# How I Learned to Breathe Again

Even though Jeanette P., a native of Belize, loved city living, too much time spent cooped up indoors made her feel sick.

March 1, 2013

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As a child, I was always encouraged to go outside and play.I was born in a tropical country, so a walk in any direction usually meant green trees and beautiful blue water were never far away.

Unfortunately, when I became an adult I moved to the big city. Almost overnight, I lost my opportunity to connect with the outdoors. Soon, the years began to pass. I lived in a fifth-floor walk-up apartment with a fire escape and a gated window. I could see no trees outside, and I missed the feel of gentle breezes and blue water lazily lapping at my feet. In the city, I felt stifled. I yearned for what I'd given up, for what had helped sustain my soul.

Realistically, I couldn't return to my tropical homeland, so here's what I did. Whenever possible, I'd roam the length of a nearby park. After my walks, here's what I learned: Even small bits of nature can take you home again

*—As told to Real Health*

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