

23. Let's Go on A Walk

Welcome to Musing Interruptus. I'm so happy you clicked and are listening. I've been wanting to do this with you for a long time. Let's take a walk together. I love taking walks, either alone or accompanied. What a great way to connect and flow.

I woke up cold with the familiar smile on my face that beats me to my thoughts each morning. It was raining. I think this is the first rainy morning of the year, it's not, but it feels *that* good. Cloudy, cold, dark, beautiful morning. It was raining, so we have to wait for the right time to go out. Just be patient.

It is 9:00 am, the rain has stopped, and the weather is wonderful, the air is perfectly crisp. My body is vibrating with happiness and peace, Penny Lane, my dog, is uneasy about having to wait for our walk. She is forgiving and helps me put her dog harness on. Let me correct that, she doesn't help, she just didn't move back when I get close to her.

Before leaving the house, I put my shoes on, one at a time, grabbed my mask, the keys, and walking sunglasses (just in case the sun poked its rays out from behind the gray clouds). I'm wearing the *hugged* sweater and the watch that counts my steps and monitors my heart. I never check the register... but I assume it would alert me to something wrong. Fit as a fiddle I am... no beep - beeps, buzzing, or otherwise.

As I take the first steps out the door, peace invades me, I'm cold but I don't go back for a jacket. Today it is Penny, the wind, and me. If it starts raining again, it will be a win. The music is perfect, and I can't help but smile. No one is around, it's too cold, I guess. Cold for summer, that is for sure... cold for this city, for certain. I'm so happy. Today I wake up, an aunt to my brother's first baby boy, today I have no regrets but love to speak of and declare, today my body vibrates with happiness, peace, and freedom.

I can't help it, as I walk and feel the wind hit my face and rustle my hair, I feel an invitation to dance, and Penny agrees. Each step down the sidewalk, brings new thoughts and private conversations back to life. I smile, I hold my body up like a ballerina, and take everything in, through my eyes and the pores of my skin, hoping I will remember every detail, from the color of the sky to the strength in my legs, and how Penny looks up at me every so often. I dance a little and think how spectacular to be able to do that and remember a conversation about the power of an ever-patient ballet teacher and the dream to learn ballet that came true. The wind is the perfect dance partner and listens to my every step and thought. I remember the times I've been alone but felt the company of something and the pseudo mysticism of energy. Coming out energetic is understood by the few that live it, the rest enjoy or reproach the fiction. In any case, the wind, Penny, and I are on a walk, clop clop clop, jingle jingle swoosh.

The sidewalk has its curves and slopes, it meets with the curb, and protects us from the inclemency of drivers, cars and trucks and scooters! Monsters from Penny's perspective. I see

the contrasts of green grass and the grey concrete sidewalk with the white walls that surround the neighborhood.

What do I see approaching!? It is Timón the French Poodle, on a leash! He is so happy to see us and just wants to play, I say hello to him before I say hello to his human, I can't help it. Of course, Penny, poor toothless Penny, lets me know she is not amused by how my attention deviates from her. Shortly, we are met by Maya the little French Bulldog, who is equally happy to see Timon and Penny. Hello's all around. We had not seen each other in such a long time, but their humans remembered Jay and noticed he was not with us. I give a brief explanation, they are dog's humans and know, we don't need many words. We smile at each other again and continue our walks. It's been a while since we changed our walking schedule. I guess I needed that. Rediscovering the same paths with new smelling nooks, pausing places, and even twists and turns have all been part of the healing process after our friend's passing.

We walk, I imagine I am able to send beams of love to my family and friends, my new nephew who is learning to breath. I walk taller, stronger. What a thing to be alive and to love. Gratitude ensues. We are on the last stretch of our walk, I see Maya and her human from afar, Maya is in her humans' arms. That is a vision of love, I'm ashamed to take a picture, I'm afraid it will be an intrusion. Then I question that thought, as we are outside, in public, doing public things. Too late, I'm there, I see the face of Maya's human, she is trying to stay calm, she is trying to transmit calm, Maya's head rubs rigidly against her human's face. -Is everything ok, can I help you? I ask. -No, thank you, its epilepsy, it's her second of the day. We just have to ride it out. -I'm sorry. I hope it passes soon. I want to reach out, but I don't want to interrupt what is going on in the other human. As I walk away, I think how truly loving that moment was, how the world was standing still and it was just them, the convergence of vulnerability and protection. That is what we do with those we love, that is what is done to us by those who love us.

The sinuous path is coming to an end, we've reached our final steps to the front door, past the gatekeeper, past the dogs who watch us from their windows, who watch passersby and protect their homesteads.

I've lost track of time, but that is ok. A bouncing heart, gratitude, and happy dog. It did not rain, but I'm glad it didn't rain on Maya today.

Thank you for taking this walk with me. Do you remember your thoughts from your last walk? Does spontaneous dancing happen? Do you have a walking stick or sunglasses? Maybe a wheelchair? I guess you would go on a roll. Who do you walk or roll with? Where do you go? Do the paths meander into the recesses of your mind or do you stick to the path before you? *I'm listening.*