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The Meditative Experience of Working My Ass Off Digging Up Weeds

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by Amanda Lubert

This summer, I dug up the yard—all by myself, and without any power tools. And I'm not talking about splitting a few iris bulbs in a sweet little corner over the course of a single afternoon. What I took on was a two-month long, gritty excavation of weeds resulting in an SUV-sized hole—and a new challenge every freakin' day.

The entire purpose of this production was to take first initials steps to improve the house's curb appeal. The level of exertion may seem ludicrous when I tell you that no matter how lovely the result, my family and I would not get to enjoy it. This beautification mission was merely driven by the real estate market.

The body aches and broken tools would only benefit the bottom line, which will be divided between my soon-to-be exhusband. We have been raising our sons here, but we will sell it to another family.

These strangers will reap the benefits of my hard work. At the site of what currently looks like a sinkhole, these strangers will sit in cool evenings, in matching lawn chairs—perhaps a wedding present—ice clinking in glasses like a chorus of cheers. Although it may not sound like it, I'm really not bitter!

I embrace every thought that came to me during the eight weeks of excavating the earth. Some of them were initially painful, for sure. However, I've worked through them and feel mentally, spiritually relaxed. Something happened down there that ignited creative energy. Now I'm experiencing clarity and even acceptance.

Digging in the dirt for hours at a time, I found the meditation loophole. Turns out, you don't have to lie still to relax the mind.

As someone who struggles with meditation because its traditional format requires lying still, I found my own way to calm the mind. Fueled by determination, this physically demanding project, paired with fresh air and all the dirt I must have inhaled quieted anxious chatter and cleared out internal clutter.

I realize now that literally working my ass off to satisfy a goal provided the relaxation I needed to meditate. This physically demanding journey massaged the parts of myself I had been too busy to tend to. Just like the dandelion roots that passersby would not notice, what I really needed to access was deep below the surface.

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