

full tilt living newsletter

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There's this stuff whipping around our planet that the weather people like to call "atmosphere." I first noticed it as more simply, wind. And it was always up to something. Scooping up leaves and swirling papers, carrying them every which way. Taking the bubbles I blew--when it caught them--and making them dance and float, letting them drop and burst into wet globs when it didn't. Carrying my kite so far up that it shrank to a dot in the sky. Blowing in huge dark clouds full of rain. Being ever so still on a stifling summer afternoon.

I still check to see what the wind is up to when I'm heading out the door. Something with the muscle to shove clouds around has no trouble with the re-arrangement of hair, loosely slung scarves, unbuttoned coats.

And oh, I love it when the wind is up and we're smacking into each other at the beach! Salty air blasting into my face, seagull calls carried on the gusts.

It seems we almost can't help but give the wind a personality. But the truth of the matter is that wind, well, just **is**.

I mention this because a lot of other things that we think are more just **are** as well. We may view them as capable--and culpable--of causing things to happen. But face it, it ain't so. Like a penny is inherently incapable of being lucky. It can only be a penny. We can make it appear to be lucky, just by the way we think of it. And then for us, it might be, yes? (I know for a fact that guys have lucky shirts and secretly swear by them).

And a parking ticket isn't vile in it's own right. It only gets that way when we see it taking money out of our pocket and tossing it down the drain. If we see it perhaps offering us an opportunity to support the city's public works, which is benefiting everyone, it can be positively uplifting. I haven't had that happen yet. But it could. If I could manage to wrap my mind around it.

In regards to lucky shirts, I'm not meaning to burst anyone's bubble. Shirts should certainly be allowed their luck. But think about it. If we took all the times we give

some thing or event a meaning beyond it's own self and tweaked that meaning a bit, we'd have the makings of the most fabulous day.

Go ahead--consider the possibility of upgrading your view of barely worth mentioning, or even dismal things you encounter. Boost them up a few notches in your estimation. Assign them a new, better-for-you meaning.

Let shirts and pennies beam good luck. Let roses be romantically red. The blue of the sky be your sign of endless possibilities. The elevator ride lifting you to new levels, the sugar in the coffee your reminder of how sweet life can be.

Let them sing and swing and glow with your outrageously positive perception. Be rich in their new meaning. Ringing the highest of high notes, riding waves of great good feeling, shining brighter than they ever possibly could on their own.

So that you can wonder in every waking what these new moments of this shining day will bring. Life as the gift. That it truly is.

And know that I'm behind you all the way.