



## Tales From Joy #6, 2022

Hello again, dear readers.

This will be, I suspect, my last Tale from the Baja.

As is often the case with liminal experiences, (the frontier between two perceived phenomenon - e.g. sunrise, sunset, birth or “death,” as we like to call it) ...my senses are heightened today, especially with the fullness of the moon and the prospect of leaving Mexico very soon.

Visiting with the whales seems to have filled a deep longing that has been en utero for almost fifty years...since my husband Merlin and I forlornly released our dream of seeing them calve, in Magdalena Bay.

We had no vehicle, and no funds to bend our fate. It was freezing and windy that morning, and the road entirely empty, as we stood on the transcontinental highway outside Mulege. Hitch-hiking has been, perhaps, the greatest teacher of spiritual truths in my life.

The ride we did get that day, around noon, was from a Canadian couple in a hand-painted (Carlos Castaneda-inspired) van, headed south. We rode with them, continued on the ferry to the mainland, and all the way across Mexico to the Yucatan peninsula. But that is, obviously, another story.

Returning to THIS story (which itself is now history): I was relieved to wander around the charming colonial port of Loreto for a couple days, to let my mind/body reset itself after my *rock 'n roll* experience in our little boat.

Two pieces of art in Loreto particularly captured my attention.

One was of Jesus, inside the 300-year old Cathedral. The artist seems to have focused on



the sahasrar....the upper chakra or entrance to the astral world that psychics and yogis subscribe to. Have y'all ever seen anything like this in Christian art?

The other piece, a sculptural tableau (above) offers various perspectives of the Jesuits' arrival/incursion, forever changing the New World.. The indigenous father's misgivings are clear, and perhaps prescient.

As I was driving back toward La Paz from Loreto, my car seemed to turn itself off the main highway and onto the smaller road towards Mission San Javier...as I asked Spirit:



*Who is in charge here?*

Apparently not me.

Mision San Javier offered a more soothing view of the original Jesuits' earnest desire to thrive, with their earliest attempts at irrigation and scratching

an existence out of the desert sand and rocky soil. Here is a five-hundred year old olive tree, perhaps the first on our continent, and still alive.



I returned home, to La Paz, soothed and full. If there is one word to describe my experience this winter, or my life...it would be: grateful.

The following week I, resigned to being a full-fledged tourist, rented another car, and drove south for a few hours, to a little-known preserve...one of several "bio-spheres" held sacred in Mexico. I

owe most of these travel tips to my friends Carmen and Odin.

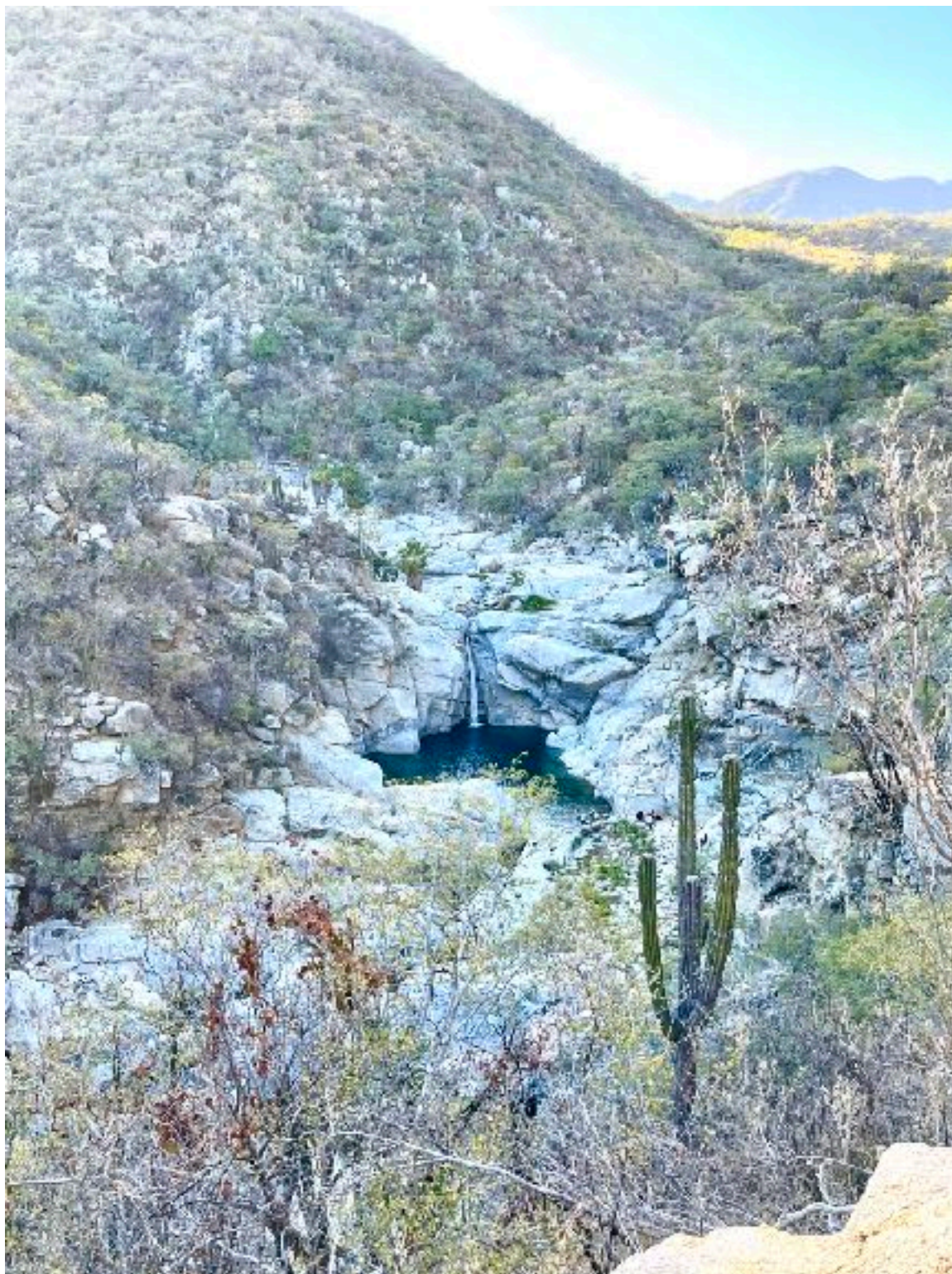
My destination was an *eco-rancherria* known as Sol de Mayo, deep in the Baja desert, with very few road markers...and a prayer that the sand wouldn't get much deeper.



After arriving, there was very little warning for what one might find at the end of the dusty rocky desert trail...until the sound of rushing water filled my ears (and my heart), and after a few more stairways carved into the rocks:

An “impossible” scene appeared: a tremendous waterfall spilling into an emerald green pool below and twisting through the canyon:

I gave thanks for my own self-RENOVATION project, and spent the next day and a half scrambling around the exquisite river bed, and yes, napping on the warm rocks.



Dawn and dusk found me enthralled on the roof of my cabin, feeling deeply held by the mountains, the sun and the moon.



I did take a selfie in the full moonlight,  
without any additional lighting...

The photo at the beginning of this Tale is of  
the moon setting at dawn the next day.





Back in La Paz now, ever grateful and sad to be leaving this gentle culture, I was returning bottles to one store where the woman made salad dressing, and books to a used bookstore, when I stumbled into Alejandro Rodriguez Rocha, on the street this morning.

He was making little postcard-sized oil paintings right there at his table on the sidewalk, with astonishing speed and skill.

After strolling past, fully inspired, I returned about ten minutes later with a plan:

I asked Alejandro if he could paint me the Calaveras before I left, if I sent him a photo of it? It would have to be ready by tomorrow afternoon...

He sighed that there was not enough time, but perhaps he could send it to America?

Alejandro didn't want me to pay him until I received the painting...but I said, (all in Spanish, of course) that I am too lazy to do that. And if he died in the meanwhile, he could come visit me at Wattle Hollow and explain! I showed Alejandro some photos of Wattle Hollow... he said his son is in America and trying to obtain a visa for him...so they just might visit!



I gave him some money for the postage, which he also tried to refuse.

While we were "haggling" this way about the price, an American man (about my age) and looking a bit tripped came over for his daily hand-out...Alejandro apologized for not having more change in his pocket.

Before I left, Alejandro asked me if I knew of Robert Hagan, an Australian artist whom I just now googled. They had met the same way, on the street corner at this little table, and maintained contact.

Finally, I showed Alejandro the mural that Elti made, down the street. He got VERY excited and wanted the photo, and wondered if I could arrange an introduction?

Only Spirit knows where all this leads.

Isn't life fascinating?





