

Being Content

I get annoyed with myself for not keeping up. I don't think I am a procrastinator but I do think there are many things in life I will never get done. None of these things are terribly important and some of them I have never set about doing. Mostly I think about them and sometimes talk about doing them. Thinking about something and talking about it do not get it done. I am caring less and less about these things than I did 2 or 3 years ago.

The fact that it has been a year and a half since I last blogged is because I was busy and I did not feel sure about blogging. To me, blogging is about putting information into the environment and hoping someone will read it. Lately I am having reservations about blogging my thoughts. I haven't had many philosophical thoughts or academic thoughts or humanitarian thoughts that are new or original. Lately I am finding it easier to be content and relaxed if I limit my thoughts to 1) what I am doing at the time and 2) something physical and something reflective. As a caregiver I am a problem solver. Taking a break from problem solving is often impossible because the older I get the more problems I see. (Sometimes seeing is a problem like sleeping is or moving or digesting, all can be problems). Being content takes work, or at least requires the ability to make changes. As a recovering Borderline, I have found it necessary to become content by cognitive means rather than emotional means. This is a change. My customary belief has been that emotions work faster to "get my own way". For many years of unhappiness I purposed to find safety and comfort. Now, as I share this with you, remember that as I become an elder my thinking is more crystallized and less fluid.

I have been content not blogging. Perhaps if my motives about blogging were apparent to me I would not blog at all. Yet here I am thinking more than one thought at a time and trying to make the paper understand. Today I was listening to Sara Groves sing about being "open like a lake". In the song she is struggling because the hurt and the pain of the stories she holds "are wrapping like a tether tightening around the soul." Maybe that is my problem – except it isn't. I was made (like the design of all females - to open up and warmly invite.) My problem is I take things in that do not belong to me. If I am the caregiver then what is it I am caring for? The whole universe?

My friend wrote to me about living in Texas in constant fire alert, always smelling smoke. Tribulation. Trouble. Another friend is nearing the end of her life. She is permanently attached to an oxygen cannula and awakens every day; happy to still be alive. How do we learn to be content in all circumstances? Why should I want anything different if it is what

and where I am for now? Being content should not make me lazy – heavens no –but if I can I should care for what is in front of me and believe that my motives are pure. I do not have to go after, endorse or consider every opportunity available in my environment. I do not have to be a leader in every group. I do not have to have 4398 friends on Facebook. I do not have to always be growing the garden or writing the book or being a great cook, sought after teacher, therapist or customer. I can be the best wife my husband ever had. I can be a kind neighbor, a loving friend, a dedicated daughter, mother and grandmother. I can be content today in this space. The hard part is practice. No one becomes an expert in the hard things of life without practice.