

Dear Mind,

Thank you. Thank you for remembering details of my life, thank you for pushing me, for problem solving, for thinking and sustaining me. You have jumped in when I needed intellect and you have helped me to learn. You are mysterious and brilliant. Thank you mind, you have served me well. What's not serving me so well is the frantically jumping from one worried thought to the next. It's not serving me so well when you harshly and relentlessly judge, when you get stuck on only noticing what has gone wrong, when you loop the same old negative story over and over and over --*especially when its 3:00 am*. I need you to quiet, to be still, to let go of always being in the driver's seat. I need you to let go of the need to always be right. I don't need you to lead right now. I know that you have protected me at times and I am so grateful. I now need to have space for new stories, stories that aren't so knee-jerk reaction. I got this. I know what I wish for myself. I wish to breath. I wish to feel the warmth of my hand on my belly as I breath. I wish to soak in nature I wish to love and be loved. I wish to feel with my heart and my body. I wish to allow grace and humility for my human-ness. Not faulty, just human.

I once heard a quote (not even sure where it came from or who to credit), that goes something like: "asking your mind not to think is like asking your heart not to beat". Mind will think, that's its job. Be mindful of the state of your mind, what is going on in that beautiful mind of yours? Is it serving you well? Has it served you well in the past? Is it serving you well in this moment? Is there another way to go about this? Can you step away from the old habit of mind racing away with you left trying to catch your breath?

This writing is inspired by Sarah Blondin's new book called "Heart Minded: How to hold yourself and others in love". Sarah has guided meditation practices and resources that can be found on her website and on Insight Timer.

Warmly,

Becky and Shelley

My Heart

by Corinna Luyken

My heart is a window,

My heart is a slide.

My heart can be closed

or opened up wide.

Some days it's a puddle.

Some days it's a stain.

Some days it is cloudy
and heavy with rain.

Some days it is tiny,
but tiny can grow...

and grow...

and grow.

There are days it's a fence between me and the world,
days it's a whisper
that can barely be heard.

There are days it is broken,
but broken can mend,
and a heart that is closed
can still open again.

My heart is a shadow,
a light and a guide.

Closed or open... I get to decide.