

An 8.5 Day



Everything is made of energy in some way shape or form. From the tallest mountain, to distant stars, to the smallest atom we are still talking about energy. One question that I have always asked of myself is; how am I feeling? This is just a personal thing and helps determine my next steps in a day, hour or single moment. It helps me keep my energy levels in check at any given time.

Nearing the end of most days while doing my appreciations and gratitude's for that day I have a general sense of where my energy was that particular day and mull over the choices I made in relationship to my energy.

What came unto me late last evening was that my energy level, on a scale of 1 – 10, generally runs somewhere between a 4 and 7 or 7.5. Sure I have my off days on a real low level and then there are the days where things are flowing inside and I am on the upper end of the scale. From what I have surmised and what I have been told, I am usually a pretty laid back, easy going individual that has good energy. Now I can see why I rate my energy in the mid range on the above scale for most days.

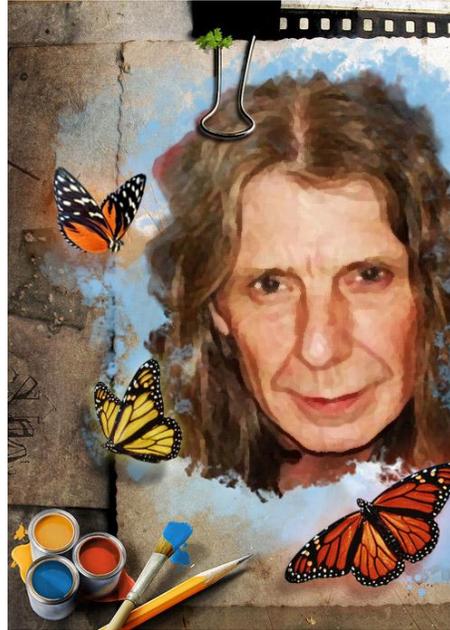
Without the lows that occasionally happen, I would not appreciate higher energy levels.

The lower energy minutes, hours, days, or even months sometimes are the learning tools I require to dig inside and investigate my inner being. Tapping into the upper areas of my energy, albeit a wonderful internal blast it is also a way for me to see what is truly working.

Yesterday was an incredible energy day for me and I would have to give it an 8.5 on my scale. One thing I do notice is that when I am feeling in that energy flow, I see things that sometimes I would miss, feel things that send shivers deep inside and the movement to my next step seems rather effortless. There are those universal winks, lots of laughter, great moments, beautiful conversations and plenty of fun that all add up to an astounding energy rush deep inside of me.

Let me share a bit

I awoke to thanking the universe as I do most days for waking up on this side of the grass. Always a good thing me thinks.... After scrubbing the fur out of my mouth, washing off the sleep and haze, I jumped right into my day with speed and ease. I had several basic chores that I sort of had to accomplish early and a few functions to attend that were pre planned later in the day. Out of the house and off for a drive to the first chore where I seemed to feel that I was driving in a bubble. The sun was shining, the traffic flowed and the music pounding out of radio. What an amazing feeling of being connected to source.



Next up a quick run to see what was out there at garage sales as this remains a passion of mine; finding those great deals. Today was a little slow but I did find a few cd's that I did not have in my collection for a mere pittance. Following this I felt I required some nourishment so off to the local coffee shop for a Canadian staple, a large coffee and a bagel. I encountered a few friends there with whom I sat for a minute for a few laughs and stories before moving onto my next chore.

Off to the grocery store to pick up a couple things before getting ready to head home. When I pulled into the parking lot and started to reach for the recycle bag, I noticed one of those brand new Chargers. You know the kind where they took a version of the older classic car and made it to today's standards. Anyhow, I looked over admiring the car and out stepped this lady, I am guessing here but she seemed to be somewhere between 60 and 70.

I just put a wide eyed grin on my face and thought to myself, you go girl.

The groceries were completed so I headed home with the first few adventures under my belt and already feeling in my zone for energy.

Sometime around midday I was to attend a BBQ at a friends place so I had to get a few things ready for my share of the food. Chop, chop, chop, spice, spice, spice, into the oven and things were starting to flow effortlessly.

Okay, time to put on one of the treasures I found at the garage sale earlier. Hey what's happening on the computer, CD/DVD drive not working correctly? Danger,

danger Will Robinson!!!! After a quick check of several other cd's it was determined that the drive was toast for that moment. Okay, not a problem just a blip on the radar. To the oven and check the spiced potatoes then I started my walk around the apartment. Thoughts kept jumping into about the DVD drive. With today's technology it is fairly easy to get answers on the spur of the moment. Off to the technical forums and read what they have to say. Within 30 minutes or so I had what I thought was a solution.

Bingo, a bit of editing system code, it was done with ease and DVD drive worked beautifully. No going into fear of buying a new DVD player, the dreaded what ifs or anything of the sorts. The energy was flowing so why go to the negatives and just let the universe look after me. All is good.

The sun is out now with all its midday intensity and off to the BBQ for a few hours. Hmm, huge steaks, potatoes, mushrooms and salad. What a better way to spend most of the afternoon with yummy food, good friends and the beauty of the day. Besides, I picked up a new kitchen set while there, well new to me anyhow. It was a bonus plus to add to my already thriving day.

Back home to get changed as I was heading out to a concert in the park with a few Canadian groups playing. I went into my concert groove that I have done so many times before. My usual hippie type attire which is with me for almost all concerts, a backpack filled with a few necessities as the weather was not looking too favorable. Off to the concert with my friends Kat and her fiancé Peter, who just arrived in from Norway the evening before.

I was instructed to park away from the venue and have a bus shuttle us over for free. One bus was just leaving as we arrived but the paperwork stated another to follow in 15 minutes, the last one until after the concert. A blip on the radar, no bus arrived. Oh well, Peter suggested we call a taxi. I said, "okay, but I don't have the number. Just then we all looked up and there was a taxi driving by with the number clear as a bell written on the side of the car. Go figure, this is how the day had been going.

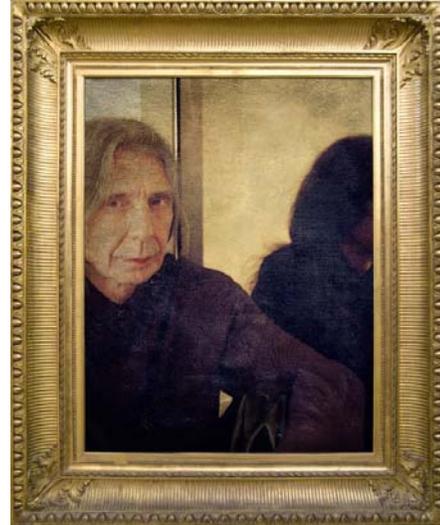
It was all falling into that place of beautifully flowing energies.

The taxi got us there quickly and during the ride I received a text from another stating that the line ups to get in were huge. Upon arrival, yes the lines were long but the evening was a real beauty, no sign of rain, people energies all around and besides, the line was moving at a good pace. While moving forward, Peter picked up a flower and placed it in my ponytail. How fitting, god how did I forget that one? Thank you Peter.*LOL*

We all needed to get a green bracelet in case we desired a drink inside and I was carded by the event staff. Now here is a 56 year old hippie, a seasoned concert

goer and I get asked for ID. How cool is that? I gave the lady much appreciation and laughed. Actually it is the law for any venue in Ontario for drinking. They must see ID. Well Peter did not have any ID as he left it at my place. They would not give him a wristband upon entry.

Next up the security, well not the real big city type but a basic pat down and a quick look in bags. All going well, just need to get tickets. When tickets were ordered, they were to be mailed. Five days before the concert and there were still no tickets in the post. I contacted, the concert ticket manager and they said they were mailed but have now cancelled those ones and will have tickets waiting at the gate for us. Sure enough, tickets were there without a hitch.



We asked to speak to someone about getting a bracelet for Peter as he was obviously old enough to have a beer if he chose to. We explained he was in from Norway and did not like carrying his passport around with him. The girl was looking around for a coordinator to see what could be done when suddenly she looked down and saw a green bracelet on the ground. She picked it up and placed it on Peter's wrist. Why it was at that area, on the ground at that moment was just another wink to show me how the day was going?

Onto the concert, while being in the line ups and entering the park, [Marrianas Trench](#) was playing. I have seen them on TV in videos and was pleasantly surprised by them live in concert. They have great sound, beautiful energy like most upstart groups of today, not been taken in by the whole music industry as of yet. We shall wait and see what happens to them.

Okay, I do not have to drive for 4-5 hours so a beer is in order, one of the 4 or 5 I have a year. Go figure, no lineups to get the beer what so ever and all is good. I sent a text a friend to see where he is and get no response at all. Let's just flow into the crowd and see what happens. Within five minutes of walking through the masses I connect with my surrogate nephew with whom I had the BBQ earlier in the day. Amongst 5000 plus folks I walk in a straight line and see him. Again, it is a go figure. *LOL*

It was a typical Canadian type crowd. Everyone was enjoying everything all around them, listening to good music and just being cool with whatever is happening. My friend Peter from Norway made a comment of how different the energy was at a Canadian concert compared to what he was used to. We seem to be really laid back and just there to experience the moment without very much concern for whatever was happening elsewhere.

Next up was [The Trews](#)....

The Trews is a group that I have seen a few times before and was always impressed by their stage presence and music. This time around was not much different other than the fact that they were much tighter than on any other previous performance that I had witnessed. The highlight of their segment was a song called Highway to Heroes.

You see Canada is involved with the war in Afghanistan and we have our casualties the same as other countries. When a fallen soldier comes home, they arrive at Canadian Forces Base, Trenton. From there they are transported to the Toronto City Forensics building. The procession drives down a major highway towards Toronto and it has been given the name of The Highway of Heroes. Along the route, every overpass is lined with well wishers for each fallen soldier, waving Canadian flags and sending their final wishes to the soldiers. It is an amazing sight to see.

So, the song really did impress me. A bonus to an already cool evening...

There I stand taking in all this music and suddenly I felt someone grab my butt. Before I had a chance to say anything the person was passed me turning around to say, "I love the top, very cool". Wow, I thought, I still have it going on, not too bad for a 56 year old hippie.



As I was to find out later from my friend Kat, she asked if I saw the women giving me the eye as she passed many times throughout the concert. Now you have to know me, but when there is a live concert and music involved, my focus is always on that for the most part. Oh well, that was another possible connection I missed for enjoying my passion. Next time Kat, give me a nudge so that I can see what is happening *S*.

The evening progresses as the clouds are getting thicker. Still no rain and the final act, [Our Lady of Peace](#) has just started. Another group that I had see a few times before but there was something different this evening. They just seemed to be a little out of sync as a group. Not that they were bad or anything but to a trained ear or experienced concert person, you could feel they were not quite bang on. The crowd loved all

aspects of their music and that is all that counted on this evening with rain now beginning to pour down.

Oh well the day has been absolutely perfect so how would a downpour dampen my day? Besides it was a warm evening and the rain was welcomed.

As expected at the end, there was to be an encore or two of songs but it was time to leave before the masses filed out. Besides, there was a bus to catch to return to the car park from where we originally started out. As expected on this day, the bus was on time and we were quickly whisked away to our car. It was pleasant trip home and time to unwind with a glass of wine and relax before bed.

The evening was still warm out and sitting under the porch on the balcony prevented us from getting wet. A bit of talk about the day, the god winks and a lot of energy filled our conversation. And suddenly, as quickly as the day arrived, space and time seemed to not be there; only the next move into that golden slumber that is so welcome after an 8.5 day.

You have to love it when such days crop into your energy and I continue to strive for many more of such in my life as the feeling is nothing short of spectacular for me. This again is Wayne finding the groove, feeling amazing and being totally content with this moment.

Peace and Love

Wayne

[Email Wayne](#)

