

Morning VII

Your way home

These mornings were never about the practice. They were about remembering that you always knew the way home. Today, we make it yours to keep.

The practice

1. Settle, breathe slowly, and feel the ground beneath you one more time.
2. Look back gently over these mornings. Which moment, which words, which breath met you most? Let one return to you now.
3. From it, shape one small gesture for most days: a hand on the chest and three slow breaths, bare feet on the ground, one kind sentence, a glance at the sky. Choose what is true for you.
4. Practise it now, once, fully. This is your way home. Decide where it will live in your day: on waking, in a doorway, at the first quiet moment.
5. Offer yourself a closing word: *"I can always return. I carry the ground within me."*

A question to sit with

What is the smallest gesture that brings me home to myself, that I will actually keep?

An invitation to nature

Choose a place in the living world you can return to: a tree, a window, a patch of sky, a stretch of path. Let it become your own quiet spot, the outer home that matches the inner one.

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