

Where Your Head Goes Your Body Follows

Sitting in a classroom

Thoughtful people

People full of thought

Busily writing opinions

In response to questions

On a midterm, I wrote

Great minds

Busy minds

Busy life

No time to breathe

Many are mothers

Many are wives

All are daughters

All have lives.

It doesn't matter really

What in life we do

What matters is our

Being.

The rich man has trouble going through the eye of the needle.

Why, I wonder.

Being poor

Helps.

Curious.

Poor in spirit

Poor in mind

Poor in thought.

What a paradox.

Rich in spirit.

Rich in mind.

Rich in thought.

Ah, yes, now

I remember

It's not through

The eye of the needle

The rich man travels

Rather



It is through

Himself, Herself

For Heaven is within.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the

Kingdom of heaven!

Rich with what?

Rich with money

Rich with pride

Rich with doubts

Rich with worry

Rich with possessions

Rich with self.

To Be or not to Be?

That is the question

What does it mean?

What is the answer?

No time to Be

Too busy doing

Trying to get through the eye of the needle

God that eye is small.

Again

Again

I am at crossroads

To Resign or not to Re-sign

These are the crossroads

But where is heaven?

Does it lie down one of the roads?

Which one?

Both?

Is it, perhaps, at the crossroads

Because that is where I am

And it is where I AM.

I Am, is His name, Her name

No decision needed, only Being.

So, is the choice to Be?

Sure.

How?

Simple.



How?

Breathe.

Too simple!#@

Yes, just breathe.

In or out?

Both.

Okay, so I'm breathing,

Now what?

Just breathe,

No expectations.

If no expectations,

Then what?

Breathe and Trust.

Too simple!#@

You want it complicated?

You want it difficult?

You want to struggle?

You want to doubt?

No!

Then just breathe

And Trust.

Trust what?

Trust your God.

Too simple.

You want more?

You want it complex?

You want to worry?

You want something complicated?

No!

Then why struggle?

Why so much effort?

Why not just

Practice

Breathing Fully,

Living Fully,

Dreaming Fully,

Desiring Fully,

Being Fully,

Breathing Fully?

Okay,

Okay,

I will,

I'll try.

Good.



I dream of Being with Esther and Sarah and Simon and Joe. InMyGarden. Beautiful flowers Happiness Bliss, Tranquility Peace. Oh, this is too Cinderella-like. Like, let's get real. You want it complicated? Okay... Okay I'll try Again.

by Barbara Cull-Wilby excerpt from Choosing Peace

– poems for our new health care attitude

- poems to heal our planet

This poem is grounded in Dr. Cull-Wilby's research: Living with Asthma: A Phenomenological Search for Meaning (1993), funded by the Leonard and Kathleen O'Brien Humanitarian Trust, the Society of Respiratory Nurses of the Canadian Lung Association, the New Brunswick Nurses' Association, the National Health & Research Development Program of Health & Welfare Canada, the University of New Brunswick & the University of Rochester, New York. It also reflects the theory and practice of healing grounded in that research and published in the 2002 edition of: The International Journal of Human Caring.