

Gearing Down, Waaaay Down!

It is my first day of Christmas Break. My habituated Self wants to preside – to make all kinds of lists of things to do, and to run, run, run, being busy and accomplishing. First thing today, I assigned myself a one item 'list' for the day – the rest of the day open to freely unfold. Mine to experience in simple awareness.

At times today I felt like I was a big truck gearing down a steep incline, engine sounding off loudly, groaning, brakes starting to smoke. I met Self and Mind simply with, "Today is a gentle transition day from a state of doing into a flowing, more relaxed state of being".

At other times today I was joyful with what felt like a "play day" – to beeee in this day, just floating along moment to moment. I even became excited like a kid, wondering what was going to happen next. Hmmm, I remember this feeling, but it has been years. Planning, over-stuffing the day, even on vacation, 'making the most of', getting it all done, or lots of it. Does this resonate with you – the sense of overwhelm, of scarcity of time and energy, of not wanting to waste, but to make the most of time available.

Christmas Break has come and gone, and I remain committed to my "No" to same old habit energy of doing, doing, doing (gotta, should, need to ...) and "Yes" to feeling my way into being here, being in my body and connected with breath and this precious gift of life. I am playing my "Wild Card" and wishing to grow a new habit energy – one with more openness, space to be surprised, to be moved by the moment, by whim and wonder of what may unfold.

Of course my dominant nature is the big muscle, well developed, great body muscle memory, easy and comfortable. Just as it should be after so darned much practice and repetition! I am lucky to have a great memory, a long memory, and to vividly remember how long and delicious days used to be, how much fun it was to go adventuring miles away on my bicycle, to get lost in wonderful music, in wonderful play, and in convulsive laughter with a good friend. And, in all of that, I was fully present, in the moment, engaged, in my body and alive – tingly, delightedly alive! This vivid and visceral memory will be the lighthouse to call me home.

"More please. In fact, lots more as I have a lot of time to make up for." This new practice will be worth the awkwardness and caring attention needed to support the early foundational growth. Simply, I gleefully await this new Me – one who is at ease with quietly beeeeing simply present, in this moment.

Warm Regards,

Shelley & Becky

PS. A crazy question came to me today: What would you wish your one last expression (aloud or in thought) be before you died? Even if death was right here and now??????



"We need to give up what no longer works and find new ways of being that keep us close to what matters."

- Mark Nepo