

“Moment by Moment.”

(Summer '05 Issue)

by Julie Clark Robinson

“I meant to do my work today – But a brown bird sang in the apple tree. And a butterfly flitted across the field, and all the leaves were calling me.”

— Richard le Gallienne

When I think of summertime, I hear a lazy, engaging lyric taunt me with “...and the livin’s easy...” But then reality hits and I realize I needed to be somewhere five minutes ago and I can’t find my car keys. Maybe George Gershwin enjoyed some easy living in the summers of the mid 1930’s, but my BlackBerry™ is beeping and I’ll have to obsess about that later

Or not. Do I really want to go through the motions of another summer without feeling simple, light-hearted, I’m-going-to-watch-this-butterfly-until-I-can’t-see-it-anymore kind of joy? No I don’t. I want to gaze into the night sky and be able to make out more than just the big dipper. I want to sit on my porch long enough to get to that wonderful, enlightening place that is just beyond bored.

If you’re like the rest of us in this multitasking millennium, you’ve been on the move for so long you probably have no idea how rewarding boredom can be. But after much trial and error, I’ve recently learned that if I give myself the time to just sit for a while, the first thing that happens is that my senses kick in and reward me for my trouble. Already this summer, I’ve taken the time to enjoy the long-forgotten duet of bugs (do crickets sing during the day?) and birds. My Homedics™ sound machine can catch a break for a while. Next, the eyes start to provide little treasures. What a busy person sees as a shrub that needs trimming – with just a little time to focus – can offer an artfully woven spider web glistening in the sunlight.

This summer, I’m challenging myself to clear my calendar as much as possible for a person with a young family, a career and an almost college-like enthusiasm for hanging out with friends. I don’t want this summer to become the blur that is every summer that I can remember since I was about ten.

Before I let my adult version of the back-to-school mentality take over again around Labor Day, I want to be completely reacquainted with what “livin’ easy” feels like. And since I don’t want to be the only adult sitting around staring at bugs, dare I hope that you do, too?

Summer To Do List: (Feel free to add, delete or start completely over!):

Play croquet, turn off the air conditioner and sleep to the sound of a fan, bury face in (bee-free) honeysuckle, read a good book in a hammock (dare I suggest [Live in the Moment](#), a catchy feel-good book that’s sure to be all the rage?), buy Lady Bugs at a garden store and set them free in the yard, make s’mores (carbs be damned), sleep in a tent, swim underwater with eyes wide open.