

Healing Beyond Right and Wrong

“OUT BEYOND IDEAS OF WRONGDOING AND RIGHT DOING,
THERE IS A FIELD. I’LL MEET YOU THERE.
WHEN THE SOUL LIES DOWN IN THAT GRASS,
THE WORLD IS TOO FULL TO TALK ABOUT.
IDEAS, LANGUAGE, EVEN THE PHRASE EACH OTHER
DOESN’T MAKE ANY SENSE.”
— RUMI

There is a point in healing where you become tired of asking, *Who was right? Who was wrong? Who hurt who first? Who should apologize? Who misunderstood whom?*

You replay conversations – You rewrite moments in your head – You imagine what you should have said – You wish someone could finally understand your side.

And maybe, for a while, you need that.

You need to acknowledge what happened. You need to feel what hurt. You need to give yourself permission to be angry, disappointed, heartbroken, or confused.

But healing asks us to eventually move somewhere else – Beyond right and wrong.

Not because what happened didn't matter – Not because you should excuse someone's actions – Not because boundaries don't matter.

But because sometimes holding tightly to the question of *who was right* keeps us emotionally tied to the very thing we're trying to heal from.

The field: I imagine Rumi's field as a place where we can finally put everything down.

The explanations – The defensiveness – The need to prove ourselves – The stories we've been carrying – The need for someone else to validate our pain before we're allowed to heal. And maybe, just for a moment, we can breathe.

We can say: This hurt me. I hurt too. I may never understand everything. And I don't need to carry it forever.

That doesn't mean pretending everything is okay.

Healing isn't forgetting. Healing is learning that something can have happened to you **without having to define the rest of you.**

Sometimes we just want to be understood. One of the hardest things is feeling misunderstood.

We want to explain ourselves until someone finally says: “I understand. I see why you felt that way.”

And when we don't receive that understanding, we can become even more determined to prove our perspective.

But what if part of healing is learning to give ourselves some of the understanding we've been desperately waiting for from someone else? What if we could say: “I know why I reacted that way. I know what I was feeling. I know what I needed.” We can take responsibility for our part without taking responsibility for everything.

We can apologize without abandoning ourselves – We can forgive without reopening a door – We can love someone and still have boundaries – We can miss someone and still choose ourselves.

Lying in the grass: There is something beautiful about the image of simply lying down in the grass.

No fixing – No performing – No explaining – Just being. Maybe healing sometimes looks less like *doing* and more like **allowing** – Allowing yourself to rest – Allowing yourself to grieve. Allowing yourself to not have the answers – Allowing people to have their own version of the story – Allowing yourself to stop chasing closure from people who may never be able to give it to you.

And slowly discovering that peace doesn't necessarily come when everyone agrees with you. Sometimes peace comes when **you no longer need them to.**

Meet me there

Maybe the field isn't somewhere we arrive – Maybe it's a state within us – A place we find when we stop fighting with the past. A place where we can hold both truths: I was hurt. And I am healing. I made mistakes. And I am still worthy of love. Someone may have misunderstood me. And I don't have to spend my life proving who I am. Something ended. And my life is still unfolding.

Out beyond right and wrong, there is a field. Maybe that's where healing begins. Not when we decide nobody was wrong. But when we decide that our peace is more important than winning the argument.

I'll meet you there. 