



BE the CHANGE

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TURTLE TIME

Monday madness!

Especially on Mondays, my mind starts attacking me.

I don't commute. I cannot survive that stop-and-go, stop-and-go. I work at home. I go against Monday and its often charged energies, walk against the flow—millions of people charging off to work; driven. Most folks haven't even taken Sunday off from work. Recent studies indicate that we are working more on weekends than ever before.

I enjoy coaching a *maximum* of 15 people a week. It's enough. The presence I bring to the work supports people to slow down, inquire within, refresh, and gain perspective and move consciously into their day. It sure helps me! I know high-performance coaches who do 30, even 40 coaching calls a week! How do they even remember their client's names? When I was an advertising executive, I often scheduled twenty meetings in a single day! I like what the poet Robert Frost said: Every person has the right to go slow, very slow.

Why don't people slow down? For me slowing down means that I inevitably come in contact with monkey-mind and with my fears. One Monday in August, I was somewhat overwhelmed by my mind saying things to me like: *You had better pull your socks up Mister! You had better get BUSY buster! You had better get a part time job driving a truck buddy. Who do you think you are! This past month you only had seven coaching clients. NO ONE can live this way. YOU only sold 3,900 copies of that stupid book you wrote!*

I went for a walk.

There's a hidden brook near my home that meanders by a deceptively beautiful wetlands, hidden behind a coffee shop, where moms tend to gather with their toddlers for their mid-morning caffeine. I was standing in front of the brook observing my mind's jabs when I spotted an old green-gray turtle walking through the ribboning flow of water. This turtle was trudging up stream. Its neck and head were moving from side-to-side with the elegance of a willow's limb in a light breeze.

Every obstacle the turtle met: a clump of leaves, a mound of dirt, a rotting iron gate, he gracefully moved around. A wedge of sandwich floated by; turtle opened his mouth. A red dragonfly relaxed on a fallen stem of purple Loosestrife. Turtle tongue movement; lunch. Time meant nothing to this turtle. Step after step after step water forked around his feet. He trudged upstream, determined and calm. Stillness, a quieting of mind came over me, as I focused and followed every slow and easy turtle step, until he disappeared into the darkness of an overpass.

I believe Spirit speaks to me through people and places and things.

Sometimes the things are obstacles like fearful thoughts that prompt me to stop, look, listen and go for a walk by a brook. Sometimes it's a turtle walking against the current, or the giggles of children in a park, or simply the sensation of my feet on the floor, or an intuitive impulse during morning meditation, or the joy of sharing with a true friend.

There is no doubt most people are very busy. Exhausted! And I see that many people look sad and disoriented these days. Speed as a solution for over-scheduled lives has become a cliché in our culture. People look hurried more than happy. Most people are trying their best to save time, make time, catch-up with time. Too many of us are tumbling down the steeply sloping hours of time.

Has *busy* become your benchmark?

Perhaps, a little turtle time is in order.