

Savoring the moment

Written by Elizabeth Barrett
Wednesday, 15 September 2010 22:02 -



Unfastening one safety pin after another, I became more irritated by the second.

The pins were holding a race number to an inside-out cross-country jersey that had gone through both the washing machine and dryer.

Our daughter Betsy, the wearer of the jersey, obviously had more important things to think about than taking the time to remove the pins and paper before the garment was washed.

After a long holiday weekend away from home, I too had plenty of other things I thought needed doing and most of them were “doing” for other people.

Stuffing clothes into a laundry basket, I hurried up the stairs.

Parents of older children have warned me how ramped up the world becomes once their children hit high school.

I didn't realize the velocity until it happened.

Cross-country practice after school, a quick supper and then back to school for play rehearsal. Homework squeezed in between or started as I'm climbing the stairs to go to bed.

But, rather than trying to slow down what I can't control, I've taken a different tact.

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I try to savor the moments as best I can.

That may mean impatience one day when half-eaten pizza is left on the counter or when someone forgets to pick up after her dog in the backyard.

On days when I am tired or haven't taken care of myself in other ways, those annoyances become bigger than life —until I'm able to step away from myself.

Then I realize how beautiful the sun streams through the stained glass window and how the purr of the kitty on my shoulder comforts my soul.

The other night, as I stood next to the washer and dryer, the sweat-soaked jersey reappeared complete with pins and race number. And, it was inside out.

Instead of hurrying through my unfastening task, I carefully and thoughtfully unclasped each pin.

And thanked the divine for teaching me another lesson about the here and now.

“In the name of God, stop a moment, cease your work, look around you.”—Leo Tolstoy