

On Being Happy

On an oddly sultry November day I found myself doing the second round of gathering carrots for bringing indoors. They were laid out on a plank and the mud had dried nicely. Green tops were tousled in the wind and I noted that deer had not nibbled on them, despite their deep footprints in the garden.

With garden gloves on, I made a pile of green tops that would be the last addition to the compost box. I rubbed each carrot, chunks of dried soil letting go and then a second rub and earthy dust blowing about – in the air, in my eyes and in my mouth. The delicious and pungent smell of “Carrot!” filled my nose. I felt filled with happiness.

It occurred to me that I am outside on a beautiful day, wearing a light windbreaker and still wearing my cracked up rubber boots – in November. A super typhoon on the other side of the world created much destruction and altered the jet streams way up in the atmosphere, gifting this oddly warm weather!!!

I felt grateful that this was a weekend day and I was outside, fully soaking in the delight. I was not rushing to the ED with a loved one, I was not sitting in ICU with a loved one, and I was not making arrangements for a funeral (or, in covid, plans for now). I was not living in an apartment building or in a Southern Ontario “covid hot zone”. My back was not in spasm and I could naturally and with ease, attend to this wonderful task. All of my senses were functioning and engaged. I did not feel (and usually do not) my chronological age as my body does almost all of what I ask of it, even if feeling tired or sore.

I fell into happiness – a full body sensation of glowing, of appreciation for all that I have via the absence of what I do not have presently. I have driven in panic to the ED with a loved one in crisis. I have sat in ICU with a dear one and I have made plans for a Celebration of Life. And more! We know this, each from our own lived experience (or from that of others close to us).

In this moment, I felt full, content, and very appreciative of all that I have, all that is right and here, now, in my life, in my world for me to experience. I had not thought of this back door pathway to so called, “Counting my Blessings” by what could be worse (way worse), but I imagined what else might make the list – sick with covid, loved one dying alone in confusion, inadequate basic needs for food and shelter. And, I paused and quietly said to myself, “Enough – be here, heart overflowing and be fully present!”

Warm regards,

Shelley & Becky

