

full tilt living newsletter

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Breathing room, letting things percolate, circulate, simmer.

Stretching out some empty spaces for yourself. Even when a spa weekend/trip to the slopes is out of the question. Try some of these:

Making oatmeal the old, slow way. Watching thick bubbles rising in the pot, belching as they burst.

Washing the windshield inside and out. Wiping off the grime, watching shining glass come blooming out of the haze.

Placing your hand over your heart. Feeling your beat.

Looking for your favorite color. Everywhere you go.

Dancing steps from high school. With company or without.

Turning the garden with a spade. The scent of earth rising with each shovelful. Tickling you with ideas of what you'll plant.

Sitting outside and waiting for the moon to rise. With company or without.

Scrubbing a floor with a bucket and a brush. The scent of soap rising from the wash water, the swishing of bristles being pushed across the floor.

Taking a tour through your CD stack. Picking just one. Listening with the lights off.

Red sucker, orange sucker, giving each a lick. Yellow sucker, green sucker?

Shuffling down the street, taking a trip to nowhere. Feeling the wind, watching for what might blow by.

Leafing through a magazine, counting the smiles.

Folding paper into airplanes. Flying them out the window. Finding where they land.

Spreading your fingers, combing them through your hair, pressing deep into your scalp.

Humming the oldest tune you know.

Reading a poem/bedtime story out loud. With company or without.

Popping popcorn on the stove, breathing in popcorn aroma. Dishing some up while it's still hot. Wolfing down a handful. Listening for the crunch.

Putting new laces on old shoes.

And remember--I'm behind you all the way.