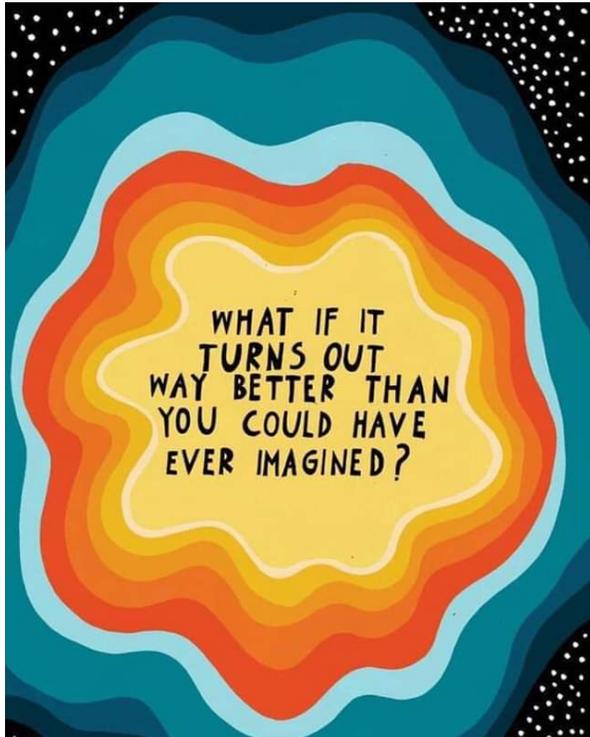


Sometimes you don't get what you think you're gonna get...sometimes it turns out way better than what you thought.



It was not that long ago that I turned off my laptop for the day and one of my boys asked me to go out on the snowmobile with him. I wanted to say no. I was convinced that it would be cold, bumpy and uncomfortable. Then I was thinking about all the ways that my body is aging and no longer youthful and spry...my knees would surely ache from the bumpy ride--this would not have been the case several years ago. Now my mind is off in all kinds of directions (as minds often do) and I'm in a bit of a rabbit hole with all of the reasons that I had no business getting on this stupid snowmobile.

And I said yes anyways. I'm not even sure what made me say yes. I guess mostly because of the look on his face, so eager to take Mama for a ride.

And it was beautifully snowy and not too cold, we were both dressed up nice and toasty warm. The recent snow had coated the trails making the ride smooth and fresh. Together we tried out a new trail and had a hoot breaking new ground. He would stop the machine and look back to point out something in the bush he wanted me to see. His delight was infectious. He loved chauffeuring me and I loved being chauffeured by him. We even stopped the machine and went for a nice walk together. This ride ticked all my joy boxes...my body felt alive and strong, my heart was open and my cup was full. Thank goodness I didn't get what I thought I was gonna get!

May I remember this joy for all of my coming days and years – and may I be willing to take my body, 'as is' and accept future invitations to go out and play, to share – be it tobogganing, a snow machine ride,

simply being a gracious “guest” accepting and giving a gift to a dear one. And getting a gift for myself:
Having a hoot when I didn’t expect it.

Warmly,

Becky and Shelley

May I be at peace

May I know the beauty of my own true nature

May my heart remain open

May I be healed