

Resource Friday



→ [Blog](#) ←

*Every obstacle is an opportunity
in disguise.*
—John Adams

*The greater the obstacle,
the greater the glory in over it.*
—Molière

*Obstacles do not block the path.
They are the path.*
—Zen saying

The path is the goal.
—Chögyam Trungpa

*The best way to predict the future
is to create it.*
—Peter Drucker

[I Need Help Now](#)

[Go-to practices](#)

[DBT skills](#)

[Implementation intention](#)

[Holistic/wellness checklist](#)

[Resourcing activities list](#)

[Safety Plan; phone app](#)

[RAIN practice](#)

[3-in-1 capacity resource](#)

[Reasons for living](#)

**Fri 11/14/25: On dark days under heavy skies, talking, thinking of the
summer's warmth**

November
by Jay du Von

*People spoke of the snow, walking
on dark days under heavy skies, talking,
thinking of the summer's warmth and hoping
for the crisp finality of the winter.*

*In the mornings the ground under the white
frosted grass held firm and the light
heel left no mark in it; the rut
had a frozen crust and a pool in the field
was surfaced with fragile ice. But
the afternoons were dark with rain
or with low clouds running
before a cold wind.*

*And the earth was heavy, the roads
soft with yellow mud and lined with coming
and going. Always the days were shorter
and now the evening came far on the road
to meet us.*

What's your November like?

What do you remember of November?

more [frost](#)

more [grass](#)

more [pool](#)

more [light](#)

more [yellow](#)

more [field](#)

more [November](#)

Fri 11/7/25: Between autumn equinox and winter solstice, today

*All the leaves are brown,
and the sky is gray.*

—[The Mamas & the Papas](#)

*Between Autumn Equinox and Winter Solstice, Today
by [Emily Jungmin Yoon](#)*

*I read a Korean poem
with the line "Today you are the youngest
you will ever be." Today I am the oldest*

*I have been. Today we drink
buckwheat tea. Today I have heat
in my apartment. Today I think
about the word chada in Korean.
It means cold. It means to be filled with.
It means to kick. To wear. Today we're worn.
Today you wear the cold. Your chilled skin.
My heart kicks on my skin. Someone said
winter has broken his windows. The heat inside
and the cold outside sent lightning across glass.
Today my heart wears you like curtains. Today
it fills with you. The window in my room
is full of leaves ready to fall. Chada, you say. It's tea.
We drink. It is cold outside.*

What does your heart wear today?

*more [read](#)
more [tea](#)
more [line](#)
more [leaf](#)
more [cold](#)
more [word](#)
more [glass](#)
more [heart](#)*

Fri 10/31/25: I do not believe in ghosts, but I am afraid of them

*Yesterday, upon the stair
I met a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today,
I wish, I wish he'd go away.
—Hughes Mearns*

*I do not believe in ghosts,
but I am afraid of them.
—Edith Wharton*

*The Monsters in My Closet
by Phil Bolsta*

*The monsters in my closet
Like to sleep the day away.
So when I get home from school,
I let them out to play.*

*When Mom calls me for supper,
I give them each a broom.
First they put my toys away,
And then they clean my room.*

*The Mummy hates to vacuum.
So if he starts to whine,
I kick his rear and tell him,
“Trade jobs with Frankenstein.”*

*Wolfman used to fold my clothes.
I’ll give him one more chance—
Last time he wasn’t careful
And left furballs in my pants.*

*When my room is nice and neat,
I bring them up some food.
But Dracula wants to drink my blood—
I think that’s pretty rude.*

*When it’s time to go to bed,
I hug them all goodnight.
They jump back in my closet,
While I turn out the light.*

*I’ve taken care of monsters
For as long as I recall,
But the monsters in my closet
Are the nicest ones of all.*

***What are the monsters in your closet?
What are you afraid of?
What do you believe in?***

*more [scary](#)
more [sleep](#)*

more [day](#)
more [play](#)
more [ghost](#)

Fri 10/24/25: Bones and shadows

Bones and Shadows
by [John Philip Johnson](#)

*She kept its bones in a glass case
next to the recliner in the living room,
and sometimes thought she heard
him mewling, like a faint background music;
but if she stopped to listen, it disappeared.
Likewise with a nuzzling around her calves,
she'd reach absent-mindedly to scratch him,
but her fingers found nothing but air.*

*One day, in the corner of her eye,
slinking by the sofa, there was a shadow.
She glanced over, expecting it to vanish.
But this time it remained.
She looked at it full on. She watched it move.
Low and angular, not quite as catlike
as one might suppose, but still, it was him.*

*She walked to the door, just like in the old days,
and opened it, and met a whoosh of winter air.
She waited. The bones in the glass case rattled.
Then the cat-shadow darted at her,
through her legs, and slipped outside.
It mingled with the shadows of bare branches,
and leapt at the shadow of a bird.
She looked at the tree, but there was no bird.
Then he blended into the shadow of a bush.
She stood in the threshold, her hands on the door,
the sharp breeze ruffling the faded flowers
of her house dress, and she could feel
her own bones rattling in her body,
her own shadow trying to slip out.*

What's rattling in you?

more [bones](#)

more [shadows](#)

more [cats](#)

more [rooms](#)

more [disappears](#)

Fri 10/17/25: The only magic that exists

The only magic that exists is this life, this world, the particular phenomena we are all experiencing right this moment. Right now, right here, you are in this magic.

—Chögyam Trungpa

***What's magical where you are,
right here, right now?***

What do you notice?

What do you feel?

more [moment](#)

more [exist](#)

more [magic](#)

Fri 10/10/25: Each time I go outside the world is different

Each time I go outside

the world is different.

This has happened all my life.

—[Braided Creek](#)

What's different in the outside world for you today?

more [different](#)

more [world](#)

more [go](#)

more [time](#)

more [life](#)

Related:

[Awareness diary](#)

[Notice 1 thing](#)

Fri 10/3/25: When it's time to fly, you know how

Joy

by [Stuart Kestenbaum](#)

*The asters shake from stem to flower
waiting for the monarchs to alight.*

*Every butterfly knows that the end
is different from the beginning*

*and that it is always a part
of a longer story,
in which we are always*

*transformed. When it's time to fly,
you know how,
just the way you knew*

*how to breathe, just the way the air
knew to find its way
into your lungs,*

*the way the geese know
when to depart, the way their
wings know how to*

*speak to the wind,
a partnership of feather
and glide, lifting into
the blue dream.*

***What does joy look like,
sound like,
smell like,
taste like,
feel like,
mean
to you?
How do you experience joy?***

*How are you experiencing joy these days,
even if only in the slightest?*

more [flower](#)

more [air](#)

more [story](#)

more [feather](#)

more [joy](#)

Fri 9/26/25: Equinoctial tears

At the equinox, the world holds its breath between light and dark.
—Terry Tempest Williams

Twice a year, the world finds balance. So can we.
—Unknown

[Sestina](#)

by [Elizabeth Bishop](#)

*September rain falls on the house.
In the failing light, the old grandmother
sits in the kitchen with the child
beside the Little Marvel Stove,
reading the jokes from the almanac,
laughing and talking to hide her tears.*

*She thinks that her equinoctial tears
and the rain that beats on the roof of the house
were both foretold by the almanac,
but only known to a grandmother.
The iron kettle sings on the stove.
She cuts some bread and says to the child,*

*It's time for tea now; but the child
is watching the teakettle's small hard tears
dance like mad on the hot black stove,
the way the rain must dance on the house.
Tidying up, the old grandmother
hangs up the clever almanac*

*on its string. Birdlike, the almanac
hovers half open above the child,
hovers above the old grandmother
and her teacup full of dark brown tears.
She shivers and says she thinks the house
feels chilly, and puts more wood in the stove.*

*It was to be, says the Marvel Stove.
I know what I know, says the almanac.
With crayons the child draws a rigid house
and a winding pathway. Then the child
puts in a man with buttons like tears
and shows it proudly to the grandmother.*

*But secretly, while the grandmother
busies herself about the stove,
the little moons fall down like tears
from between the pages of the almanac
into the flower bed the child
has carefully placed in the front of the house.*

*Time to plant tears, says the almanac.
The grandmother sings to the marvelous stove
and the child draws another inscrutable house.*

How are you experiencing this [equinox](#)?

more [rain](#)

more [tea](#)

more [tears](#)

more [secret](#)

more [equinox](#)

p.s. [When was the last time you cried?](#)

Fri 9/19/25: Exquisite boredom

*This technique is especially designed to produce exquisite boredom.
—Chögyam Trungpa (on the practice of meditation)*

Bored

by Margaret Atwood

*All those times I was bored
out of my mind. Holding the log
while he sawed it. Holding
the string while he measured, boards,
distances between things, or pounded
stakes into the ground for rows and rows
of lettuces and beets, which I then (bored)
weeded. Or sat in the back
of the car, or sat still in boats,
sat, sat, while at the prow, stern, wheel
he drove, steered, paddled. It
wasn't even boredom, it was looking,
looking hard and up close at the small
details. Myopia. The worn gunwales,
the intricate twill of the seat
cover. The acid crumbs of loam, the granular
pink rock, its igneous veins, the sea-fans
of dry moss, the blackish and then the graying
bristles on the back of his neck.
Sometimes he would whistle, sometimes
I would. The boring rhythm of doing
things over and over, carrying
the wood, drying
the dishes. Such minutiae. It's what
the animals spend most of their time at,
ferrying the sand, grain by grain, from their tunnels,
shuffling the leaves in their burrows. He pointed
such things out, and I would look
at the whorled texture of his square finger, earth under
the nail. Why do I remember it as sunnier
all the time then, although it more often
rained, and more birdsong?
I could hardly wait to get
the hell out of there to
anywhere else. Perhaps though
boredom is happier. It is for dogs or
groundhogs. Now I wouldn't be bored.
Now I would know too much.*

Now I would know.

Invitation: Notice boredom—when, where, with whom you experience boredom. Contact your boring experience: bored thoughts, bored emotions, bored sensations, bored urges, bored impulses, bored memories... Notice and feel all the little details of boredom. How do you experience boredom? What's boring like? How's boring feel? What happens when you stay with the boredom, when you stay bored? Ask yourself: What is this boredom?

p.s. More [bored](#)

p.p.s. [10 ways to be bored](#)

p.p.p.s. [The most boring video ever made](#) (note: helps some folks sleep!)

Fri 9/12/25: In case of complete reversal

In Case of Complete Reversal

by [Kay Ryan](#)

*Born into each seed
is a small anti-seed
useful in case of some
complete reversal:
a tiny but powerful
kit for adapting it
to the unimaginable.
If we could crack the
fineness of the shell
we'd see the
bundled minuses
stacked as in a safe,
ready for use
if things don't
go well.*

~

What's in your safe?

~

*more [fine](#)
more [shell](#)
more [safe](#)
more [ready](#)
more [thing](#)*

Fri 9/5/25: It is not the critic who counts

It is not the critic who counts; not the one who points out how the strong one stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the one who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and short; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends their self in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if one fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that their place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.

—Theodore Roosevelt

(Note: the above applies to any & all outer & inner critics)

Fri 8/29/25: The news from poems

*It is difficult to get the news from poems,
yet men die miserably every day
for lack of what is found there.*

—[William Carlos Williams](#)

~

What's new with you?

~

more [news](#)

more [poems](#)

Fri 8/22/25: On both sides of here and there

Threshold
by [Maggie Smith](#)

*You want a door you can be
on both sides of at once.*

*You want to be
on both sides of here*

*and there, now and then,
together and—(what*

did we call the life

we would wish back?

*The old life? The before?)
alone. But any open*

*space may be
a threshold, an arch*

*of entering and leaving.
Crossing a field, wading*

*through nothing
but timothy grass,*

*imagine yourself passing from
and into. Passing through*

*doorway after
doorway after doorway.*

~

What do you long to be on both sides of currently?

~

more [door](#)

more [field](#)

more [space](#)

Fri 8/15/25: All up and down the sky

*Witch
by Kathleen Millay*

*I want to live where I can walk alone
And no one wonder,
Where I can be my singing self
And not be telling why.
I want to lie and watch the leaves
In trees that I am under;
Or sit awhile upon a rock
And watch the sea-gulls fly
All up and down the sky,*

And hear the sea-gulls cry.

~

Everyone deserves a chance to fly.

—Wicked

~

How do you want to live?

~

more witch

more fly

more sky

Fri 8/8/25: Muddy paw prints on the moon

The moon was but a chin of gold

A night or two ago,

And now she turns her perfect face

Upon the world below.

—Emily Dickinson

The moon is a loyal companion. It never leaves. It's always there, watching, steadfast, knowing us in our light and dark moments, changing forever just as we do. Every day it's a different version of itself. Sometimes weak and wan, sometimes strong and full of light. The moon understands what it means to be human. Uncertain. Alone. Cratered by imperfections.

—Tabereh Mafi

Rain clouds gone,

and muddy paw prints

on the moon.

—Braided Creek

My light shall be the moon

and my path, the ocean—

My guide, the morning star

as I sail home to you

—Enya

The moon is a reminder that no matter what phase I am in, I am still whole.

—Unknown

How are you like the moon?

What phase are you in?

Bonus: News from the moon

- [NASA Scientists Confirm Earth Dating The Moon](#)
- [NASA Announces Plan To Put Moon On Mars By 2040](#)
- [Astronaut Clearly Only Selected For Mission Because He's Related To Moon](#)
- [NASA Polishes Moon In Orbital Rock Tumbler](#)
- [Darling, I Will Give You The Moon And The Stars vs. Giving Me The Moon And Stars Would Have Disastrous Effects On Our Galaxy](#)
- [The Only Way To Get Over Your Fear Of The Moon Is To Walk On It](#)

More [moon](#)

Fri 8/1/25: The comfort of darkness

*Hello darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again.*

—[Simon & Garfunkel](#)

The Comfort of Darkness
by [Galway Kinnell](#)

*Darkness swept the earth in my dream,
Cold crowded the streets with its wings,
Cold talons pursued each river and stream
Into the mountains, found out their springs
And drilled the dark world with ice.
An enormous wreck of a bird
Closed on my heart in the darkness
And sank into sleep as it shivered.*

*Not even the heat of your blood, nor the pure
Light falling endlessly from you, like rain,
Could stay in my memory there
Or comfort me then.*

*Only the comfort of darkness,
The ice-cold, unfreezable brine,
Could melt the cries into silence,
Your bright hands into mine.*

How do you relate to darkness?

More [darkness](#)

Fri 7/25/25: The Raspberry Room

The Raspberry Room
by [Karin Gottshall](#)

*It was solid hedge, loops of bramble and thorny
as it had to be with its berries thick as bumblebees.
It drew blood just to get there, but I was queen
of that place, at ten, though the berries shook like fists
in the wind, daring anyone to come in. I was trying
so hard to love this world—real rooms too big and full
of worry to comfortably inhabit—but believing I was born
to live in that cloistered green bower: the raspberry patch
in the back acre of my grandparents' orchard. I was cross-
stitched and beaded by its fat, dollmaker's needles. The effort
of sliding under the heavy, spiked tangles that tore
my clothes and smeared me with juice was rewarded
with space, wholly mine, a kind of room out of
the crush of the bushes with a canopy of raspberry
dagger-leaves and a syrup of sun and birdsong.
Hours would pass in the loud buzz of it, blood
made it mine—the adventure of that red sting singing
down my calves, the place the scratches brought me to:
just space enough for a girl to lie down.*

Past: *Growing up, what space was wholly yours?*

Present: *What space is wholly yours now?*

Invitation: *Compose your own Raspberry Room poem.*

More [berry](#)

More [place](#)

More [bee](#)

More [room](#)

Fri 7/18/25: Beauty will save the world

To me, they are as beautiful as anything I know, strangely more living than the animals walking around. The bones seem to cut sharply to the center of something that is keenly alive in the desert, even though it is vast and empty and untouchable, and knows no kindness with all its beauty.

—[Georgia O'Keeffe](#)

From so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

—[Charles Darwin](#)

Beauty will save the world.

—[Fyodor Dostoevsky](#)

Life is Beautiful

by [Dorianne Laux](#)

*and remote, and useful,
if only to itself. Take the fly, angel
of the ordinary house, laying its bright
eggs on the trash, pressing each jewel out
delicately along a crust of buttered toast.
Bagged, the whole mess travels to the nearest
dump where other flies have gathered, singing
over stained newsprint and reeking
fruit. Rapt on air they execute an intricate
ballet above the clashing pirouettes
of heavy machinery. They hum with life.
While inside rumpled sacks pure white
maggots writhe and spiral from a rip,
a tear-shaped hole that drools and drips
a living froth onto the buried earth.
The warm days pass, gulls scree and pitch,
rats manage the crevices, feral cats abandon
their litters for a morsel of torn fur, stranded
dogs roam open fields, sniff the fragrant edges,
a tossed lacework of bones and shredded flesh.
And the maggots tumble at the center, ripening,
husks membrane-thin, embryos darkening*

*and shifting within, wings curled and wet,
the open air pungent and ready to receive them
in their fecund iridescence. And so, of our homely hosts,
a bag of jewels is born again into the world. Come, lost
children of the sun-drenched kitchen, your parents
soundly sleep along the windowsill, content,
wings at rest, nestled in against the warm glass.
Everywhere the good life oozes from the useless
waste we make when we create—our streets teem
with human young, rafts of pigeons streaming
over the squirrel-burdened trees. If there is
a purpose, maybe there are too many of us
to see it, though we can, from a distance,
hear the dull thrum of generation's industry,
feel its fleshly wheel churn the fire inside us, pushing
the world forward toward its ragged edge, rushing
like a swollen river into multitude and rank disorder.
Such abundance. We are gorged, engorging, and gorgeous.*

Invite 1: Notice beauty in unconventional spaces & places—what do you see, hear, smell, taste, touch, feel, experience?

Invite 2: Compose your own 'life is beautiful' poem. Example:

life is beautiful

*dirty dishes in the sink—
empty soup can,
upturned lid—*

*brown-leafed plant—
too much sun?
too little?*

*—peach fuzz on a strawberry,
and from the kitchen
she says "bread got moldy"—*

freezer-burnt broccoli—

green shoots sprouting

from a turned onion—

later

*a plastic bag skips crazily
across the highway past
exploded bag of trash—*

later

notice

*unmopped floor needs
scrubbing, rug needs
vacuuming, pile of clothes
needs washing, knee needs
examining—and the article*

*that said microplastics abide
in the dust on the shelf—
are the very dust on
the shelf—are the dust beneath
the bed, are the dust the sun
spotlights on the floor,*

*and I wonder what they look like up close,
those infinitesimal shards,
particles the article says we
even bleed
and pee
and cry,*

what

*to see beneath the lens of the
microscope,
all kaleidoscope,
mosaic—jagged little
rainbow, timeless geode, precious*

*diamond borne of unfathomable
pressure deep underground on*

*an afternoon cut through
by sound of a distant siren*

More [beautiful](#)

More [world](#)

Fri 7/11/25: Meowditation

Many people prefer cats to other people, and many cats prefer people to other cats.

—Mason Cooley

How beautiful it is to do nothing, and then to rest afterward.

—Spanish proverb

Time spent with cats is never wasted.

—Sigmund Freud

Fog

by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes

on little cat feet.

It sits looking

over harbor and city

on silent haunches

and then moves on.

Meowditation: Notice cat—see, hear, smell, contact cat. What do you notice? What do you feel?

Catemplation: How are you like the cat? How is the cat like you?

[More meow](#)



Fri 7/4/25: It is enough to enter

It Is Enough to Enter

by [Todd Boss](#)

*the templar
halls of museums, for*

*example, or
the chambers of churches,*

*and admire
no more than the beauty*

*there, or
remember the graveness*

*of stone, or
whatever. You don't*

*have to do any
better. You don't have to*

*understand
the liturgy or know history*

*to feel holy
in a gallery or presbytery.*

*It is enough
to have come just so far.*

*You need
not be opened any more*

*than does
a door, standing ajar.*

~

More enough

~

**What are you entering?
What's it like?**

Fri 6/27/25: The age of dinosaurs

The Age of Dinosaurs
by James Scruton

*There are, of course, theories
about the wide-eyed, drop-jawed
fascination children have for them,
about how, before he's learned
his own phone number or address,
a five-year-old can carry
like a few small stones
the Latin tonnage of those names,
the prefixes and preferences
for leaf or meat.*

*My son recites the syllables
I stumble over now,
sets up figures as I did
years ago in his prehistory.
Here is the green ski slope
of a brontosaur's back,
there a triceratops in full
gladiator gear. From the arm
of a chair a pterodactyl
surveys the dark primeval carpet.*

*Each has disappeared from time
to time, excavated finally
from beneath a cabinet
or the sofa cushions, only
to be buried again among its kind
in the deep toy chest,
the closed lid snug as earth.
The next time they're brought out
to roam the living room
another bone's been found*

*somewhere, a tooth or fragment
of an eggshell dusted off,
brushing away some long-held notion
about their life-span
or intelligence, warm blood*

*or cold. On the floor
they face off as if debating
the latest find, what part
of which one of them
has been discovered this time.*

*Or else they stand abreast
in one long row, side
by scaly side, waiting to fall
like dominoes, my son's
tossed tennis ball a neon yellow
asteroid, his shadow a dark cloud
when he stands, his fervor for them
cooling so slowly he can't feel it—
the speed of glaciers, maybe,
how one age slides into the next.*

~

Opinion: [Stegosaurus Is My Second-Favorite Dinosaur](#)

~

What's your favorite dinosaur?

~

More [dinosaur](#)

[Paleontologists Unearth Earliest Known Dinosaur Stickers](#)

[God Considering Moving Dinosaurs To Separate Area Of Heaven](#)

[New Evidence Suggests Dinosaurs Would Have Driven Selves To Extinction Through Greed And Complacency Anyway](#)

[Fossilized Evidence Reveals Extinction Of Dinosaurs Led To Brief Epoch When Asteroids Ruled The Earth](#)

[Report: Shopoholism May Have Killed The Shoposauruses](#)

[God Getting Strong Urge To Bring Back Dinosaurs](#)

🌻 **Fri 6/20/25: The summer day** 🌻

The Summer Day
by Mary Oliver

*Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean—
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,*

*the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down—
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?*

~

More [grasshopper](#)

More [grass](#)

More [bear](#)

More [field](#)

More [world](#)

Fri 6/13/25: Things I Know

Things I Know

by [Joyce Sutphen](#)

*I know how the cow's head turns
to gaze at the child in the hay aisle;*

*I know the way the straw shines
under the one bare light in the barn.*

*How a chicken pecks gravel into silt
and how the warm egg rests beneath*

*the feathers—I know that too, and
what to say, watching the rain slide*

*in silver chains over the machine
shed's roof. I know how one pail*

*of water calls to another and how
it sloshes and spills when I walk*

*from the milk-house to the barn.
I know how the barn fills and*

*then empties, how I scatter lime
on the walk, how I sweep it up.*

*In the silo, I know the rung under
my foot; on the tractor, I know*

*the clutch and the throttle; I slip
through the fence and into the woods,*

*where I know everything: trunk
by branch by leaf into sky.*

~

What do you know?

How do you know?

~

Invitation: Compose your own ‘Things I Know’ poem. Example:

*Things I Know
by me*

*I know how the light sifts
through the eucalyptus branches*

*and leaves, how my nose knows
the camphor scent*

*of a San Francisco summer afternoon.
I know the way a*

*great horned-owl boots in the night,
its big black moth-like swoop,*

*silent in flight. I know that too,
and I know how the doe and her fawn*

*observe me keenly with a mix
of fear and curiosity. I know*

*how the coyotes high on the hill
cry at twilight. And I know the wink and*

*shimmer of the city lights dotting the Bay,
I know how my body shivers as the fog*

*ripples through alleys
and coves. In this cove I know the sound*

*and the force of the rushing waves,
the scent of beached kelp,*

*the granular stillness of the boulder
I sit on as I squint out at*

*the horizon I know,
where the sun I know sinks*

*into the sea,
old reliable star
I know will rise and set*

and rise again.

~

p.s. More [know](#)

Fri 6/6/25: Secret of Life

*Secret of Life
by Diana Der-Hovanessian*

*Once during the war
on a bus going to Portsmouth
a navy yard worker
told me the secret of life.*

*The secret of life, he said,
can never be passed down*

one generation to the other.

*The secret of life, he said,
is hunger. It makes an open hand.*

*The secret of life is money.
But only the small coins.*

*The secret of life, he said,
is love. You become what you lose.*

*The secret of life, he said,
is water. The world will end
in flood.*

*The secret of life, he said,
is circumstance.*

*If you catch the right bus
at the right time
you will sit next
to the secret teller*

*who will whisper it
in your ear.*

What's the secret of life for you?

p.s.

More [secret](#)

More [life](#)

Fri 5/30/25: Otherwise

*Otherwise
by [Jane Kenyon](#)*

*I got out of bed
on two strong legs.
It might have been
otherwise. I ate*

*cereal, sweet
milk, ripe, flawless
peach. It might
have been otherwise.
I took the dog uphill
to the birch wood.
All morning I did
the work I love.
At noon I lay down
with my mate. It might
have been otherwise.
We ate dinner together
at a table with silver
candlesticks. It might
have been otherwise.
I slept in a bed
in a room with paintings
on the walls, and
planned another day
just like this day.
But one day, I know,
it will be otherwise.*

Bonus: Compose your own ‘Otherwise’ poem.

Example:

*Otherwise
by Me*

*When I woke,
I went to the kitchen and
made coffee the way
I like it. It might
have been otherwise.
I scratched the forehead
of the cat, made her breakfast,
watched her eat. It might
have been otherwise.
On the walk to the train
I paused to see, smell,
touch the roses. It might*

*have been otherwise.
All day I did the work
for which I am grateful
and which I find meaningful.
It might have been otherwise.
My partner arrived as the sun
was setting and we walked
five miles home together.
It might have been otherwise.
We arrived home safe and
sound, and I got inspired
to share this prompt
as a resource, and I planned
another day just like this day.
But one day, I know,
it will be otherwise.*

Fri 5/23/25: the irony of loneliness

*the irony of loneliness
is we all feel it
at the same time
—rupi kaur*

What makes you feel lonely?
What helps undo your loneliness?

More lonely

- [Poem: Fruit of Loneliness](#)
- [Poem: Solitude](#)
- [Poem: Bryant Park at Dusk](#)
- [Poem: Things](#)
- [Poem: \[anyone lived in a pretty how town\]](#)
- [Poem: Hope](#)

Less lonely

- [Poem: The Work of Happiness](#)
- [Poem: Solitude](#)
- [Poem: I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud](#)
- [Poem: Dividend of the Social Opt Out](#)

- [Poem: Stopping By Woods On a Snowy Evening](#)
 - [Poem: Echo](#)
 - [Poem: Everybody](#)
-

Fri 5/16/25: Autobiography in Five Short Chapters

I.

*I walk down the street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I fall in. I am lost. I am helpless.
It isn't my fault.
It takes forever to find a way out.*

II.

*I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I still don't see it. I fall in again.
I can't believe I am in the same place.
It isn't my fault.
It still takes a long time to get out.*

III.

*I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I see it there, I still fall in.
It's habit. It's my fault. I know where I am.
I get out immediately.*

IV.

*I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I walk around it.*

V.

I walk down a different street.

—Portia Nelson

What chapter are you in?

Fri 5/9/25: [Slow is fast](#)

*The more you have to do,
the slower you should do it.*

—Chögyam Trungpa

What's your pace?

Bonus/related:

- [Pausing practice](#)
 - [Awareness diary](#)
 - [Notice 1 thing](#)
-

Fri 5/2/25: You are the sky

*You are the sky.
Everything else is just the weather.*
—Pema Chödrön

*What's your internal weather like these days?
Do you experience the sky? When? How?*

More [sky](#)

More [weather](#)

Fri 4/25/25: [Transpersonal](#)

We are a way for the cosmos to know itself.
—Carl Sagan

*Luminous beings are we,
not this crude matter.*
—Yoda

Every person you look at, you can see the universe in their eyes if you're really looking.
—George Carlin

We are not human beings having a spiritual experience. We are spiritual beings having a human experience.
—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

[Transpersonal](#) poems:

- [On the Existence of the Soul](#)

- [*Some Questions You Might Ask*](#)
- [*Full Consciousness*](#)
- [*I am not i*](#)
- [*Miracle Fish*](#)

How do you experience the transpersonal?
What does transpersonal mean to you?

Bonus: [*But a blink of time*](#)

Fri 4/18/25: [*Most important thing*](#)

*The most important thing
is to remember
the most important thing.
—Shunryu Suzuki*

*What's most important to you?
How can you tell?*

Fri 4/11/25: [*Super seen, super heard*](#)

*The greatest compliment that was ever paid me was when one asked me what I thought, and attended to my answer.
—Henry David Thoreau*

Question: If you felt super seen and super heard by me, what would I be doing, saying, or asking? How would I be doing, saying, or asking it?

Related:

- [*Hugged, helped, or heard practice*](#)
 - [*5 developmental stages & needs inquiry*](#)
 - [*If I really knew you, what would I know?*](#)
 - What do you long to be asked?
-

Fri 4/4/25: [*Freedom Lounge*](#)

*And you and me
are free to be
you and me
—[*Marlo Thomas & Friends*](#)*

*I wanna make you feel free.
—[*Joni Mitchell*](#)*

What makes you feel free?

Fri 3/28/25: [The massive ocean inside you](#)

I relied on a [Miracle Fish](#), once, in New York City, to tell me my fortune. That was before I knew it was my body's water that moved it, that the massive ocean inside me was what made the fish swim.

—[Ada Limón](#)

How do you experience the massive ocean inside you?

Bonus:

- More [ocean](#)
 - More [miracle](#)
 - More [fish](#)
-

Fri 3/21/25: What I can do—I will

What I can do—I will—

Though it be little as a Daffodil—

That I cannot—must be

Unknown to possibility—

—[Emily Dickinson](#)

Contemplation:

What can I?

What will I?

—And [why](#)?

Bonus: [Things I can control](#) | [Things I can't](#)

Fri 3/14/25: [Picture practice](#)

Long ago

it must be—

I have a photograph.

—[Simon & Garfunkel](#)

Bonus contemplations:

What are some of your personal favorite photos?

What photos have you been moved by throughout your life?

What happens inside—thoughts, emotions, sensations, urges, impulses, memories—when you look at them?

Fri 3/7/25: [Be a person here](#)

How you stand here is important.

How you listen for the next things to happen.

How you breathe.

—William Stafford

Fri 2/28/25: [Lost causes](#)

Lose something every day.

—Elizabeth Bishop

Poem: [One Art](#)

Fri 2/21/25: [Thank you, Mind](#)

The most difficult times for many of us are the ones we give ourselves.

—Pema Chödrön

Fri 2/14/25: [i carry your heart with me \(i carry it in my heart\)](#)

Invitation: Offer the above poem as a [Valentine](#) to yourself—from you to you—this [Valentine's Day](#). Notice what you notice, feel what you feel.

p.s. Bonus you-to-you [Valentines](#):

[The Rest of My Life](#)

[Getting the Machine](#)

~

if i am the longest relationship

of my life

isn't it time to

nurture intimacy

and love

with the person

i lie in bed with each night

—rupi kaur, [the sun and her flowers](#)



Fri 2/7/25: [The unexpected joy of repeat experiences](#)

We shall not cease from exploration

And the end of all our exploring

Will be to arrive where we started

And know the place for the first time

—T.S. Eliot

Repeat experience poems:

[Morning at Blackwater](#)

[In Blackwater Woods](#)

[At Blackwater Pond](#)

[Just Lying on the Grass at Blackwater](#)

[White Heron Rises Over Blackwater](#)

What are some of your favorite repeat experiences?

What happens when you repeat them?

Fri 1/31/25: [Community spaces & places](#)

Alone we can do so little.

Together we can do so much.

—Helen Keller

What are your go-to gathering places & spaces?

What happens when you go there?

Where might you go next?

Fri 1/24/25: [Resilient](#)

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I'll rise.

—[Maya Angelou](#)

How are you resilient?

[More resilience](#)

Fri 1/17/25: Loud as Hope

Courage is like love. It must have hope for nourishment.

—Napoleon Bonaparte

Hope poems:

- [Hope](#)
- [Another Postponement of Destruction](#)
- [Hope is the thing with feathers](#)
- [Still I Rise](#)
- [For What Binds Us](#)

Songs that sound like hope:

- [Bron-Yr-Aur](#)
- [Sliding Down](#)
- [Peng! 33](#)
- [Just Breathe](#)

[The parable of the boy throwing starfish back into the sea](#)

[The Trees That Survived Hiroshima; video](#)

What gives you hope?

Fri 1/10/25: [Reasons for living](#) (revisited)

There you are

this cold day

*boiling the water on the stove,
pouring the herbs into the pot,
hawthorn, rose.*

—[Victoria Adukwei Bulley](#)

*What are your reasons for living,
even just one?*

Fri 1/3/25: [In praise of pointless goals](#)

[Today](#) I want

to resolve nothing.

I only want to walk

a little longer in the cold

blessing of the rain,

and lift my face to it.

—[Kim Addonizio](#)

p.s. [Don't get caught in this New Year's trap](#) 🌻

Fri 12/27/24: It's in every one of us

It's in every one of us

to be wise.

Find your heart,

open up both your eyes.

We can all know everything

without ever knowing why.

It's in every one of us,

by and by.

—[The Muppets](#)

Fri 12/20/24: When it is dark enough, you can see the stars

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year

—[Robert Frost](#)

[Happy solstice!](#)



Bonus: [5 ways people celebrate the return of light](#)

How are you celebrating the return of light?

Fri 12/13/24: Awe in everyday life

Instructions for living a life:

Pay attention.

Be astonished.

Tell about it.

—[Mary Oliver](#)

Awesome practices

- [Memories of awe & wonder](#)
- [Everyday awe diary](#)

Awesome articles

- [The quiet profundity of everyday awe](#)
- [The ‘small self’ effect](#)
- [Awe-inspiring experiences change our perception of time](#)
- [Make time for awe](#)
- [The science of awe](#)

Awesome poems

- [August 12 in the Nebraska Sand Hills Watching the Perseids Meteor Shower](#)
- [The Summer Day](#)
- [The Fish](#)
- [Why I’m in Awe of the Spiral](#)
- [Night Dive \(1\)](#)
- [Night Dive \(2\)](#)
- [Gate C22](#)
- [Aimless Love](#)

Fri 12/6/24: [Loss and Gain](#)

Defeat may be victory in disguise;

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

—[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#)

Meditation:

What have I lost?

What have I gained?

Fri 11/29/24: [Grateful for...](#)

Piglet noticed that even though he had a Very Small Heart, it could hold a rather large amount of Gratitude.

—A.A. Milne

Who & what are you grateful for?

Bonus grateful:

Poem: [Otherwise](#)

Poem: [Aimless Love](#)

Poem: [Housewarming](#)

Poem: [Ode to the Joyful Ones](#)

Fri 11/22/24: [Hero](#)

The time is always right to do what is right.

—Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Who are your heroes?

What qualities and values do they embody?

How do you embody those same qualities and values?

How might you like to embody those qualities and values even more?

Fri 11/15/24: [My go-to peeps](#)

Turns out not where

but who you're with

that really matters.

—Dave Matthews

Fri 11/8/24: [It's alright to cry](#)

It's alright to cry,

crying gets the sad out of you.

—Rosey Grier

p.s. [Tears teacher](#)

p.p.s. [Sestina](#)

Fri 11/1/24: Forget your perfect offering

Ring the bells that still can ring

Forget your perfect offering

There is a crack, a crack in everything

That's how the light gets in

—[Leonard Cohen](#)

[Imperrfection pracctice](#)

[Working with perfectionism vis-à-vis DBT, ACT, CBT, & IFS](#)

Bonus: [Nondominant hand practice](#)

p.s. Morre [imperrffection](#)

Fri 10/25/24: You got this shit / I got this shit / We got this shit (practice)

Regarding any [potential](#) feared outcome, [Inner Advisor](#) says, “I got you, and you got this shit. You can handle this.”

- [Self](#) takes it in and says, “I got this shit. I can handle this.”
 - Self [offers](#) to any & all younger selves or parts that need to hear it, “You’ve got this shit.”

- Younger selves/parts try on, “I’ve got this shit.”
 - Altogether option: “We got this shit.”
- [More truer words](#)
 - What are your truer words?

Bonus: Why? Because I [value](#) _____.

Go out on a limb. That’s where the fruit is.

—[Bob Ross](#)

Fri 10/18/24: If I really knew you, what would I know?

*The truth is generally seen,
rarely heard.*

—Baltasar Gracian

Fri 10/11/24: Autumn practices & poems

October is the month of painted leaves.

—Henry David Thoreau



Autumn practices:

- [Notice 1 thing about Autumn](#)
- [Just noticing, just feeling Autumn](#)
- [Anchoring in a positive memory of Autumn](#)
- [Leaves on a stream](#)

[Fall poems](#)

[More fall poems](#)

Fri 10/4/24: [DISC workplace personality](#)

How you do anything is how you do everything.

—Zen saying

More on the [DISC](#)

More on [work](#)

Fri 9/27/24: [Big 5 personality traits](#)

When I discover who I am, then I’ll be free.

—Ralph Ellison

More on the [Big 5](#)

Fri 9/20/24: [Myers-Briggs Personality Type](#)

The privilege of a lifetime is to become who you truly are.

—Carl Jung

[Myers-Briggs Personality test](#)

[More Myers-Briggs](#)

Fri 9/13/24: [Enneagram](#)

Each of us has something to give that no one else has.

—Elizabeth O'Connor

[Enneagram types](#). What's your type?

[Do you make decisions through your belly, heart, or head?](#)

[More on Enneagram](#)

Fri 9/6/24: No doubt, no awakening

The greater the doubt, the greater the awakening.

The smaller the doubt, the smaller the awakening.

No doubt, no awakening.

—C.C. Chang, *The Practice of Zen*

Fri 8/30/24: Two [parts](#) poems

[The Guest House](#)

[I am not i](#)

We have all a better guide in ourselves, if we would attend to it, than any other person can be.

—Jane Austen

Fri 8/23/24: [Awareness Diary](#)

To observe attentively is to remember distinctly.

—Edgar Allan Poe

Fri 8/16/24: [The Unwritten](#)

It is a joy to be hidden,

and a disaster not to be found.

—Donald Winnicott

Fri 8/9/24: [The Journey](#)

One day you finally knew

what you had to do, and began.

—Mary Oliver

Fri 8/2/24: [The Invitation](#)

I want to know

what sustains you

from the inside

when all else falls away.

—Oriah

Fri 7/26/24: [Holistic/wellness checklist](#)

*I feel good,
I knew that I would now.
—James Brown*

Fri 7/19/24: [Ichi-go ichi-e/一期一会](#)

*i catch
the maple leaf—
then let
it go
—John Wills*

*Memorize this moment.
—Rob Fisher*

What unrepeatable moments do you cherish?
What unrepeatable moments are you cherishing these days?

Related:

- [Mono no aware/物の哀れ](#)
- [Haiku mind](#)
- [Savoring practice](#)
- [Gratitude Journal & Awareness Diary](#)
- More on [impermanence & change](#)
- More on [moments](#)

Fri 7/12/24: [The House of Belonging](#)

*There is no house
like the house of belonging.
—David Whyte*

How do you experience belonging?
What does belonging mean to you?
What does it look like, feel like?
How do you long to be?
p.s. What would it mean for you [to belong to you?](#)
p.p.s. [“You belong” practice](#)
p.p.p.s. [More on belonging](#)

Fri 7/5/24: [Sunflakes](#) ☀️

*I can feel a sunshine
stealing into my soul
and making it all summer,
and every thorn,
a rose.*

—Emily Dickinson

[Summer poems](#) 🌂

What says summer to you? 🌻

Bonus: [Firefly](#) 🦋

Fri 6/28/24: [Late bloomer](#)

It is never too late to be what you might have been.

—George Eliot

What wants to bloom in you?



Fri 6/21/24: [Meeting Place](#)

You yourself, as much as anybody in the entire universe, deserve your love and affection.

—Buddha

Fri 6/14/24: [Miracle question](#)

I am realistic—I expect miracles.

—Wayne Dyer

p.s. More on [miracles](#)

Fri 6/7/24: [Pause](#)

Pausing is the doorway to awakening.

—Patricia Donegan

[Pausing practice](#)

Bonus: [Haiku mind](#)

Fri 5/31/24: [Substance use harm reduction strategies \(revisited\)](#)

The curious paradox is that when I accept myself just as I am, then I can change.

—Carl Rogers

Note: Each of the following that refers specifically to alcohol use can be applied to any substance or habitual behavior.

- [You & substance use](#)
- [Harm reduction continuum](#) (Where am I on the continuum?)
- [Stages of change](#) (Where am I on the stages of change?)

- [To cut down or to quit](#)
 - [Urge surfing](#)
 - [Decisional balance](#)
 - [How much is too much?](#)
 - [Planning for change](#)
 - [The neurobiology of addiction](#)
-

Fri 5/24/24: [Listening & speaking from the heart](#)

People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.

—Maya Angelou

Listening practices:

- [Compassionate exchange practice](#)
- [How would you like me to be with you?](#)
- [Do you need to be hugged, helped, or just heard?](#)
- [Questions for deepening connection](#)
- [If I really knew you, what would I know?](#)

More on [conversation & connection](#)

Fri 5/17/24: [Solitude](#)

Loneliness is the poverty of self.

Solitude is the richness of self.

—May Sarton

*I want to know
if you can be alone
with yourself
and if you truly like
the company you keep
in the empty moments.
—Oriah*

Fri 5/10/24: [Mindfulness](#)

Forever—is composed of Nows—

—Emily Dickinson

What are you [mindful of](#) right here and now?

Fri 5/3/24: [Loving Eyes](#)

To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.

—Oscar Wilde

Bonus: [Self-compassion practices](#)

Fri 4/26/24: [3-in-1 capacity resource](#)

I was always looking outside myself for strength and confidence, but it comes from within. It is there all the time.

—Anna Freud

Fri 4/19/24: [There You Are](#)

*In the depth of winter,
I finally learned that within me
there lay an invincible summer.*

—Albert Camus

[Reasons for living](#)

[Support around suicidal ideation](#)

Fri 4/12/24: [Stand still](#)

*The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost.*

—David Wagoner, *Lost*

Fri 4/5/24: [When all I wanted was to be anything other than what I was](#)

Fri 3/29/24: [Grief, bereavement, letting go](#)

Practice: [Just noticing, just feeling grief](#)

Practice: [Anchoring in a positive memory of a lost one](#)

*To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it
against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes
to let it go*

—[Mary Oliver, In Blackwater Woods](#)

p.s. [It's OK to never 'get over' your grief](#)

Fri 3/22/24: [Sleep is the best meditation](#)

- [Stay awake](#)
 - [Poem: Sleeping in the Forest](#)
 - [Sleep meditation](#)
 - [Sleep hygiene checklists & tips](#)
 - [Stages of sleep](#)
 - Bonus: [Dreams](#)
-

Fri 3/15/24: [Curiosity shop](#)

- What are you curious about these days? What piques your curiosity?
 - What aren't you curious about these days? What gets in the way of your curiosity?
 - What might you like to be more curious about? What would help foster your curiosity?
 - Bonus:
 - [Alice falls down the rabbit hole](#)
 - [Poem: Curious](#)
 - [8 C & 5 P qualities of Self energy](#)
-

Fri 3/8/24: [North Star](#)

What is most important to me? Why? How can I tell?

- [What am I committed to?](#) (revisited)

*Your beliefs become your thoughts.
 Your thoughts become your words.
 Your words become your actions.
 Your actions become your habits.
 Your habits become your values.
 Your values become your destiny.*
 —Mahatma Gandhi

Fri 3/1/24: [Interbeing](#)

- *If you are a poet, you will see clearly that there is a cloud floating in this sheet of paper.*
 —Thich Nhat Hanh
- **How do you experience the interconnectedness of everything?**
- [Watts Connectedness Scale](#) (thanks for this, Dave D 🧡)
- Bonus:
 - On [interbeing](#)
 - Poem: [Hello, the Roses](#)

- Poem: [Interrelationship](#)
-

Fri 2/23/24: [What is the biggest struggle I have ever overcome?](#)

- *Courage isn't having the strength to go on. It is going on when you don't have the strength.*
—Napoleon Bonaparte
-

Fri 2/16/24: [For What Binds Us](#)

- *Beneath every complaint is a wish.*
—Esther Perel
 - On [rupture and repair](#)
 - Bonus 1: [“Love” sculpture](#)
 - Bonus 2: [How deep is your love?](#)
-

Fri 2/9/24: [Nothing](#)

Fri 2/2/24: [Reading](#)

- What are you reading these days? Why? What draws you to it?
 - What are your all-time favorite books, poems, lyrics, articles?
 - What happens inside when you read—and reread—them?
 - What aren't you reading that you wish you were? Why aren't you? What gets in the way?
 - Bonus: [Books](#) · [Poetry](#)
-

Fri 1/26/24: [Inner circle of support](#)

- Who is in your inner circle of support?
-

Fri 1/19/24: [Memory](#)

*Where the north wind meets the sea
There's a river full of memory
Sleep, my darling, safe and sound
For, in this river, all is found*
—[Kristen Anderson-Lopez & Robert Lopez](#)

Exercise: [Anchoring in a Positive Experience](#)

- [What do you remember?](#)
 - [More on memory](#)
-

Fri 1/12/24: [Permission](#)

*Listen to the Mustn'ts, child
listen to the Don'ts
Listen to the Shouldn'ts
the Impossibles, the Won'ts
Listen to the Never Haves
then listen close to me
Anything can happen, child
Anything can be
—Shel Silverstein*

What do you need to give yourself permission to do, think, feel, [believe](#)?

Fri 1/5/24: [A few of my favorite things](#)/Top 5+

- From [Burn After Writing](#), by Sharon Jones: “Every now and then something comes along that knocks you off your feet. You feel like you have finally been understood, like somebody looked into your soul and wrote a song just for you. And as you grow, these things grow with you, making your life richer.”
 - **In this very moment, what are a few of your favorite things? As in:**
 - Top 5 songs · Top 5 books/stories · Top 5 poems · Top 5 quotes · Top 5 films · Top 5 places · Top 5 experiences · Top 5 unfulfilled longings · Top 5 humans · Top 5 animals · Top 5 [self-compassion statements](#) · Top 5 tastes · Top 5 smells · Top 5 memories · Top 5 [outer resources](#) · Top 5 [inner resources](#) · Top 5 [emotions](#) / [sensations](#) · Top 5 _____
 - What happens inside when you contemplate your favorite things?
 - What do you see, hear, smell, taste, feel?
 - What do you [remember](#)?
 - Which of your favorite things can you go and experience right now—or really soon?
-

Fri 12/29/23: [Friendship](#)

*How Many, How Much
by Shel Silverstein*

*How many slams in an old screen door?
Depends how loud you shut it.
How many slices in a bread?
Depends how thin you cut it.
How much good inside a day?
Depends how good you live 'em.*

*How much love inside a friend?
Depends how much you give 'em.*

Fri 12/22/23: [The woods are lovely, dark and deep](#)

- This [Yaldā](#) / [winter solstice](#), what promises do you have to keep?
 - ... to others?
 - ✨ ... to yourself? ✨
 - Bonus:
 - [Winter poems](#)
 - [On the holidays](#)
 - [On loneliness & undoing aloneness](#)
-

Fri 12/15/23: [The sacred & the spiritual](#)

- How do you experience spirituality?
 - What is sacred to you?
 - How do you honor it?
 - How might you like to honor it even more?
-

Fri 12/8/23: [Won't you celebrate me practice](#)

*Today you are you
That is truer than true
There is no one alive
Who is youer than you
—Dr. Seuss*

Bonus poem: [won't you celebrate with me](#)

Fri 12/1/23: *Don't ask what the world needs. Ask what makes you come alive. Because what the world needs is people who come alive.*

—Howard Thurman

- What makes you come alive? What inspires you? Nourishes you? Fills you with vitality, hope and meaning?
 - **Invitation:** [Do 1 thing every day](#), no matter how small, that makes you come alive. Notice how you feel before, during, and after.
-

Fri 11/24/23: Gratitude (revisited): 2 gratitude practices

- [Gratitude journal & awareness diary](#)
 - [Memorize this moment](#)
 - More on gratitude [here](#)
-

Fri 11/17/23: [The healing power of poetry](#)

Fri 11/10/23: 🎵 [The healing power of music](#) 🎵

Fri 11/3/23: 3 awareness practices:

- [Notice 1 thing](#)
 - [As I notice _____, I notice _____](#)
 - [Just noticing... Just feeling...](#)
-

Fri 10/27/23: [6 Fs parts check-in & unblending practice](#)

- Recommended: [No Bad Parts](#)
 - [More on parts work](#)
-

Fri 10/20/23: [Allow](#)

- Years ago this poem arrived rather auspiciously at a challenging time in my life and served as a balm. May it be of benefit to you as it was to me then.
-

Fri 10/13/23: [Resourcing activities list](#)

Fri 10/6/23: [Parts map+: What part wants my attention?](#)

- [More on parts work](#)
-

Fri 9/29/23: [Getting to know a protector](#)

- [More on parts work](#)
-

Fri 9/22/23: [In the space where there is nothing](#)

Fri 9/15/23: [Inner Advisor](#)

- [The words we long to hear](#)
 - [Bonus poem](#)
-

Fri 9/8/23: [RAIN mindfulness practice](#)

Fri 9/1/23: [Could be good, could be bad, we'll see](#)

- [More on uncertainty](#)
-

Fri 8/25/23: [Deconstructing Anxiety practices](#)

Fri 8/18/23: Practice: [The Warrior's Stance](#)

Fri 8/11/23: Practice: [The Alchemist](#)

Fri 8/4/23: [Discovering your chief defense](#)

Fri 7/28/23: [Finding your core fear](#)

Fri 7/21/23: [Safety plan + big list of skills & practices](#)

Fri 7/14/23: [Protective factors](#)

Fri 7/7/23: [Travel](#)

- Question: What does the word ‘travel’ evoke in you? Memories, images & associations; thoughts, emotions, sensations; hopes, longings, frustrations; triumphs; fears; urges & impulses...
-

Fri 6/30/23: [Anger iceberg](#)

- [More on anger](#)
-

Fri 6/23/23: [Art21](#)

- [More on creativity, inspiration, imagination, self-discovery. play](#)
-

Fri 6/16/23: [Feared-outcome 4-step contemplation](#)

Fri 6/9/23: [Relationship](#)

Fri 6/2/23: [If you really knew me](#)

Fri 5/26/23: [Substance use harm reduction strategies](#)

- [More tools & strategies](#)
-

Fri 5/19/23: [Decisional balance](#)

- [More on decisions](#)
-

Fri 5/12/23: [3-minute breath control & awareness practice](#)

- More [grounding](#) & [awareness](#) techniques
-

Fri 5/5/23: [Values-based action](#)

- [More on values](#)
-

Fri 4/28/23: [Goal exploration](#)

- [More on goals](#)
-

Fri 4/21/23: [Thought defusion techniques](#)

- Highlight: [Leaves on a stream](#)
-

Fri 4/14/23: [Wellness toolbox](#) (from the [Depression and Bipolar Support Alliance](#))

- [Wellness tracker\(s\)](#)
 - [Wellness wheel](#)
 - [Local support groups](#)
 - [Online support groups](#)
 - [Recovery goal setting course](#)
-

Fri 4/7/23: [Boundary exploration](#)

- [More on boundaries](#)
-

Fri 3/31/23: [Building new habits](#)

- [More on habits](#)
-

Fri 3/24/23: [Urge surfing](#)

- [Guided meditation script](#)
 - Urge surfing has some of its roots in [harm reduction and moderation management](#), but is a great mindfulness practice for tolerating strong urges/big feelings and reactions to anything that might otherwise be overwhelming.
 - Urge surfing expands our [window of tolerance](#) for any distressing stimulus, the space between any stimulus/trigger that [Viktor Frankl](#) refers to in this quote:
*Between a stimulus and our reaction there is a space.
In that space is our power to choose our response.
In our chosen response lies our growth and our freedom.*
-

Fri 3/17/23: [Gratitude journal & awareness diary](#)

- [More on gratitude & appreciation](#)
-

Fri 3/10/23: [Strengths exploration](#)

- [More on strengths & gifts](#)