

# A Swift Kick

By **Bob Rush**

The old trick of getting out of my own way is one I try to practice in my daily affairs. I don't always have much luck with it. The control junkie lurks in the shadows. While on this journey to passion and a life of purpose, I have been given a toolbox of spiritual tools to grease the wheels and smooth the ride. Meditation, visualizations, affirmations, readings and coaching are but a few of the goodies. It's my arsenal of magic that keeps me off that slippery slope of negativity. Because once I'm on it, I feel like the dinosaurs on the way to the LaBrea Tar Pits.

## ***We all seek passion and purpose in our lives.***

Sometimes it's like searching in a dark room, kind of a feeling out process. There is an uncertainty at times as to what you really want to do when you grow up. I think the universe helps by sending us little signals. The bolt of electricity that runs up the spine, the eyes show a sparkle, words are more moving and animated, and there is a generally lightness and grace in movements. It is that overall feeling that you just know at the cellular level everything is right with the world.

About six weeks ago, I was turning some of my horses out for the evening. I had been getting lazy and decided to turn three pastures mates out at the same time. Generally it is better to take no more than two at a time. It's not a big deal until you reach the gate to the pasture. This is where the danger lies. All hands are busy and you still must open the gate, maneuver three horses around and close the gate before taking halters off and so on. I should have seen the robot from Lost in Space – “Danger, Danger, Bob Rush.”



As I was doing this equine ballet, one mare decided the other got too close and turned her ass end around and began kicking like a Rockette. Never a better can-can has been seen. The problem was I was up against a gate with no where to run, no where to hide. The first blows connected with my right arm and I was bounced against the gate. I let go of one horse and the kicker ran over top of me. So after being laid out, I got to my feet, closed the gate and began the pursuit of two horses running loose. Meanwhile my arm was letting me know it was not a happy camper. As the sweat comes rolling off in waves, I managed to corral the two inmates – got them back in their paddock and entertained

thoughts of the emergency room. One of the guys at the farm said to me – “You don’t look so good”

After getting my wife to pilot me into the ER and getting in the que to see a doctor, my first thoughts were I’m going kill the bitch the next time I see her. Wait, have you forgotten all this wonderful spiritual training and are you reverting back to Caveman ?

I was so focused on my arm being broken and the result that I totally forgot the lesson in all of this.

***Remembering that thoughts become things, I picked up the positive lens and pondered what just happened. I was honestly able to admit to myself that I was “rushing to relax” – I wanted to get inside so I could sit on my butt in front of some mindless TV show.***

When I think of the term “relax”, I think of Jimmy Buffett and Margaritaville – I want to go where the pace of life is slow. Its like saying to kids in a sandbox – “Hurry up and have fun, damnit!”

The irony of this awareness made me laugh. There is a certain beauty to the dance of life , to what appears to be mundane. That is if I only open my eyes and see. Really see. Nothing becomes ordinary or taken for granted when you do this. If I become observant and clear my mind of that endless chatter, I am then able to open my own circuits and truly feel the flow of the universe, By recognizing this, you are able to open the door to the abundant gifts that we seek.

During this journey, I have just begun to understand that to keep my my mind free of clutter is paramount to keep my essence or chi flowing. When I stop rushing to relax and as the song says “*Breathe, just breathe*”, I am able to step into the current of the universal flow. All this in form of a swift kick from our mare, Natasha. Thanks, girl, I guess I needed that. But, **ouch!**

From further down the road,

[Bob](#)