

Mind In A Tizzy?!!!, Part 2



Our male rescue dog, 'Lil Bawbs, came to us at seven weeks of age. He 'escaped' the first round up of dogs for foster/adoption – which left him cowering under a woodpile alone – when he was found in the second round up. One lucky little fella, but certainly a twitchy, wide-eyed in terror (activated by nothing, something small or big – all equally in losing his Mind, unable to process, to think, or even to listen/hear).

Dear 'Lil Bawbs arrived in need of a gentle and firm, steady and consistent Leader - calm and grounded and assuring, with no coddling. In time, he grew into a full and beautiful canine soul! Recently, the feeling tone of my Mind reminded me of 'Lil Bawbs (his earlier Self). Since this time, I have been lightly and curiously watching and noting my Mind's busy-ness/business! This posture is with great gentleness and compassion, not with judgement or impatience. Sometimes I am better at this than other times – of course, how human of me!

When I notice, "Oh, here is silly drama story", as quickly as possible I try to care for Mind. "Hey Mind, (clap of hands or stamp of foot), cut that out Now! Enough silliness!" This might be followed with a mindful reminder phrase like, "Right here and now, it's okay." I might invite Mind to come back, with all senses engaged, to a very beautiful place, scene, memory and settle fully back into this wonder. It might bring up joy, deep appreciation, wonder and awe, inspiration.

Coming back home to my Breath, as an ever-present anchor is a favourite and frequent practice of mine – so much so, that I have found mindful presence with Breath has come to me and my attention and practice. It is so simple and easy (once I remember it) to return home to, to physically embody and deeply experience. Just this breath in – gentle hold – and just this sweet long and slow breath out.

There are times when Mind has found something very "juicy, sticky" and she has difficulty letting it go. Sometimes I will make up a silly attention game of bringing my attention all the way down to my feet – noticing sensations of tingling, pulsing, of temperature, and such in the soles of my feet, maybe noticing the texture under my feet (socks or ground, footwear), maybe noticing the spaces between my toes or calling out "just the big left toe" or "the big right toe", or both together. The playful game energy is amusing and this game does require a degree of attention; this helps to occupy and to calm and quiet Mind.

When Mind is very activated and "squirrely", I take myself outside – to weed, to walk around, to listen, to refill the bird feeders, to do some transplanting, anything – especially if it gets me earthy and muddy – this is splendid medicine for me and Mind receives the balm in gratitude and simply dozes off into quiet presence.

I know that "growth spurts/challenges" in life offer rich learning and teaching; and, they come with a raggedy-ness, a tender ouchy-ness. Offering my Self gentle self-compassion and acceptance is an essential ingredient; as are simple and direct awareness of Self. From here I can discern what is

“me/mine” and “not me/not mine”. From here I can notice what “is here” and inquire of it, “what do you need from me at this time”?

Warmly,

Shelley & Becky

