

Jennifer Burrows - WALK ON THE WILD SIDE



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Most days I wake up raring to go. Today I woke up feeling dull and uninspired about everything. I could have said I was tired, but using an excuse changes nothing. So I poured myself a giant cup of coffee with real cream and waited for my spirit to move me beyond the brim.

I could feel a beige day coming on and I really hate feeling colourless: when there's not enough spark and nothing marks the moment enough to say, "Wow". I wasn't enjoying myself and that meant I needed to move.

It took a second cup of coffee to admit my frame of mind made me the most boring person I had spent time with in several weeks. If it were possible, I would have walked away from myself to find someone with snap. But in that moment I was stuck with me, and sometimes that's the clearest mirror to look into.

It really didn't matter what had squashed my spark, my 'joie-de-vivre' was mine to retrieve, and I refused to waste another minute feeling flat as road kill. My 'shlump' called for big medicine, so I headed to a grassland trail not far from home, not for a gutsy hike



or a personal best of any sort. There would be other days for that.

This day I walked to plug into something much greater than me; reaching out to nature as I have many times before to reboot myself and feel her magic. This wasn't a mind bender. I only

needed to wake up enough to open the door, put one shoe ahead of the other, and let go.

A few minutes on the trail and the nagging mind chatter stopped. I breathed freely and opened my eyes to an amazing world I would have missed had I stayed home.

I'm continually surprised by what I notice when I'm not trying to notice anything. Each step placed me in a different picture, changed what I saw and how I listened, all the while erasing my dumpy mood without me doing anything to make this happen.

I noticed walking became effortless, as though something was automatically moving me along and I surrendered, big time. I stopped resisting. I gave up thinking and simply walked.



I forgot what had been nagging enough to flatten me. I absorbed the living slideshow which topped anything I could have experienced from my sofa. Everything I saw, whether it was living, dying or changing within the throb of life surrounding me, energized me more than a double espresso.



Everywhere I looked something was exuberant and having fun. You can find a lot of playfulness along a trail. I absorbed the living slideshow.

Oddly, letting go is one of the best things I can do to strengthen

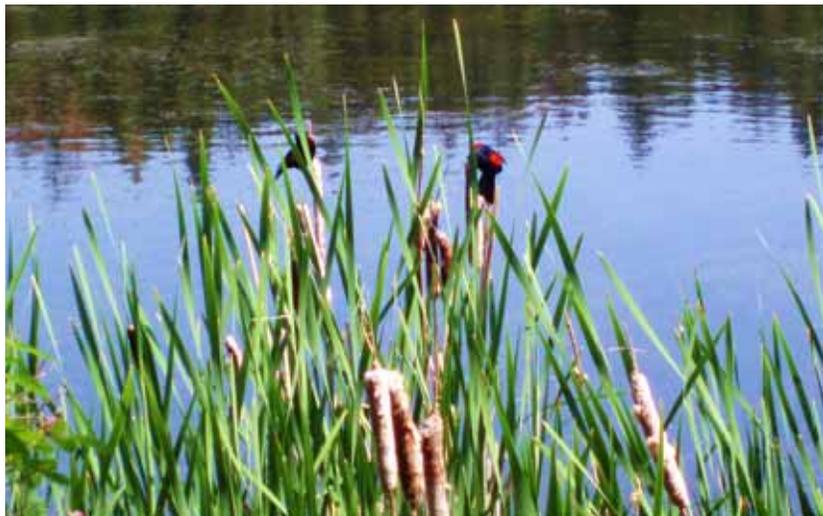
myself and clear the hubbub from my head. I used to think analyzing everything to little bits demonstrated something important about me, perhaps independence, or intelligence. I thought I'd get the results I wanted the harder I pushed square pegs into round holes. I even nurtured this quirk into a full-fledged habit that eventually squashed my joy to pulp.

Small perspectives have their value: there's nothing wrong with details. Even now I'm a detailed person when it serves my greater vision.

Yet, each time I walk I know it's the biggest pictures that feed me most. Here I find energy and inspiration: where I actually do sing out loud; where my spirit has a party and invites me along. If it were physically possible to live on the horizon, that's where I'd be.

Whenever I walk on the wild side of my door, answers come more easily than when I struggle. I 'get it' when I walk outdoors in the company of masters.

It gives me a rush to experience life through broader eyes than mine. And I know that somewhere along the



trail, when I'm not consciously thinking, I will find the context I seek for what else resides in my life. Wow!

Who is Jennifer?

For bio and details about Jennifer

[Jenscape](#) - Jennifer's personal website.

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