

Beginning to Begin
By Gunnilla Norris

Can we recognize that now and then there comes an inner sense, a fleeting thought, a little yearning to live our lives differently?

We don't know what this means or what it requires. We shake these notions off like a dog shakes off water and go about our business. But the longing continues.

Who has time, we ask? What is it anyway? Reorganize to do what? Stop? Do nothing? Be quiet? What for?

Our practical selves only know how to perfect, produce and perform. This, at least, we can see as useful. This has results. We want to believe in this way of perceiving. For a little while it seems to give us some sort of self-image.

But the longing doesn't let us alone. It won't go away. We become even busier perhaps to "take care of it."

We numb ourselves with distractions, things to do consume, and maintain. Things to collect, experience and entertain. We can always think of more miles to run.

Still the little yearning continues. Could we sense that this longing is not lack, or something worse, some kind of fundamental fault in us?

Could we receive it as an invitation instead; a calling, a small voice inviting us home, back to our truer self?

This shift in thought can move mountains. It can let us begin to begin.