

2. What's Your Name?

Musing Interruptus is a podcast meant for sharing thoughts and stories and enjoying idiomatic phrases and words in general. You can read along; the transcription is in the description of this episode. The idiomatic expressions are in italics. Try to get the meaning from the context and then look them up to see if you were right. If you like it, share it, but more importantly, continue the conversation.

Hello, I'm Renée Valentina and this is Musing Interruptus. Each person is a mystery awaiting to be discovered. I think we all want to be discovered. Not necessarily by everyone, even though social media would have us think that. Social media networks seem like a cry for just that. Getting views and likes and even getting paid for it as a means of redemption for what couldn't be obtained any other way. I could be wrong. There are a lot of people that make *a very decent living* by becoming influencers and having *Only Fans* accounts. Call me old fashioned, but I still love discovering people a question at a time. Today, *What's Your Name?*

Getting to know someone is one of the loveliest experiences. I was going to say human experiences, but it happens all over the place. I get to tell you about it as a human. Which makes me think about what a dog would have to say about it. This is how I imagine the interaction between my dog and a neighborhood dog.

Oh, I smell another me, let's see... ahh the tail is up and wagging, let me see mine... yes... I'm wagging my tail too, I'll come closer. Sniff Sniff your nose.. Yes, I believe I'm ready to sniff your butt. Oh, yeah, ok, we can do it at the same time. Cousin Ralph!!! So good to meet you!!! I'm cousin Penny!! I see you had a good breakfast, I'll let you continue on your way to *get your business done*, I myself have just started my walk and will look for the worst possible place to *relieve myself*. Good-bye cousin Ralph.

If we were dogs, if we had those noses and that sense of smell. I believe relationships would be much easier. Dogs immediately know where they stand with the other. Friend or foe. But we aren't, and we don't. We communicate with words. With our hands, our voices, our faces. Smelling butts is optional and rarely in the first 5 minutes of getting to know someone. We have other signs and ways to communicate we are interested in getting to know each other. Knowing if they are friend or foe comes later, sometimes too late. But that is another Musing Interruptus. Today, I can tell you the experience as a person who uses eyesight. I also imagine that when we rely on other senses, this process might differ, at least in the beginning. For instance, if we use our eyesight, we make eye contact, we approach each other, we say hello, hi, hey and we might introduce ourselves by using the phrase: my name is, in my case Renée. I would then ask: What's your name? That would elicit an answer. The other person might say their name, if they are interested, or simply overt their eyes, thus closing any further communication. At least for the time being. What's your name is a great question. If people had imaginary doors, that question might be the doorbell or knocker, to their home.

That question doesn't just bring someone to their metaphorical door, it reveals a fundamental truth about the person and the person who named them. Think about, this is one of the first things your parents or the person who cared for you as a baby gives you once you are born or are in their care. It is not just something to call you, to avoid confusion with the dog or the kitchen table or a day of the week. It isn't just a word to avoid calling out to you with a *hey you there, come over here*. It does simplify that. For sure. They could do that. But they don't. They give you a name, sometimes two or three, plus last names. It is a projection of themselves through a desire of continuity, and a promise, a conjuring of destiny. Your name holds all that.

Whoever named you might have thought of the elements that would bring your life strength, love, valor, integrity, ingenuity. Perhaps they envisioned a shield made by the stuff of the purest form of love. This is alchemy for you to use at will by simply pronouncing it.

Imagine what your name holds. The promise, the wish, the conjuring of a certain destiny.

What an intimate thing to know about a person, it is almost as intimate as being a dog. Thank you for listening.

What does your name mean? Who named you? What do you think about your name? How do you approach strangers? If you don't use your eyesight, what is it like for you? For all of you, are butts part of the equation? Are you a dog or a human? *I'm listening*.

What a thing to be given a name. If you pay attention to a person's name, you can hear their parents whisper. Listen. Read along. Share your thoughts [with me].

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