

full tilt living newsletter

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It intrigues me that phrases used by folks who live dangerously often end up in our everyday language, even though most of our days are lived far from the possibility of needing them.

Like, “He threw me a lifeline.” As if we're all seafarers and at any moment a monster swell could wash us off the deck and into the sea. Then we would surely need a lifeline thrown to us if we hadn't had the sense to secure our line before the sea got choppy. Or we climb mountains on a regular basis, counting on that thin strand of rope to stand between us and disaster.

Yet here on more even land and mostly away from threatening bodies of water, we still treasure lifelines.

I believe because we need to remember them. For the moments when we become dizzy or lost or overwhelmed or lose our bearings, forgetting for a time that our lifeline is firmly attached and we are never left to dangle or slide or be tossed overboard.

And here I'm going to give you a clue as to how to go about feeling the tug of that line, seeing the strands that keep us safe. You will be suspending all rational thought for a moment. Allowing the storehouse of your imagination to present a new view for you. After all, it came up with the view your rational mind is now clinging to, sending shock waves through your senses, blinding you.

So now take a deep, full breath and as you do, find a spot right in the middle of your chest. It may be warm, it may glow. Breathe fully and deeply until you find it there. And when you do, notice that it connects. Not necessarily knowing how, just that it does. And through this connection flows a strength, a knowing, perhaps a presence. Your lifeline. There all the time, whether you notice it or not. If you stay with it for a few moments, playing with the feeling, perhaps seeing, imagining that strong, steady cord, the confusion will dissipate. Clarity will return. Peace will be yours.

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

Maureen