

Meditation Mind – An Update

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Ok, so I dragged myself to the yoga studio. It's 15 minutes from here.

I got there one minute late because I felt I had to fry myself some chicken first. Meditating on an empty stomach can't be good for you, right?

The point is that I can't help noticing a kind of ripple effect. I mean, it was really hard to pull myself together to go, yes, but in the larger scheme of things, it was still a small step. Nothing earthshaking. People go to meditation classes all the time. At least some of them do. And I felt better, that's true. But it's not like my back was

instantly cured. I'm still feeling it as I write to you.

However, the fact is that a small chain of events seems to have been attached to that one smallish step. I slept better than usual that night and the next, which was last night, for example. I'm getting into listening to healing gong or alpha sound waves to help me. I'm using my earbuds, of course, so the guy whose bedroom wall adjoins mine – I'm assuming we are headboard to headboard but I don't know that for a fact – won't think I'm watching really strange flicks all night long and start banging on said wall to let me know he'd rather be sleeping. That would disturb the flow for both of us.

I wrote in the little journal they gave me – *you saw that post already*. Then there's the fact that I got up early the next day and sat down to do the work at hand, which was to contact all the women chaplains I know for a sit-down to interview them about their experiences as women in the spiritual care area. Actually starting to work on my presentation seemed way too hard and much too overwhelming, and sending out a flurry of short and to the point emails was a step I could handle. Which reminds me of the small print on my name card: ***Start where you are. Use what you have. Do what you can.***

I got a call back almost immediately from the director of the spiritual care department at a rather large hospital in the area. She gave me some pointers, which certainly helped, although it would have been nice had she just agreed to write and present the thing for me. She suggested I make sure to include the generational dimensions of cultural awareness, and that I limit my research to the 3 key books I mentioned to her rather than the entire stack sitting on my kitchen table. That was a relief.

Back to the class itself: this time we did a standing meditation, which was a first. We were instructed to let our bodies sway gently like a plant rooted firmly to the ground underwater. I discovered I could close my eyes and not fall over, the imaginary water was so supportive. Our teacher led us in various sounds that would directly affect different parts of the body: we did a slow Onnnng on the exhale for the upper body, an Ahhhhhh for the lower body, Chuuuuuu for the kidneys, and Shhhhhuuuu for the liver. I am very glad to be reminded of the healing potential of vibration. I'm sure that's why I've been playing the guitar all these years. It's got to have helped.

So what am I saying here? Taking the small steps that I CAN seems to be a plan that works. One small step that I can reasonably accomplish, and I can count on some kind of multiplication of goodness to follow.

I can prove it too. I'm still breathing.