The following excerpt is taken from my upcoming memoir, *Real People,* which is being prepared for publication this coming year. It more fully describes the birth of what I am referring to as a "real I".

I was aware of the wind blowing in the car window as the two-lane pavement sped by, the scent of purple heather floating on the currents. But another part of me felt suspended somewhere above my head. I had the distinct sense that this other part was new, growing—fed by the efforts I made to be present, to sense, to not react in my habitual ways.

 And then I felt my personality. Greedy, hungry, ready to take credit and gloat.

 *No!* I thought. *You can't have this.*

 I pushed the new awareness away from my consciousness, wishing it to fade, quick, before I could think about it. But a little glow remained, like an aftertaste, a comfort of knowing that efforts did accrue. I let go of this too, wishing this embryo of being to stay hidden from my sight so that it could grow, unmolested.