

Hello again, dear readers.



## Tales from Joy, #2, 2024

Thanks for your heartfelt response to the first Tales, dears. Some of you will probably receive duplicate copies, since my readership file is a glitch-filled rat's-nest and seems to have lost or omitted about half of the original recipients... let me know if you receive several copies, please.

A couple of you shared your own bobcat and panther tales, and of having your experience denied (especially regarding the panther), by local experts..

I have to wonder if these officials are concerned about igniting the Endangered Species Act, if they do concede that these cats are still roaming.





Speaking of unlikely occurrences:

My courtyard was immersed in a night-time snowstorm last week.

The source:

Odin and Carmen spent days creating a huge backdrop for the annual children's performance of the Nutcracker Suite at the nearby cultural center.



It's about 20'x20'





Here's Carmen watching Alba Maria doing an improv solo, between acts, on the night of the performance. Being cast as a tree apparently didn't quite suffice.

One other young ballerina seemed familiar. And I finally realized that she was the same sprite who'd appeared at an expo of Tahitian dance the week before...and in every other form of dance I've seen this winter!

I so appreciate her

spirit, though I'll never get a chance to tell her, most likely...

Isn't it interesting how we can touch and be touched by each other, without ever knowing it?

Try to remember that during your long dark winter night, dear readers...

Today is the winter solstice.



I generally wake up well before sunrise, brew my “childish drink,” and head down to witness the morning show:

Yesterday, I was rewarded with this slowly-emerging rainbow over the bay,



Although there is never a sunrise that is not rewarding...

After a couple hours of meditation on the bay, I usually head back up the hill. And there I resume my training routine - simple pilates, yoga, and other exercises. As I wrote to Andrea last week:

*FASCINATING 🤪 that you are able to torture me from thousands of miles away...and without saying a word!... Anyway, I'm thinking of you (ruefully 😂) as I do toe-lifts, modified pushups, leg lifts, walking in straight lines heel-to-toe, and other horrendous exercises! Happy holidays, darling!*



The photos are from Washington, D.C., where Andrea, a physical therapist, is able to torture me in person when I'm there. My sister Leslie goes three times a week! Which reminds me, dear readers:

Some of you expressed condolences to my elder siblings with heart conditions. But they are doing quite well, have resumed their daily routines, are both taking long daily walks, and have overcome 95% of the debilitating symptoms.



Bob here at Iguazu Falls, has been traveling the world with his wife Carla!

It's not that easy to take down the Foxes...



I generally spend my time here in the Baja being nobody, and doing almost nothing social.

In other words, it's a true vacation.

After working out (or even before!), I often grab a nap.  
Then head out on my bicycle.

I should introduce you to my friends here in La Paz  
They are not human.

Please meet:

\*\**Bici* (Spanish for bicycle), who was  
already the fold-out for Tales #1....

Like me, Bici is an older model, slow and sturdy. We met at the bike rental shop. It was love at first sight for me...though bici will do it with any paying customer, I understand. But I have her until January 4th.



We go everywhere, day and night. Contrary to appearances, she has only one gear. So my adventures are limited by the powerful gale-force wind that blows from north to south along the coast. But *working hard is part of my training regimen*, I often tell myself.

\*\*the Calavera, (locally known as *the skull*) and the entire mountain in which it is nestled are my teachers and refuge. This friendship is not a transactional one, like me and bici and it's only grows deeper with the years.





But his year, the cave is only the first third of the journey.

The next leg of this pilgrimage is straight up the rock cliffside (Not to worry, you worriers! I am wearing my magically-endowed Merrill boots!), up to La Virgen at the top of that peak.

And finally, onwards, to the last third: my very favorite wonderland:

\*\* the vast kingdom of Saguaro and so many other cacti.

These embodied spirits have always been dear and I've always felt magnetized. But there seems to be another dimension this year... I keep a respectful distance, of course, while listening, marveling....





And one last friend, dear readers, before I close out this Tales:

\*\* I often take refuge in a small chapel within the colonial Cathedral on the plaza, especially at dusk. I love to believe (which certainly doesn't make it true!) that this chapel is a tribute to St Teresa of Avila....who wrote the famous doctrine about states of

consciousness, using the Inner Mansion or Castle as her allegory.

This is a kind of doorway for me, and occasional others who come here, sunk deep in prayer.

My prayers are secular, but no less fervent....





In closing, some of you have wondered about Anna's response to my Tales #1. I of course checked in with her before sending it, to assure myself of its veracity.

Here was her response (which I'd asked her to send quickly... yesterday, even, so Iu could send out the Tales!)

*Wonderful you- sending this immediately so that by the time it arrives it will be yesterday 🌟😊 You wrote all of these shared talks beautifully and did not misrepresent anything and all is offered as a vehicle/path for others to find their own unique way. Good writing 💖👍 Beautiful loving. And I too always love the Tales so please do keep writing as you can. And I will say Happy Holidays knowing yes, ever day is sacred 🌈🌈🌈 Dream on with all the animals and birds and teachers who appear to your heart in all ways 🙏🙏🙏*



