

“Slow down you move too fast”

Hello,

“Slow down you move too fast, gotta make the morning last. Kicking down the cobble stones, looking for fun and feeling groovy”, sang Simon and Garfunkle. I often think about those words, because most of the time we are wishing the mornings away, awaiting the weekend and fun. Yet all too soon the weekend groove actually becomes its own treadmill of chores.

I get so mad and sad when I see the tragedy of so many beautiful people hidden under the blanket of busyness, and so many grey people marching, marching to the drum of production. The cry of hunger for lost dreams, the brilliance of dreamers vanquished by routine.

I recently read a book by Jon Katz titled Running to the mountain

There is a huge risk involved whenever you seek to discover yourself. You might find that you're not as happily married as you thought you were. That you're growing older than you've permitted yourself to acknowledge. That you have few true friends, or the wrong ones. That you're not happy with the place you're living or fulfilled by the work you're doing. That you're not happy or fulfilled, period.

I am often struck at how hopeless people feel about their lives and their options. They are bound by social obligations and circumscribed by fear; they have kids, mortgages, obligations, health plans. They're slow or unable to seek help for their problems, it's too expensive and embarrassing. They're taught to be frightened of change. What if I lose what I have? What if I fail? Or I am humiliated?

Today I see that some of the war of this life is between sustaining, succouring our physical selves and lifestyles and living out of our soul and spirit...identity, potential. We work so hard to pay for our physical body. Warmth, food, safety. And of course too, knowing that it can't sustain itself past a certain age or stage, we are working doubly hard in its capable years to cosset it or at the very least maintain it 'til death. Never mind our desperate endeavours to prevent the decline and death of it. But what about the inner yearnings, the unanswered questions that we shove under the carpet of “life”, the bucket lists, the living moments of being, the appreciation of small ordinary bits of life.

Is it because we have lost touch with natural rhythms and cycles? Dormancy, spring growth, autumn harvest. Nothing in nature is perpetually productive yet we push and drive and experience guilt for any moment that is not producing produce. I don't know. It's just that so many people seem a bit lost. So many of our conversations are about productivity (time management, discipline) but scratch below the surface and the yearning and confusions and concerns are about identity. So why does identity always seem to come secondary to productivity?

Is Jon right and actually we are scared to discover that all our effort and sacrifice and lying awake at night and comfort eating and makeovers have been a waste of time and that we aren't happy. We are scared to face the fact that we are scared of change.

Are you kicking down the cobbled stones feeling groovy? Or are you frenziedly living in a rut?