

(An excerpt from Chapter 13-WALKING ON LAVA. *Unhanding the Comfort Zone*)

On our last day in Iceland, we found a treasure trove of colorful sea glass on a black lava beach near Stokkseyri. The pieces of glass live in a bowl on my coffee table and are the truest reminder of the treasure that lives just on the other side of The Comfort Zone. To find it I need only to open my hand and turn loose.

Listen to me. Gravity is real. It wants nothing more than to pull me down into a comfy chair and hold me there. It offers me a blanket for snuggling and a warm cup of cocoa. It is so very enticing, and with the passing of each year of my life it becomes more and more challenging to defy gravity and to keep moving. However, every time we rise up with great intention to head to fluid places and uncertain waters, we kick gravity in the tail. When we forgo *playing it safe* in favor of simply *playing*, we unhand The Comfort Zone.

Imagine two middle-aged gals crossing a rushing river by way of a felled tree. One yells back to the other, *hey what do you think our kids would say if they knew we were doing this?* They laugh and then the other one shouts an answer that can be heard over the roar of the water.

*They can never find out!*

Sometimes when I unhand my comfort zone, I find myself in the neighboring town at a new restaurant trying something called *pho*. And sometimes, in the most thrilling turn of events, I get to walk on lava.