

## Lane Wallace, *Core Strength* session handout

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### **Bozos on the Bus**

From the book *Broken Open*, by Elizabeth Lesser  
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Every single person on this bus called Earth hurts; it's when we have shame about our failings that the hurt turns into suffering. In our shame, we feel outcast, as if there is another bus somewhere, rolling along on a smooth road. Its passengers are all thin, healthy, happy, well-dressed, and well-liked people who belong to harmonious families, hold jobs that don't bore or aggravate them, and never do mean things, or goofy things like forget where they parked their car, lose their wallet, or say something completely inappropriate.

We long to be on that bus with the other normal people. But we are on the bus that says BOZO on the front, and we worry that we may be the only passenger on board. This is the illusion so many of us labor under—that we're alone in our weirdness and uncertainty; that we may be the most lost person on the highway. So it may be the first step toward enlightenment to understand that the other bus—the sleek bus with the cool people who know where they are going—is also filled with bozos: bozos in drag, bozos with secrets.

When we see clearly that every single human being, regardless of fame or fortune or age or brains or beauty, shares the same ordinary foibles, a strange thing happens. We begin to cheer up, to loosen up, and we become as buoyant as those people we imagined on that other bus. As we rumble along the potholed road, lost as ever, through the valleys and over the hills, we find ourselves among friends. We sit back, and enjoy the ride.