

CAUTION-schmaution

Back in the bike saddle again, post-stitches; I realized when I returned home that it had been definitely a cautious ride. I pedaled downhill watchfully to reach the trail, when usually I barrel down recklessly, full-speed-ahead like a 10-year-old. Not today. Today I imagined "what could happen." I could fall again. I could tear open my 14 stitches. I could hit my head. I could ... I might ... what if ...

We do this frequently after we are hurt emotionally. We enter into the next situation leery and oh-so-cautiously, tip-toeing around ourselves so we don't get hurt again.

Caution halts us from penetrating fully into the experience. On this cautious bike ride at one point, I was forced to physically stop my bike and step over caution (a fallen branch was across the trail and someone wrapped it with yellow 'caution' tape ~ how symbolic.)

Yet suddenly, I didn't feel like being cautious any longer. Caution-schmaution! The 10-year-old took over, threw caution to the trees and picked up speed.

We must try not to let life's hurts slow us down or make us so cautious that we overlook the potentially good experience. We must climb back onto that bike saddle and ride it out. If we fall, well then, we fall.

But we'll go down passionately and we'll go down ...

living uncautiously