



Hello, Old Friends

By Amy Tyksinski

In the 11 years I've lived in my house, I have had a utilitarian relationship with the nature surrounding it. I prune, water, fertilize and diligently weed the yard. Rarely do I sit and commune with the trees, bushes and plants without a sense of urgency and awareness of what next needs tending. This morning, however, something prompted me to venture outside, sit on the porch swing and drink a cup of coffee with no other motive. I listened to the birds and bore witness to the aliveness in front of me. Almost imperceptively, a relational exchange began to awaken within and without. Appearing as old friends who were willing to wait as long as it took, the Honeysuckle, the Ash, the Redbud, and the Lilacs offered a grace-filled welcome. "Come," they encouraged. I got up off the swing and shyly walked toward each one to make their new acquaintance. "You've been here all along," I thought, "With such quiet patience." When I returned to the swing, I glanced over into the neighbor's yard and saw a hawk perched on a branch in a tall tree, minding its own business scouting prey.

What does this have to do with T'ai Chi Chih? Nothing and Everything.

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