

You Asked for a Blog

Okay...So I've recently been informed that my blog isn't really a blog. A blog is more like a stream of consciousness. The problem with that concept, however, is that what streams through my consciousness is likely to include my grocery list, whether or not I let the dogs out and what time my daughter's soccer game is on April 8th. While this is important to me, I'm not sure it's thought provoking, earth shattering or even mildly entertaining to anyone else.

So...I thought instead of blogging on what streams through my often unconscious existence it would be interesting to turn off the I-POD on my next run and see what streams through my consciousness while I run. I'm embarrassed to admit that it took at least one mile to get through my daily to-do list.

But once I'd passed the firing of the "don't forget to pay the utility bill" neuron, I began to consciously go toward thoughts that bring me joy. I'm not sure if this is the result of the day being sunny, beautiful and warm; or my adolescent son flashing a fabulous and rarely seen grin at me as he stepped out of the car on his way to middle school; or the simple fact that I was on a run. Mile one the endorphins kick in and often what is **mundane becomes a beautiful and profound emotional experience.**

So...you want a blog? A stream of consciousness? Here goes.

"What I Thought About While I Was Running Once I Really Got Into the Run..."

- How funny my 49 year-old boyfriend would look in a Village People Costume (particularly in the black leather Harley get-up complete with fully-grown mustache) singing YMCA.
- How cute my daughter's toes look especially when she takes the time to delicately paint each nail a different color and then add a glitter overcoat. (If I only had that kind of patience and/or love for my feet.)
- The amount of relief I feel when my son doesn't have any homework. (He generally comes home with enough homework to fill a 40-hour work week.)
- The joy I feel when I sneak into my 11 year-old son's room and watch him sleeping. Mmm, how sweetly the world turns as I watch him sleeping, each small breath of air gently lifting and lowering his robust, athletic body. I could sit there for hours, nostalgically recalling the days of his infancy complete with sweet hugs, kisses on boo-boos and nights snuggling together.)
- How much I love when the first beads of sweat actually break through and roll down the sides of my face.
- How much awe I felt watching my son bring joy to several hundred guests by uninhibitedly doing the "worm" across the dance floor at a black-tie wedding reception.
- The energy I felt standing in line at Starbucks, next to a voluptuous and powerful seventy something woman proudly wearing a bright red "**Baby P.H.A.T**" hat.
- Rosa Parks
- My mother

- The depression my long haired dog experiences when she gets her spring “shave”. (I guess all girls, regardless of species, have to reclaim who they are after a significant hair style change.)
- My daughter’s exaggerated eye roll and how ineffective it is because it’s just so darn cute.
- K.T. Tunstall’s song “Suddenly I See”
- How the expression “I’m saving my money” is really code for “I don’t have enough of it for the purchase either my kids or I want to make.”
- Looking forward to summer sunsets when I can drink thick, sweet, iced tea on my front porch and enjoy the combined orchestral efforts of lawnmowers, crickets and children’s laughter.
- Switching over to Day Light Saving’s Time
- My daughter introducing her three minute full rendition of Michael Jackson’s “Blame it on the Boogie” on my voicemail with, “Mommy, while you are out of town, I thought this would make you smile.”
- A woman singing and dancing so joyfully in her Geo Chevy that the entire vehicle was dancing with her.
- **Really high** high-heel shoes and how ridiculous we look trying to nonchalantly walk in them.
- My daughter wearing black patent leather go-go boots and how I had a red pair when I was her age. My little legs were so skinny the boots kept sagging down to my ankles, but boy, I sure felt sassy in them.
- Finally being debt-free right before both kids need braces for their teeth.
- My daughter super-gluing two inch fake nails on her fingertips and then being unable to zip or button up her pants. (Oh the trials and tribulations of being a high-maintenance woman. Suffice it to say, she *never* wore nails again and probably never will.)
- How glorious it is to be 40-something and able to move my body effortlessly across the pavement.
- How joy flows effortlessly with ever step, every thought, every glance when I celebrate my body and all of the amazing things she can do (as opposed to condemning it.)
- The blessings that come when we follow our bliss.
- How I’m not running from anymore, but running to...
- How nice it is to have a home to come home to.

It never fails.

From mundane to beautiful, authentic and connected.

Running is like that.