

Tales From Joy 2023, #2



Hello again, dear readers.

You all have reminded me why I write these Tales.

Every year I experience prolonged labor and difficulty with Tales #1. My primary symptom is a sense of over-exposure... like I'm on YouTube giving birth.

Then your responses come rolling in, almost immediately, bursting with the enthusiasm of shared confessions, and relief (this year) to be “not the only one” who is so damn crazy and strung out on watching the news, the *whiskey cocaine* of *cellphone* usage or whatever your hit parade happened to encompass in 2022. Others could relate to the pride of being the best damn talking parrot, who could recite the latest news on cue...

In an exchange with one very high-performing friend who also mentioned the wine, the ambien..the habits that have snuck into her pandemic regime, I responded:

*Thanks for this, beloved sister....
Being a human on earth seems to be nearly synonymous with
addiction.*

Layers upon layers upon.... OY 🤯.

We lovingly witness for each other 💕💕💕🙏💕💕

Others had a lot of fun reading about the
...attack cactus

and Coyote Trickster's traditionally lowbrow humor.

Please don't ever worry about me, darlings.... I am firmly and completely embraced by the Mother. And I know that these adjustments are all as **mild as possible**, and are necessary to lure my (ADD) focus back onto the path. I did sign up for the fast track, after all!



And here it is, the beginning of a new year, by some calendars (but not most, given the Buddhist, Hindu and Chinese systems). I am greatly heartened by all of the astrological predictions I have read:

that some of our madness as a nation may be starting to morph into a more (dare I say this?) nuanced, mature, and humane perspective. And that the clown car, with its clownish square wheels is clacking to a rude and bumpy denouement.

It was necessary, I believe, to keep our collective nose in close proximity to the toxic fumes of racism, sexism, and classism which are woven into our national tapestry.

I already held a sad and solo memorial service last spring, to finally lay to rest my childhood conditioning (since the 1950's) that our nation is exclusively, contrary to all logic and reason,



the land of the free, home of the brave.

As Langston Hughes suggested decades ago,

*O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—*

Dear readers, before I travel to, literally, the other side of the world, tomorrow, I want to share some of the glory of La Paz... the art and gentle whimsy that surround me, from the time I open my bedroom door in the morning:

This hacienda is sort of a *Museo Folklorico*, due to the decades of devotion by my host, Clemente.



Actually, before I even open the door, there is the (naughty) handle to the bathroom door, and the bamboo door itself.

Down the street from me, here in old La Paz, the road ends in a slightly rough barrio, with some garbage on the street; sometimes unkempt men with wheelbarrows pick through it.

This is also the site of some of the most accomplished mural art I have ever seen. It seems to rotate every year, so I



had to say goodbye to some of my favorites from last year.

I've never seen anyone else stop to observe them; most are



more than a hundred square feet in size.

These are interspersed with many many elaborate cartoons and stylized messages. I lack the cultural



bandwidth and patience to decipher those. But I certainly understood this one:

To migrate is a right

And I appreciate that cartoons are the universal language of the younger generations.





I am feeling quite wistful to leave this town of La Paz, its wonderful bike paths, my morning sojourn by the bay and my sharp-witted friends, the desert cactus .



I also want to celebrate the Mexican government of Manuel Lopez Obrador:

I've been grateful every

time I go grocery store shopping. My own fiery inclination to consume sugar, oil and salt is dampened by the, literally, black marks prominently displayed on the packages indicating:

excessive calories, excessive sodium, excessive sugar, excessive saturated fat...

This government has come under tremendous pressure to remove these labels, I'm told. But they have resisted. Apparently there is a nation, SO unlike our own, that is more interested in the consumers' health than in the huge corporations. Hmmm?



Well, I'm again now home again, here at my center in Thailand.

There's been NO jetlag this year, amazingly enough.

And my solo honeymoon in Mexico is now

becoming an entirely inter-active one.

And on we go! Hold on tight, dear readers!



outside my window....my old buddy



