



(sunset on the malecon/boardwalk)

Hello again, dear readers.

Thank you for your very kind response to the first Tales.

This #2 will not be as action-packed. Like many Boomers my age, I am merely sitting out the winter, with very little human interaction, waiting for this insanely infectious Omicron variant to run its course.

This is not a loss for me. I relish the time to invest in my own inner landscape....like my “Honeymoon with God” time during my solo summer meditation retreats.

My wonderful hosts here are keeping quite a distance now, too, for their own sake and mine.



Clemente stays busy with his many folk art projects and gardening

We send brief exuberant greetings back and forth many times a day. His son Odin refers to him as “the crazy old man”...but Odin must have noticed by now that I am a pretty crazy old woman.



Maria, Clemente’s wife texts me often, sending blessings, but also keeps her

distance. She stays busy cooking, playing the piano and listening to New Age teachers like Deepak Chopra in the mornings. She borrows my bicycle occasionally, and wants to go hiking with me “someday.”



Their son Odin, who has a doctorate in music (jazz improvisation), currently has Omicron and is isolating in his room. His wife and young daughter had it last week as well. I was a bit surprised to hear this news yesterday...and that no one had informed me earlier. I’m guessing that contracting an



infectious disease, here in the Third World, has some negative social reverberations. Anyone else have experience with that? Or perhaps it's true everywhere?

And the only gringo that I ever see is my next-door neighbor, Chuck.

Chuck is a gentle anti-vaxxer and anti-masker who feels



that this pandemic is mostly a hoax.

Spirit seems to want me to deeply study the lessons that revolve around dispelling polarities. And you too, dear reader, can watch your mind as you read this Tale, if you'd like to join me. Years ago, in the Costa Rican jungle, (during an Anna Cox-inspired assignment), my daily companion was a kid named Ken who lived and breathed conspiracies! Even the existence of the moon was under suspicion, as a media hoax. Ken's son, not to be outdone by his dad, was a flat-earther.

Like Ken, Chuck is also creative, kind, musical and intelligent..

My computer crashed last week and Chuck (an engineer) helped me sort things out.

You wouldn't be receiving these Tales without his help.



Some days, I seem to

WAKE UP

and see all around me..

Like the incredible
entranceway to my house:



On the other hand,

I spent several minutes looking for
my right sock while getting dressed yesterday. I finally found it
on my foot.

True, I was a bit hung over from doom-scrolling in the middle
of the night.

How DO we contain the empathic resonance of so many millions of suffering people, without sinking into despair or



becoming hardened or addictive?

I take refuge most of the day:

At dawn by the bay, I center and “locate” myself :

**by running dynamic rainbow spheres of light, which are connected via a kind of ongoing möbius strip that spirals around the chakras and continues well beyond this particular human form. The process is limited by my capacity for holding the focus... but I’m seeing that the spiral is now expanding further and further out, after years of practice.

*Tis the season,
as I said in Tales
#1... to wake up.*



I realize that my description of sonar location will seem like a jumble of nonsense-words to most of you, dear readers. That’s fine. I tried to create a drawing and even installed a new app towards that end, with zero success.

This practice was offered to me by Spirit years ago, but it didn’t come with a manual for how to share the information!

** I then continue inward with the “sweeping” technique that I learned from my root teacher, Goenka-ji, in the ’70’s in India. Even he despaired of sharing its complexity with Westerners, and altered his instructions, I discovered by listening to tapes from the 90’s (after he had traveled to the West.) He ultimately opened 600 Vipassana centers around the world.

**there are several pilgrimage sites around La Paz, where I douse my soul with energy.

There is a small side chapel inside the huge Cathedral here.



I have been blessed this past year to discover St Teresa of Avila's mediaeval description of her "Inner Mansions" of the psyche.

I come here often to pray.

I'll share other pilgrimage sites in upcoming Tales, dears, and more precise details about sweeping (which centers around the endocrines and organs)



Meanwhile, I need to add a post-script to my first Tales, wherein I talked about my own huge

RENOVATION

which was and is a combination of

Penance - for my very sloppy diet and slothful habits while I drove all over America in the autumn.

Restoration/healing - from the Doberman attack, the trauma of my brother's stroke, my teacher's sudden passing, our American incivility...which could easily devolve into a civil war this year, and the inevitable unfolding of our heedless relationship with our Mother planet.

The words of Nelson Mandela are a great comfort to me:

Do not judge me by my successes. Judge me by the number times that I fell down, and got back up again.

As you well know, setting an intention and achieving it are two completely separate processes.

My dietary intention to completely abstain from dairy, eggs, sugar and flour “*fell down*” repeatedly. But I *got back up again*.

This is my opportunity, then, to watch WHEN and HOW the plan succumbs to mindless consumption. I’m seeing that :

*when I try to do my intermittent fasting for too long...something snaps.

*When I start eating and simultaneously consume YouTube videos or news stories, that is an invitation to mindlessness.

*If my inner child is thwarted or unheeded, she will exact dietary compensation..

e.g. I bought a bus ticket last week to travel to one of the exotic beaches north of La Paz. But as the bus became insanely crowded, I realized that I HAD to disembark before departing, despite my double mask and face shield. I soon found myself in an outdoor seafood restaurant, gobbling deep-fried corn chips and a huge platter of chicken fajita.



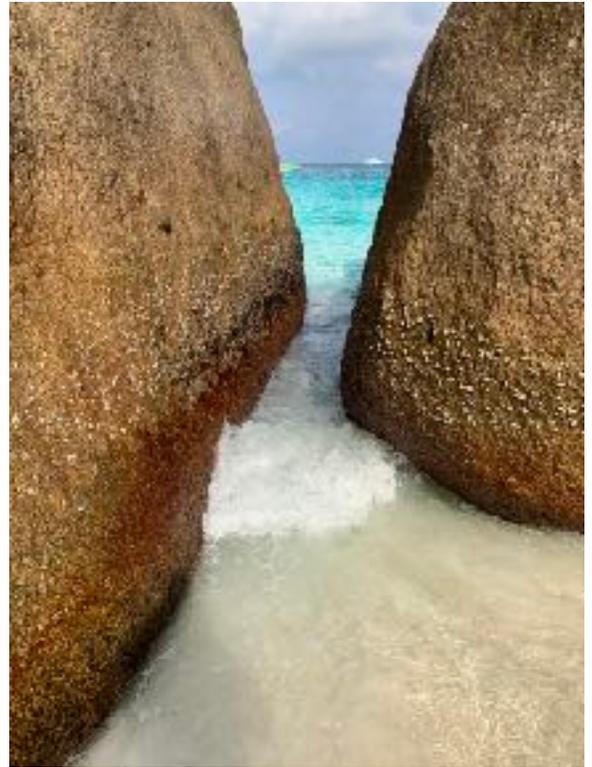
* Self-righteousness and/or lecturing anyone about nutrition seems to coat my own psyche with a thick gooey sludge which soon renders serious injury to my own resolve.

(Please DO laugh, friends! 😂)

You, my dear readers, have become my *de facto* Mother Confessor and the opportunity to escape any wisp of potential impending hypocrisy. Muchas gracias!

Part II Reflections of Maechee Sansanee

In the winter of 2020, (the last time I was in Thailand), a small group of us traveled to a national park in the Andaman Sea.

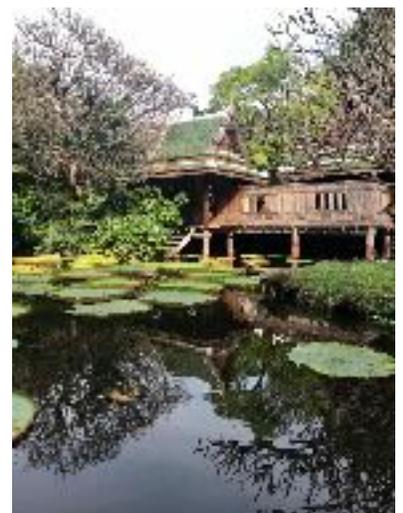


Nawng Joy, like me, suspected Maechee's demise was imminent, and seemed determined to create a season of happy memories. (She was Khun Mae's astral tour guide, much as Anna Cox is mine.)

as creating many videos of dharma wisdom for the Sattira Dhamma-Sathan website.

My last evening in Thailand, at the center in Bangkok in the March of 2020, was a kind of dream-come-true for me:

We had fun, as well



After wishing a very fond farewell to the incredible Nepalese nuns (half of whom had made Buddhist history by achieving the previously unattainable rank of Geshe)..



Maechee announced, as the evening's ceremony was closing, that

now Pa Joy will lead us in a dance.

Except Khun Mae didn't speak English. Nawng Joy was always her interpreter as they circled the globe for decades.

I was inevitably the last one to know about my upcoming performance as the camera crew and perhaps six hundred audience members and all of the forty nuns in residence, waited.

Khun Mae delighted in my ability to improvise, over our decades of touring Thailand. We both understood that I had to let Spirit take over completely, or my personae would be frozen into a paralysis of doubt and fright.

You won't ever see a photo of these nuns moving with me.

To this day, dance and song are proscribed within the patriarchal orthodoxy of the Mahasangha in SE Asia.

Nuns especially are prohibited from displays of creative merriment. This had never happened before, in public.

So I dropped inside, and found the song “African Woman,” by Chiwoniso on my Spotify app.

I led the entire group in very simple movements, as Nawng-Joy interpreted my narrative - that women are soft AND strong, have feminine AND masculine properties and will carry the planet into a new era of kindness. But that we can't always be sweet and polite when demanding an end to slavery, exploitation and environmental destruction....

Because the nuns were behind me, I had no idea if they were simply watching or participating.

My final gesture in the dance was to sweep my arm in a complete circle, moving upward. I then saw that

Every one of the nuns, including Khun Mae, were following me.



And this photos is still forbidden contraband in the Asian world:

A nun dancing under the full moon in the rotunda!

We used to meet secretly in the evenings, as she and others shared their sacred dance.

To this day, I couldn't reveal her name, although I believe since has since disrobed.

One final note, dear readers:

Today is my birthday. I have circled the sun 74 times since arriving on the planet.

If you know me personally, you know that I don't relish any formal holiday.. I consider EVERY day a holy day, and MUCH prefer to celebrate the other several hundred days of the year.



So I was appreciative when I saw this daily reminder from Suzanne Giesemanna a couple days ago:

And so, it's your birthday, a day to celebrate.... You are a change agent. Every day is your birthday, for you arise anew with each sunrise for the soul purpose of shining your inner light. It is that simple...

