

## What A Difference A Day Makes!!!!



(okay, those closer to my era, or knowing older songs, know the next line - 24 hours....)

One Day: Snowstorm blew in juicy “drama story” that enfolded me, just like the storm. The storm wrecked my day’s plans and I was sour, mad, and really disappointed. I was disappointed by my planned day ‘getting wrecked’ and disappointed by my inner weather reporter who was noting’ the blow by blow’ inner weather system (from turbulent, ‘white out’ Mind). Ohhhhhhhhh, how I wish it were different, better, “Perfect” (that I was free from this ‘reduced to leg hold in trap’ again, and again, and again)!

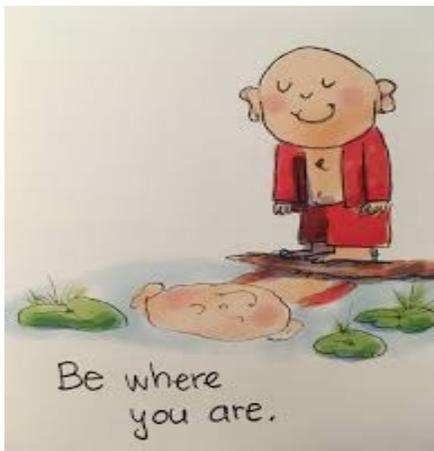
Sometimes the “Clear View and Noting” stings and smarts even more deeply (like a paper cut ) – you know??? Of course, you do! We all do.

My own practice is as long as it is, and as deep as it is – and it has taken a great deal of repeated, over and over and over again practice to get to here: to Clear View of all that Is Here, Just Now, Just Like This! Ohhhhhhhh! Crap! Ouch!!!!!! Wowsers!!!!!!

And then I feel a wave of humbleness, humility, the flush of pink face – you know some shame mixed with embarrassment – that comes with also Clear View/Knowing: Perfect Practice Opportunity, Right Here, Right Now – your choice, Dearie!

I know that Pema Chodron and Thich Nhat Hanh would smile softly and acknowledge all of this, eyes glistening with compassion.

This is the mud that the lotus grows in – lotus and mud have an intimate relationship. My choice is: Do I wish to care for this inner mud? Or, do I wish to run from it, to numb it, to resist it – and decline this practice to keep on growing? In this context, this time, I began to wonder what I might do to care for my inner mud and my personal practice (this time) engaged and mobilized and, as I cared for “my garden” my pain began to soften and to ease. “I am in a human club of all- inclusive company! We all know this one.”



Next Day: No, sleep was not the magic transformer – dream on! I rose early and finished my last Christmas gift (a counted cross-stitch) and continued my self-care and practices. If there was “magic”, it resided in staying present, in my body, in conversation with my younger, inner Shelley, simply acknowledging and allowing and feeling and caring. Slowly and gently, the waters calmed and cleared and I felt free, lighter, so alive and grateful to be fully present in this moment, in this day. My day unfolded in delights and surprises, and with continuing little waves of muddiness(es). And so it is, this precious gift called, “Life”.

Warm Regards,

Shelley & Becky