Creature of Habit Driven Into Sea

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Habit frees us to be creative by liberating our attention from the mundane. If not for habit we would be immediately overwhelmed by the vastness of the world and its possibilities. I am grateful to my many habits for keeping me alive and at large all these years while I have been thinking about other stuff. Over the past forty years I have been particularly grateful to my habit of running for an hour or two every day, which requires almost none of my attention beyond the avoidance of death by traffic. I run at a steady pace, I listen to familiar music, I follow established routes that return me home automatically and my imagination is stimulated by endorphins and adrenaline all the while.

But if you run enough miles something will eventually wear out, and in my case it was my feet. I retreated to the community pool only to discover that my skin had become sensitive to chlorine sometime in the last ten years. My rash and my aching feet eventually drove me to swim, free range, in the actual ocean off Main Beach, which I now do for about an hour almost every day. I have recently discovered why wetsuits are important and why most people don't wear sunglasses in heavy surf. For a newcomer like me, even this timid version of the raging sea is a novel and exciting experience! There is still the childish fear of sharks, the Laguna beachfront view from 4 inches above sea level and the sudden shock of 55° water when it floods my wetsuit. Maybe I will even get a mask and see what's underwater!

Sometimes you are driven into the sea by fate and sometimes you have to make an intentional choice to immerse yourself in something vast and new. Trust me. Call me.