

## Flowing Meditation

*By Suzy Hopkins*

One August day my 11-year-old son and I rented a canoe on the Trinity River in northern California. The set up was easy: they provided the canoes, paddles and picked us up three hours later far down stream. All the other canoes zoomed away leaving us to gently cruise by ourselves.

Having been a canoer most of my life I had picked a time of year when the river was running slower. It doesn't rain from May to October in California. After a few energetic hours of maneuvering small rapids, tiny waterfalls and dark deep spots we reached a calm wide area where the river spread out at a bend. At this enchanting spot the grey river birches were full of birds and the river was bobbing with ducks. The sun showed through the leaves in sparkling patches on the clear water.

It was so shallow we got stuck. My son and I pushed with our paddles as best as we could. Finally we got out and walked the canoe down the river some. No problem. The cool water felt good on the 90-degree day.

For the balance of the trip we enjoyed the peacefulness of paddling down the trickling river with a soft breeze blowing in the weeping willows.

This is the best meditation I know.