The leaves crunch softly under my deliberate steps.

“Notice, be silent, walk slowly.”

My mind comes back to her words.

The leaves have mostly lost their bright colored life.
They are brown and dry.

My mind wanders to the ever present to do list.

“Bring your mind back without judgment,” her words return me.

I only need to be here in this moment.

I notice a bee struggle for life – it is the end of the season. Why are there dead bees here? My mind scurries for answers to unnecessary questions.

“Just notice”
No problem solving here.

“Just notice”

To mind comes memories of childhood leaves.

I shuffle through the piles more loudly, the sound brings warmth and a smile, a childhood ease.

Is it truly in this moment, in this breath, and with this step that I can find peace?

“Be here.”

The privilege of the present.

For these few minutes, this is all I need.
The tasks will wait.
I can be just here, on my own, in silence, in the group.

“Without judgment.”