, yes. That is why I don't entangle my identity with my physical environment. I *drive* a nicer car now, yes, but I'm still the same woman who drove the old car. I *own* a wonderful home in the suburbs, but this hasn't changed me from who I was when I lived in an apartment in the city. And if I had to sell my home, or downgrade my car, I would still be the same person.

Not to say that people don't change throughout their lives, but I am saying that people should not change because of their *things*. Possessions don't *make* people. Life makes people. So let go of the idea that your designer handbag makes you a better you than if you had a cheap one. Do not fool yourself that driving a BMW means you're happier than if you were driving a Chevy. Do not let these things define you!

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Kimberly's passion is to work with women who are ready to identify and eliminate their resistance to living greatly. She teaches women to listen to their intuitions, cast out self doubt and have the courage to be authentic. An advocate of life long learning and personal growth, Kimberly's personal philosophy is "Be True to yourself: Be Authentic!" For more information check out her website www.kimberlyenglot.com, or email her at kimberlyenglot@gmail.com.