

**WHEN I FEEL
OVERWHELMED OR STRESSED,
OR LOSE MY CENTER,
I DRAW ON ONE OR ALL OF THESE THINGS:**

Be kind & be useful.

Slow way, way down.

Let the world speak to you.

Rest your mind on your breath.

I am only as good as the company I keep.

How can I best support my own vulnerability?

Compassion is the highest form of critical thinking.

My life — which includes my work — is only as good as I feel.

Try to put how you want to feel ahead of what you want to be or even do. This is what I'm doing, this thing, right now; drop the words, stick with the feeling.

Be ready for opportunities & openings as they come along; change is the only constant.

Go toward the good -- the good people, the good moments -- & let the rest of the static, noise & drama fall away.

While we're breathing -- which is miraculous, and won't be happening some day -- all we're doing is learning and growing. That's all, learning and growing.

Follow your interests, wherever they lead will be somewhere that lights up your eyes, or floats your cork; notice when you get excited &/or confused by things, write down these moments & let them guide you.

**WHEN I'M HUMBLLED BY A MOMENT WHEN
I'M FUMBLING:**

I smile & wave at the world and say,

"This is me learning, right here & right now,"

& to myself, gently, trying to remember to laugh while I say it, "Challenges are opportunities for growth."

THE GIFTS MY FATHER LEFT ME:

**I REFUSE TO BE INSULTED
THE TRICK IS TO BE READY
HOW LUCKY ARE WE TO LIVE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE?**

**WHEN I REALIZE I AM
DISTRACTED, I ASK:**

*"What is standing between me
& being present right now?"*

**WHEN I'M CONFUSED BY
SOMEONE ELSE'S BEHAVIOR:**

I try to imagine what it feels like to do or say what they're doing or saying & feel that it is good, correct, right, justified, chosen, the way I typically feel about my own choices. More often than not, we believe we're right. Everyone makes sense to themselves. Sometimes I call this personal logic.

**WHEN I FEEL MYSELF
SHUTTING DOWN IN A
STRESSFUL SITUATION,
PROVERBIALY CLENCHING MY
FIST:**

I imagine what it would be like to open my hand, gently, so that a feather or a bird could land on it

(I know how cheesy that sounds, but I say it anyway).

I dial down the seven inputs of experience (five senses, thoughts, and feelings) and tune in to the constant current of my witnessing consciousness. I notice my heart when it closes, then let the waves of feelings flow through my heart, unstuck.