

# Tales of Joy - winter, 2022

Hello dear readers.

It's been a long time, hasn't it? So many of you, especially longtime readers, either sweetly or plaintively, inquired about the loss of these Tales the last two years....

Plus, my teacher and Astral Tour Guide, Anna Cox, made it abundantly clear in November that I WOULD resume this year.

The ghoul in the photo above is Anna's husband Jim. I visited them on Halloween, as I was passing through Little Rock on my way to Washington, D.C. (It is also, of course, a symbol of the "Maya"/delusion, in which so many are swirling these days.)



So that's where our story will begin, I suppose. I hadn't seen Anna for years, due to her extremes of illness (grand mal seizure) and ill fortunes. But Jim and Anna both seem to be suddenly having a resurgence of vitality! I was granted nearly four hours (!) in Anna's presence, recording her stories, wisdom and intuitive predictions. She nearly blew my fuses, in fact, but stopped just short of my maximum capacity for expansion...



Besides learning many more details of her fantastical life, Anna quashed my hopes that things are soon gonna turn around in America and in the world..

*No, this is not a small wave of darkness we have now.*

*It's enormous, in fact...*

*We are not here to resist anything.*

*We are here to hold the light for others..*

*We are here to defuse the widening polarities..*

*We are here to hold the totality of life.*

I could feel my personae dissembling, as she spoke, which is not entirely comfortable and simultaneously, wildly liberating.



As I drove eastward through the exquisite autumnal display of the Smokies and then Appalachia... I could hardly contain my joy (autumnal orgasm, I called it)... or my desire to eat everything in sight. Food that has never passed my lips - pepperoni pizza,

for godsake, got devoured! I was trying to “caulk the void,” to find a way to assimilate Anna’s dire prediction AND rise to our elevated assignment within it.

When I got to my sister’s home near Washington, D.C....I could feel how my personae had been smelted into a somewhat finer metal. My own “schpetauchle” (a wonderful Yiddish word for

neuroses) was vividly clear and equally irrelevant ... almost amusing. We entered a fresher deeper relationship. My lifelong reactivity was partially shorn; longtime veils dropped!



The next pilgrimage, two weeks later, landed me in OK and CO.

My very dear buddy Stephen Coger and I decided to go visit our mutual friend Vivian (a psychic and nutritional counselor) in CO Springs. When I called her and asked about the date we had randomly chosen, Vivian responded,

*That's my 94th birthday.*

These synchronicities flow like mountain creeks, drenching my life, when I am in synch with Spirit.

When I then called my dear old buddy Cathy, who lives in Yukon, OK...and told her that story...she replied,



*You're coming to see me on my birthday as well.*

Oh.

Wonderment continued to rain down, everywhere I went.

At Cathy's house, a quote from Carl Jung:

*Neurosis is the unwillingness to acknowledge legitimate suffering.*

visited me in a new dimension, dissolving deeper layers of resistance. Dreams unearthed more memories.

I'd known it intellectually for decades, but now it has sunk down into my belly. A soft kindness is mellowing the harshness of my defensive nature, chunk by chunk, particle by particle...

Tis the season of our lives, dear readers, to wake up.

A month later, having closed down my retreat center and my home in Fayetteville for the winter, I began my annual pilgrimage with a quick stop in San Diego.

I had hoped to experience one peaceful hour with my big brother Bob. Trying for more than an hour, I'd discovered, yielded some discordance between us. I was determined not to blow it again by being overly cheerful or trying to re-frame his extremely vigilant perspective on how hopeless life has become in America and the world.. For those of you who are *aficionados* of the enneagram, Bob and I are a classic "Six" and a "Seven", respectively.

So, I delighted instead in the miracles at



the Birch Aquarium and Torrey Pines State Park:

While I was in San Diego , I discovered on, December 9th, that my teacher/sister/friend in Thailand, Maechee Sansanee, had left her body, rather suddenly.

I cried big tears, mostly for the massive Thai community left behind without a rudder, and fell asleep.

The next morning, I received a frantic message that my beloved brother Bob had a stroke. His wife Carla is a nurse who is well-versed in crisis response and maneuvered to save his life, even within the chaos of an over-crowded and under-staffed hospital E.R. at Scripps. I was asked to stick around San Diego, to provide back-up support; I canceled all the airplane, bus, and lodging plans I'd made for my trip south.

A couple days later, my brother was asking me, in his newly halting but totally coherent speech:

*Tell...me...what...I*

*should...eat.*

This had been a point of contention between us for half a century.

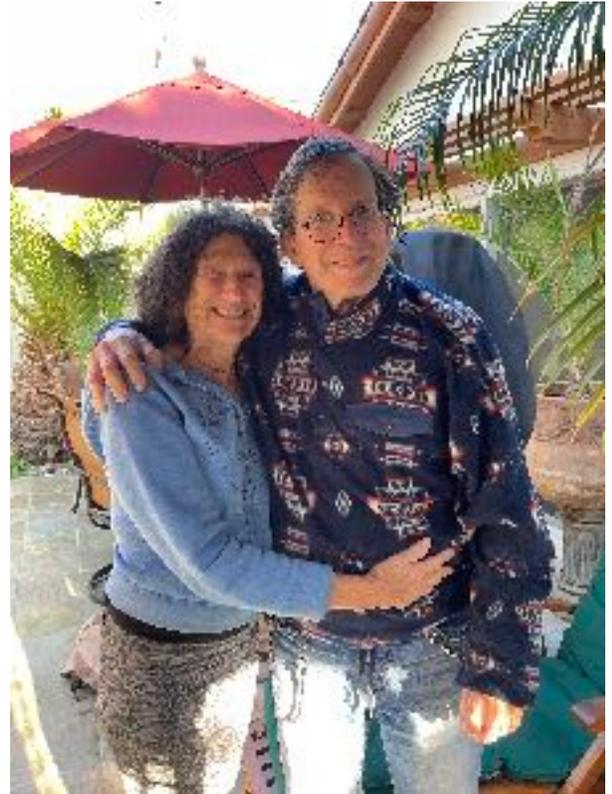
Exotic items (greens, soups, pasture-fed bison burgers)



appeared on their kitchen table. My delightful niece Debby flew in, with her own culinary suggestions...

Since Carla is absolutely in charge and she doesn't eat vegetables or nuts and seeds...I trod as softly as possible, encouraging them to sample the salad and soup bar at Whole Foods... to shy away from sugar and flour and chemicals. We looked at labels!

Bob has vowed to retire his medical practice immediately and to completely change his diet and lifestyle. All of this is music to my ears! We are also able to communicate now. He is present.



On December 10th (the day after my brother's stroke), I was bitten by a Doberman while entering the local Farmer's Market. I cleansed the wound, covering it with gauze and neosporin ointment, opened a healing dialogue with it...and started wearing long-sleeve shirts so my brother and Carla wouldn't notice.



The next day, I received reports of potentially big problems (plumbing and electrical) regarding my Fayetteville home.

The next day, I fell down HARD on the pavement while running across the street, bruising my chest, arm and whip-lashing my neck. The next day, nothing at all happened...except I could hardly get out of bed... there was so much accumulated trauma. I called on my beloved "Twins" Tuesday Eastlack and Stephen, to douse me with healing rainbow light. They did.

Dear readers, please don't **EVER** worry on my account! I only receive exactly what I need, when I need it. How boring (and static) would life be without lessons and challenges?

And how else can I be an adequate teacher?

I am quite aware how very privileged my life is, so I have to assume that Coyote Trickster (ultimately my best friend and Guide) was dialing up sufficient stress for me to gauge the average American level of anxiety these days, and allow me to seriously entertain the pathway back to optimal health.

My own cornerstones are, of course, meditation, gratitude, diet, exercise...

And, perhaps most important, keeping a **SHORT LEASH** on my over-active story-mind!!

So here I am, dear readers, at long last, in La Paz, BCS. at the same lovely hacienda where I spent last winter.



Every morning, I make my “Childish Drink”: Per liter of boiling water - a couple scoops of organic coffee, big pinches of garam masala, cardamon, ginger, cinnamon, a scoop of organic cacao powder and finally, unsweetened soy milk... and carry it to the bay, which is two blocks away.

So my day begins here,  
With sweeping meditation practice and gratitude.

An hour later I return home and begin pilates, yoga, dance, and arm weights, (two bottles of water).

Sometimes my hostess Maria or her daughter-in-law Carmen join me, if she can get space away from her infant daughter Alba. I also have a fellow guest this year, an engineer named Chuck, who has joined me once... Chuck and I have discovered many “odd” synchronicities between our spiritual practices.... Hmmmmm 🤔



My studio and office

Other components of my current RENOVATION, as I call it, include a weekly visit to a nearby physical therapy clinic (for electro-stim with heat, and exercises), a weekly massage, and Spanish lessons from Senor Aguirrez, to sharpen my mind.

I travel by foot or bicycle. La Paz has a wonderful bike path that runs the length of the town, along the coast.



*A city of soul-drenched sculpture and murals*

Pandemic-wise: I never go inside a building, unless I am shopping for groceries..or entering the Cathedral to pray. And I always wear a mask, when others are nearby.

I actually love my mask: it filters out allergens, dust, microbes and sunburn!

The final component of my RENOVATION is dietary:

No sugar, flour, eggs, dairy...this month. I eat mostly salad with organic chicken and fruit with nuts and seeds. The wonderful family here has invited me to join them for holiday fiestas...but I remind them that I am not doing indoor unmasked gatherings. This, coincidentally, makes it a lot easier to manage my current diet.

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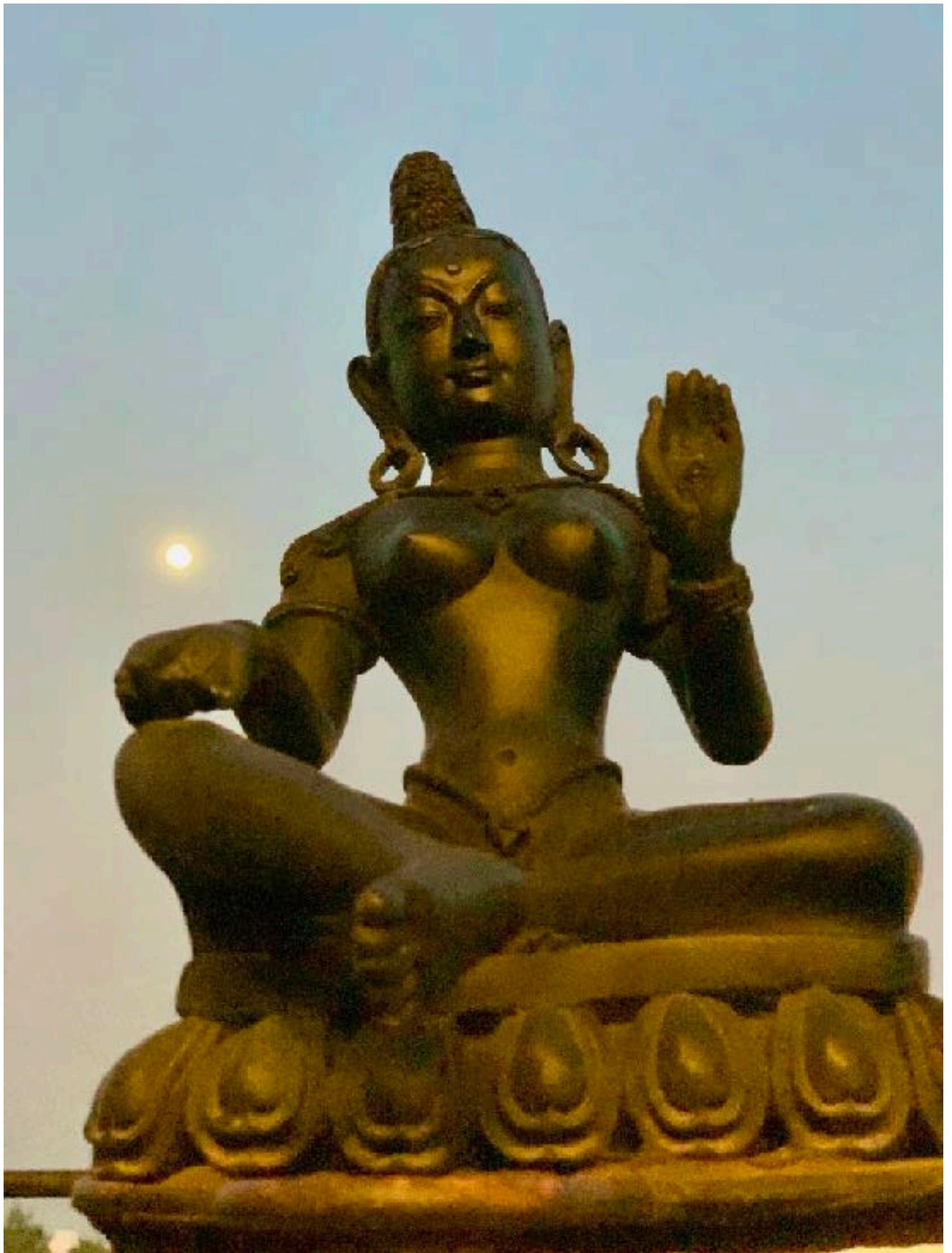
I wanted to end this Tale with reflections about dear Maechee Sansanee, my friend and teacher for over 25 years. It was “boggling” for several days, though.

I finally realized this morning (New Year’s Day) that these



reflections need to be several installments, not just one.

*Our last evening together, in the Green Tara tower*



## Reflections on the life of Maechee Sansanee, Part I

Very few people (my best friend Nawng Joy, who was her constant companion for decades, and a few others) were blessed to be as familiar with Khun Mae the way I was.

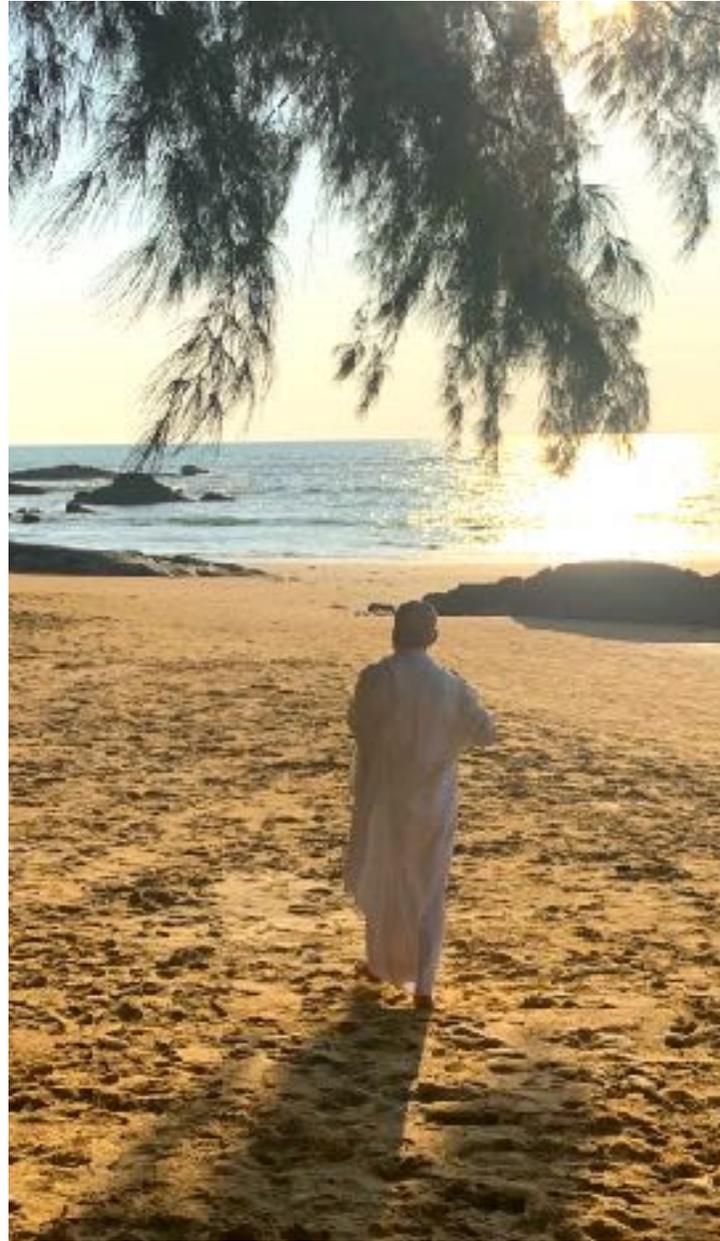
The traditional Asian version of reverence is highly prescribed and generally involves kneeling in the teacher's presence, with head bowed.

Buddha himself advised against such adulation... but he too is held **above** and known as “Lord Buddha” throughout SE Asia.

The final year I was in Asia, 2020, Nawng Joy, Khun Mae and I travelled around Thailand a lot.

Maechee was increasingly determined to instill the concept of the feminine divine in Thailand as her legacy. This has always been an uphill battle in that highly patriarchal society. The Mahasangha, currently the governing Buddhist body of monks, is determined to keep the nuns at a lower status.

Khun Mae (she preferred to be known as “Grandma” the last couple years) saw that her lifespan would be limited, when she got cancer in 2017. Upon her recovery, she began to take radical steps





to bring the Green Tara, a Mongolian/Tibetan deity, to Thailand as a living institution.

She rushed to create the “Valley of the Bodhisattvas” in southern Thailand on land she was gifted with, and to make it the major feature of her incredible center in Bangkok as well.

The statue that began as a twelve-inch bronze gifted to her by a Canadian doctor in the 90’s...suddenly grew into several eighty-five foot gigantic-boobed bejeweled nearly-naked sculptures that she commissioned at the royal foundry in the ancient town of Ayuthaya.

HHDL the Dalai Lama seemed to be on the same page, since his suggestion to millions of followers world-wide, was to chant the

Om Tara mantra to find courage in the face of this pandemic.

I'm realizing, as I type this final page, that these "reflections" are also offering me the opportunity to grieve... something that we Sevens on the Enneagram forget to do, in a profound sense.



Blessings to you all, on this day of beginnings and endings.

If you'd rather not be on this mailing list for the Tales, darlings, feel free to let me know!



