

Rescued

BY NANCY SHOBE



I could see then, as I stepped with my red rubber “uglies” onto the frozen ice of a Michigan river. I could hear the click-clack of the hockey sticks against the ice, a game being played zealously by my brother and his friends down the river. But, I was in my own space. My own world. I was a ballerina on ice. I could twirl. I could dip. I lifted my hands and arms toward the heavens as if to embrace the great blue of the sky. I danced and awkwardly tiptoed. My coat flared like the layers of a netted tutu as I began to swirl to music audible only to me. An engaging dizziness descended, but it did not stop me.

My right boot slid along the ice for yet one more arabesque. Quickly I lifted my left leg to finish the pose. The anticipated pose, a striking pose of grace and beauty, began to melt into the ice as it softened beneath my weight and began to crack.

I dropped my left leg in an attempt to balance. It didn't work. The frigid waters began to sink into the woolen layers of my boots. My rubber uglies were an image of fragmented red under a layer of water.

The ice became the horizon as I sank eye-level to its mass. White, cold, mystical ice. My mittens flailed, desperate to grab on. But each breaking chunk of the merciless ice only caused me to descend further.

Underneath, I could see.

It was like looking through my grandfather's prescription glasses. The dark waters were lit by a small indent of fractured sunlight, a

breath of light. But a breath was not offered to me. There were no fish or fauna upon which I could set my gaze. The beauty of the summer river was gone in its wintered state. Everything was a fluid gray, like the mercury my uncle used to place upon my palm. The sky jiggled and moved, as if still dancing to my music. The clouds became cotton waterbeds upon which to rest my head. I felt oddly warm. Even while drowning . . .

I could still see.

It wasn't until recently that I realized I could no longer see. Somewhere between falling through the ice and my mid-thirties, I had shut down. Why did it happen? >>>

Yoga Site .com



"... a portal to all things yoga."
Wall Street Journal

Find a teacher
Take a class
Plan a retreat
Ask a question
Locate a workshop
Learn a posture
Shop for yoga stuff

STICKY MATS \$19⁹⁵
Plus Black Mats, blocks, belts, books, videos, gifts & more!
Quantity discounts. **1-877-964-2748**
Call for catalog.

Circle #55

From the self-care expert and close disciple of Swami Rama who teaches wellness to doctors . . .

The Wellness Tree

The dynamic six-step program for creating optimal wellness
Justin O'Brien, Ph.D.

The new, third edition of the most important classic bestseller in wellness!

YES INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
651-645-6808 / 800-431-1579

Circle #46

perspectives

Rescued

How did I lose my inner sight?

Perhaps it was after the loss of a love that was so crucial to my heart. To this day, I can remember his face, mannerisms, and silly jokes. I can recall the art gallery we visited in Toronto, the ice hockey teams we cheered on together, and the rain dancing off the windshield of the car as we sat talking for hours. I can still feel the cold air freezing the hairs inside my nose as we stepped outside his heated apartment, and I can still smell the ham hock and sauerkraut we boiled for New Year's Day.

Or, maybe I lost it during my early adulthood. I entered the workforce at a dizzying pace, moving as fast as I could to get as far as I dared. My briefcase swung wildly, to and fro, to and fro, like a pendulum whipping through time.

Somewhere I lost my sight. And now I have finally rediscovered it.

As I balance in *virabhadrasana*, I realize that yoga has been the catalyst for renewal of my origi-

nal self. I used to notice only the lifting of my head from my pillow and then dropping it. Now I notice life. My favorite garden rose dropped its petals yesterday. My father called to discuss his health problem, and I felt the fear in my breath as I realized the intensity of my love for him. My teenage daughter's face has morphed into the face of a beautiful woman. My computer dances to the rhythm of my fingers. And a tiny heart shadow is cast upon my desk by my grandmother's locket hanging in my window.

Because of the yoga teaching of mindfulness, I have relearned that it is in the little moments that we see the most. These moments are my teachers. I used to believe that I found myself during the active pursuit of myself. I now know I discover myself in the moments when I notice, when I see.

Like the strength of my brother's hand as he pulled me from the water, yoga has saved me. ●

A former fundraiser for non-profits, Nancy Shobe has recently returned to her life's passions—yoga and writing.

