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How digging up weeds for days led me to meditation

July 22, 2019 | Family, Health, Home, Mind, Relationships, Soul



by Amanda Lubert

This summer, I dug up the yard—all by myself, and without any power tools. I'm not talking about splitting a few iris bulbs in a sweet little corner over the course of a single afternoon. What I took on was a two-month long, gritty excavation of weeds resulting in an SUV-sized hole—and a new challenge every freakin' day.

The level of exertion may seem ludicrous when I tell you that no matter how lovely the result, my family and I would not get to enjoy it. The entire purpose of this beautification mission was to improve the house's curb appeal for potential buyers. I paid the price of lower back pain and beat-up shovels to increase the potential bottom line.

My husband, two sons and I had some wonderful times here, but an unfixable crack broke the foundation of our marriage. Any real estate revenue would now be split between us and spent on two separate homes.

Am I bitter that strangers will reap the benefits of my hard work? Perhaps a little, but I don't linger in that state of mind. I admit I did indulge in imagining a future scene at the site of what currently looks like a sinkhole. Surrounded by newly planted shrubs, a young couple sits in matching lawn chairs—perhaps a wedding present—clinking glasses and talking about a blossoming future, never mentioning obstructions or fissures.

I share this because I embrace every thought that came to me during the eight weeks of excavating the earth. The weeding process was wildly symbolic. It brought to the surface some of the most painful memories and realizations. By digging them up, I was then free to release them. I found myself mentally, spiritually relaxed. Something happened down there that ignited creative energy. Now I'm experiencing clarity and even acceptance.

Digging in the dirt for hours at a time, I found the meditation loophole. Turns out, you don't have to lie still to relax the mind.

As someone who struggles with meditation because its traditional format requires lying still, I found my own way to calm the mind. Fueled by determination, this physically demanding project, paired with fresh air and all the dirt I must have inhaled quieted anxious chatter and cleared out internal clutter.

I realize now that literally working my ass off to satisfy a goal provided the relaxation I needed to meditate. This physically demanding journey massaged the parts of myself I had been too busy to tend to. Just like the dandelion roots that passersby would not notice, what I really needed to access was deep below the surface.

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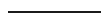
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