



## Hibernating

I can imagine nestling myself into my cozy den of a bed, maybe a “den-bed”, wearing my most soft, most fuzzy pj’s. My heavy comforter snuggled over my whole body, tons of pillows propping me up. Comfortably and totally supported by bed and pillows. I’d bring to my cozy den-bed a hot chamomile tea, to soothe my throat and warm my insides. My den-bed would have stacks of books within arms reach—fun novels that would capture my imagination and I would get lost in the words. I’d also have my journal book and a pen that flows across the pages just the way I like the ink to.

In this hibernating state I would sleep soundly. I would wake at times and linger with a book or write until my hand stopped writing. I would gently fall back into sleep again and again. Over and over.

I would emerge from my den-bed at a time when I felt rested, rejuvenated and fully alive. Everything would make sense to me again. There would be no COVID and no uproar. I would be at ease and filled with joy for being alive and awake. Everyone around me--in fact, all beings in the whole world--would also be well rested, joyful, calm, and fully at ease.

Sounds so delightful and so indulgent....imagining my den-bed onto this page is the most light-hearted thing I’ve done today....Maybe I can’t hibernate until spring or until COVID is gone (whatever that means), however, I can treat myself to a cozy movie night with popcorn and snuggling with my family under a big warm blanket!

Happy (imaginary) hibernating.

Warmly,

Becky and Shelley