

Ditties Swimming In My Mind

The Elm Trees have let go of single and bunches of leaves, in the very strong, stormy winds of yesterday. My dog makes it her business to walk from one to the next, as if she offers a blessing and an acknowledgement that, "yes, sometimes all there is to do is to let go".

A Nova Scotia diver found himself in the mouth of a Humpback Whale while diving off the coast of Cape Cod. I did not open this story at first sighting, but then could not resist the tale. I read and imagined the complete groundlessness of what, where am I, and will I breathe until oxygen runs out?). Thank goodness for no teeth, propelling spitting out power, and some bruises to confirm the story – Jonah anyone?

A friend in Poland shared her love for Acai Trees and the heady sweetness of their flowers in Springtime. I had to pepper her with identification questions until I was sure they are the same trees as live on savannahs in Africa and are the salad buffet for giraffes. I was simply stunned and felt tranced! What blanks had I added to my "knowledge" of Poland, in addition to my black and white 11" tv childhood movies about Poland and war. Yes, I feel sheepish and embarrassed here. I asked if she knew that Acai Trees are extraordinary as they release a chemical message to other Acai who might not even be close by – and the receivers of this message are able to change the chemistry of their leaves, now tasting unappealing to Giraffes, and remaining un-nibbled. And, yes, she knew this too already! It was I who was clueless and so not knowing any of it.

Mother Nature and her weather has a way of demanding, urgent or emergent here and now attention. Sometimes we watch the skies and sense the incoming and take the available sheltering, protective action. Sometimes we stop and "let go" of any knowing or assumed control of outcome – hoping for 'grace' and best of best possible.

How much body constriction and clenching and overthinking Mind's worryings have I spent my life swimming in? Here I am with ground down molars (accomplished in childhood) and micro-cracks and 'wear' ("it's normal", my dentist says with a grimace and laughs at silly me). Here I am with body holding patterns, imbalances of these muscles too short and constricted, pulling those muscles to too long and loose, while Heart wishes to earnestly work towards a comprehensive makeover into balance, flow, with ease and naturalness.

And, in the most perilous situations I have experienced, simply letting go of any knowing, of any sense of control, of even any drama story about anything – no thoughts, no words, just a gaping mouth as if to say, “Wow!”.

Life is long, life is short, life is a wild and juicy ride. Life is a precious gift. May I open fully and freely!

Warm Regards,

Shelley & Becky

