

Sustainable Resiliency

By Kayleigh M. Stack

Writer, Acupuncturist, Theatrical Provocateur

<http://kmswritings.pressfolios.com>

When we are busy it's easy not to pay attention to what our animal body wants and craves- human connection, love, authentic touch and being held by a consciously developed community. It's easy to inundate our body with all the distractions that our society has gilded us with by way of acceptable coping mechanisms. Coping mechanisms that assist in operating at a pace, and at a distance from ourselves and others, that becomes painfully sustainable. Painfully sustainable because often when stopped, we can find ourselves in the minority, as very few do, can, or will take pause. But this pain, whether we grab the caffeine or wine, or schedule our evenings and weekends with more projects and to do lists, does not just disappear because we have swept it under the rug or have materialized and accomplished more things and friends. As we have seen from the various people in the prime of their career who have taken their own lives despite their worlds being depicted at nothing less than perfect, the feeling of disconnect prevails if time is never taken to make a conscious decision to stop and reconnect with what is of utmost importance. And what is of utmost importance is often not what we think, which itself can be terrifying when an entire identity has been created on concepts we have believed to be important most of our lives.

Life is a magical ride, with bumps, grooves, and ditches along the way. It is all a part of the lessons, as is often said. What I have found from my own bumps, ditches, and murky experiences is that it can not only be about getting back up after being knocked down. I tried that, and the patterns repeated themselves. I have seemingly successfully gotten up time and time again to push through another health condition, to make it through another degree, to find the energy when I had none to create another project. And my getting back up actually became what perpetuated the problem. My getting back up exacerbated the toxic productivity that I had been fed to believe would give me relevance and worthiness in a world based on the rhetoric of a specific type of accomplishment was needed to cultivate a successful life.

What my getting back up never allowed though was integration. Space, morning, tears and reflection for when one gets sick, injured, rejected, defeated, etc.. is imperative for a quality of sustainable resilience. Sustainable resilience. This is my new word. Yes we can be resilient as hell, screaming at the top of our lungs all the things we have overcome, but sooner or later our voice box gets tired, and we need a warm lemon tea and some respite. *Sustainable* resilience is an ease-ful, steady pace, not from a caffeinated impulsivity, but from a place of grace that holds the spaciousness needed for acceptance and forgiveness, allowing for the natural rhythms of life to work their magic.

Just like we can not force the seasons, as a Northeasterner seasons are something I am very familiar with, we can not force our own process and development. For if we do, we risk needing to relearn

some of the painful lessons time and again, with the possibility of ending up in the exact place we swore we'd never be, we swore we would never return to.

So here it is taking some time for ourselves to integrate. Integrate our weeks, our relationships, our growths and our falls. Here's to shutting work down and turning the computer and phone off, to signing out of Instagram and Facebook, swapping them for watching how our neighborly birds wander and our friends the deer share their feed with one another. Here is to support a sustainable resiliency that allows just as much time for the weightedness of life as it does the exhilaration of life. Make some tea, maybe add some honey, and take a few breaths to return back to you. It's deserved, always.