

## Four ways to boost your self-compassion

### 1.

Its 3.18pm on Saturday and I'm in my garden.

I've been to Nielsen's Native Nursery (or Bunnings or anything that looks like a plant nursery) and found THE PLANT I didn't know I needed which is different to all the other plants I needed (last week or last month or last Autumn) but have since turned a lovely shade of Beige Bravado tinged with Cold Metal with crispy undertones, and as I dig THE PLANT's final resting place, THE PLANT (so Hot Pop Green and Lime Sparkle from the day spa of the garden centre) declares YOU DON'T LOVE THE REAL ME!

*Tap your heels together three times*

I sticky-tape the plant label with the photograph of THE PLANT's Sassy Red flowers in my garden journal. I note that I've only got two blank pages left.

### 2.

Its 4.07pm on Saturday.

I'm bending over my vege garden tilling soil over bean seeds (or lettuce seeds or radish seed embedded in paper tape) with grit solid under my fingernails and strands of loose hair disrupting my eyelashes, and the seeds say YOU SHOULD HAVE PLANTED US LAST WEEK WHEN IT WAS RAINING.

*Tap your heels together three times*

I hose the garden with the nozzle turned to JET.

### 3.

Its 4.39pm on Saturday.

Half-a-dozen Mini Cos Lettuces (or Ceylon Spinach or Red Sorrel) lie motionless across the mulch twisted and deformed in the act of end of life and I tug them from the sticky earth with NO REMORSE and chuck them in the chicken coop. The chickens, all six of them, tilt their heads in unison with combs quivering with indignation and demand IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT?

*Tap your heels together three times*

I skulk back to the house with their dressing-down weighing heavy on my shoulders.

*There's no place like...*

*There's no place like...*

*There's no place like...*

*HOME*

### 4.

Its 6.34pm on Saturday.

I cook roast chicken for dinner. Steamed beans on the side.

Toto says SANDRA, I'VE A FEELING WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE....