

Growing Through Concrete

..... source unknown (adapted and modified by Amy Fox)

An ancient legend tells of a king who walked into his garden one day to find almost everything withered and dying. After speaking to an oak near the gate, the king learned that the oak tree was troubled because he was not tall and beautiful like the pine.

The pine overheard their conversation and added that she, too, was upset, for she could not bear delicious fruit like the pear tree.

The pear tree heard his name and began to complain that he did not have the lovely odor of the spruce. And so it went throughout the entire garden where every tree and plant was withering and dying believing they should be something and somewhere they were not.

As the king neared the edge of the garden he found a small, little daisy poking its head through a crack in the paved ground. The daisy smiled at the king and she was happy. In fact, she was the only happy plant in the garden, the only one thriving, even though she grew from the pavement.

"Well, little flower," said the king, "I'm glad to find that there is at least one happy face in my garden."

"Oh king," the daisy said, "I know I'm little, and not many people notice me, but one day I realized that if I was planted here, there must have had a good reason. So, your majesty, I'm determined to be the best little flower I can be!"

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS & PROMPTS

OPENING CLASS

Allow yourself to arrive in this moment, as you are, where you are.

Sometimes allowing is the hardest part because part of us wants to be somewhere else— mentally, physically or emotionally. But, there's power in showing up where you are, as you are. There's potential in blooming wherever you are planted.

DURING CLASS

After Telling the Story

There are moments in our life where we feel like the weeds, grass and flowers growing through concrete— hanging on by a few fragile roots, in the middle of an unforgiving place, with little to no resources or space. And yet, despite all of that, we still manage to find a way to not only survive, but actually bloom.

The grass growing through concrete is the testament to the power of small things— the reminder that determination and persistence have the ability to overcome all obstacles.

It's not the environment we find our selves in. It's not the yoga posture we're holding. It's how we approach the environment and shape we're in. Allow yourself to bloom where you're planted.

CLOSING CLASS

How often in life do we want to be somewhere other than where we are?

How often are we waiting for our circumstances to change so we can be happy?

What if instead this week you decided to bloom where you are planted?

EXTRAS

"There is a piece to blooming which we often overlook or don't understand. You can be a flower all your life, but still not understand it. Blooming is one thing; but blooming where you are planted is another. It's so easy to say, "I will bloom when I am there", but you need to be saying, "I will bloom right here, where I was planted." Because until I bloom "right here", I'm never going to actually bloom; because we cannot do it in concept, you see, we must bloom now. We must bloom here. The flower must trust."