

Pushing Through

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My little dog doesn't let much of anything stop her.

The other day, after a particularly dense, heavy snow, we walked through the woods on the tracks left by a snow machine. It was a solid path that supported the weight of my little dog (25 pounds), my big dog (50 pounds) and even me (*never mind!*). The big dog doesn't like snow, and stayed right on the course. The little dog, to the best that I can figure, saw a particular tree that she wanted to pee on, and set off for it.

Despite the deep snow.

No matter the distance from the path.

So...I waited.

She forged her way out through snow past her chest, sniffed out her spot, did what she had gone to do and, with a little tail wag of satisfaction, headed back toward me.

And the walk continued.

As if she hadn't just managed a near Olympian fete.

Now, I tackle some pretty large tasks. Sometimes several at once.

I manage to work through almost overwhelming challenges.

The last couple weeks have been like that.

I've taught two afternoon art classes at the Community Center. When teaching on a regular basis, I have methods in mind and materials at hand. Since I haven't taught art since our after-school art program ended last June, it took some scrambling to get everything ready. The night before my first class, I was up until three o'clock in the morning blending paper into pulp!

That class generates a lot of laundry: towels, blotters, felts and couching clothes. It involves a great deal of stuff, loaded, then unloaded from the car. Yesterday, when I went up to the studio to get materials ready for today's class, I was weaving around and stumbling over things from the first class that had not yet been put away properly.

I traveled to East Lansing to attend a seminar and do a presentation.

While there, I met my daughter for dinner on her birthday, then went to Lapeer to see my brother and sisters. Then back north, to catch a plane ride home.

Driving on the mainland is no longer easy for me. I'm not used to the traffic or the speed. Winter travel terrifies me. I worry about the weather, the road conditions, the other drivers and car trouble. Two weeks ago, a *one hundred and ninety* car pile-up near Kalamazoo, Michigan was in the news. I'd been having nightmares about my trip ever since. When traveling alone, any problems are larger problems. It was a big, fearful challenge and a tiring trip (the praying, alone, was exhausting) but I did it.

In between trips and classes, I've still had all the normal stuff to do: my cleaning job; my job at the hardware store; my mostly-paperwork administrative position. And, oh yeah, my news magazine to put out.

I plod through, just like my little dog pushing through the snow.

Unlike her, when I'm done, I don't just continue on.

No, when I finish a big challenging couple of weeks...I like to schedule time for an equally impressive *collapse!*