

WELLNESS
WEEK



"It is very important that we re-learn the art of resting and relaxing...it allows us to clear our minds, focus, and find creative solutions to problems." - Thich Nhat Hanh



Nina Chung Dwyer, *Grazing Limpet 10*, watercolor

Dear Friends,

Happy Friday! Thank you for joining us for wellness week. We hope that you were able to take some time to focus on your own wellbeing.

Have a restful weekend, and take a break. It will all be there on Monday!

Wishing you health, peace and well-being,
Annie, Dana, Ryan, Carie and Heather

A Story About the Spiritual Art of Reframing Things

Excerpt from *The Song of the Bird*

By [Anthony de Mello](#)

A man who took great pride in his lawn found himself with a large crop of dandelions. He tried every method he knew to get rid of them. Still they plagued him.

Finally he wrote to the Department of Agriculture. He enumerated all the things he had tried and closed his letter with the question: 'What shall I do now?'

In due course the reply came: 'We suggest you learn to love them.'



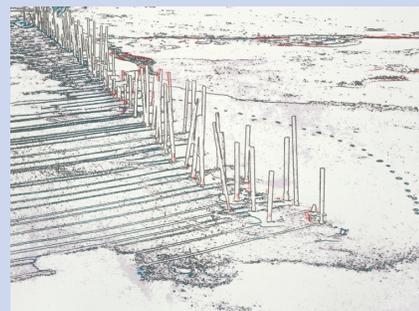
Anthony de Mello was a Jesuit priest born in Bombay, India in 1931. He is widely known for his ground-breaking and enduring work that integrates western and eastern spirituality.

Poem of the Day

Kindness

[Naomi Shihab Nye](#)

Before you know what kindness really is
you must lose things,
feel the future dissolve in a moment
like salt in a weakened broth.
What you held in your hand,
what you counted and carefully saved,
all this must go so you know
how desolate the landscape can be
between the regions of kindness.
How you ride and ride
thinking the bus will never stop,
the passengers eating maize and chicken
will stare out the window forever.



Nina Chung Dwyer, *Passacaglia*,
silkscreen on paper

Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness
you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho
lies dead by the side of the road.
You must see how this could be you,
how he too was someone
who journeyed through the night with plans
and the simple breath that kept him alive.
Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.
You must wake up with sorrow.
You must speak to it till your voice
catches the thread of all sorrows
and you see the size of the cloth.
Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,
only kindness that ties your shoes
and sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,
only kindness that raises its head
from the crowd of the world to say
It is I you have been looking for,
and then goes with you everywhere
like a shadow or a friend.

*Naomi Shihab Nye is a poet,
songwriter, and novelist. She was
born to a Palestinian father and
an American mother. She began
composing her first poem at the
age of six.*

Today's Well-Being Tips for You and Your Students

*"The evening's the best part of the day. You've done your day's work. Now you can put your feet up and enjoy it." - Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day**



Ideas for You to Try This Weekend

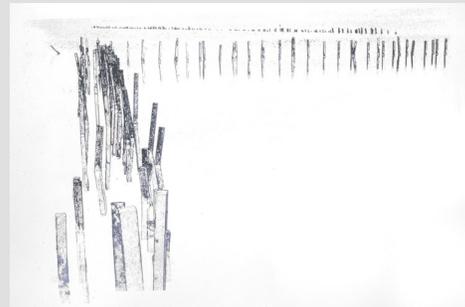
Practice the art of [hygge](#) (pronounced hue-guh) today.

"Danes created hygge because they were trying to survive boredom, cold, dark and sameness. The undefinable feeling of hygge was a way for them to find moments to celebrate, acknowledge and break up the mundane or harsh. With so many cold, dark, days, the simple act of lighting a candle and enjoying a cup of coffee could make a huge difference to one's spirit."

Write a note of appreciation for or connect with a colleague or friend.

Reach out to an old friend.

Read for pleasure. Remember that?



Ideas for You with Your Students

Remind students that [sleep is critical for learning](#) - and that pulling all-nighters actually interferes with memory.

Wish them a restful and restorative long weekend.

Read them your favorite poem.

The Peace of Wild Things

Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives
may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water,
and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.