

## full tilt living newsletter

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I'm going to come right out and admit that learning was not one of my top ten favorite activities when I "had" to go to school. I fantasized about making a final statement about being the victim of education when I graduated from college by making my own version of 'The Ring—a huge open mouth with a pill resting on its tongue. Around the border, where the name of the university usually appears, I was planning on inscribing "Swallowing the Bitter Pill of Education." And as I was taking a class in jewelry-making to keep myself entertained while I swallowed my final bitter pill, it came close to becoming a reality. Literature/Art Major run seriously amok.

I'm grateful that the gods of learning saved me from myself and kept me too busy at the end of the semester to follow through. The headless gargoyle figure I'd constructed in a beginning ceramics class, having become a planter, still graces the porch of the house we all were renting at the time. One embarrassingly ugly reminder of why students should destroy their work is more than enough.

Now, a mere thirty years later, I'm interested in being a student. In the sense that a student is one who learns. I want it to be an every day thing. To find a bit of learning in all my moments. To witness the stunning wisdom in my plants growing towards the light. To see how little the cost of gentleness. How self-consuming a moment of rage. To find that an ego has its merits and also its limitations. To discover that having all the answers could be the death of creativity. To notice that those who dare to be vulnerable have met the source of their own strength.

I invite you to be a learner. Not because we need lessons, but because its the learning that causes the ordinary to become extraordinary. Brings joy to our days and peace to our nights.

What more could any student wish for?

*And know that I'm behind you all the way--  
Maureen*