

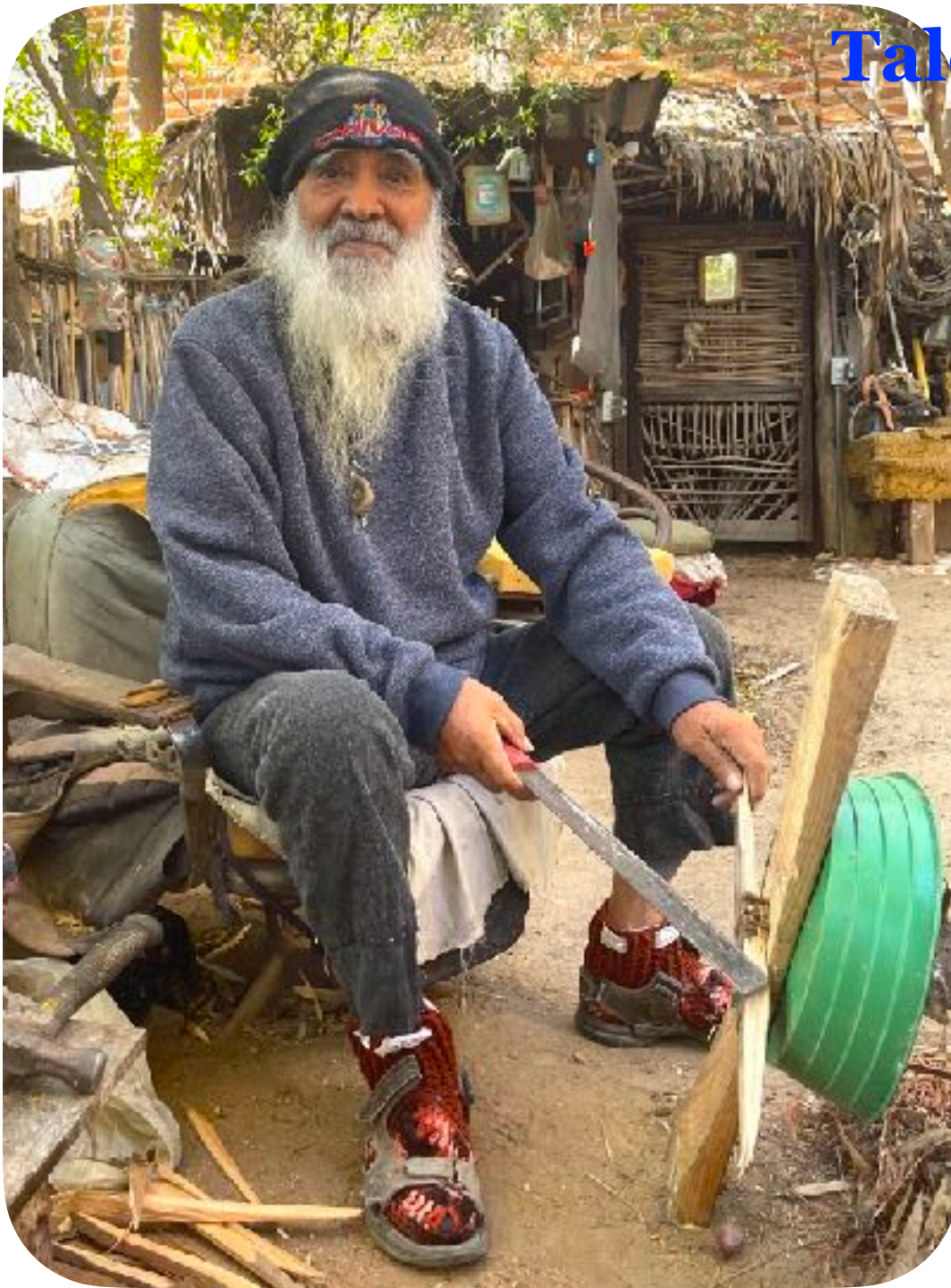
# Tales From Joy

#4, 2022

Hello again, dears.  
In case some of you looked at, but didn't actually "see" my landlord Clemente, in Tales #3.... I wanted to give y'all another opportunity.

... to understand the nature of my home here, a personal Museo Folklorico that he has created: Each corner has a

theme, not unlike Wattle Hollow.



left, music...  
to the right,  
social  
consciousness.



I originally had plans to stay here in the Baja for a month. Obviously, that “plan” (5555; the word “five” in Thai is pronounced “ha”) fell by the wayside, because Thailand locked down her borders, as Omicron surged around the world. Thais made up a funny verb - “to sandbox”, which means they currently send all tourists to the island of Phuket, where one can frolic in the waves, drink lots of beer, spend money, and infect other tourists, instead of Thai citizens!

No, thanks.

So I currently have a revised air ticket to fly to Bangkok at the end of February and return home in the middle of March. Normally I would never fly halfway around the world, literally, for a three-week stay. It takes me about five days to recover from the flight... But dear Nawng Joy, who has never asked anything of me in twenty-eight years, has been very clear about this, in all our conversations:

*We are waiting for you.*

So Trickster and the Green Tara will be in charge of my itinerary... I know nothing. As usual.

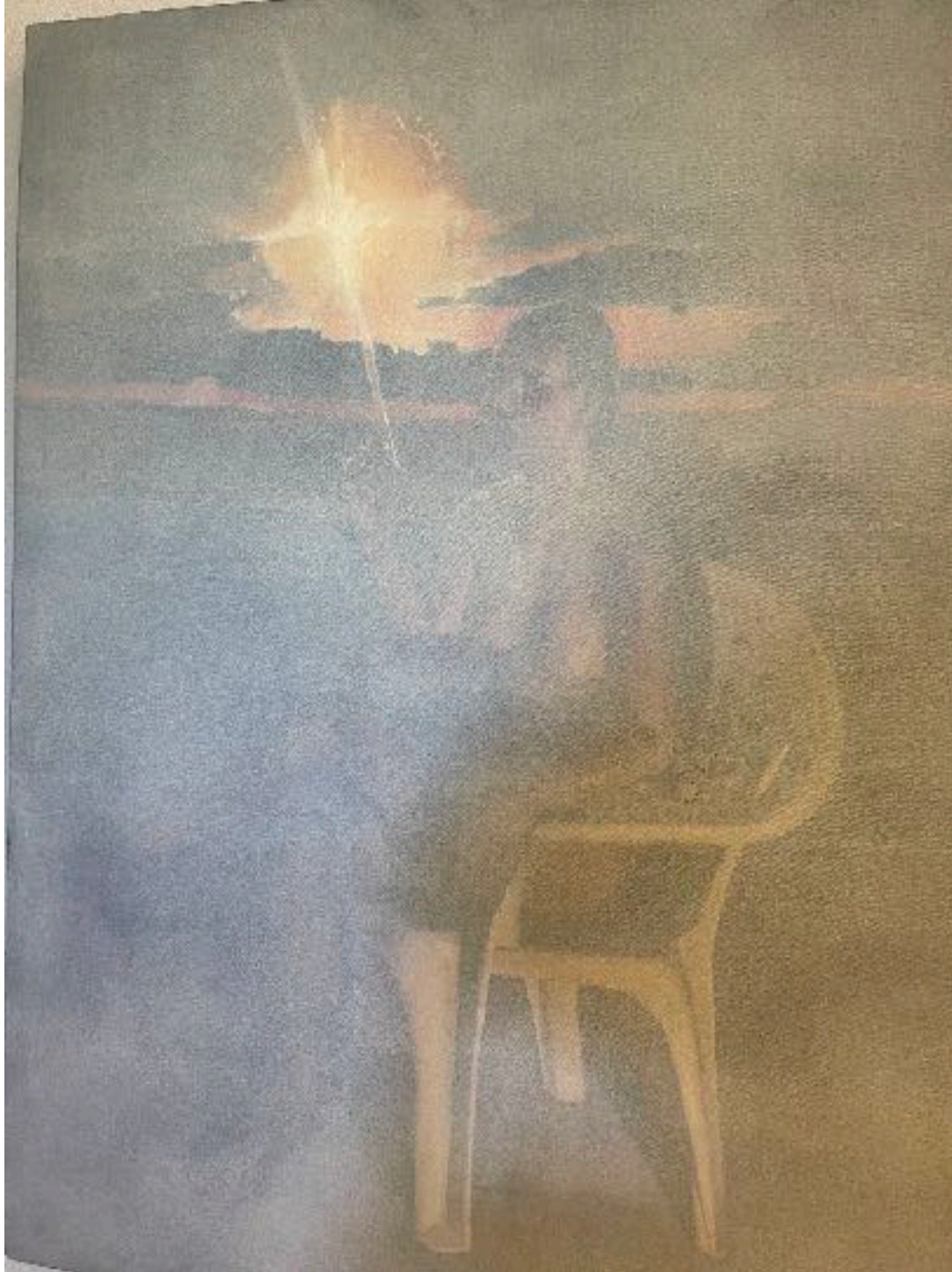
Soon after Tales #3 was sent out, my friend Carmen and I went to visit Elti, the 31-year old artist I featured in that Tale.

Elti seems to be incredibly care-free and disinterested in fame or fortune. He simply responds to



*This goddess is channeling light from a star down to earth*

requests for commissions, as they arrive. He explained that the old man returning to the sea, in Tales #3, was his way of depicting the recently deceased grandfather of the restaurant owner where the mural lives. And the goats? They are an ongoing theme and passion of Elti's.



He is on an eternal search for the subtlest and profoundest transmission he can achieve:

This actual painting is much subtler than the photo depicts... (Elti scorns photos!) and I almost missed seeing it at all, as I walked past! He also wanted to integrate the ancient art of light transmission with a contemporary plastic lawn chair.

We three drank a glass of mescal and laughed hard, about life. The three family patriarchs above Elti were all named

Lopez Lopez.

I replied that many folks from my state of Arkansas also have a family tree that resembles a single stick!

And I cannot close this segment on dear Elti without sharing this piece from several years ago, that he painted when he lived with his lover in Mexico City. She modeled for it, he told me.



In Tales #1, dear readers, you may remember that I had my fuses nearly blown by dear Anna Cox, my teacher/sister/friend...and then traveled on to Washington, D.C. There, I was blessed to establish a new and deeper level of pure appreciation and love for my big sister, Leslie.

I am so grateful to Spirit and Trickster for this extra time in the Baja to deepen my own spiritual and physical reserves (a.k.a. my RENOVATION project) ... Last week, I was informed that Leslie was in the hospital, having suffered a stroke.

Like my beloved brother Bob, who had a stroke last month, it was mild and we all have hopes for a full recovery...

Leslie's experience was more physical ...e.g. a different part of her brain was impacted. She had her husband drive her to the hospital when she noticed that her right foot was dragging and her right hand was tingling.

Her two heart physicians drove to the emergency room at nine p.m. that night, to everyone's amazement, to sign off on an MRI procedure.

Leslie's enthusiasm for life is endearing to everyone.

Who can say what is "good" and what is "bad" news, dear readers?

Leslie and I speak several times a day since she came into the hospital and especially since she entered rehab. I've never seen her so relaxed and cheerful - with no drugs in her system, except the heart medication. Time seems to have "stopped." She is attentive to life's every detail - loving the hospital staff, loving her therapy, the Adventist meals. She called yesterday to tell me that when she did become anxious in the middle of the night, she remembered the pranayama meditation I had shared long ago, to calm her heart and psyche.... And that it worked!



Today, she called to tell me that her hair has become curly, like mine! She has regained almost



*Here she is, getting ready to shovel snow after a blizzard in D.C. last month, wearing a hat I made 50 years ago.*

all her faculties of speech, lost the Bell's palsy in her face, and is rapidly learning to walk and to write again.... Each accomplishment is like a prize-winning achievement that we joyously celebrate.

This is the freedom that Eckart Tolle teaches us, in The Power of Now. Time will tell if Leslie chooses to re-enter the mass delusion of past and future, with its concomitant anxiety, when she returns home....



This morning, I went down to the bay earlier than usual, before dawn, and sat in a different spot, as designated by Spirit.

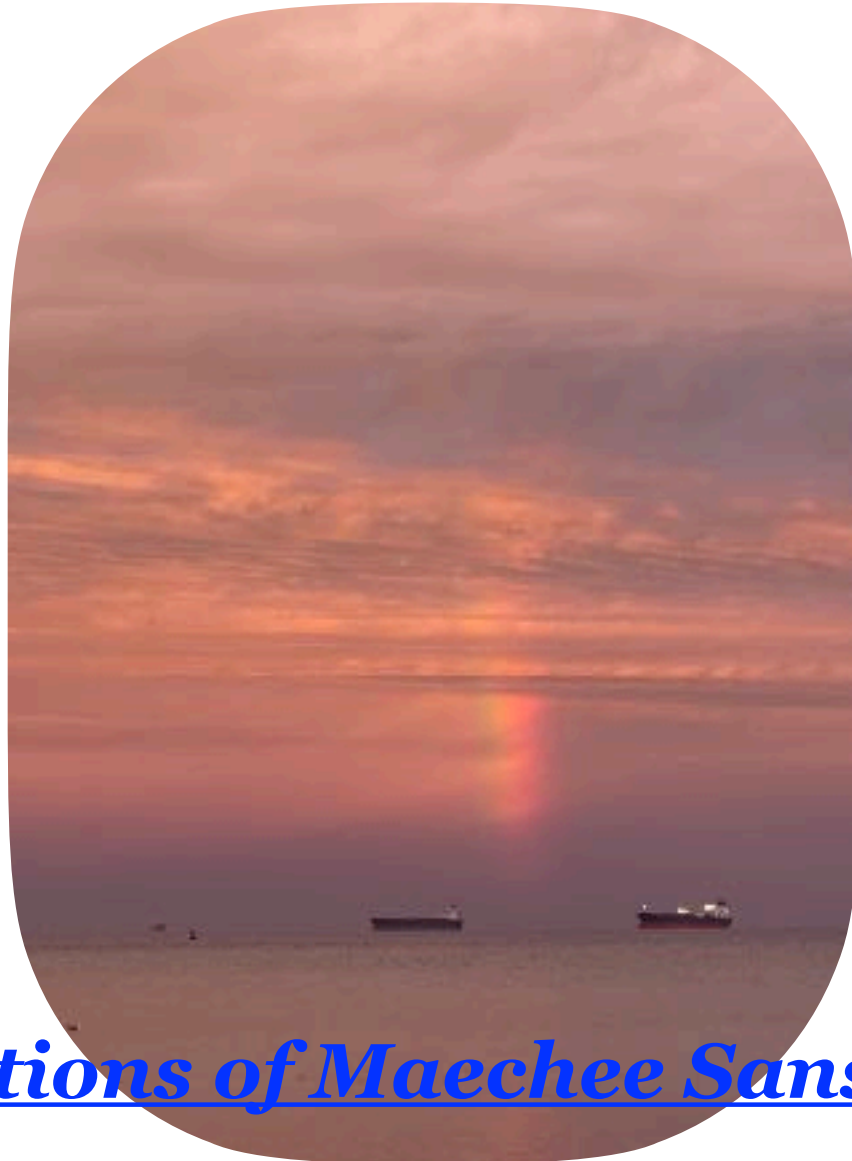
I did my rainbow sphere sweeping, then calmed my mind with a mantra that came to me ten years ago: (one word, one breath)

*No one and nothing is ever out of place.*

*No one and nothing is ever out of synch*

*No one and nothing is ever beyond God's embrace.*

*When I opened my eyes again, after 108 breaths, I encountered this:*



## *Reflections of Maechee Sansanee*



Maechee Sansanee had a life as a top fashion model, and was the concubine of a billionaire, before entering the monastery thirty years ago. Her SDS web camera team always included a makeup artist. Decades ago, Khunmae insisted on make-up for me as well, before filming, though I used to laugh and tell her:

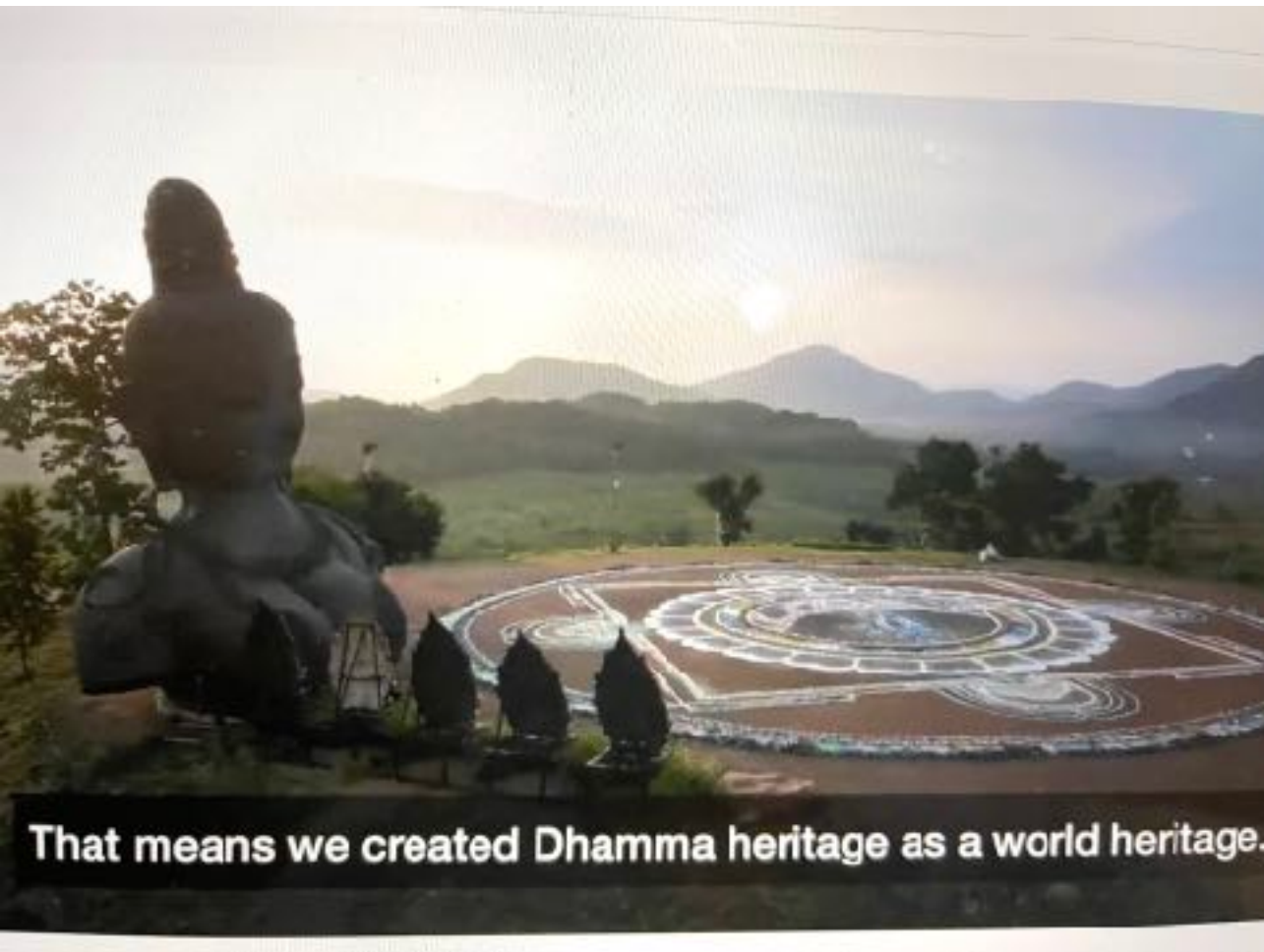
*Maechee I'm an old woman. Why pretend that I'm not?*

So it was a radical and final gift for her to appear as an emaciated version of her former self for this last interview in late November.

Nawng Joy and Maechee's sister Tum pleaded with her not to give it, but she insisted, although it was totally exhausting.



is to leave with mindfulness of living for the most benefit to others.



That means we created Dhamma heritage as a world heritage.



Since I have not been to SDS II for a couple of years, I suspect that Nawng Joy wants me to see how it has grown, and perhaps add some energy to the site, if possible.

I just discovered that Thailand opened her borders yesterday. Perhaps I will be there, after all, before returning to Wattle Hollow, friends...



I'll close this Tales with one more pilgrimage site, from my hikes deep into the saguaro desert mountains, after riding my clunker bike as close as possible. The bay is on the horizon.