

Following Your Highest Joy



Have you ever gotten one of the messages from a strange place that changed how you lived? I received the most profound message about enjoying the journey while watching a small group of three and four year olds playing at the playground.

We had just come out of a long, cold, snowy winter. It was the first reasonably warm day of the season so Wayne and I decided to go for a walk to alleviate some of the cabin craze we were feeling. We took a direct route to the store to buy ourselves an ice cream and then the long way home which passed through a local park playground.

At the time we were really new to our decision to follow our passion and make a life for ourselves based in that and the topic of conversation while we walked was around the frustrations we were experiencing; after all, we had made our decision four months before – we should be swimming in cash by now! LOL We were working hard, learning many new things and being as creative as possible so we really felt that something should have worked by now!! (Today, I see the naive craziness about that whole thing, and I also recognize that we each need to go through this part of the learning curve to finally understand that the universe is an interactive program and usually, the one we are waiting for is ourselves.)

The most frustrating piece for me personally was me! I had the steadfast and insane notion that I had to rein myself in to make this 'following my passion' deal work. I am the kind of person that tends to flit from one task or activity to another and somewhere along the line – probably when I was 5 or 6 LOL –

someone was able to convince me that it was a trait that would stop me from getting where I wanted to go.

We arrived at the playground and decided to sit and watch 6 little three and four year olds as they busily played about the yard. The sun was warm on our faces and the walk had refreshed our perspective. It simply felt really good to be away from our desks and what we were working on. Of course the small people were an excellent source of entertainment on top of it all.

As we sat there being entertained and feeling ourselves being lifted to a lighter place and enjoying the moment, something rather remarkable happened. Suddenly, the children really came



into view. Not just THAT they were playing but HOW they were playing.

Each child took a turn being leader as they flit from one piece of equipment to another and one set of 'rules' to another. It wasn't organized, it flowed like water. If one child wasn't finished playing the previous game, he would

stay and finish while the others moved on. Who was leader next was determined by who had the next idea; there was no fighting, no discourse or even objection. It was amazing to watch and enlightening to ponder.

That day I took away some of the most useful pieces of my puzzle that I have ever received, all of which are still part of my operating manual today. The piece of me that I was trying so hard to rein in – my child like tendency to flit from thing to thing

– turns out to be one of the most valuable bits of who I am. It is the piece that allows me to stay in the moment and follow my highest joy in each of those moments.

If I go a little deeper I find a more profound piece about flitting. It is appropriate to let everyone be the leader of their own idea and for me to step in as leader of my own ideas. Us grown ups have this strange need to know who is leading what and we don't tend to be very flexible in those roles. It was so refreshing to find out that things surrounding leadership could be flexible like a fluid game of flow the leader.

This was an amazing journey of self worth and who would have thought I would find so many wonderful pieces of myself in this one short process?

That day we sat in the park, we should have been working. We had projects to finish, dead lines to meet and obligations to fulfill. Yet we weren't enjoying the journey in the moment so we followed our highest joy and went for a walk. The brilliant thing about all of this is that I never would have found the missing pieces sitting at my desk, I was too serious about the work I needed to do and yet, because I followed my highest joy, I found the pieces and my work got easier, less stressful and way more fun. I mean, look what I get to do these days and I never did stop flitting.

Are you following your highest joy today?

Happy Trails
Kat
Email Me

