

Best Practice / *Repotting Yourself*

Finding Your Motorcycle

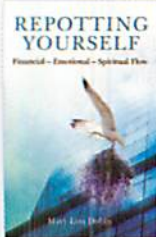
My most life-changing discovery of the power of fun began one day, age 60, when I bought my first motorcycle. I call it "the day I broke free." It was lightly raining. I was dutifully working through lunch at the bank, not an uncommon event. I decided to head downstairs to a small café for a cup of soup. I was talking to a colleague in line who mentioned having a small Honda dirt bike in her youth.

Still thinking about the motorcycle, I headed back to my desk and realized I had forgotten a spoon for my soup. I went to the kitchen and glanced down at some ads in an open newspaper on the table. "Motorcycle for sale. Call today!" seemed to jump off the page. The next thing I knew I had called the number. I could see the motorcycle immediately.

And so I found myself astride a motorcycle, engine running, inside my garage. I was just listening to the roar of the engine, sensing the raw power of this strange beast, when I inadvertently let go of the clutch. The next instant, I was slammed onto the garage floor, the air knocked out of me, with the 500-pound motorcycle covering my body. My boyfriend had leapt back and was plastered against the wall, with his eyes like saucers and his jaw clenched tight. He was sure I'd been crushed. Two others rushed to cut the engine and lift the motorcycle off me. The owner anxiously asked, "Are you still going to buy it?"

I got up, dusted off my jeans, and heard myself say, "Absolutely!"

Looking back, I realize that my dormant fun meter had just broken its bonds and leaped full-blown to life. I was ready to kick butt and have fun. On a deeper level, I was awakening to the realization that I was starved for a bigger pot, an opportunity to grow full and strong. Repotting myself into a continuously expanding vessel has given me the space I needed to grow and flourish.



Adapted from *Repotting Yourself: Financial — Emotional — Spiritual Flow*
By MARY LOU DOBBS
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