

Blog-a-thon Day 8

I hope you all had a nice Easter/Passover weekend. Eating a sandwich on matza brought back all kinds of childhood memories. I do not follow the Passover dietary observances, per se, but do believe matza with butter can be a religious experience.

I got to hike over the weekend and it was heavenly. Well, for the most part. On Friday, Neil and I did an unexpectedly long hike to Tom's Thumb in Scottsdale, Arizona. I had never been there and was delighted to discover such a wonderful place exists just a 25 minute drive from us.

Yesterday, I did a short hike on the mountain I frequent next to our house. As most of you know from my books and blogs, hiking is one of my prime "oxygen-rich tools for loving and living well with autism" AND life. It was a gorgeous spring weekend here in Phoenix, Arizona. I was looking forward to enjoying my deep breaths atop the mountain. There is a saddle which is often shaded where I love to sit and take in the 360 degree view and contemplate life. I even have a certain rock configuration I gravitate to when available.

Yesterday, I sat down right about the time another gal sat just about 4 feet away from me. I would have preferred to be alone but was ok with sharing my mountain space. Within a minute or two, she lit up a cigarette. I had never seen anyone perform the required exertion to climb up to that point and then actually smoke so I was a little surprised. It's probably been done, but I have not seen it in the 14 years I have been hiking there.

Pretty quickly, my nice peaceful spot and beautiful air was being polluted. And pretty quickly, I got rather irritated and decided to leave. I had not intended to say anything, but found a few words (no, not four letter ones) slipping out as I passed her.

I did my internal huffing and puffing most of the way down and low and behold, the hike was much less enjoyable than usual. In fact, the downhill walk is where I usually feel the endorphins pouring in, and most of what I felt was irritation. I managed to ruin the rest of the hike for myself.

Awareness is a Gift

Written by Gayle Nobel

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She was perfectly fine enjoying the rest of her cigarette. I was hanging on and feeling grumpy and "wronged". I even got to relive the experience by sharing it with Neil when I got home.

And the moral of the story is... we are never done with spring cleaning or letting go. It is a life-long practice. I pride myself on having let go of some pretty big stuff. But lest I get too cocky, there's plenty of stuff left to show me I'm still human and I still hang on to things which do not serve me.

I'm very grateful for the awareness. That's where the growth lies.

Awareness is a gift!



Almost to the thumb