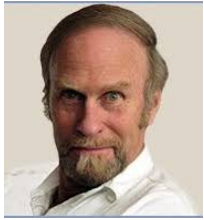


# Always Sit: Down Wind of Flowers



By Frosty Wooldridge

Susan Schutz said, “Let us dance in the sun, wearing wildflowers in our hair.”

Years ago, I backpacked in Nepal, Tibet and other parts of Asia. I distinctly remember the peace and quietude of the Himalayas and the stunning beauty of Mount Everest, K-2, Mount Dhaulagiri and other 8,000-meter peaks. At such times, my eyes gifted my soul and body with spiritual feelings never before felt in my life.

Tibetan mountain flowers beckoned me with their colors, scents and ever-present butterflies dancing upon the petals. Upwind, I saw the flowers, but down wind, their magnetizing scents wafted into my nostrils. With such a combination of olfactory senses and vision, Mother Nature transported me into a state of well-being I hadn't reached previously in my life.

(Frosty Wooldridge, bicycling Norway, stopping to inhale the fragrances of flowers along your journey.) Photo by Frosty Wooldridge, ten second delay tripod.)



Years later, I pedaled my bicycle through Holland, Michigan in

the springtime when their tulips flowered over hundreds of acres of brilliant colors. Riding up from the south, I saw them blanketing the fields before me. Once I "entered" those fields, the tulips gifted me with their special flower aroma. Once their mesmerizing fragrances hit my brain, a certain combination of bliss carried with me for days afterwards as I made my way up to the top of Michigan. Of course, along the way, millions of flowers reached out to my eyes and nostrils as I pedaled by them at 12 miles per hour. As I completed my bicycle journey around the "mitt" of Michigan with the Great Lakes by my side, a mystical aura of flowers made my passage incidental as to the pedaling effort of each glorious mile.

Emerson said, "God laughs in flowers."

I can attest that a huge smile and a great deal of laughter crosses my face with the advent of flowers on my journeys around the world. Once in the Brazilian rainforests, I arrived at Falls de d'Iguazú. Waterfalls exceeding anything I ever saw at Niagara Falls in the USA and Canada—exploded out of the jungle. Toucans with their large beaks flew everywhere. Unique birds flew right into the waterfalls to feed their young on the inside cliffs. Butterflies graced the rainforest jungle canopy with unimaginable colors.

At one point, I rolled up on a flower-field replete with yellow-black monarch butterflies dancing on the pink flower petals. The science fiction writer Robert Heinlein said, "Butterflies are self-propelled flowers." He nailed it with that statement.

I watched 10,000 butterflies dancing-pollinating on the flowers as perfumes wafted into my lungs like a magical elixir. On the side of the field, a harpist played enchanting tunes that danced to the movement of the butterflies. Either he played a song to their dancing on flowers or they danced to his magical fingers playing on the harp's strings. I sat down

in the midst of Nature's phenomenal magic. I felt a certain addiction to the sights, smells and sounds before me. **I learned to sit down-wind of flowers.**

Once I learned the magic of sitting down-wind of flowers, a whole new aspect of living via the vibrations of the universe entered my mind. I share it with you: turn your eyes, mind and spirit toward the highest vibrational frequencies of the Natural World in everything you do each day. Set your mental and emotional ambiances toward your highest and best. Years ago, Jonathan Livingston Seagull by Richard Bach said, "You will reach heaven when you reach the perfect speed, Jonathan."

"What's that speed?" Jon asked the wise old seagull.

"It's not the speed of light or the slowness of a butterfly," Chian said. "The perfect speed, Jonathan, is being there."

Years later, on a backpack trip into Chicago Basin in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado, I camped out in a field of wildflowers screaming across the tundra at 12,000 feet high in the Rocky Mountains.

My friends and I decided to pitch our tents in a nook blooming with purple-white Columbine flowers. That night, the campfire's smoke curled into the ink-black of space toward a starlit sky. Shooting stars punctured the stillness as if to put an exclamation point on the day.

As I lay back in my tent to fall asleep, the distinct perfume of wildflowers caressed my nostrils, flooded into my lungs and lulled me into aromatic slumber. To this day, I always sit down-wind of flowers.

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